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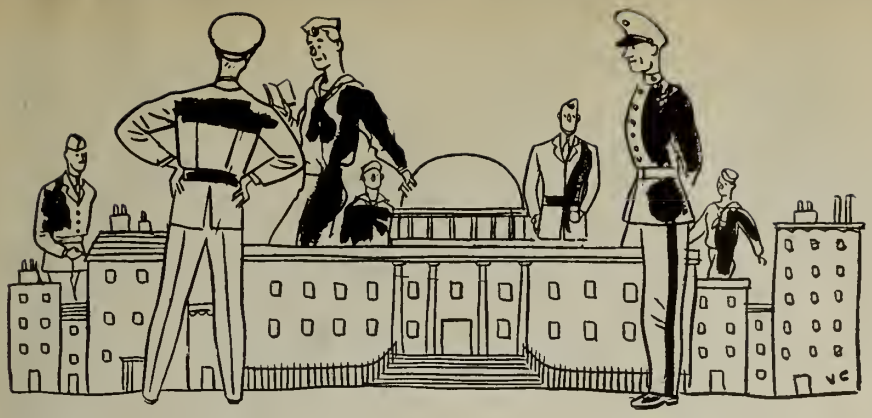
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American Merchant Marine Library, 49 Atlantic Avenue, has the latest books on Navigation, Machinery, Seamanship, etc. available. Books loaned to Merchant Marine Men only. All others welcome to consult or read on premises.

Volume 2, Number ~~12~~ No. 1 *January 1944*

THE BOSTONIAN OFFERS WHAT'S NEW IN TOWN

THE BOSTONIAN is a New England monthly publication which aims impartially to record and interpret the significant and interesting events taking place in the field of entertainment, art, industry and literature. Any editorial or critical opinions expressed on these pages are those of their respective authors. Manuscripts and photographs submitted to the BOSTONIAN should be accompanied by self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage for their return. While all due care is taken of them, the publisher cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Published at 601 Park Square Building, Boston, Mass. Single copies 15 cents. By subscription $1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions $2.50 a year. Publisher and Managing Editor, EDWARD LEADER; Editor, BARBARA PEARSON; Art Editor, VAN CREWS JR.; Advertising Manager, ALAN REINHART. Copyright 1943, by Edward E. Leader.

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ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 210 Beacon Street. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Wednesday evenings, 7-10. Closed Sundays

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT-SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Gardens with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burying Ground, Charter Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of Old North Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

Old North Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 9-6. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1832.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest house in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Prado, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

GOOD FOOD . . . GOOD FUN

FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Blue Door, 162 Stuart Street, headlines home-cooked food as a specialty and backs up the claim with splendid, tasteful meals. Both cafeteria and table service here.

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB. 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanover Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Graylin Hotel, 20 Charlesgate West (one block from Kenmore Square.) Dining room features delicious food at moderate prices. Cocktail lounge open from 4 p.m. until closing.

Hi-Da-Way, Boylston Place (DEV. 9346). Slogan of "Boston's Nicest Eating Place" is backed up by fine food and good service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners, dancing to Pete Herman's orchestra. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Hunt Room at the Beaconsfield, 1731 Beacon Street, Brookline, offers the diner restful, attractive surroundings and fine food. For cocktails or dinner, this is an outstanding place to go.

Mammy's, Harvard St., Brookline, next to Coolidge Corner Theatre. Specializing in fried chicken Southern style. For those who go for chicken prepared the right way, this place is among the tops.



Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

The Punch Bowl, 230 Stuart St. between Arlington and Church Streets (rear of Statler). Steaks, chops, fine liquors. Music at the Horseshoe Bar. Perfect for informal dining and entertainment.

Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

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Tudor Village, 94 Mass. Avenue next to Mass. Station is an unusually attractive spot where food and fine liquors are emphasized as specialties. Prices are very reasonable, too.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

Jimmy O'Keefe's Grill, Boylston and Mass. Ave. Dine and dance in pleasant, informal surroundings. Excellent food at moderate prices. Luncheons and dinner specials. An uptown spot worth a visit.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart supper club with an excellent kitchen. Two floor shows enliven your visit here.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Renaissance Room at the Hotel Touraine (HAN. 3500) has scored a big click with guests. Here you will find dinner and supper dancing, a lively floor show, and congenial surroundings.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Silver Dollar Bar, 644 Washington St. The longest bar in the world, and a spot famous for good, continuous fun Excellent floor show in attractive Blue Terrace Room.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p.m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.



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COMMON TALK

Nature Study

. . . Life is where you find it. All right. But times are really in shape when you find what we did of a quiet evening's dusk this past month.

Seems like we were walking along the streets of the West End when we heard whistles from the "boys." Not being of the calibre which rates same from everyone, we took a good look around. On the corner stood five three-foot editions of future manhood, with a six-foot edition of the present day—in uniform. We walked by, surprised and pleased these days, keeping step with the "anvil" chorus of whistles.

When we came back, we found them talking. Same cast—five three-foot editions and one six-foot production, still comparing notes.

"No," said the six-footer, "don't whistle that way. The word is 'Phee-you'. When you whistle it, it comes out 'Fee-fee-you-a.'"

Public Relations No. 1

. . . Vaguely, we get to wondering at times about titles. Who thinks them up? Who did it first? And so on into the haze. At 11:05 a.m., December 9, 1943, we discovered the first Director of Public Relations to be so titled in these United States. May be a big claim, but we'll stand by it.

The gentleman in question is Mr. Floyd Bell, publicity director for the Hotel Statler in Boston. A handful of years ago, Mr. Bell was working for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, in the editorial sector. A story on James M. Kurn, president of the St. Louis-San Francisco ("Frisco Lines") railroad which Floyd had written pleased Mr. Kurn so much that he made a super-dazzling offer for Floyd to head the Frisco's publicity department.

Hereon hangs the title. Mr. Kurn didn't care much for the words Publicity Director. Thought they didn't fit the job. He asked Floyd if it would be all right with him if the position were to be titled Director of Public Relations. It was okay with Mr. Bell, and the Frisco steamed along with a brand new department. Six months later, the Railroad Association adopted same as the official title for similar railroad departments. All of which makes Mr. Bell the first man to have been called a Director of Public Relations. Period. Mr. Bell has held up remarkably well under same.



Ah, Childhood

. . . One youngster out Newton way had a favorite story, about Christ's birth in a manger. It was his Magna Charta, his constant entertainment. One day, his mother took him downtown. Passing the Newton hospital, his fond parent said:

". . . and that is where you were born."

The boy looked at her in horror. "What? Wasn't I born in a stable?"

Hardiness Map

. . . From the Arnold Arboretum, Harvard University, comes a lot of solid information for gardeners and plant-life intellectuals via the neat Arnoldia Bulletins. The latest to drift our way is titled The Simple Key to Pines. About the simple part, we wouldn't know. A pine remains a form of tree to us even after very carefully perusing the booklet. It is our form of mental deficiency, in spite of the fact that the booklet is offered "chiefly for the benefit of the amateur gardener who is frequently confronted with complicated keys which he finds to be too difficult for his purposes."

This puts us exactly where we belong—in the idiot gardener class. But the facts are there in the booklet.



For example, there are about 80 species of pines distributed throughout the northern hemisphere, 27 of which are growing in the Arnold Arboretum. The Key of which we speak includes all but 5 of the species native to the United States, as well as 15 exotic ones available from nurseries. "All in all 35 species of pines."

All measures of leaf lengths, the booklet emphasizes, should be considered approximate. On one tree alone needles may vary in length from 2 inches to as high as eight inches. In the Key the length given would be 4 to 6 inches, "meaning that mature needles—not the young ones which are elongating, nor the ones on weak or on over-vigorous branches — are mostly within the 4 to 6 inch length." So far, so clear. We got lost in wonder at such phrases as:

"One year twigs greenish to purplish, covered with glaucous bloom.

"Terminal buds very resinous.

"Habit low, dense, pyramidal, needles steel blue.

"Dense almost globose shape.

"Needles slender and flexible not breaking when bent.

"Needles stout and stiff breaking when bent.

"Branches more ascending."

As a below average skier who has boomed off many a New Hampshire trail and into the shelter of the pines, we say that terminal buds are *very* resinous, but what about our own glaucous bloom and globose shape? A nice, clean-cut ascending branch never finished up that way after one of our stem turns.

Still, the booklet is packed with interesting data, not the least of which is the final paragraph. This notes that the booklet Crab Apples for America has been a sell-out. For additional copies, send $1 to the Arboretum for your copy. Crab Apples *in* America would be fascinating in itself, but Crab Apples *for* America is a best-seller.

Out-Hoped

. . . Another bright youngster is a little girl down in Richmond. We heard about her recently, and we still have a glow of happiness hanging over the face. The little girl was three years of age when the incident occurred. Bob Hope was two years younger than he is today.

Apparently Bob was visiting next door and heard about young Flora's brilliance at repartee. Being a fast-talker, he decided to meet the girl and get acquainted with his competition. The two houses adjoined, and he strolled across the grass, looking for Flora.

It happens that adults are slightly boring to Flora. They kid her too

much. She, at three, didn't care for such stuff. But as she stood on the lawn, she saw a man strolling toward her. When he got close, he said,

"Hello, Flora. Know who I am?"

"No," snapped Flora.

"Well, I'm Bob Hope."

"Okay," said little Flora, "I'm Marguerite."

Yesterday's Prophets

. . . Billy Rose is now the mighty maestro. Fine. But Hannah Williams, recently of a plush local boite, was telling a good one that demonstrates how potentially great he was some eight years back when the "Cheerful Little Earful" was in cast of an early Billy Rose production. A rhythm singer only recently separated from her sister in an act, Hannah wanted to sing the song "Cheerful Little Earful" which was part of the show. Billy Rose looked at her.

"No, Hannah," said he, "you can't do that number. You're a rhythm singer. This isn't for you. You'd be awful. You'd wreck it."

He auditioned gals from everywhere, but still he wasn't satisfied. The night of the opening rolled around, and no singer for the number. Finally, in desperation, Billy called Hannah to him.

"You get to sing it. Don't expect to be good, kid, because it isn't your tune," he told her.

The opening was legendary. The show clicked, but the biggest click was *Cheerful Little Earful,* sung by Hannah Williams. When it was over, Billy Rose came back stage.

"Hannah, I told you you'd do it!" he said, happily.

This is genius unfolding. This is also the "Don't Bet Against Anyone" department in actual work.

Advertising Memory

. . . Christmas being over, it's time for the recollections division. Advertising has its own tough row of problems to hoe, and one of the most difficult came a handful of years ago when Christmas meant merchandise and advertising space aplenty.

One large Boston department store was running a series of thank-you ads, emphasizing the long years of service to the public. This was only one part of the Christmas rush of advertising. There were toys, dresses, and men's clothes to feature as well.

A few evenings before Christmas, the copywriters and artists were hard at work on two large ads—one featuring men's shorts via a handsome gent with foot on a chair, pipe in his jaw, and shirt and shorts to complete the opus; the other was a sketch of an old-fashioned doorway, with a quaint old lady banging away at the knocker. The caption under the men's shorts promotion was something like "super special 59¢ a pair, extra large balloon seat." Under the doorway went the following gem:

"Not in vain have you come knocking at our door. We are always prepared to serve you."

Yes, you guessed it. The first editions of the morning paper carried the ads, all right, but the captions were reversed. The pipe-smoking hero gazed into fond distance above his stalwart words: "Not in vain . . ." The old lady and knocker rated: "extra value in shorts."

Letters

. . . Here we go again, reading other peoples' mail. One department store which advertised various kiddies' essentials received a note from an interested reader, with the ad torn out and attached:

"Dear Sirs:

I saw that you had these things in the paper but not the teddy bear. Do you have any for $1.00? If so send me C.O.D. two of them—Please send them as soon as possible. Don't send me the Sterilizer Racks. I want two measuring charts. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

(Name omitted)"



For a minute it makes sense. Then the clouds of confusion settle down.

Cleo Was a Red-Head

. . . In the interests of incidental research, we discovered a lot about the famous beauties of another day. Lillian Monroe, the Clairol expert, was telling us about a January beauty show to be held in Boston. The hair-dos and colorings of another day fascinated our cobweb-swept mind.

Cleopatra turns out to have been a tall red-head; Madame Pompadour was a lush blond; Madame DuBarry was ash blond and blue-eyed; Lola Montez had blue-black hair; and Lillian Russell was an "American blond." We'll take in the show, if only to see what an American blond happens to be.

Team-Work

. . . What the historians will write about present days in a later era is something to conjecture. But as independent researchers into the why-withal, we have discovered a fine thing. Boston University's agile Placement Service for Students is really doing things up well.

With five jobs for every applicant, and with war work or defense work the howling need, Professor Norman Abbott, head of the Placement bureau, has a superior idea. He has organized girls in groups of five members, each team holding down one fulltime job. Behind this team project is some sound reasoning. A full-time college girl can't possibly hold down a full-time defense job. But five of them can and do work at Raytheon on the 3 to 11 p.m. shift.

We like to think of it in our quiet moments. Five young flowers of American womanhood cutting up on a power drill between classes.

Misprints

. . . In the beauty sector of a local newspaper, a glamorous photo of a movie starlet gets captioned:

"Shoulder-bearing dresses."



"Forward, Murchinson, forward! That comes AFTER we capture the city."

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE TEA TABLE

. . . What do you make of this Basic English, Unc?" said my niece, as she set the fat brown teapot on the old-fashioned trivet she had picked up on Charles Street, and began to lay out cups and teaspoons with a pleasant tea-time tinkle.

It was snowing outside, in huge slow flakes, — a strange snow, such a snow as we rarely get in Boston, and that only when the year is turning towards spring. Enormous cottony balls glided leisurely down, opening out as they fell like parachutes of Queen Anne's lace. Striking the sopped pavement they were quickly effaced, — only now and then one caught in the twigs of an English elm, anchored and hung there like a collapsed balloon.

My nephew, Arthur, who had appeared lost in a new issue of *Free World* now gave his customary sardonic snort. Arthur is rather a fanatic on languages. He lived in Paris so long before the war, that French is as dear to him as his own tongue.

"Keep still, Arthur. We know what you think!"

"Rot," said Arthur between his teeth, as he flicked a page.

"Come now, Arthur. Churchill advocates it, and you have some respect for his opinion certainly."

My niece was toasting English muffins over the coals, and now turned one deftly on the toasting fork with her long agile fingers.

"Churchill," said my nephew, "is King Arthur in disguise!" My nephew is never happy unless he feels that he is startling someone. He still retains the interregnum cynicism which I tell him is one of the reasons for the fall of France.

"England, the great mother," he went on. "The English pure white knights. The Anglo-Saxon tongue a magic shibboleth which will unlock the castle of the Grail."

"But isn't English the easiest of any language?" put in our little Navy wife, tossing her yellow curls, as she knitted vaguely on a diminutive pink sweater. "Didn't Churchill practically say so?"

"If he did he was a liar," said Arthur cheerfully.

"I doubt if he said it was the *simplest,* sweetie," said Lina, as she swiftly buttered a muffin and set it on a pewter plate by the hearth.

"Still and all," she added, "the King James English is nothing to get snooty about, my lad!"

"Granted," said Arthur grudgingly. "But it is pertinent to remember that there are unnumbered millions on the globe to whom our awkward, spasmodic, and fearfully inconsistent tongue is as unnatural as Choctaw. The Romance languages are simpler, far more expressive, far more euphonious . . ."

"All right, all right!" My niece held up her hand as traffic signal. "Here, drink your tea." She handed him a brimming Wedgwood cup into which she had put plenty of sugar and a tot of Jamaica rum.

"I presume that what Churchill meant," I inhaled the fragrance of my steaming tea, "is that those 850 Basic English words should act merely as a sort of currency — an international means of exchange to facilitate international trade."

"But why *English?"* persisted Arthur in a ferret-like way, as he set his teeth into a crisp muffin.

"Well, English is direct and blunt; without the elaborations of the Romance tongues. It is also the language of the business giants of the world."

"What about the Russians?"

"But the Russians," I continued, "are *renowned* as linguists, while we Americans are the poorest linguists in the world. Not only do our tongues twist painfully over new sounds, but we positively *resent* other languages. We seem to feel that nations who use words we do not understand are dealing us a species of insult."

"Children though," — my niece spread marmalade on her muffin. "Even American children take to languages like ducks to water They love strange, odd, difficult words — take for instance the Jabberwocky."

"That's just it." Arthur set down his cup and reached for a cigarette. "Children *absorb* languages, they don't simply *memorize* them. God — the way languages are taught in this country. Those cursed vocabulary lists, the declensions, the pages of irregular verbs!

"Language is music. The rhythm, the tone, the beat, the flow — that's the language. You learn it as you learn to ride a horse — by relaxation, acquiescence, unselfconsciousness. You let yourself fall into the canter."

"Arthur, you're so ridiculous!" said Nonnie in her delicious southern drawl, as she stuck a white needle through her lump of knitting, and gave her attention to her cooling tea. "As if a person could learn French on horseback!"

"Why not?" Nonnie is the only one of us who invariably mollifies my nephew. She seems to sense that he is raw at all points, because his health debars him from the Service.

"I'm afraid I shall have to admit," I said, "that Basic English can never be a substitute for a native tongue. The language of a people is a great psychological map. As it gradually unrolls before you, you begin to detect the contours of a nation's soul — its viewpoint, its humor, its philosophy — a hundred and one qualities and quirks that make up the personality of a people. It seems to me that one can never truly understand a people unless he has acquired their language."

"Ah believe Ah'll study Russian!" Nonnie finished off a muffin in one big bite, dabbed at her cupid's-bow lips with a tiny napkin, and reached for a fresh skein of pink wool. "Jack may be sent to Russia after the war. And besides their letters are so fascinating. Almost like a kind of *crocheting!*"

"Nonnie, my pet," said Arthur fondly, as he went over to hold the skein for her, "you have the spirit of the true internationalist!"

— Christine Turner Curtis

●

SNOW

Clouds are sifted in the sky,
Flakes come floating, tumbling by,
Snow dusted world, extinct of sound,
A virgin blanket caressing the ground.

—Jeanne Rolfe

EDWARD A. WEEKS, JR.

EDITOR, PUBLISHER, LECTURER, BOOK-REVIEWER (*Part 2*)

. . . At a dinner, given in his honor, at the St. Botolph Club in 1938, Edward Weeks, speaking of *The Atlantic Monthly* of which he was the newly elected editor, said: "I want *The Atlantic* to be the means of reconciling the old and the new. I want it to be a place where we hammer out by clear thinking those adjustments which are as healthy as they are inevitable. I want it to preserve an interest in the essay and in the poem both of which are threatened by the elephantine popularity of fiction."

This statement of editorial policy which is borne out in any current issue of "The Monthly" shows that as present incumbent of that editorial chair, Weeks has adhered to the policy of its former editors who wanted the *Atlantic's* form and spiritual content to be modified rather than altered to meet the demands of changing times. It is this policy which has kept the magazine floating serenely on through its eighty-six years.

In May, 1857, Moses Dresser Phillips of the Boston publishing firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., invited a group of eminent Boston literary men to dinner at the Parker House to consider the establishment of a new literary and political magazine which he felt was needed in Boston.

Among the distinguished guests were Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes. After much discussion and formulation of plans, the first issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* (the name was selected by Holmes) appeared on the streets in May, and it has enjoyed continuous publication ever since, a remarkable record for a publication which has lived through three wars and has survived the ever changing stream of world events.

The principal contributors to the first issue included such men of letters as Charles Eliot Norton, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson and Holmes. Longfellow sent in a poem *Santa Filomena* in praise of Florence Nightingale; Emerson had an essay called *Illusions* and Dr. Holmes' first installment of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* was also included. It is interesting to note that none of the articles were signed.

Emerson's characteristic justification of the practice of anonymity was that "the names of contributors will be given out when the names are worth more than the articles."



While the list of editors of the staid *Atlantic* is small, it is most certainly a distinguished one for it is composed of literary men whose names are synonymous with American literature.

For its 86 years of publication, the magazine has been guided by nine men who, during the life of the *Atlantic*, have been instrumental in maintaining its progressive editorial traditions.

The first was Lowell, then followed James Fields, William Dean Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Horace Scudder, Walter Hines Page, Bliss Perry, Ellery Sedgwick and the present editor, Edward Agustus Weeks, Jr. Under these men, the Monthly has printed articles on literature, politics and science, articles which are outstanding for their penetration of insight and felicity of expression and prompted one English review to state that the *Atlantic* was "the best edited magazine in the English language."

Wiry, effervescent Weeks, while serving his apprenticeship under Sedgwick, learned that editing a magazine is big business as well as a profession. He has inherited some of the characteristics of his predecessors which have helped him no end in running *The Atlantic*. Like Lowell and Fields, he can charm his listener with ready speech and like Howells, he is keenly aware of foreign literature and is constantly in touch with the world-at-large.

As the trustee of a venerable institution which holds the writings of Galsworthy, Hardy, Kipling, Emerson and Dr. Holmes, Weeks has seen to it that under his leadership the best writers, poets and authors of to-day are included between the covers of his magazine. Weeks is ever on the lookout for new poetry, a story by some noted writer, or even an idea by some author who hasn't yet put it on paper.

Although a large percentage of the *Atlantic's* published material comes to it unsolicited, Weeks tracks down the current leading author for an essay or a story. Recently, on his trip to England, he visited with John Masefield and during the conversation at dinner, Weeks learned that the poet had written a piece called "Wanderings." He immediately secured it for *The Atlantic* and it first appeared in the November issue.

When the trend in reading changed from lengthy drawn out reports on current events to "capsule" accounts, Weeks saw to it that the *Atlantic* recorded the days happenings crisply and briefly in capsule form.

Terming himself "The Peripatetic Reviewer," Editor Weeks heads the Critical Dept. of the magazine where he finds time to analyze the leading books of the month, with sound judgment and keen insight.

When he is away from his office, in the brown stone house on the corner of Arlington and Marlborough Street, he is usually to be found lecturing in almost any part of the country. He manages to get in these lectures between issues of the magazine. On the lecture platform he can be pleasant, witty and wise. He has a charming personality and excellent delivery.

He enjoys these trips because they give him a chance to meet people and

they enable him to become acquainted with the rest of the country.

Raconteur, monologist, toastmaster, "Ted" Weeks' hobbies are golf, billiards, and poker. In the summer he can be found in his spare time making the rounds on the Myopia Hunt Club golf course and when he is in Boston, he enjoys playing poker with his cronies at the St. Botolph Club until the wee hours. He is married to the former Frederica Watriss, a New Yorker, they have two children, Sara and Edward.

The Weeks' home is situated on Chestnut Street on Beacon Hill not far from the offices of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Ed walks to the office each morning and although he never appears to be in a hurry, he walks with an air of buoyancy and conviction. He usually gets to his office about 9, works until 1 and then lunches either at home or at the St. Botolph. His afternoon is spent in interviews with *The Atlantic* contributors or with some author who has a book coming out in the Atlantic press. Weeks recently worked with Walter Lippman on his latest book *U. S. Foreign Policy*, which was a Press release and Weeks enjoyed every minute of it. He says there is nothing more exhilerating than to hear an author explain his idea for a book and then to see that idea grow, to discuss plans for the book, watch its reception by the critics and finally see it in its cover in the book store ready for a reader.

He was among the select group from various walks of life in America who were invited by the British Government to visit England this past summer and to observe that country at war.

His impressions of England and his observations of the literary life over there have been written in recent issues of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

He was amazed at the patience of the British as shown while they waited for a bus.

"They stood in a queue," exclaims Weeks, "which runs along the curb and then doubles back on itself. There you stand in pairs, like the animals for the Ark, waiting it may be for an hour or more until your turn comes to step aboard. And when it does come," adds Weeks, "don't crowd around the opening and shove, or you will be called back into line—as I was."

Weeks found the Englishman going to exhibitions, visiting bombed book stalls, going to the theatre in the evening and taking the food rationing, (which is maintained even in the restaurants,) and all the other wartime inconveniences in true British stride.

One of the things which made a deep impression on Weeks was the tenacity of the British.

"I was walking along amidst ruins and bomb craters," he said, "when suddenly I turned into a street where all the houses had been bombed out of existence save one. Here in the midst of all this ruin was one house out of twenty that had not been even touched. It had a window box, lace curtains and a tiny garden plot. In front of it a nine-year-old boy was precariously balanced on his father's bicycle; and as I passed, his mother came noisily to the door. 'Albert, you bring that bicycle in, you'll be smashing it first thing you know—kids do take watching' she said to me briskly."

Of the English newspapers, Weeks states that they have compressed forty minutes of reading into four pages of seven columns each. It is slow reading but good. There is much space given to American news and they have started to use comics since the arrival of the American Army.

While he was in England, Weeks purchased a set of dish rests for his wife. "I selected the ones I wanted," saids Weeks, "handed them to the clerk and paid for them. Then I waited—to have them wrapped. But the girl just looked at me and said: 'Oh! we don't have paper for that, sir.' When I told her I was taking a plane back to the United States and would like something to cover the set with, she went off and in about fifteen minutes returned with a small piece of cardboard which she had found somewhere."

Laurence Winship, the Managing Editor of the *Boston Globe* who made the trip with Weeks, told us that Weeks busied himself by giving teas, dinners and cocktail parties for the people he met while in England and was so well received that he was toasted time and again. But they were both glad to get back home, declared Winship.

Edward Weeks has done much to keep the *Atlantic* contemporaneous in its interests and to broaden its scope. He has maintained the quality established by that "Venerable Group" of a generation ago.

Witty, liberal minded, and forward looking, he has worn the editorial mantle handed down from his illustrious predecessors with distinction and competence and to-day he stands out as the most respected magazine editor of our time.

—George Mooney



"No, no, don't throw in de towel! He'll hit me wit dat, too!"

20th ANNUAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

. . . This year, the annual New England show moves to Boston Arena to allow for a greatly increased seating capacity. Beginning January 14, the Sportsmen's Show will hold the spotlight for five days, and all the regular attractions expected with this event will be there as usual—log-rolling, fly-casting, exhibits from Maine and New Hampshire. Supplemented by a greater-than-ever pro- the best of all.

Word has come from George Stobie and Ralph Carpenter, consergram, the 1944 show looks good to be vation commissioners of Maine and New Hampshire respectively, that these states will be well represented as usual by exhibits. Not only will Maine's Inland Fisheries and Game Department be represented but also the Sea and Shore Fisheries of that state. Arthur Greenleaf will install the usual picturesque and authentic displays.

Oddly enough, according to Commissioner Carpenter, the nature of the New Hampshire exhibit will depend partially on whether Lake Winnipesaukee is frozen over before the show. The commission's tame deer are quartered on an island in the lake, and if the surface is frozen over, they can be brought across the ice and on to the Arena. In any event, there will be an excellent display of upland game birds and a variety of waterfowl in a colorful setting.

According to information, arrangements have been concluded with the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries to install the ever-popular exhibit of former years, including the actual hatching of salmon eggs. R. O. Rodgers, superintendent of the hatcheries in Nashua, New Hampshire, says that the display will also include tanks of salmon, brook and rainbow trout and "pan" fish of perch, pickerel and similar types.

Despite the war, most of the old standbys of former years will be on hand. Chief Needahbeh of the Penobscots will again be master of ceremonies, splitting the chore with Bump Hadley at the mike. The Chief will also demonstrate fly and bait casting.

Ken Clarke, Stewart Young, Harry Scott and other guides from the Connecticut Lakes in New Hampshire will vie on the logs and in canoe tilting with Eber Peck from New Brunswick, Wally Soule from Maine, Les Terrill from Wisconsin, and others. Herbie Welch of the Rangeley Lakes Region will demonstrate his artistry with the fly rod.

Innovation in keeping with the times will be Eve Seeley's sledge dogs that have been trained for army work. This Wonalancet, New Hampshire, attraction is of particular interest this year.

In the Indian exhibit, with its tepees and curios, Indian women will be at work on their numerous crafts. The Army and Navy will have active demonstrations of their exhibits, too. And equally pertinent will be the information booth of the Victory Garden Committee where budding Burbanks can fill up on gardening wisdom.

Biggest change in this year's Arena show will be the enlarged and varied entertainment program. The Stevens Brothers and Big Boy, a bear comedy act in its first appearance since finishing a picture with Red Skelton in Hollywood, have been a sensational and different attraction in other cities. Boston visitors to the Sportsmen's Show are certain to enjoy this act greatly.

Benson's Retrieving Dogs will give water and field demonstrations of their prowess, and the Shooting Mansfields (two girls and a man) will show their versatility with rifle and pistol.

An exhibition by the Badminton Players featuring Joe Waters, the Canadian champion, promises plenty of action for those who watch them. And Sharkey, the trained seal, will rate a lot of applause from grown-up and youngster alike.

All in all, this famous annual event, in its new location at the Arena, should prove to be the best show of all. Remember the dates—January 14 to 18 inclusive. Under the direction of Campbell-Fairbanks Expositions, it promises its usual interest-packed appeal for everyone.



Chief Needahbeh shows two young people the finer points of fly-casting.

KINELLY WAS A PEACEFUL MAN

. . . One of America's outstanding and most violent conscientious-objectors might today be celebrating his hundredth anniversary had he not suddenly and rather unexpectedly died of a broken neck some years ago. A beaker of bad gin plus a nasty tumble down the cellar-stairs of a Bowery grogshop concluded a career which, for a time at least, had practically promised James B. Kinealy, alias Big Jim Kinelly, a place in our national history. To be sure, the place would have been nearly as undesirable as that occupied by another contemporary Lincoln-hater whom Kinelly admired vastly as a fellow-artist — though in a different field — John Wilkes-Booth. But Big Jim would have enjoyed that tremendously just the same. All his pals agreed that Jim Kinelly was a card.

Whatever Big Jim undertook, he carried through with an enthusiasm that was downright awe-inspiring. For instance, when, in 1860, the threat of war menaced the Union, Jim became an ardent crusader for peace. He promptly and publicly went on record as being a peaceful man who objected very conscientiously to armed conflict. He further announced that he was prepared to beat the bejabers out of anybody who wanted to make something of it. It was, therefore, no surprise to his intimates when Big Jim helped to organize and lead the first draft riots in New York City. Later, in various barrooms in lower Manhattan, Jim was happy to explain his philosophy of peace, mingled with good-humored descriptions of how he had personally disposed of two of the draft officials with his bare hands.

Big Jim hoped it would be clear that he had no special *moral* scruples about war; his objections were purely economic. He argued that, regardless of the outcome, war tended to bring about inflation. This meant a sharp devaluation of money. Making money was Jim's business. Hence war would ruin his means of a livelihood — Q.E.D. Kinelly was a "conchie." The Treasury Department could appreciate Big Jim's point of view. It admitted freely that the flood of bogus ten-dollar bills, then at spate in the East, had been printed from the slickest set of phony-currency lithostones (engraving came a few years later) ever created outside the government offices. These stones represented Big Jim's life-work, and he was in no mood to begin all over again.

His attitude was that a policy of appeasement could have solved the differences between the North and the South. Thus the war was entirely Lincoln's fault and Big Jim would have no part of it. As time and the war went on, the unfairness of the situation so depressed him that he presently told his friends he would have to do something about it. He was, he said, seriously considering "killing or kidnaping Old Longshanks" to get revenge or his money back. And when peaceful Big Jim made up his mind about a thing, he generally carried through. Jim was a strong character and had always been. It would take a man of Jim's iron constitution to survive the twin handicaps of his birth: he had been born two months prematurely and in a spot in New York City called the Five Points — known during that period as the most infamous breeding-place of crime in the United States.

Peter Kinealy, Jim's father, had risen from brick-laying to ward-heeling in the Points, and he looked forward to the day when his vigorous young son would join him in the profession of politics. The boy wasn't



even vaguely interested. He had picked up the technique of street-fighting, pickpocketing, and arson during his tender years. At sixteen, he could outslug any kid in the neighborhood. Besides this, he was more than ordinarily talented with the brush and pen and had been told by a social-worker that he should become an artist. Combining his two loves, Big Jim became a counterfeiter with such success that by his twenty-first birthday he was recognized by both the underworld and the gendarmerie as the virtual apogee of the "queer" industry.

Jim was indeed a striking figure; six-foot-three in his stockingless-feet, he carried his 238 pounds of bone and gristle as lithely as a dancer. He had a cold blue eye, a shock of bright red hair, and pile-driving paws. These readily identified him as the only man in all that violent and malodorous section who dared calmly to stroll around the Five Points armed with nothing but his fists. Whenever the police came to pick up Big Jim for questioning in connection with his counterfeiting activities, a squad never less than forty strong was chosen for the job. And the outcome seemed always to be the same; he had to be released for lack of evidence. No one in New York cared to testify against that lover of harmony, Big Jim Kinelly.

Yet mere financial success did not leave Big Jim satisfied. Despite his protests, the war continued. Lincoln became increasingly the symbol of everything Big Jim hated. His moodiness grew to be so unbearable that two months before Appomatox Courthouse, his gang suggested that Jim seek out some quiet country nook where he could repair his psyche and think in, and of, peace. As he turned over this suggestion uncertainly, the war ended, Lincoln was assassinated, and everything was up by the ears. Jim had a mild nervous breakdown: the Northern victory and Booth had cheated him out of his revenge which, though still formless was nonetheless firmly purposed.

The morning after one of the bloodiest street-riots the Five Points had known — which Big Jim alone

had provoked just to get some of the bile out of his system — he took off for Chicago. There he settled down at the Palmer House to nurse his grudge against the nation and the dead President. He plunged into a series of orgies that made Chicago dizzy. Entertaining expansively, he charmed his critics, and in a short while was looked upon as the sort of free-and-easy fellow who would make a perfect mayor for that city. However, Big Jim had no yen for politics; he had told his father that years before. He needed something else, though exactly what he didn't quite know.

Then one evening in the late fall, he learned from a bar-acquaintance that a girl whom he had met casually on the train coming out from the East, and who would not give him her address, was living in Peoria. Jim cancelled all dates and hurried to see her. She proved hard to win, but before December his open-handedness had captivated not only the girl but also the town-fathers. On Christmas Day, a group of Peorians gave Jim a testimonial dinner "in honor of the man who has paid off the mortgage on the Catholic Church, who has presented the community with a memorial drinking fountain, and who is now betrothed to the lovely daughter of one of our prominent citizens." It was a heart-warming moment and Big Jim was in the act of rising to take a bow when Peoria's chief of police flanked by the law-enforcement heads of Chicago and five other Middle-western cities interrupted the gathering long enough to drag Jim off to the clink. In a swift and unfeeling trial Big Jim was convicted of passing counterfeit money in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio, and was rusticated to Joliet to spend half a decade reflecting sadly on man's inhumanity to man.

On January 1, 1875, Kinelly was returned to the world with a stiff lecture from the warden, a new suit, and ten irreproachable dollars. He made immediately for St. Louis where members of his gang awaited him. There within ninety days Big Jim was back in his peaceful business again, this time with adequate police-protection. He was, ostensibly, a partner in the Guffey-Kinelly Livery-Stable, and with this as a front, he organized the smartest counterfeiting mob of his career. Watched over paternally by a fancy collection of thirty roving muscle-men, his staff included expert lithographers, printers, passers, and key-men in cities throughout the East. Big Jim's revenge complex quieted down for awhile.



"Oh, now I know where we are. I remember that hill."

But it was all too easy, and the following year he bethought himself once more of the purpose to which he had earlier dedicated himself. Somehow, he must make the country pay for his losses and for his long period of unhappiness. Midway through February, 1876, the big inspiration struck him. Lincoln was dead, of course, but the body could still be *kidnaped;* and if it were, it could be held for ransom! Excitedly, he called together sixteen of his most trusted hoodlums, outlined a plan, and spent the next few weeks instructing each thug in his duties. On March 11th, five of the sixteen, minus Kinelly, converged on Springfield, Illinois, where they rented a store just west of Fifth on the north side of Jefferson Street. They opened it as a saloon and, when enough patrons came to crowd it regularly, the rest of the mob gradually and unobtrusively drifted in.

After hours, they held information-meetings in the little office off the dance-hall. Each man gave his daily report on the layout of Lincoln Park where the President's body was buried, the hours of the caretakers, and the habits of the park visitors. The plan was to break into the monument in the park, seize the body of Lincoln as it lay in the sarcophagous, and carry it to the Sangamon River, a few miles from Springfield. Having hidden it in a gravel bank there, they would demand its ransoming. It was a bold scheme, but the gangsters had rehearsed it so many times that they felt sure of its success.

The kidnaping date had been set for the third of July; the fourth, being a celebration day, would be a perfect moment for breaking the news. It was also Kinelly's birthday — a touch, he figured, of poetic justice. The excitement on Independence Day would step up the public's willingness to come through with almost any amount asked. Kinelly had even got one of Logan county's most respected citizens to act as a go-between for a generous slice of the take. When the government had agreed to pay, this man was to stroll out in the morning, seemingly to do a spot of squirrel-hunting. He would carry the ransom with him, meet the conspirators, be led to the body, then hurry back to Springfield with the glad news. The contact-man's "high character," says a writer of that period, "was expected to disarm suspicion."

(*This is the first of two parts.*)

— Trentwell Mason White



"—er, will that be all, sir?"

I FEEL LIKE CHEERING

. . . When Boston celebrated the birth of the Twentieth Century on January 1, 1900 (you couldn't persuade folks this was a year too soon), there were five first-class theatres in the town and the Castle Square with musical and then dramatic stock. These theatres were the Museum, the Tremont, the Hollis Street, the Park, and the huge Boston with its tiers of galleries and its projecting apron stage. I cannot recall any more. Of course there were at least two ten-twent'-and-thirty-cent houses where "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" could show herself, a couple of burlesque theatres including the Old Howard, and Keith's vaudeville which was something of a national institution. The Colonial was opened the next year with "Ben Hur" (the scenery drums went hay wire the opening night, and the chariots were seen racing madly backwards) ; but as the elderly Museum of hallowed memory closed forever a few months later, the number of houses was unaffected. In the outlying, or Greater Boston, area there were no theatres at all. These few houses took care of everything within commuting range. You often failed to enjoy the climax of a drama because the lady next to you was getting on her rubbers so she could dash for the last train to Reading. Sometimes she dashed right over your lap. And Barrett Wendell, commenting on our native plays, declared that the object of the American drama seemed to be to send the suburbs home happy.

The other day I picked up the *Boston Herald* and counted the number of theatres advertised therein. In the outlying, or Greater Boston, districts there were seventy — all movie houses, of course. There were nine more movie houses advertised in the city heart, some by huge display ads, picturing a girl in a bathing suit being kissed. It seemed to make no difference whether the film was about submarine warfare or Coney Island; a girl was always showing her legs and getting kissed. The three or four largest of these city theatres would alone seat more than all the legitimate houses in the Boston of 1900.

But at the same time there were advertised five legitimate theatres, two of them housing important new productions not yet seen in New York, and a third about to house one. Boston taste was making the first test of these plays. The other productions were of Broadway successes. Naturally the Old Howard, I discovered, is still functioning. The old smell is probably still there, too, but I hope I don't have to prove it.

Here, then, is theatrical Boston of today, and this in spite of the almost unbelievable growth of motion pic-



ture entertainment in every suburban back yard — seventy theatres in the neighborhood ring to make it needless for the people to go into town for their drama! — a city which, for all the great movie "palaces" competing in the town itself, has nevertheless maintained its legitimate seating capacity almost intact — five theatres in 1943 against five and a stock company in 1900. As an old Bostonian who began his theatre going in the Museum at the age of five, saw Mansfield play Ko-ko at the Hollis Street in 1886, and later fought with Mansfield on Bosworth Field all over the stage of the Tremont, I feel like getting up and cheering. No other city except New York can equal this record. I'm not even sure New York can.

Washington now has just one legitimate house in spite of its huge increase in population. Philadelphia, once long ago a vital theatrical centre, hasn't half its old quota. In the great city of Chicago last season there were only thirty professional productions to pick from over the entire year, the two most successful apparently being a couple of tawdry and vulgar farces never shown in the East. Detroit, Cleveland, Los Angeles, all larger than Boston, haven't half of Boston's theatrical opportunities.

It is something to get excited about, if not explained. If H. T. P. were still with us, we might learn the explanation, but I can't give it. That solemn old English actor, E. S. Willard, used to complain that Boston was "a boy-ridden town", but as most of the boys who afflicted him were from Harvard and Tech they can hardly be the ones who have kept the theatre alive. If they learned to love the theatre in those days, they should have taken their love back with them to Omaha or Detroit. Can it be that there still exists a higher level of esthetic appreciation in the neighborhood of the (once) gilded Dome, which still prefers the art of Shaw and Shakespeare to that of Disney and de Mille? Let us not labor the point, content that even without the shrewd judgments of H. T. P. to guide them, the managers still learn from Boston the worth of their wares as from no other American city, outside New York, and find support for their offerings. It seems to be Broadway and Boston against the hosts.

Which is a bit funny, when you come to think of it.

— Walter Prichard Eaton

WOMEN AND THE WAR

. . . Presenting the outstanding woman for January, Miss Edith Guerrier. More than fifty years in the service of her native city of Boston and her country is the meritorious record of Miss Guerrier, Supervisor of Branches, Emeritus, of the Boston Public Library and now Librarian of the Massachusetts Committee on Public Safety for the duration. Unwilling to retire from active service when her knowledge and ability might continue to serve her city and state during war years, she offered her lifelong experience and competence to the business of making Massachusetts the first state to add library service as a department of its Committee on Public Safety. In her sunny, orderly office at 18 Tremont Street, Boston, Miss Guerrier reigns over the library's collection of reference books, Government pamphlets and publications, printed information which ranges from accidents and aerial bombardment through refugees and salvage to Wacs and Waves, all filed and catalogued for easy reference.

Although gray and a little bent from so many years in the service of others, her voice has the timbre and lilt of a sixteen year old girl, and as I talked with her and watched her alert mind skip from her work in the last war to little incidents of human relations in her work with the personnel of thirty branch libraries in our city and then to the job at hand, I realized that here was a woman whose influence on others in the past fifty years, would endure unmitigated. As we talked she recalled that early in her career, she had made a bit of money writing an article for the first BOSTONIAN magazine some fifty years ago. Today another BOSTONIAN magazine pays homage to her.

Seemingly frail, Miss Guerrier is a veritable fountain which fills as it empties, for through her active life, she has given vigor and enthusiasm to the job at hand. Librarian from 1896 to 1917 in the North End of Boston, she was head-resident of the Library Club House in Hull Street, an unique institution privately sponsored so that the women and girls of Italian and Jewish parentage there might find educational, cultural and social stimulus from book reading. The North End branch under her tolerant and understanding leadership became the community club house to mothers, fathers and children in the neighborhood, teaching them good citizenship. Naturally and fortunately such ability in human relationships does not go unrewarded and from this post, Miss Guerrier became supervisor of circulation and then supervisor of branch libraries until at her retirement three years ago, at the age of seventy, the added word EMERITUS showed the respect and esteem of the city she had served.

During the forty-six years of service in our Boston Public Library system, she made the library come alive to the people of Boston. She advocated the Open Shelf Room which made hitherto inaccessible books available to all. In parts of the South End, remote from the library, she had a book cart pushed through the streets, with a bell ringer announcing that here were books for the reading.

In August 1917, the first World War, Miss Guerrier was called to Washington to organize a Food Facts library for the Food Administration under Mr. Herbert Hoover. She answered the call in a pithy telegram which is characteristic of her approach to life, it read: "Will arrive Wednesday morning. Estimate work will take six weeks. Want no salary. Expenses only". . . . signed Edith Guerrier. So was launched a work which lasted two years and left a definite pattern for food conservation in World War II. Miss Guerrier interestingly and graphically describes the work of the Food Administration and its personnel in her book, "We Pledged Allegiance" or a Librarian's intimate Story of the United States Food Administration, published under the authority of the Directors of the Hoover Library on War, Revolution and Peace. This work merited praise from the Honorable Herbert Hoover, and her later research work for the Navy from its Secretary, the Honorable Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Now at seventy-three years of age, as she travels back and forth from home for eight hours' service each day in a voluntary labor of love for her people, her city, state and country, she knows that this is a woman's war too, and that women must and will fight the battle of the home front with intelligence and with vision.

— Dorothy Kraus




Geo Comeau

SOCIETY IN WARTIME

. . . Women are taking men's places in the world today and to sew a fine seam is no longer the ultimate maidenly ambition. A few years ago, little girls in Boston spent their leisure time playing in the Public Garden, sometimes arriving home in time to curtsy politely to grown-up guests having tea before the drawing-room fire on late winter afternoons. After that, came supper in the nursery and envious glimpses of older sisters, gorgeously arrayed for debutante parties. For to be a debutante meant everything wonderful and exciting. It was the key to the world where everyone lived happily ever after.

But now that world has changed. Older sisters no longer pirouette in gowns of tulle or taffeta. They're donning uniforms. And the magic key to the outside world opens on hospitals, machine shops and technical laboratories.

Nowadays glitter is restricted to gold braid and brass buttons and the feminine members of Boston's younger set are joining the armed services along with their brothers. The Governor's daughter, Emily Saltonstall, a member of the Junior League and the Vincent Club, has joined the WAVES. As Radioman 3/c she operates a high speed radio tape perforator at her duty station in the naval communications office in Washington, D.C.

Another Junior League and Vincent Club member who has joined the WAVES is Fanny Curtis, one of the five pretty blond daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Curtis of Chestnut Hill. She is now a Seaman 2/c and is learning how to take care of the machines at the aviation field in Norman, Okla., so she can become a machinist's mate.

Pharmacists mate 3/c Susan Sweetser, post-debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson Sweetser of Brookline, has been in the WAVES since last spring. After training at Hunter College, she was stationed in Jacksonville, Fla., and Charleston, S. C., before being ordered to the Chelsea Naval Hospital. There she has been helping to care for mothers and babies in the dependent's ward and is now doing clerical work as mate of the day. Her two brothers-in-law are also serving: Flying Officer W. D. Grant, RAF, and Ensign George Hackett, USNR.

Ensign Dorothy Winsor Coffin, USNR (W), has been doing communications work in the Port Director's Office in busy Miami since October and stood watch most of Christmas Day. Last summer she was stationed at Woods Hole and is most enthusiastic about her work. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Coffin of Duxbury, she was graduated from the Beaver Country Day School and Bennington College.

Abigail Ann Cutler, daughter of Mrs. Leslie B. Cutler of Needham, is a Seaman 2/c in the WAVES. Also a graduate of the Beaver Country Day School, she was studying at Spartan School of Aeronautics in Tulsa, Okla., as a commercial pilot student before enlisting. She received her basic training at Hunter College and is now at Link Trainer Instructor School at the Naval Air Station in Atlanta, Ga.

Pvt. Margaret Gardiner, daughter of Col. William Tudor Gardiner, USA, and Mrs. Gardiner of Beacon Street, has followed in the patriotic footsteps of her father and her two brothers, Lt. Tudor Gardiner, USA, and Lt. Thomas Gardiner, USNR, and has joined the WAC. She is stationed at Dugway Proving Ground, Tooele, Utah, and has had no furlough since July. Her work is quasi-secret, but the experience she gained while doing defense work at Raytheon before her enlistment has proved a help.



First Lieutenant Nancy Richards, WAC, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howe Richards of Groton, ranks her brother, Henry Howe Richards, Jr., who is a private first class in the ground force of the U. S. Army Air Forces at the Port of Newark. Another brother, Lt. (jg) Tudor Richards, USNR, is teaching dive bombing in Florida. As executive officer for the WAC detachment stationed at Bergstrom Army Air Field in Austin, Tex., where she has been since July, Nancy is second in command of 150. She keeps the records and supervises all their activities, which include operating the signal tower for the pilots and all the officers who are trained there for transport work.

Second Lieutenant Susan Hammond, WAC, daughter of Mrs. Samuel Hammond of Commonwealth Avenue, is working in the message center in Algiers. All cables, foreign correspondents' despatches and broadcasts clear through there, and all out-going and in-coming information. Susan and another officer went over in May, taking 68 WACS with them.

Recently promoted to a Corporal, Nancy Cochrane, erstwhile Boston glamor girl, is also a member of the WAC, and is stationed at Fort Monmouth, N. J. Cpl. Cochrane, daughter of Mrs. Dudley L. Pickman, was presented to society at a glamorous ball in her mother's Commonwealth Avenue town house. She and her lovely blond sister, Lucy, were the cynosure of all eyes at first nights about town, and Nancy, herself, took to the stage before joining the WAC.

Phoebe Fitz, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Reginald Fitz of Brookline, is a First Lieutenant in the WAC, and is doing special work at Miami Beach, Fla.' She took the first officers exam given when the WAC was organized, and trained at Des Moines, Ia., the summer after she graduated from McGill University in June, 1942. One brother is a paratrooper, and another, a medical student, is in the Army.

Sally and Ruth Brewer, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Brewer of Hingham, have joined the Marines. They entered boot camp at New

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River, N. C., together and both were made sergeants in December. Sally stayed on at Camp Lejeune, where she is drilling and training new recruits, while Ruth is at Aviation School at Cherry Point, N. C. Although they are only fifty miles apart, it takes three bus changes for the journey and they don't visit often. Ruth had charge of all Christmas entertaining at Cherry Point and her Junior League and Vincent Club training was a help.

After two years as a Red Cross Nurses' Aide here in Boston, Patricia Bayne, post-debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bayne of Westwood, went abroad for the Red Cross in September and is now running an Aero Club south of London, where fliers go for relaxation. There is room for dancing and individual rooms for various games.

Charlotte Maud Rantoul, daughter of Mrs. Augustus Rantoul of Acorn Street, spent last summer with the Red Cross mobile canteen in the Middle East, where she drove a three and a half ton truck across the desert with the temperature at 140 degrees. She recently flew from Cairo to this country in two days, and is now having strenuous physical training at an Army camp in the South before receiving her next assignment.

And there are many others. Uniforms have replaced silks and satins, and training grounds are meeting-places instead of drawing-rooms. Today's youngsters will know the heights and depths. No humdrum existence is theirs. And may it all end successfully so that "everyone WILL live happily ever after."

— ALISON ARNOLD



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MARY'S GHOST WEARS GREEN BROCADE

. . . In the wind-swept highlands of Henniker, New Hampshire, stands an ancient, mossy, clapboarded house — a sentinel, standing guard over the legends and life of another day and age.

Often on frosty autumn nights, when the wind moans and sobs through the pine trees surrounding the old mansion, a tall, dim, skirted figure appears in or near the dwelling and then vanishes as quickly as she came. Many have been aware of the ghostly presence, but few have actually seen her.

Legend says that this apparition is the ghost of Ocean-Born Mary, who lived in the old mansion for many years, and who now returns to watch over the house, to guard those who now reside there and to point out the secret hiding place of pirate gold.

It was in the year 1720 that a party of immigrants, bound from Ireland to Londonderry, New Hampshire, sighted a strange sail on the horizon. All day they watched it draw nearer and at last, with much misgiving, realized it was a pirate ship. A skull and cross-bones — the emblem of piracy — fluttered from the masthead.

Soon boats from the pirate ship pulled alongside. Vicious-looking men swarmed onto the deck, led by a burly man with long black hair — his face contorted and flushed with brutality. A red sash circled his waist and was knotted over one hip. He carried a long-barreled pistol in one hand and a bared cutlass in the other. His heavy boots tramped down the ladder leading to the captain's cabin and kicked the door open. The loot he had seen so far was not enough — there must be more below decks.

Two women were in the cabin, one lying in bed with a new-born baby beside her. Brushing the mother's companion to one side, the buccaneer strode noisily to the bed and peered down at the woman and child. He asked the mother a few questions; his face and voice softened, and, stooping quickly, he lifted the child in his arms.

"If you will name her Ocean-Born Mary," he said gruffly, "I will not harm you or this ship's company. Christen her Mary — it was my mother's name."

"I will, sir," the mother promised in a frightened whisper.

The pirate appeared highly pleased, whirled, stamped out of the cabin. Soon he was back, however, carrying a bolt of green silk brocade. He laid it on the bed.

"This is for Ocean-Born Mary to wear on her wedding day," he told the baby's mother.

He bowed low, marched out of the room and, after calling his men together, he and his villianous-looking crew pulled away in their boats, leaving the ship's company unharmed.

Ocean-Born Mary was the daughter of James and Elizabeth Wilson and was born on July 28, 1720. Soon after the immigrants had landed at Boston, Mary's father died. Elizabeth Wilson then took the child to Londonderry, New Hampshire, "where they had land laid out to them by reason of the father's being a grantee of the town".

Mary's mother later married James Clark, and Mary lived with them until her own marriage to James Wallace in 1742. On her wedding day, she wore a gown made of the green silk brocade that had been given her mother by the pirate, whose name old wives say was Captain Lightfoot. A piece of this silk gown is now in the old house in Henniker, framed and preserved under glass.

Mary's husband died about 1760, and it is thought probable that the house in Henniker was built at about that time. It is also believed that the pirate captain was in touch with her all through her life and that, upon becoming tired of his buccaneering existence, he built this house and took Mary and her four sons, two of whom were officers in the American Army during the Revolution, to live with him. He may have hoped, in this way, to live down and forget his past misdeeds.

The place is located far from the sea and is set high in the hills, commanding a marvelous view of the surrounding country and of the deep valley, through which winds the Con-



"All I said was 'who goes there, friend or foe?'"

tocook River. The old rascal must have had an eye for beauty to have picked this spot as the site of his mansion.

Probably there is scarcely anyone who has not read and re-read Treasure Island. Most people, therefore, are familiar with the method used by pirates of the old days in hunting down their former shipmates and in marking them for death. Such a fate must have befallen the ex-pirate who built his castle in the New Hampshire hills, for his body was discovered in a meadow near the house with a cutlass through his throat.

Following his death, Mary and her sons continued to live in the house until she died in 1814. Then, in 1832, the last of her sons met with an accident when he was thrown from his horse and was killed. Strangely enough, he is believed to have met his death very near or on the exact spot where the pirate captain was murdered.

It is not too difficult to imagine oneself in or near the pirate's old mansion, while the chill wind moans around its corners, and while the old buccaneer who lived there sings lustily the ditty which was a favorite of those who sailed under the Jolly Roger.

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.
Drink and the Devil have done for the rest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum."

The lines of the dwelling in no way resemble the architecture of other houses in that locality. Most of the homes are modest cottages or rambling farmhouses, but this house is on a much grander scale and is somewhat similar to the elaborate abodes erected by seafaring men in some of our New England seacoast towns. Architects who have examined the house say it was apparently built by ship's carpenters — no local talent would construct a house in that manner. Its setting in the hills is most incongruous.

It is said that the place was the first in that region to have glass in the windows, each holding twenty-four panes. These windows may be completely sealed by means of shutters that slide in and out from the casing on one side and are operated from inside the room. This feature is unique and must have been very useful in blacking out the windows while the pirate reveled in his gold.



"—and, McFogle, the next time we send you to get a prowler, don't set booby traps."

What was the parlor is located on the right of the big hall, in the northeast corner. The floor of this room is made of wide planks, as in a ship's deck. Over the fireplace is painted an eagle, a garland and thirteen stars to represent the original states. This art work is said to have been done by Ocean-Born Mary. The doors are hung on crane and H-L hinges. H-L stands for Holy Lord and was believed to be effective in keeping out witches.

Using remnants of old paint and designs as guides, Mr. Roy, its present owner, has painted the walls in light blue. The design used in a border and discovered by him in the old house baffled him for some time. Finally, after much research, he learned that it represented a pomgranate, native to Africa and Asia. This is another indication that the mansion was erected by a sea rover, one who had visited the far corners of the globe.

Everything about the house bears all the earmarks of 18th century influence. Its builder and owner must have been possessed of considerable wealth. It is related that the estate comprised a great amount of land; that slaves were maintained on the premises; and that its former owners traveled in style with a coach and four horses.

After the death of Ocean-Born Mary's last son, in 1832, the house was held by three other owners. Then, in 1917, it became the property of Mr. L. M. A. Roy, photographer, writer, and handicrafter, who went there to live with his aged mother. Mrs. Roy is crowding ninety, but her voice, manner and activity belie the fact. An enormous, old-fashioned loom is set up in an upstairs room and on this she weaves fabrics, colored with vegetable dyes made by her and her son. Replying to an expression of surprise that she is able to do such work, Mrs. Roy said, "Of course I do it. That's the easiest thing I do around here."

The Roys learned of the place through a farm agency advertisement and knew at once that they must have the old mansion. As a matter of fact,

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they owned the property for a year and a half before they even saw it.

Mr. Roy and his mother say they have always felt a definite presence in the old mansion. The place seems full of vibrations. Throughout their occupancy, there have been a series of escapes from death, creaking and moving doors, knockings and other sounds and signs that indicate someone else is living there.

"When I first came here," Mrs. Roy said, "someone walked up the path with me and through the door."

One of the legends connected with the house is that Ocean-Born Mary still visits her former home and watches over it, protecting it from harm. It was only a week before Mr. Roy and his mother took the place over that a man went past the house and noticed smoke coming out of a window. Entering the old place, he found some boys in a back room on the second floor, industriously engaged in setting fire to a mattress. He had arrived just in time to save the house from destruction. Perhaps it was Ocean-Born Mary who guided his steps past the mansion that day.

During the hurricane that caused so much damage in this section, the roof of the garage began to cave. Mr. Roy was trying to strengthen the building with timbers, and his mother was watching from a window. She saw a tall woman standing beside her son where he was working. As he moved, the woman also moved, holding her arms above him, as though to protect him. Then they walked together toward the house, but when they were a short distance from the door — the woman vanished.

Next day, it was found that one corner of the garage had fallen, but the car inside was not harmed.

While the hurricane was at its height, a great elm tree at the corner of the house was broken off by the wind. Instead of crashing through the house, the giant tree fell harmlessly to the ground, its trunk pointing directly toward the north star. Mr. Roy has been told to dig at a point where a line from this felled elm intersects a stonewall, for there the treasure will be found. A second elm — the only other standing



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at the time in the vicinity — was uprooted. These two, together with a third already down, formed a triangle — the distance between each tree being exactly sixty rods.

Many psychics have visited the old house, and some claim to have seen Ocean-Born Mary. One room in particular receives most of their attention. This is the one on the right of the hall as one enters the front door. It is said to have been used by Ocean-Born Mary as a sitting room and bedroom. Several deaths have occurred in this room, and psychics say it is filled with vibrations. One reported seeing the wraith of Ocean-Born Mary standing in the doorway that leads to a back room. Many have seen an aura surrounding persons sitting in certain parts of the old room.

The present owner tells of a strange occurrence. He was approached by a woman who said she would like to see the house again — but this time the whole of it. She had called there when Mr. Roy was away and she was met at the door by a tall woman who showed her around, but who refused to show her the upstairs rooms. Mrs. Roy certainly does not answer the description of the woman who acted as the visitor's guide, for she is very tiny. Ocean-Born Mary, on the other hand, was over six feet. A case of materialization . . . Impossible?

Mr. Roy and others have made a search for the pirate's hidden treasure, which is said to be $7,000,000 in gold, but it has never been found. In a sand bank, in the center of the triangle formed by the stumps of the three elms, was found the rusty hinge of a chest — but that is all.

Perhaps the treasure is hidden within the old house. Forming part of the brick floor of a fireplace in one of the rooms on the first floor is a great slab of granite, eight feet by two and a half feet, with a hole drilled in the center, about an inch in diameter — ideal for attaching a ring bolt, with which to lift the ton of stone. There is no cellar under it — only solid earth or brick.

That would be a good hiding place. But it may also be the pirate's tomb.

— Frank H. Grows

BEAUTY . . . MAKE-UP TRICKS

. . . We remember too clearly our first attempt as a public speaker. We represented a cosmetic manufacturer at the time, in Washington, D.C. One of the Universities had a series of Charm School classes, an extra-curricular course for the students (and we later learned, their Mothers too). This included hair, skin, clothes, and personality. For what reason they selected us to conduct the skin class, we'll never know, for it certainly wasn't because of our lecturing prowess up to that point. However, we felt we couldn't turn down an important opportunity of that nature for we honestly believed it was the turning point in our career.

The three weeks preceding this lecture of lectures, were truthfully the three most horrible weeks in our life. For twenty-one days, we wrote, rewrote, memorized, gesticulated, and turned the shower on full blast so that the neighboring hotel guests couldn't hear our monotonous recitations. Then we set a big alarm clock and timed the finished speech, and no matter how slowly we tried to speak, somehow ten pages of typewritten matter was rattled off in three minutes flat. And every time we so much as visualized an honest-to-gosh audience, our poor little heart skipped a full beat, and we wondered why in the world we had accepted this terrible assignment.

Then came the day! We arrived fully equipped with cosmetic case and samples of powder for the students. It was then that we learned that their Mothers were also in the audience of 300!

We do remember mounting the platform and saying something like "Good afternoon ladies . . . ," and from that point on, the entire speech and elaborate preparations for this momentous occasion were forgotten completely. Our main concern was how to keep our knees from shaking visibly, and what to do with our hands. Our hands! That was it! And then we heard our voice from afar asking if one of the students would volunteer to model for a make-up facial. A pretty little girl with a round face mounted the platform, and after spending a full five minutes to drape towels around her hair and neckline, we gained enough composure to begin. By the time we applied the first cream, our explanations came rather glibly, or at least we hope so.

That day we learned that most people are interested in creating illusions through the use of make-up. After making the pretty round face appear more oval, we really felt up to doing another. So we called for a girl with a long face, which we proceeded to shadow and highlight until it seemed rounder and softer. The trick is easy, and one every woman should know. It's a matter of proportion, line and balance. Just remember that lightness accentuates, while darkness and shadows detract.

Unless your face is oval, you should have two shades of powder base, and two shades of powder. On the round face, we applied the lighter base to the centre portion of the face, and blended a darker shade towards the sides. Lighter powder was applied to the forehead, chin and nose, and darker powder to the outer cheeks. These are easily blended with no demarkation, and the illusion created focuses attention to the elongated centre portion of the face, rather than the width. By the same token, rouge is applied toward the inner cheeks, stopping at the cheek-bones. Eyebrows end at the cheek-bone also, and it is a perfect line to follow if you wondered where to part your hair. All these things tend to make the face seem the width of cheek-bone to cheek-bone, rather than ear to ear.

If however your face is too long and thin, spread your light base and powder out to your very hairline. The dark base to be used on your chin and forehead. If your nose is a little long, use your dark base for shadow. Rouge should be blended almost into your hairline at the sides, also to focus attention to width. Your eyebrows can extend wider, and your hair-dos fluffy and soft at the sides. No high



"Flat-Top" as featured by Audree Coiffures, Copley Plaza Hotel. Soft nuances of waves and downward sweep from crown to neck.

"pomps" for you. In fact a centre part, with softness at the temples will turn the trick.

Everyone can have flashing expressive eyes. The gals with irregular features of facial defects should particularly try to focus attention to beautiful orbs. And of course it isn't necessary to have heavily beaded eyelashes dripping with caked mascara. In order to accentuate the color of your eyes, eye shadow should be used ever so sparingly on the lower lid only. If your eyes are blue, blue shadow will bring out more depth of color. For gray, hazel or green eyes, green shadow is most flattering. Or if you're one of those lucky girls with navy blue eyes, try a purple shadow for a truly bewitching effect. Or if you're a black-eyed susan, or have warm brown eyes, a little light brown shadow softly applied will give you that lovely limpid look.

Of course can also help with the illusion you wish to create. If your eyes are close-set, apply your shadow to the outer part of your lid only. Start at about the middle of your lid and blend the shadow carefully outward. When applying mascara, start at the middle of your upper lashes, and apply it only to the outer half becoming more intense as you reach the outermost lashes, and you will create the effect of interesting wide spaced eyes.

For daytime wear, mascara should be almost imperceptible. Two brushes must be used. The first, not too wet to apply the mascara and darken the light ends of your lashes. The second, dry, to be used just before the mascara dries will remove the excess or "beads." Your lashes will separate softly and the result is really quite natural. For evening wear, if you wish to be super-glamorous, apply your mascara with your not too wet brush, and while it is still wet, put powder over it. Then another application of mascara over the powder will give the illusion of longer thicker lashes, because of course the powder adds a little body.

Or are you the gal with too few lashes to work with? We're certainly not adverse to false eyelashes in the least. In fact they're a necessity in a great many cases. Individual hairs are added to your own lashes, and can be cut as short as ordinary ones. And who would know? They're quite lasting, and every month or so you could have a refill. If you need them, by all means try it. They're wonderful.



Distinctive new coiffure by Elizabeth Arden.

Highly arched brows just don't go with a long nose. If anything accentuates the length, it is the continuation of the elongated line into a high pointed arch. A long nose line can be cut with straight horizontal brows. These can be brought into a slightly rounded arch beyond the centre of the eye. On the other hand slanted eyes with that fascinating oriental appearance, are well complimented with highly arched brows.

One of the nicer mysteries in make-up tricks used by film folk, is the light copper eye shadow, used ably on the upper part of the lid, blended right up to the eyebrow. First your regular colored shadow is used on the lower part of your eyelid as usual. The light copper shadow, which is very soft, can easily be blended from the colored shadow to the brow, until it shows only a faint deepening of tone to your lids, and a slight "moist" look. It's exciting for that very special date, and excellent for photographic purposes.

A rosebud mouth will "date you" like the windblown bob with spit-curls! The most fashionable mouths are a little on the luscious side at this writing, and a lip brush or pencil may help you with the outline. Start at the outside of the upper lip and draw a rounded line to the centre of your lip. The highest part of this arc should be the centre of each section, a little toward the outside if anything. Fill in with your smooth creamy lipstick, leaving no split in the centre. Your lower lip should be full as well, and filled in as close to the natural line as possible. Of course lip tissues should be used to remove the gooey surface.

If you're not too fair, try a lipstick with a dash of brown in it. Makes your teeth look white. Dazzling for evening.

— Lillian Munroe

YOU CAN CARRY IT

. . . When thin girls give out with their so-sad moan, "I can't gain a pound, not an ounce, my dear!" I feel like whanging a pop bottle at their well-tailored slacks. The truth is they secretly admire their own neat bundles of bones and relish the pathos with which they tell of having their size 10 dresses taken in by a fitter. As a girl with the delicate outline of a medium tank, I am annoyed by such bids for sympathy.

Let me just mention that I have thirty pounds to spare and what comfort do *I* get? "Connie, you can carry it," they say earnestly. Sure, I can carry it. I have to. Night and day, for better for worse, for richer for poorer — I carry it and *carry* it and *CARRY* it.

Having uttered this truism, these svelte creatures apparently consider they have been the quintessence of tact when what they really have done is to offer an extremely inferior sort of condolence.

Naturally I cannot argue with a fact. I *can* carry it. I *have* to! Accordingly, I just smile and refrain from pinning a haymaker on their trim jawlines. But I wonder what would happen if the next time one of these damsels wished audibly to gain five pounds, or three pounds four ounces — often it's down to ounces — I should say with a leer, "You can carry it" and look her straight in the

These frail beauties also have an irritating way of bandying words about acquaintances of more generous proportions. "Heavens, she's a regular horse!" they like to say, secure in the knowledge that no one will call them "bare-boned nags." They have other down-on-the-farm expressions: "as fat as a pig" or a "squab" or "as big as a barn door": but mainly they call anyone who is plump a *horse* whether she has the face of a Murillo madonna or of Rosie the Riveter.

If I go to dinner with a slender young thing, over her apple pie à la mode she is apt to remark with a wistful grin to my escort, "I wish I showed my groceries." This is just a subtle way of pointing out that I do show mine. But *distinctly!*

"You probably use them up in nervous energy," he may say: or "Time enough for that when you get to be forty"; or "Girls don't show them nowadays." Then as he looks across the table at me, I see him start, gulp and fumble for his glass of water.

If it's after the theatre and we stop in a cafeteria for a snack, it's always the exquisite slip of a girl in the party who spots the weighing machine and chortles delightedly, "Let's get weighed!" I don't know what it is about weighing machines that makes these fragile wenches go berserk. Not content to be weighed themselves, they want *everybody* else to join in an orgy of tallying up pounds.

Well, I don't. That's all. I keep my weight to myself. It's a free country. But anyone who thinks I am therefore spared wisecracks and guesses — mostly insulting ones — about my avoirdupois has a noodle that needs a seam.

No. I run the gauntlet of the company's merriment even to the oh-so-reasonable argument of slinky Susan, the siren, "Connie, why should *you* be so sensitive about your *extra* weight. It *can't* be worse than my *lack* of it. Everybody *else* got weighed. Come on. Be a sport."

When I'm not one; that is, when I don't satisfy her curiosity, she turns towards the runtiest man in the group, her lips curving with amusement; and he smiles back at her enjoying the situation hugely. Runty



men always love her because she makes them feel positively Herculean. Not that she doesn't do all right with the others either. She brings the protective instinct in the male out as plain as freckles in a high wind.

My own rotund chassis does convoy duty for me. That I can take care of myself is as clear as a barrage balloon to all beholders, male or female. No one bothers about what feelings of girlish timidity inhabit a fubsy exterior.

Another score I have to settle with these charming little featherweights concerns their behavior at those informal dances to which one goes unescorted. I plan my proximity to the stag line carefully — not too close, lest I seem irrationally hopeful, not too far away lest Lochinvar be intercepted. Invariably, as soon as I've taken my stance, what happens? Up flutters one of these tidy cuties and silhouettes herself against me. I can't yell "Scrambo" or give her a necklock because I was brought up better. Besides, these tender darlings are tough as plastic. I have to look friendly and pleasant while she poses like a trim destroyer against the Queen Mary until she sails away on the dance floor and another lithe and lucious lass, size 10, takes her place.

I know the breed through long experience. I've always been fat. When I was little, people called me "chubby." In my teens, I was "wholesome-looking." After that, I knew the patent truth.

When these dainty fillies cavorted round in socks and playsuits at the age of twenty, I had the choice of wearing long stockings and a blouse and skirt or risking the police whistle and the patrol wagon.

Always I dreamed of emerging from my padded cocoon a gay social butterfly. To this end, I flung myself into activity in the gym. Many times the building shook from turret to foundation stone while I did belly-whoppers on top of the wooden horse over which my wand-like companions flew like leaves in a gale. Daily I ran on the indoor track. Thirty-two times round added up to a mile; and when — dizzy with counting and whirling on my axis like a top and

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deafened by the sound of my second wind in my own ears — I headed for the showers, I would see through the window how the other half lived. There they were, recumbent on the campus getting a suntan on their delectable gams.

Other attempts of mine to achieve the willowy outline have succeeded no better than my athletic career which to date has been a washout on a grand scale. While the lissom miss spent her ready cash for evening dresses, I invested mine in queer contraptions of rubber balls strung on wooden rods, and other such oddments. These, if wielded with sufficient energy and persistence were supposed to roll one as smooth as a tennis court. Ah me! Today I can look at a new rubber tire and tell how much wear it has in it almost to a mile. That talent I have for my efforts anyway.

Of course, anyone who gains four pounds by eating a two ounce bar of chocolate learns early to calculate calories with the speed of a well-oiled adding machine. Many a time have I munched on a hearts of lettuce salad while a bit of fluff with a waist slightly larger than my neck forged her way through roast duck, potatoes and gravy, buttered corn on the cob, and caramel nut pudding, describing between mouthfuls how delicious it was.

I know all about the filling properties of raw carrots, tomatoes, cole slaw, spinach, cucumbers, and unsweetened black coffee. I have reached a point where I can take my appetite by the scruff of its neck and dump it in a corner; and it will stay there and keep still while I sample a coke and watch an ethereal creature wolf ice-cream cake with butterscotch sauce and almonds, washed down by a vanilla frappé.

But there's one remark these stream-lined Janes will make to me hereafter at their peril. As they gobble blueberry pie or finish off a Baked Alaska, they mourn, "I simply can't gain a pound no matter how I try. ALL A FAT PERSON NEEDS IS A LITTLE WILL POWER, but I can't put on an ounce."

WILL POWER! Huh! . . . Listen, the next one of you size 10's who tries to tell me about will power is going to find a fork and spoon in her larynx. Pushed there by me personally. Then, sweetheart, I'm going to carry you out — you know *how* I can carry — and roll your bones on the sidewalk.

— Constance R. Dowd



". . . well, because she's the Sister Ship."

WILL YOU BE THERE?

. . . Steven felt that there was going to be something special about the day — that perhaps it was going to be that Day of All Days in a person's life when the still small voice would tell him to give his heart to Jesus. He sat beside his mother, heavy with solemnity.

There was a list of announcements during which he stared into the sunlight on the church floor; he became interested in his mother's feet. He thought that you could tell, just by her feet, how good she was. They were long and neat in decent black shoes; one of them now began to move gently in time to a song. "Shall we gather at the river —."

Steven looked up at her as she sang. Her soft face was earnest, and behind her glasses, her eyes seemed far away, already on that distant river. Steven felt lonely; she had forgotten him. He began to sing himself in a loud, determined voice.

"—The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God."

His mother did not look at him. In the silence after the song he watched her, wondering where she had gone. Steven wished his father were in church today so that he would not now feel so lonely, although it was true his father might already have been asleep—.

"Friends," the minister had begun in a loud, startling voice, "shall we gather at that river?"

The congregation started, looking up immediately. The crowded church was as unanswering as an empty room, as an empty room with quiet sunlight on the floor.

"Will *you* be there?" the minister cried.

The boy felt suddenly uneasy, and looked about him to see if anyone were watching him, but the congregation was arising. He bowed his head deeply and closed his eyes.

The minister prayed. "Our heavenly Father — grant us some small measure of Thy grace — that we may walk in Thy ways — and prepare us, oh God, against that day —"

The sense of the words faded from him, and he was conscious only of the wonderfully regular rise and fall of intonation. If *he* could pray like that, he thought. Listening, he suddenly felt alone in the darkness behind his eyelids. He wished he knew what was going to happen to him. How could a voice speak? How would he *know?* His mother had said that his heart would be purified — he wondered how that would feel. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before; he felt uncomfortable, unfamiliar with himself, too close to the holiness of God, and heaven, and things he had never dared think about. And suddenly, frightened, he opened his eyes



and looked about him. Down the row, he saw Clifford Ward, who hadn't bowed his head. They stared at each other a moment warily, then looked away. And he thought to himself uneasily that he could lick Clifford Ward if he wanted to.

"— live in blessedness with Thee throughout eternity, Amen."

There was a great rustle as the congregation was reseated. The minister opened his Bible. "The Apostle said to the Ephesians, know ye that the hour has come to be awakened from sleep."

Steven listened eagerly to the sermon, resolved that his mind would not stray from that which was most holy, and yet Clifford Ward kept catching at the edge of his vision. He wondered if Clifford were looking at him; suddenly he knew he could not sit there another minute without knowing, and cautiously turned. Clifford was looking straight before him, listening to the sermon calmly, reasonably, as though he understood and had a part in it. A strong resentment came to him — Clifford Ward had had the call. He reflected on it. He remembered the day when he had seen him go down the aisle to join the church, remembered how the grownups had talked about what a fine Christian boy he was. An odd constriction arose in his throat — that had been over six months ago. In a moment he began to look more carefully at Clifford's brown pointed face. An odd thing came to his mind—he wondered if Clifford could be putting on — was it possible that he could have — cheated?

He turned back, thinking that if Christ had come to dwell in his heart, he would not have such thoughts. It was a sin, and he prayed for it to be forgiven. He was not certain that it had been a good prayer, and he prayed again, trying to feel a sense of his guilt against Clifford. He struggled with himself, but suddenly he seemed to be praying something quite different — I want to be tough, and a good fighter, he was thinking. And he knew now that it was because he was not sorry enough for all his sins that the voice had not spoken. He prayed earnestly that Christ soon would come to live in his mind, and he began to listen again to the minister.

"Never deceive yourselves that there is time enough — by and by."

Steven reflected on the voice which could rise out so large into the room, could drop away in a whisper. Could rise and fall —.

An odd thing happened to him. His mind began to split, as sometimes it could do, and part of it went outside the church. Part of it told him that he was a boy outside on the street who had just been passing, and had stopped to lounge in the sunlight against the cool concrete steps. From outside, he could still hear the preacher's voice going regularly up and down, but it was quieter outside and sunnier, and he lounged against the steps. And out there, he thought

of all the people in the church, caught there inside until the minister was through, and sudden joy of motion plunged in him. He could begin to run, he could run down the street away from the church . . .

Instead of running, he was sitting there beside his mother. But he felt pleased, and interested in this thing which his mind could do. He told himself that he would delay thinking of his sins a moment, and see just how far it would work. If he imagined that he had walked on, and that he had come to the edge of the town to the field where he sometimes went to play. He told himself that he was standing there in the field among the hot rank weeds. It seemed good to be outside on Sunday morning, because the town before him was so still.

And then he saw that Clifford Ward was coming up the hill behind him; he had followed him from church. "Well — ?" Clifford called out to him in a loud sarcastic voice

Steven knew exactly what he meant, and he folded his coat up carefully and laid it on the ground.

Clifford tried to rush him, to take him off guard, but he was ready. It really was not much of a fight after all, because Steven knew exactly how to tie up Clifford's right hand and evade his left. Also he found, to his surprise, that he could hit Clifford whenever he wanted to. Clifford fought on until he was worn out, and then he just turned and went down the hill with a little blood trickling from his bruised lip.

When Clifford was out of sight Steven stood and watched the sky. It was dazzling shimmering blue, and cloud banks were piling up. He was not moving or thinking; he was at peace; he stood and smelled the hot weeds. It was, he thought, because the sun was so quiet, and deeply, steadily, with the rhythm of breathing, sank into his body — warmly —.

His mother put her hand on his arm, and Steven had a frightened sense of the passage of time. It seemed that the voice of the minister was saying the prayer at the end of his sermon. Steven grasped at his words, because he remembered that he had had so much to do today to save himself.

"— and those who are saved shall dwell with Thee throughout eternity."

The words came to him while he was still half-asleep, startled him, and began to work with meaning in his mind. "Those who are saved — throughout eternity." He had never been able to think of eternity before, but now while his mind was slack and calm with victory, it was caught by a sudden conception. Eternity was longer than a thousand years, for even that had an end. But in eternity, there was beyond it another time, and always beyond — another. His mind stretched out and out. Always after that time that ended there was another waiting for you. He could not stop his mind. For beyond that, there would be another —. Steven felt as though he were rushing down a road from which he could not turn, which hung out into a misty empty sky. He had never been alone before, and now there was no one with him, no one to love or hate or fight, and he was shrivelling up upon himself with loneliness. It was not hell at all, there was no fire — he was just alone, separate from the others, who somewhere all together were gathering around a glassy sea in the place where no one noticed how long it was.



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"And has Christ," the minister intoned sweetly, "come to any heart today?"

Steven was released. He looked about him and saw the sunny church, saw faces he knew. A certainty came to him — if it was to be so long, he must be with his mother, his father, and with his enemy, Clifford Ward. He hesitated a moment. He was not sure that Christ had spoken to him, but —. A ghost of his fear came back. He sweated and arose uncertainly.

His mother leaned toward him. "Steven—are you sure of what you're doing?"

"Yes," he breathed, and pushed past her.

He fled down the aisle. The minister came down from the rostrum and stood beside the first pew waiting for him with his hand outstretched. Steven watched the minister grow bigger as he approached, looming great and red of face. He was so good a light came from him — he was like



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God. Steven felt desperately afraid of the minister, and of God, but that fear was less than the one he had left.

"Here's a fine lad," the minister said cheerfully, his voice roaring out above Steven's head. He grasped Steven's shoulders and turned him around to face the congregation, "Have you the call to be a Christian in your heart, young man?"

Steven was stupefied by the realization that they were all watching him. He could not understand anything that was said to him, but from time to time he nodded his head.

They prayed at last, and Steven shut his eyes tightly and did not open them until he heard the stir and motion of the congregation arising. Then he looked about him and noticed that he was the only one who had been saved, and somehow he felt pleased. He stood quite straight beside the minister, as he realized that the church members should come down the aisles to shake his hand. A line of people formed before him, among them his Sunday School teacher, who squeezed his hand for a long time. "Your're a good Christian boy, Steven," she said. Everyone, even men as old as his father, shook his hand. Steven saw Clifford Ward alone at the side of the church watching him. Nobody was paying the slightest attention to Clifford. A strong sweet sense of triumph came to him.

When his mother came down to take him away, he wanted to stay on to shake the hands of a few stragglers still coming down. When at last everyone was gone, the minister put his hand kindly on Steven's head and began to talk to his mother. It made him rejoice in his heart, the minister said, to see one of the fine young people heed the voice of God.

A kind of doubt began to work in Steven's mind — perhaps it had not all been exactly as it should have been. He hoped he had not cheated, but more than that, he hoped if he had, they would never find out.

— GEORGIA MCKINLEY

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RANDOM THOUGHTS ON MUSIC

. . . Speculating about the great composers of an earlier day—Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, and a host of others—one question occurs to the arranger-composer of today. Why did the great masters write their solo passages in such detail? Every cadenza, every note was written on the score, and the phrase *ad lib* might well be modern slang as far as the composers of earlier days were concerned. It rarely appeared musically.

Naturally, it must be a matter of pure speculation as to why these solo passages were so rigidly written out. But there are several possible explanations. The composer may have written them that way because the available musical talent on which he had to draw was definitely limited. The musicians may well have been unimaginative or, as a whole, poorly trained. No composer would want to trust solo passages to the musical ingenuity of the corner butcher doubling in brass with the local symphony group. Certainly no composer, hoping to have his works played by orchestras in other cities and other countries, would leave anything to chance or to the unknown.

This is not to say that the schools of music, the teachers of another day, were inferior. There is no historical basis for such a statement. But it is quite possible that some of the formalism in symphonic music today may stem from the necessities which the great composers encountered.

Then, too, the musical instruments of earlier days were not as good as those today. Before you start pointing an accusing finger in this direction, consider a few facts. There were great instrument makers, to be sure. The woods for the stringed instruments were excellent, far better, perhaps, than today. But among the wind instruments—well, a musician today can buy a good "horn" at a price that is reasonable. Mass production, in a sense, is the answer to the moderate cost. A century or more ago, the musician must have been forced to take whatever he could get, within the limits of his budget. This in itself would create a terrific handicap for the composer seeking to get the most from each musical instrument and player.

These facts alone could well explain why the composer of an earlier day wrote everything for every instrument, and no *ad lib*.

It isn't the purpose of this article to shout "Yoicks, throw out the solo passages and let the musicians jam!" Far from it. Anything could and would happen if anyone less than the greatest artist were entrusted with solo passages marked *ad lib*. But the effects which might be achieved, leaving such passages to the genius of the individual soloist, would be well worth hearing and would make each playing of a symphony a fresh, exciting musical event.

Perhaps it would be well to explain what is meant by a rigidly written solo passage. Many things were written into the scores by the early composers which would be the natural thing for the trained musician of today to play. The agonizing amount of "paper work" which must have been involved in writing out every part for a great symphonic orchestra staggers the imagination of the today's arranger. Many months of hard work were required before the composer's inspiration could become a reality. Even with a group of musical copyists to take on the task, the composer would have plenty of paper work to delay realization of his masterpiece. There must, then, have been a very good reason, other than the musical custom of the time or training, why the great men took such pains with their scores, why embellishments are practically non-existent, both for artist and conductor alike.

You might well stand up at this point and say: "Look, if the maestro left the solo passages up to the individual artist, the whole work could be thrown out of musical focus." This is not, however, true. The main and sub themes, the musical idea behind the composition, the note structure would remain the same. It is only in



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the solo passages, in the hands of a great artist, that *ad lib* or creative imagination could achieve a new approach to the great music of an earlier day.

For a concrete example of what is meant by musical rigidity in solo passages, suppose you planned to walk from the corner of Boylston street to Park Square. The quickest way would be to walk up Boylston street. This walk up Boylston street corresponds, technically, to the musical idea of the composition, the basic note structure. The individual taking the walk must be imagined as the artist playing his solo passage.

The old composers, again imaginatively, would have charted that walk so carefully that the steps were counted—and no side journeys to look in the shop windows! Leave out the question of time, musically and physically. This has already been set. But the great artist, in his solo passages, might embellish them much as the walker might leap lightly from the curb to street and back again to get around a group of out-of-town visitors strolling slowly in his way.

Naturally, this comparison is not perfect. It should, however, clarify the meaning of formalism in composition. It has nothing to do with the great conductor's individual interpretation of the score. It has only to do with the solo passages and the artist who must play them.

Coming back to the original speculation of this article as to why the great composers wrote their solo passages with such rigidity, it seems logical to suppose that this was caused by the generally inferior calibre of the musicians and the lack of great creative artists to make the solo passages important.

If such a case was so then, it is not so today. All the solo passages in one great symphony could safely be thrown out and the artist, the best, of course, left to his own musical creativeness. Has it been done with true musical integrity? Certainly there are many great artists in this country today whose good taste and genius would make of the solos a tremendous musical event.

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POST-WAR PARADISE

. . . Many national magazines each week devote a page on which are described the super-duper inventions that are to make the future so bright. The United States will lead the world in the use and distribution of these terrific gadgets.

In this Shangri-la the American housewife no longer detests housewifery. The time to prepare dinner arrives and she smiles and pushes a couple of buttons: Voila! . . . The electric stove heats immediately, the refrigerator door opens — and meat, vegetables, salads and a quart of beer move toward their destinations on an endless system of belts. (Note: The belts then go back to the ice box.)

The food from the refrigerator plops into pots on the stove. The meat takes a neat swan dive into the oven, the salads head for the housewife for inspection, and the beer uncaps itself as it arrives in a wall receptacle.

In the meantime the dinner table is being set. The postwar dinner table will be constructed like a present day 12-record Victrola. Responding to a push button the table gives a grunt in the center and begins to unfold. Knives, forks, dishes, salt and pepper shakers, and a vase of plastic flowers gush up from the center and slide into their accustomed places. The table then gives a sigh — and before a guest could say "General Electric" the cavity has closed and the ensemble resembles a pre-war dinette sans tablecloth.

Time marches on — a very *little* time. The guest or guests have just settled themselves when the hostess' voice comes sweetly from a hidden wall transmitter: "Dinner is served!" The guests are startled but they shouldn't be. For the postwar stove cooks by the pressure method. The roast takes but three minutes to be brown and succulent, the carrots take two minutes, the potatoes one minute and three quarters, peas three seconds, coffee one second—and the dessert has already been made in the refrigerator by the simple pushing of another button. Time and Power, those things that Aristotle used to sing about have been saved.

Dinner is eaten and the diners leave the table. They do not stagger to the nearest divan, unbuckle their vests and commence cussing the postwar taxation program. Instead they saunter singly into a cabinet, push a button and undergo a two-second Blumfeldt ray treatment. This treatment instantly relieves the distress from over eating, it partially digests the food consumed and takes all the blurp out of a large dinner.

The ray treatment taken, the host suggests to the men that a round or two of golf would be in order. The women ask to go along and the host says okay. The hostess cries, "Oh, goody!" and pushes a button. In twelve seconds, the dishes leave the table (by endless belts) stop on the way to the kitchen to tilt the leftovers into an incinerator, and end up, plop! in the steam-pressure dish washer. They are washed and dried and *put back in their places* by the time the ladies have left the powder room.

The host ambles across the lawn toward the garage. At his approach the doors magically swing open and the even, modulated purr of the motor caresses his uncritical ear. The motor and the door mechanism are attuned by short wave to the nickle-sized pulsator carried in his vest pocket. And when the door and the motor hear the pulsator coming — Voila!

The car backs out of the garage while the host touches a lighter to his cigar. The four doors swing open as the car comes to a stop exactly in front of the host and his guests. The car is scintillating with glass top, plastic-glass hood and mudguards, and plastic soy bean bumpers, front and rear.

The guests climb into the car and there is no stumbling — no hat crushing. The host has pushed a button on the steering post and this button raises the roof three whole feet. The result is an unhurried, unworried entry into the car — like at a funeral.

The host bends toward the dash board. He fiddles with a dial. The country club wave length is .01678. A faint click, click, click, resounds in the car and the hosts says, "Well, how



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about a hand of bridge?" The car backs from the driveway, starts forward without a jerk and heads for the country club. At street intersections the car slows down — or steps on it. The wave length is the boss. Meanwhile the host wonders if he should bid two clubs with only three honors showing.

Approaching the club the host takes over. Not that he must, but habit dictates that he should park the car himself. He swings grandly in back of a Packard Semi-Helicopter and scrapes a wing. One of the guests says, "It's okay, Bill; I know the guy who owns that job."

This is but a part of the vista opened to the American mind by the architects of the future. Of course there are skeptics who suspect that these architects are exaggerating, who even believe the postwar world will be little different from the pre-war world. Guys like Ickes have the nerve to think we may have scenes like this — when World War 2 is history.

A comfy, postwar family is eating dinner and the front door bell rings. The wife sighs and goes to answer it. A moment later her voice comes from the door: "Joe," she says tragically, "it's a gentleman from the finance company."

Joe, who had been all set to attack some good old-fashioned hash, groans: "Which one? For the car . . . or (disparagingly) for the refrigerator?"

"Neither," his wife whispers, "it's for the vacuum cleaner."

"My God!" roars Joe, pushing back his plate. "Ain't that thing paid for yet!"

The wife plods to the wall where a picture of her mother is hung. She pushes a button. An endless belt appears from the wall and conducts a bank book to the dinner table. It plops the book in front of Joe's plate. "Look at it," says the wife . . . "*You* drew out the last ten dollars last week."

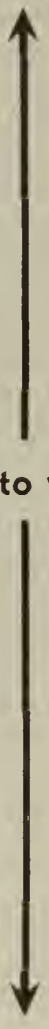
— James O'Brien

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Photo by Noel Wellman

A fast turn on snow-covered Wildcat Trail at Pinkham Notch, N. H.

RUNNING THE SKI TRAILS

. . . The winter of 1943-44 probably will go down in New England skiing history as the one that started hind-side foremost. The major high country ski spots really had to back into this one, like a porcupine going into battle. Ordinarily they all open up with great to-do and fanfare along about the middle of December. The only thing usually lacking is the snow. This year, however, they all had snow up to the ears by Thanksgiving, but were caught with their ski pants still packed in mothballs.

Most of the ski tows, lifts, tramways, schools and other accessories considered necessary to a formal opening weren't scheduled to roll until the start of Christmas week. And manpower shortages being what they are, nothing could be done about winding up the calendar, even after a blizzard dumped enough snow in the mountains for mid-winter running on the Thanksgiving week-end.

But they're all wide open now, and meanwhile that rare breed of skier who asks only a mountain well upholstered with snow, and never mind the upski hoists and someone to yell "ben' zee knees" at his struggling form, got a month's head start of real physical conditioning under his boards from climbing and no longer stirs his knees with a spoon at trail's end.

With labor shortages hamstringing plans for any extensive new open slope and trail construction this year, most of the New England ski areas had to be content with a routine sweeping and dusting of their mountains. But there always are exceptions, and one of the outstanding this year seems to be Big Bromley at Manchester, Vt.

There Fred Pabst, Jr., the ski tow tycoon, has stitched together two of his biggest J-bar hoists into a mile-long lift that gives a 1400-foot vertical ascent to the top of Bromley's 3300-foot peak, whence there's no place to go but down over 1000 acres of brand new terrain.

The varied assortment, from the expert Blue Ribbon run to the obviously novice Pushover, includes seven trails, two forests slaloms, a couple of open slopes, two Alpine meadows and a sugar bush slalom that can be skied for a whole week-end without covering the same area twice.

The layout is at the top of Peru pass, just up the road from the extensive Snow Valley layout carved out in the last two years by the Rath brothers. And incidentally, Snow Valley has shoved the top of the huge Steeple Chase open slope clear up to the summit of the mountain this year. You can now follow a runner from the top right down to the door of Snow Man's rest.

Up in the Eastern Slope Region something new has been added to Cranmore Mountain at North Conway. It's the Tip Top slope, on the east side of the summit. Hannes Schneider and his assistants carved it out this summer and it's a regular baby Tuckerman Ravine for catching snow. Also it's so protected that the ski school can use it when classes would be blown right off the mountain on any other slope. You ride up to it on the Skimobile.

There's an added starter in the Lakes Region too, where the Belknap Mountain Recreation Center has reopened, after remaining closed last year. The big million dollar ski plant is in charge of Earle Chandler, former head of the Winnipesaukee Ski School, and although the chair lift may not operate regularly, the rope tows on the open slopes are going and the recreation building is open.



SNOW DUST

All the major lifts and tramways are running again . . . Janet Mead's big Alpine hoist on Little Pico at the top of Sherburne pass above Rutland, Vt., was the only one all ready to roll when the blizard hit, and has been operating daily since Nov. 26. . . . The slopes and trails were all brushed and groomed before the snowfall.

The Skimobile on Cranmore Mountain also is on daily schedule and the lower slopes have been so groomed that they really are skiable on three inches of packed snow. . . . Mount Mansfield's giant chair lift at Stowe, Vt., is rolling daily, except Wednesdays, and all trails and slopes were cleared of summer brush and blowdowns before the big storm.

The Cannon Mountain Tramway at Franconia, N. H., only true mountain funicular on the North American continent, also is running daily, as are Fred Pabst's two lifts at Big Bromley and the Alpine lift and rope tows at Snow Valley. . . . Many of the larger hoists are operated by electricity and can laugh at gasoline restrictions, but Clarence Bousquet, whose five tows on Yokun Seat mountain in Pittsfield serve one of the biggest mass ski areas in the East, can laugh too. . . . He's running on bottled gas such as they use for home heating.

Nearest tows to Boston which are operating when, as and if they have snow are Pete Tyler's neat little upski on the Ward Hill open slope, 35 miles out from Park square on the old Boston post road (Route 20) between Northboro and Shrewsbury; Dana Sherlaw's rope tow at the Groton Golf Club; and Cliff Healey's big double tow hoist at Leominister. . . . They're all close enough for occasional "A" gas excursions and Boston & Worcester buses run right past the foot of the Ward Hill slope.

The war has scrambled the New England ski pro list worse than the eggs in a schuss bum's ski pack. . . . Most of the younger men are long since at battle stations, chiefly with

the mountain troops or air forces and not a few held in essential industries from farming to bomb sight manufacture. . . . But enough of the veterans and younger marrieds are left to carry on.

At North Conway, N. H., for instance, Hannes Schneider is proud of his 20 "boys" in the service, all of them former Eastern Slope Ski School instructors. Thirteen of them are in the mountain infantry, including his son Herb, as well as Toni Matt, former American open downhill champion . . . Hannes is carrying on himself, and has returned to active teaching, now that Benno Rybizka, his former top assistant, has shifted to Mont Tremblant in the Canadian Laurentians.

Wendy Hilty of the sunny hair, disposition and smile, has transferred allegiance from Plymouth, N. H., to Fred Pabst's new layout at Big Bromley, Vt. . . . Sally Litchfield, sister of Dartmouth's Johnny, former four-event ace and Sun Valley pro (now a mountain infantry lieutenant) also is on the Bromley staff. . . . Her reputation isn't reflected either. . . . She finished one-two in the 1940 and '41 Sun Valley intercollegiates and Bradley trophy downhill races. . . . She's a Bennington senior.

Fred Iselin and Elli Stiller of Sun Valley fame and Nat Niles are again on deck at Snow Valley, Vt. . . . They've been joined by the irrepressibly perennial Sig Buchmayr of Franconia . . . At Franconia, Roland Peabody, managing director of the Cannon Mountain tramway, and son Roger, who is living at the mountain station with his wife, are left to carry on . . . Sel Hannah, former Dartmouth captain and first trainer of U. S. para-ski troopers, now one of the biggest farm operators in the Franconia area, hopes to get in a few ski teaching licks on Cannon, and Hans and Mrs. Thorner are carrying on at Thorner House.

At Pico Peak, Harold Wissell stepped into his boss's shoes when Karl Acker went into the army last month . . . In the Belknaps, Earle Chandler is being assisted by Fred Noseworthy, who formerly ran his own school at Plymouth, N. H., and Ken Boothroyd, former head of the Cannon Mountain patrol, in their spare time from war plant work.



". . . and when I told him I didn't want to see his face again, he put out the light!"

At Stowe, Vt., Sepp Ruschp's ski school continues to function with Sepp on deck when his flying-instructor duties at Burlington permit . . . Barbara Shaw, runner-up to her champion sister, Marilyn, teaches during the holiday stretches, and the veteran Erling Strom has his own classes . . . A new man is Peter Johannes Ruschp . . . They don't know much about him yet, for he only arrived Sept. 28. . . . But his first word on sighting Mount Mansfield was reliably reported to be "Schuss!". . . They expect "bend the knee," "weight forward" and "mama" and "papa" will follow in about that sequence.

Woburn's Innitou Ski Runners meet regularly at the Woburn Y and always have the latch string out to prospective members. . . . They've got their own slopes and trails and a jump on Woburn's Horn Pond mountain. . . . Salem Ski Busters also continue active, despite 35 members in the armed forces. . . . They foregather on Tuesdays at the Hawthorne in Salem. . . . Snow Valley plans to specialize on informal club races this year—a natural in view of the famed automatic timing trail. . . . Clubs interested in staging their own meets should get in touch with Florence Linden, Snow Valley, Manchester, Vt.

How about sending anything from a buck to $25 to the U. S. Eastern Amateur Ski Association fund to place *Ski News*, official publication of the sport, in more than 500 USO centers in this country and abroad? . . . Skiers in the service read them dog-eared last year. . . . Send your contributions to Robert P. Booth, 45 Newmarket street, Manchester, N. H., or George P. Maynard, 73 High street, Pittsfield, whichever is handiest.

And incidentally, wasn't that Thanksgiving blizzard really a honey? . . . It dumped 51 inches of snow in 48 hours down Joe Dodge's neck in Pinkham notch, and the mayor of Porky Gulch was nearly two days digging out of it. . . . It sure gave this winter a flying start. . . . When you can run the Sherburne trail wide open before Christmas, that's news.

—Henry Moore

DOGS

. . . We heard the other day about a woman who rented a house on the north shore last summer. When the lease was signed she agreed to keep and care for the dog belonging to the owner of the house.

Everything went well when she moved in, with one exception. In the living room there was a very comfortable chair which the new tenant always went to each morning to sit in and read her paper, but much to her dismay she seemed to always find the dog curled up in it. Being a little timid of dogs she didn't want to push him out of the chair. But she had a system. She would go to the window and call "cats." Thereupon the dog would make a dash to the window and start barking and the lady would slip into the chair.

One morning while sitting in this particular chair the woman was startled by the barking of the little dog who was standing by the window. She got up to investigate the reason for the dog's activity. She could find none. On returning to the chair, much to her dismay, she found that the dog was occupying it.

* * *

Did anyone in your family receive a puppy as a Christmas gift? If they did, perhaps the dog has reached the slipper chewing stage. Many dog owners give teething puppies an old shoe or slipper to play with and chew. While I heartily agree with this procedure I would like, nevertheless, to suggest that such playthings be first boiled in water for several hours to remove chemicals often used in tanning leather. These chemicals if present to any great degree can be very harmful to a young puppy that continually chews on an old shoe. And oh yes, by giving a dog one particular shoe or slipper to play with he will soon learn that it's all right to chew that one to his heart's content but that the other foot-wear in the household is not to be touched.

. . . Down Long Island way they have an ordinance that forbids residents to keep more than two adult dogs in one household, under the penalty of a $50 fine or 30 days in jail. The law isn't rigidly enforced. Perhaps it lies dorment on the books for fear that if certain bachelor dog owners were prosecuted, they, in turn might suddenly band together and claim that three children were too many for any one household.

. . . There are many dog owners who in the past fed nothing but meat to their dogs. Naturally, they are now forced to add other items to their pet's diet. I have always been a strong believer in mixing vegetables with meat before giving it to a dog. Cabbage is perhaps the best because it contains a large amount of vitamins beneficial to a dog. Stewed tomatoes, canned tomatoes and canned spinach are also excellent. They not only contain many of the vitamins but iron and iodine as well.

Some vegetables, like potatoes, as a steady diet for a dog are not good for the animal. Here is a rule you can follow when picking out a vegetable for your pet. Any vegetable that grows above the ground can be given to a dog with safety and with the assurance it will be beneficial to his well-being.

. . . Your dog, living in the city, may not seem to get the proper kind of exercise compared to a dog living in the country but here is something interesting to remember. If I told you to walk your dog rather than run him and he would get more exercise you perhaps wouldn't believe me. But it is true that a dog gets more exercise when he is walking than when he is running. A dog's muscular development is such that at a fast trotting pace more muscles are used than in an easy running gait.

—Peter Boggs



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He was born on a farm near Canton, Illinois, and at the age of thirteen was forced to get a job to help his widowed mother support the family. This job as bell boy in a Peoria, Illinois, hotel was his first introduction into what was to be his business career. He was promoted from bell boy through different departments to the position of room clerk, a responsible one for a young man his age.

He left Peoria when Canadian Pacific Railway hotel chain offered him a better post working for them. For seven years, he remained with the hotel chain in varied capacities. Summers, he functioned at their famous Chateau Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies; winters, he transferred to the company's different city hotels, in Montreal, Quebec, Winnipeg, Calgary, and other Canadian cities.

Having started life on a farm and always with an ambition to return to the production of many of those commodities as necessary to hotels, he obtained a leave of absence from the Canadian Pacific and acquired a 480 acre wheat and cattle ranch on the prairies of Alberta, Canada. He operated this property personally for two years, turning it over to take an irrigated ranch in the sheep and mixed farming country near Mountain Home, Idaho. This he also operated personally for two years until it was origanized productively.

It was at this time that we were entering the era of two and three thousand room hotels and Boswell thought the next proper move would be to return to the hotel field. Consequently arrangements were made to continue operations of the ranch and the next two years were covered as assistant manager of the Chicago Beach Hotel, Chicago and the Roosevelt Hotel, in New Orleans, La.

In December, 1925, the forty-three million dollar, twenty-three hundred room Palmer House in Chicago, one of the world's greatest hotels, was opened. Early in January, 1926, Boswell joined the Palmer House organization as assistant manager, an organization with which he has been associated for the past sixteen years.

When it was quite definite that the majority of the larger National Park resort hotels of the United States and Canada which included the Prince of Wales, would not open for the 1942 season and in all probability for the duration, Mr. Boswell accepted the management of the Myles Standish Hotel in Boston.

Noteworthy in Mr. Boswell's management of the Myles Standish is the personal contact which manages to maintain with both permanent and transient guests. For example, facing the difficulties of wartime restrictions in help and material, he distributed an attractively printed bulletin on which newspaper reports of curtailed service in other cities were reproduced, together with a friendly letter to his own guests. The bulletin was titled: "No Apologies Needed."

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

. . . The month that brings Thanksgiving also marks the publication of the *Social Register,* that little black bound book, printed in red, which lists the "full names and addresses of socially prominent families, the clubs to which they belong, and the marriage and death of each person as it may occur."

The *Boston Register,* costing the tidy sum of $7.00 per annum, is half an inch thick—an inconspicuous little volume, unless prominently displayed. In the homes of the Old Guard (sometimes referred to as the cliff dwellers of Beacon Hill), you'll find the *Social Register* accorded varying degrees of prominence. Sometimes it's casually dropped on the front hall table, along with the silver salver for visiting cards. Again, it may be on the library table, upright between book-ends or neatly resting on the *Atlantic Monthly.* From there, it moves down to the lower shelf of the library bookcase, snuggling against worn volumes of the London, Vienna, and Paris Baedekers. And once we discovered it on a neat little shelf in a green-tiled privy, along with several issues of *The Reader's Digest.*

In these days of war, it serves to keep one up to date on the changes in rank and addresses of those listed within its covers. It also serves, for many, as a basis for an infallibly correct invitation list. From the Register are made up many of the lists of sponsors, guarantors, patrons and patronesses for swank benefits. And advertisers find it a handy medium from which to cull mailing lists.

Personally, it gives us more laughs than anything except the *Tech Voodoo* and *Esquire.* Its chief amusement lies in two sections, one in the front and the other in the back, labeled, paradoxically, "Dilatory Domiciles" and "Married Maidens." Both titles baffle us. Presumably, the Dilatory Domiciles lists temporary residences, to which you are referred in a notation beside the family name in the main section of the *Register.* But never yet have we found said name listed in the dilatory section.

The purpose of the "Married Maidens" is pleasantly outlined on the salmon pink inside cover of the volume. It explains: "If the married name you are seeking has escaped your memory and you can recall the maiden name, reference to the Married Maidens will then indicate the present name." It works all right. But why the term, "Married Maidens"? According to Mr. Webster, a maiden is "an unmarried girl or woman; especially, a virgin." We won't quarrel with the latter; but, at least, if she's married, she's no longer a maiden. As a final definition, Mr. Webster offers: "designating, or pertaining to, a horse that has never won a prize, soil that has never been plowed, etc.; fresh; untried, unused." We've never been able to find out what the compilers of the *Register* have in mind; but we still think the term amusing!

Careful perusal of this little social Bible discloses many a surprise. There are several distinguished families, chief among which is the Henry Lee Higginson clan of Beacon street, which are not listed in the *Register.* Perhaps they achieve distinction by the omission. Theodore Frothingham (Jr.) and his son, Theodore, 3d, are listed in the 1944 edition of the *Boston Social Register,* but daughter, Eleanor, is conspicuous by her absence. Married to Albert Navarro, Eleanor dropped her listing last year when she was pursuing her career of fashion modeling and night club singing — honorable vocations which, nevertheless, probably don't meet with the approval of the *Social Register's* fact-finding board.



Then, too, there are other surprises. Many a marriage and divorce comes to light for the first time with the publication of the year's *Social Register.* For instance, Mrs. Rackemann Wigglesworth was married to Mr. Henry Webb Hyde in New York on July 21, just a week after obtaining a Reno divorce from Mr. Edward Wigglesworth of Chestnut street. The Hyde children are living with the newlyweds in Dedham; and the Wigglesworth post-debs are with their father. Mary has her own apartment in New York; Lt. Thomas Wigglesworth is overseas; Lt. Edward, Jr., lives in Topsfield with his wife, the former Marian McKean, famous woman skier.

The only Lodges in the 1944 *Boston Social Register* are the Henry Cabot Lodges, and Mrs. John Ellerton Lodge. The only Roosevelts are John and Anne, who are back at their Nahant address after several years in California. Their cousin, Mrs. Edward Elliott (Eleanor Roosevelt of Dedham) is in Narberth, Pa.; and another relative, Mrs. John G. Palfrey, Jr., (Belle Roosevelt) is in New York, keeping house for her bridegroom, at 9 Sutton Place.

Several of the better known Gotham hotels, through their press service, maintain the pleasant (and, they hope, profitable) custom of notifying Boston society editors of local residents stopping with them while on brief visits to New York. One goes so far as to carefully mark with an asterisk the names of those "listed in the *Social Register,* or *Boston Blue Book.*" The *Social Register* and the telephone directory are over-worked tools in any society department; but the *Boston Blue Book* remains an intriguing mystery. Maybe it's a sort of credit rating—an aristocracy of the purse.

—Natalie Gordon

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JANUARY ART EXHIBITIONS

. . . ON the ice-crusted horizon for the new year are two events of importance on the local art scene, both occurring at Boston's Vose Art Galleries. Natalie Hays Hammond is presenting a Retrospective Exhibition of more than 150 oils, water-colors, pencil drawings, crayons, sanguins, needlepoint, costume designs, etchings, architectural models, type faces, and paintings on glass. Her show opens January 4th at Vose Art Galleries, 559 Boylston street, and runs through January 12th. Immediately following Miss Hammond's exhibition, Alice D. Laughlin will exhibit some 160 drawings, woodcuts and etchings at the same galleries, opening January 13th and continuing through the 25th.

Miss Hammond is, of course, no stranger on the international art scene, having exhibited in the major galleries in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, and in London and Paris prior to the war. As the youngest woman associate of London's famed Royal Miniature Society, her work has won her international importance. Boston, however, has never been shown the full scope of her talents in a single exhibition.

Among the costume and set designs which she is showing are such well-known works as the costumes for Nazimova's production *India* and sets for Anita Loos' *Social Register*. Also included in the exhibition are the architectural designs and models which have been highly praised by critic and architect alike.

Such artistic versatility as is demonstrated by Miss Hammond's show is soundly supplemented by sureness of touch and originality.

Alice D. Laughlin's exhibition of drawings, woodcuts and etchings includes her famous illustrations for Emil Ludwig's autographed edition of *Lincoln*. Also being shown for the first time locally are her superb drawings for the chapter heads of *The Four Gospels*, planned for publication in Paris prior to war. Proofs had already been pulled of these 99 drawings when war interrupted.

Equally famous on the international art scene, Miss Laughlin is perhaps best known for her fine work in stained glass. She is the only woman member of the Stained Glass Institute of America, and her windows in the Portuguese Church at Gloucester, Massachusetts, have won much critical acclaim.

Keynote of both exhibitions at Vose Galleries, however, is brilliant originality in every artistic medium and integrity of craftsmanship. Boston is fortunate in being the first to see these shows.



"Can't you come back some other time — I'm busy."

THEATRE REVIEW

"The Army Play By Play" got to Boston at an unfortunate time. "Winged Victory" had just finished its engagement at the Shubert Theatre and the spell of it was still on those who had seen it. Though "Winged Victory" and "The Army Play By Play" are both Army shows, with casts recruited from the military, there is little reason to compare them. But they were compared and contrasted to the disadvantage of "The Army Play By Play," because the one followed the other to Boston.

John Golden got up the "Play By Play" show. Because society people sought funds for a soldiers' canteen in New York he offered several hundred dollars in prizes to soldiers who might submit suitable one-acters in a contest. From scripts submitted by 115 G.I. Joes in various parts of the world, he and his representatives selected five as best, most representative of soldier thinking and best expressive of barracks life, or front-lines life. He presented these for a single evening in a New York playhouse, then took them for another lone performance to the Presidential home at Hyde Park.

It was President Roosevelt who suggested that these plays have a certain historical value, in that they represent the way and the words of soldiers as caught and set down by soldiers. If they are less than great artistically, lacking a good deal in form and sometimes in substance, too, they have a certain authority and authenticity because they are of and by soldiers.

If these five one-acters had been done here in Boston before Irving Berlin had demonstrated, in "This Is the Army," how a professional showman can catch and present the vital exuberance of soldiers at play and before Moss Hart had made evident how a fine playwright can report what goes on in an air corps camp and in the minds of the men who fly the warplanes, we might have accepted them with greater enthusiasm.

Even if someone or other connected with this "Play By Play" project had whittled down the stilted propaganda passages which crop out in these short plays, we would have been more nearly enthusiastic. American soldiers, being sentimentalists, shun the appearance and the words of sentiment. Under emotional strain, they jeer and joke and cover their deeper feelings. They don't make stilted speeches. The Army playwrights knew that most of the time. But in some scenes they let their G.I.'s talk as though they had all been born and raised at Warner Brothers.

There is a Navy show of this same kind due on the professional stage in the near future. John Golden has again offered to play Papa, to furnish the funds the Navy can't spend. Already, men of the Navy are scribbling furiously at one-act plays which will be presented professionally to give the public a picture of what the Navy is like.

People who know her like Miss Zazu Pitts. She is, they say, a fine woman, modest and reasonable and engaging. She is also, they say, a perceptive person, not easily fooled and she was just as unhappy about "Ramshackle Inn" as some of us who saw it at the Wilbur Theatre. This despite the fact that her enthusiastic followers swooned and shrieked with joy through most of it and the playwright, Corporal George Batson, did likewise.

Corporal Batson is the culprit in this case. He is a former busboy, as we have been reminded repeatedly over a period of years since Ruth Chatterton began trying out his dramaturgic efforts with hope but without much luck. As a busboy, the corporal probably found the script of "Ramshackle Inn" under a stale roll on a table he waited long to clear. If he can get a furlough, he should put it back where he found it. It is an incredible and labored mystery melodrama which serves Miss Pitts ill and made some of us who saw it feel the same.

"Abie's Irish Rose" is no better than it ever was, but the times being what they are it sometimes seems too bad it isn't better. The fact that it is still a popular favorite is not as hard to understand as they say. After all, the soap operas of the radio, most of which are designed for the mentally backward, are followed by millions of adherents if we are to believe the word of the authorities. Why isn't something comparable likely to attract other millions to a playhouse?

The disturbing thing about "Abie" is not that it has succeeded despite all the critics in the business, but that it isn't as good a play as it might have been. The idea back of it is a good and sound idea and one which needs to be dramatized, the idea that people of different races would get to like one another if they got to know one another. Miss Nichols knows that all of us have the same large emotions and that these are stirred in much the same way. What she didn't know was how to put all this into a play with some reasonable suspense and reasonable characters and with comedy a little more adult and a little less dull than that which comes from obvious mispronunciation of words, or from the juxtaposition of grotesque people in grotesque costumes.

"The Doughgirls" has done well here. It isn't the kind of comedy that stands analysis, for it is only a patchwork of rowdy jokes. But there is an element of rip-roaring hilarity in it, if you have a strong enough stomach and a hearty sense of humor. Taylor Holmes, in the role of Brigadier General Slade, a military man on whom the problems of war do not press too heavily, catches the spirit of this chronicle of overcrowded Washington. Mr. Holmes plays it with abandon and comic bravura.

General Slade, caught in the comic chaos of a Washington hotel room wherein dwell three doughgirls, their husbands, their boy friends and everyone else who happens to drop in, phones to the war department and asks for his own office. He is told that there is no such person as General Slade at the war department. He is angry, then sad.

"I have an idea," he says wistfully, as he turns from the phone, "that this is going to be a long war."

"The Doughgirls" would make it a long war, but a merry one.

—Elliot Norton

JANUARY ENTERTAINMENT

. . . As the new year opens, those little men with trumpets who herald the arrival of the famous-name stars are going to blow their brains out keeping up with things. From where we sit, anno domini 1944 opens with a star-studded splash.

Opening December 27th at the beautiful Terrace Room of the Statler were Borrah Minevitch and his Radio Rascals. These are the original Harmonica Rascals with Johnny Puleo, and that's enough said. Here is a show that pleases young and old alike. Here's entertainment, too, that is strictly off the beaten path in night spot or hotel room. No cover or minimum for dinner; at supper show, a $1 cover. Slightly higher on week-ends, of course, but still a moderate fee for good food and entertainment.

●

The Copley Plaza, under Chauncey Depew Steele's astute guidance, is doing big things in the Oval Room. Held over until January 12th is the superb show featuring Patricia Bowman, ballerina, Vicky Vickee, songstress, Bob Williams and "Red Dust," the trained dog, and the Hermanos Williams Trio, creators of the acrobatic tango. This show is so star-crowded that it is more of a production than typical hotel room "turn."

Opening January 13th at the Oval Room will be Jane Pickens. Astute showman, Mr. Steele is making an event of her arrival and is sending the Copley Plaza's two orchestras to the station to meet her. Why, we can't quite explain, but it's going to make an event out of it, come what will.

●

Arki Yavensonne continues to do right by customers and entertainers alike. Working at his intimate Satire Room in the Fensgate Hotel is the equivalent of going to a new form of show-business-heaven. Following the tremendous success of Noble and King, not to mention the other fine entertainers on the same bill, Alice Hatton makes her bow in the Satire Room early in January. She is, from every account, an extraordinary performer. On the basis of Arki's record of picking the best, we'll go along with him on Miss Hatton. She IS good.

●

The festivities at the Mayfair for January are such that they will be hard to beat. Michael Redstone has gone all out to bring the tops in the entertainment fold to his smart spot. On December 29th, Benny Fields, the minstrel man himself, opened a smashingly successful engagement. It's our bet that if he had more than two weeks open before dusting off to Hollywood for a picture commitment, he would be held here in Boston by universal demand. And incidentally, in the song department, Benny can give Sinatra a three mile lead and beat him to the tape. The minstrel man puts over a song in way that is strictly tops.

On January 12th at this club, Paddy Cliff plays a return engagement. Remembered locally as a smash success on his last visit here, the friends he made then plus the new fans who will rally around will make Cliff a Boston favorite and will pack the Mayfair. Paddy swings the elassics, but, fortunately, he doesn't "swing" them out of shape! *Donkey Serenade* is the number he does which rated applause from the Duke and Duchess on their Boston visit. On the same bill will be Columbus and Carol, superlative dance team coming direct from the Persian Room in New York. The show is rounded out by the novelty act *Burton's Birds.*

●

Back again to Boston and the Latin Quarter comes Roy Rogers, the man who eats anything for a laugh. No



Borrah Minevitch's Original Radio Rascals with Johnny Puleo at the Statler Terrace Room.







cracks here, please. We eat anything too, but not for a laugh. Rogers can polish off a lighted cigarette, newspapers, napkins, and the former Harvard hors d'oeuvre, a live goldfish. Roy also jiu-jitsu(s), dances, and cuts up a comedy routine that is completely mad. To complete the show at this fine club are the Marvelettes, six girl acrobats, Tanner and Tompson, the long and short of things (midget and giant, in plain English), and Jeanette Garret, a dancer. Don Arden's production is, as usual, tops.

●

That highly individual night spot, the Music Box in the Copley Square hotel, as usual has a full house of excellent and varied entertainment. Boston's favorite, Tanya, is here, Herb Lewis, the Stauffer Twins, and Goody Goodelle. In short, these names in the entertainment field promise you a sure thing for good fun.

●

At the Hotel Touraine's Renaissance Room, January sees the return of the tremendously successful June Taylor Girls who pleased everyone in December in this same fine room. This time, June Taylor is staging the entire production, bringing in top-flight talent to supplement the dancing of the girls.

●

A final reminder—when you go South Station-wards, take time off to drop into the Hotel Essex. You can dine well and see a good show here in attractive surroundings. Make it a must when you are in the neighborhood.

—BKP



No rationing of courtesy at the Hotel Fensgate

Arki-Yavensonne

presents

Alice Hatton

Extraordinary Performer!
Amazing! . . Don't miss it!

SATIRE ROOM

534 Beacon Street

Reservations - Adolph KEN. 4460

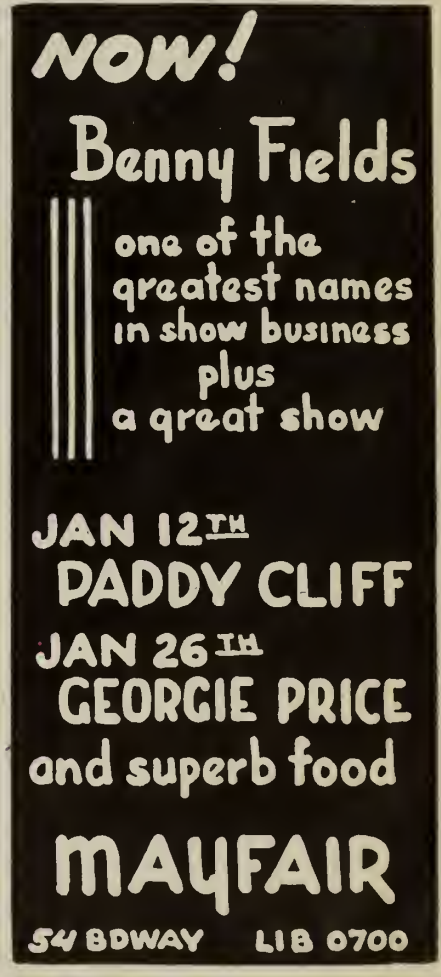
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JOHNNY PULEO

★ **Ted Straeter**

and his orchestra

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ERNEST HOFTYZER

Advertising Director of Boston's Record-American Newspapers

. . . Several years ago, a Cleveland city editor of one of the leading dailies began to find on his desk each morning a scribbled note. The note contained some brief news "tip" or some suggestion connected with the newspaper. Oddly enough, these anonymous "tips" were good ones. The suggestions were such that the



Managing Editor, as managing editors will, had gone up the ladder by adopting them. When he could stand it no longer, he began to inquire about in a sort of sub rosa fashion.

"Who leaves these notes on my desk each morning?" he asked. Then, afraid that some member of his staff might think he wanted to lambast the individual, he added, "They're good. I want to know so that I can do something about it in a 'recognizable' way."

No one answered. That evening, however, one of the reporters waylaid the editor in the corridor.

"Listen, boss," he said, "I don't want to stick my neck out, but if you really want to know who leaves those suggestions for you, it's a young office boy named Ernest Hoftyzer. I've seen him leave those tips for you after you left. The kid really has something."

- delicious food
- open from 4 p.m.
- continuous entertainment at smart circular bar and in supper room



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Ye Boston Chicken House!

★ Just a snack or a full course dinner

★ New, modern, homey and popular-priced dining room

★ Cocktail Lounge and Bar

★ Management of Ed Bonardi and Frank Segalini

(Owners of the Famous Boraschi's)

FULL COURSE CHICKEN DINNERS . . $1.

Luncheon and After-Theatre Specials

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Between Tremont and Carver

Near Park Square

The managing editor backed up his word with a raise in salary and promotion to the regular staff for young Hoftyzer.

Since that time, Ernest Hoftyzer has kept right on making suggestions wherever they would help. He is just as quick, however, to accept suggestions when they are handed on to him. And he is even quicker than his old boss in rewarding those who turn them in.

Probably no man in Boston has more friends. A walk down the street with him is full of stops to chat or pass friendly greetings. The old phrase "human dynamo" is overworked, and it doesn't really fit the man. Hoftyzer learned early and thoroughly that the quickest way to do anything is the most logical. He never bothers to make things seem hard.

Getting statistical facts about him is close to impossible. He has advanced steadily in his work; he served with distinction in World War 1; he is currently serving in an inconspicuous but none the less energetic way, on war relief and charitable projects in Boston. This much is obvious. But his modesty will undoubtedly object to this very article, moderate as it is. If ever a man deserved "top billing" for his work in a community, it's this same man, Hoftyzer.

When the Advertising Club of Boston looked about for a president in 1942, Hoftyzer was the man singled out. With every bit of credit to his predecessors and his present successor, Hoftyzer put plenty of pep and fire into every meeting. He brought great names to the weekly meetings, presenting them with the friendly casualness of a theatre magnate booking big acts from Hollywood. Paul McNutt, Leon Henderson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Madame Chiang Kai Shek,



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Cafe Royal and Lower Cocktail Lounge — Exclusive Men's Bar

The famed and newly renovated Cafe Royal keeps intact The Touraine's half century reputation for unexcelled cuisine.
Adjacent Intimate Cocktail Lounge and famed Men's Bar, completely redecorated, where all cocktails have a double meaning.

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(In Symphony Hall)

24 FRIDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS
24 SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS
6 MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS
6 TUESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS

Applications for each of these series are now being received at the subscription office in Symphony Hall, which is open daily.

Printed announcement, with soloists and other particulars, will be sent on request.

and a lot of others. To Ernest Hoftyzer, these names were "good copy."

Once he was told that he couldn't get a certain famous name for a meeting. The individual happened to be the biggest ship builder in the world, and he would never be available.

Hoftyzer gets a speculative gleam in his eye when he is checking the "weak spots" or falsities in your statement. When he was told that he couldn't "get" the man, he picked up the phone, made a call across the continent, and Henry Kaiser appeared before the Ad Club.

Kind-hearted, quick to do a favor for a friend, Hoftyzer would be unable to point out an enemy or anyone for whom he has a hostile feeling. He has a keen sense of humor, and is an excellent raconteur, which makes for a good time all around.

Hoftyzer is an alumnus of Ohio State. As such, he is a follower of the Big Ten. He once took up golf, but purely for fun not for score. Now, however, his outdoor interests are confined to do his farm, his chickens, and his Victory Garden. Much of the credit for the many fine gardens around Boston last year is due to him and to his friend Arno Nehrling of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

In the last World War, he rose to the rank of Major in Uncle Sam's Infantry, but he never talks about it. He will talk about his son who is in the present struggle, but of himself, he says:

". . . us old guys had our day, and we don't seem to have done much with it. This new generation has taken over, and I think they'll correct our mistakes."

Most every civic project has Hoftyzer in its front ranks, not because he pushes in but because someone has urged him for the job.

His best friends are his own able and unrelenting competitors. They know, though, that Ernest Hoftyzer will play the game fairly and squarely. You may gather that we like this man, Hoftyzer. You would, too.

—Floyd Bell

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Do Your Part — Buy War Bonds

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

IN THE BOOKSTALLS

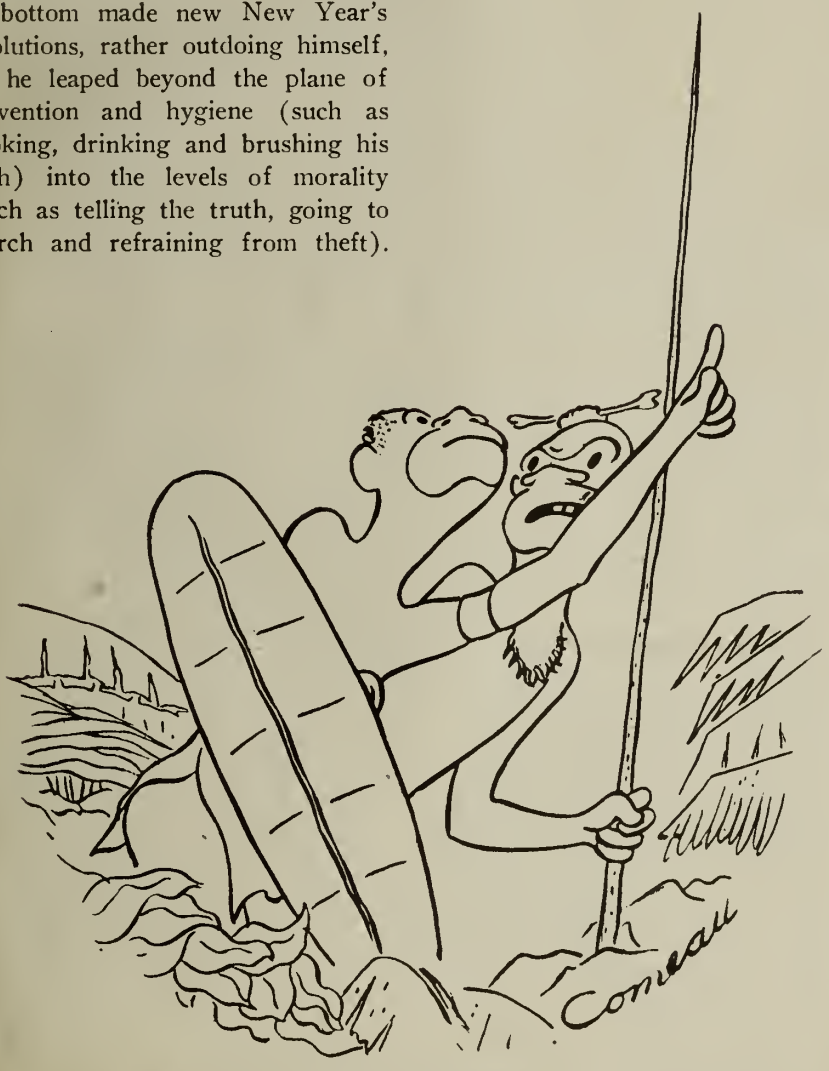
. . . Since this is a new year and almost everyone, in accord with the dogmatism of the Great Superstition, will be making New Year's resolutions, let me tell you the story of my friend Razbottom.

Razbottom was a good fellow, as people who knew him casually observed penetratingly, but rather naive as his intimates knew. One might call him a fall guy, for Razbottom, despite the centuries of testimony given by the Church and the mountain of evidence compiled by the press regarding the activities of the Nazis in Poland and Russia, did not believe in the Devil. Being a good fellow, Razbottom made New Year resolutions annually (the same each year) with the intention of not going to the Devil in the sense of not going to the dogs.

I think the year was 1927 when Razbottom made new New Year's resolutions, rather outdoing himself, for he leaped beyond the plane of convention and hygiene (such as smoking, drinking and brushing his teeth) into the levels of morality (such as telling the truth, going to church and refraining from theft). His list of resolutions included matters of both natures, although, quite naturally perhaps, the former outnumbered the latter.

Now in the many years that Razbottom had made the former and popular type of resolutions (and resolutely broke them), the Devil had not bothered him, being indifferent to such matters. When my friend began to experiment with resolves in the field of morality (for reasons never fully explained), that was another pot of porridge.

When Razbottom had carried along for a month or so and his nerves were being sorely tried by the absence of his daily pack of cigarettes, he began to wish that he had not been so expansive in his undertaking. The wish was particularly sharp in his mind as he sat by the radio one night



"Where do you get that 'iron bird' stuff? Don't you know a B-24 when you see one?"



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in March (the Devil's own month) when suddenly the door of his room opened and a benign looking gentleman in a pencil-striped business suit stepped in, his derby held politely in his hand.

"Mr. Clinton Razbottom?" he inquired.

"How the hell did you get in here?" Razbottom demanded, irritable under the lack of nicotine and taking advantage of his failure to include violent language in his list of denials.

"You are irritable and I don't blame you," said the visitor with look of compassion on his kindly face, "I came here to help you."

"Who are you?" inquired my friend.

"I have many names," responded the visitor, "I think you would know me best under the jovial sobriquet of 'Old Nick' though you may have heard of me as Mephistopheles, His Satanic Majesty. I prefer Lucifer, chairman of the board of Hell, Inc." He spoke, of course, with a Harvard accent.

This was the critical moment in the life of Razbottom and if his education had not been neglected by Yale and Columbia universities, he might have risen from his low estate of wealth and social position to something of importance. He merely said, "Oh!" and sank back in his arm chair feeling that he was being used in some jolly fraternity charade. His visitor sat down.

He congratulated Razbottom on the courageousness with which Razbottom had undertaken so stern a list of abnegations, and regretted eloquently that past experience indicated that all resolves would be shattered before August 1—(a flattering date since my friend had never held a resolve beyond May).



Inferring that he had had some experience in such matters, he blandly offered to insure the preservation of some of the resolves, but demonstrated that past experience again and a psychological study of men of Razbottom's nature proved that all the resolves could not be kept.

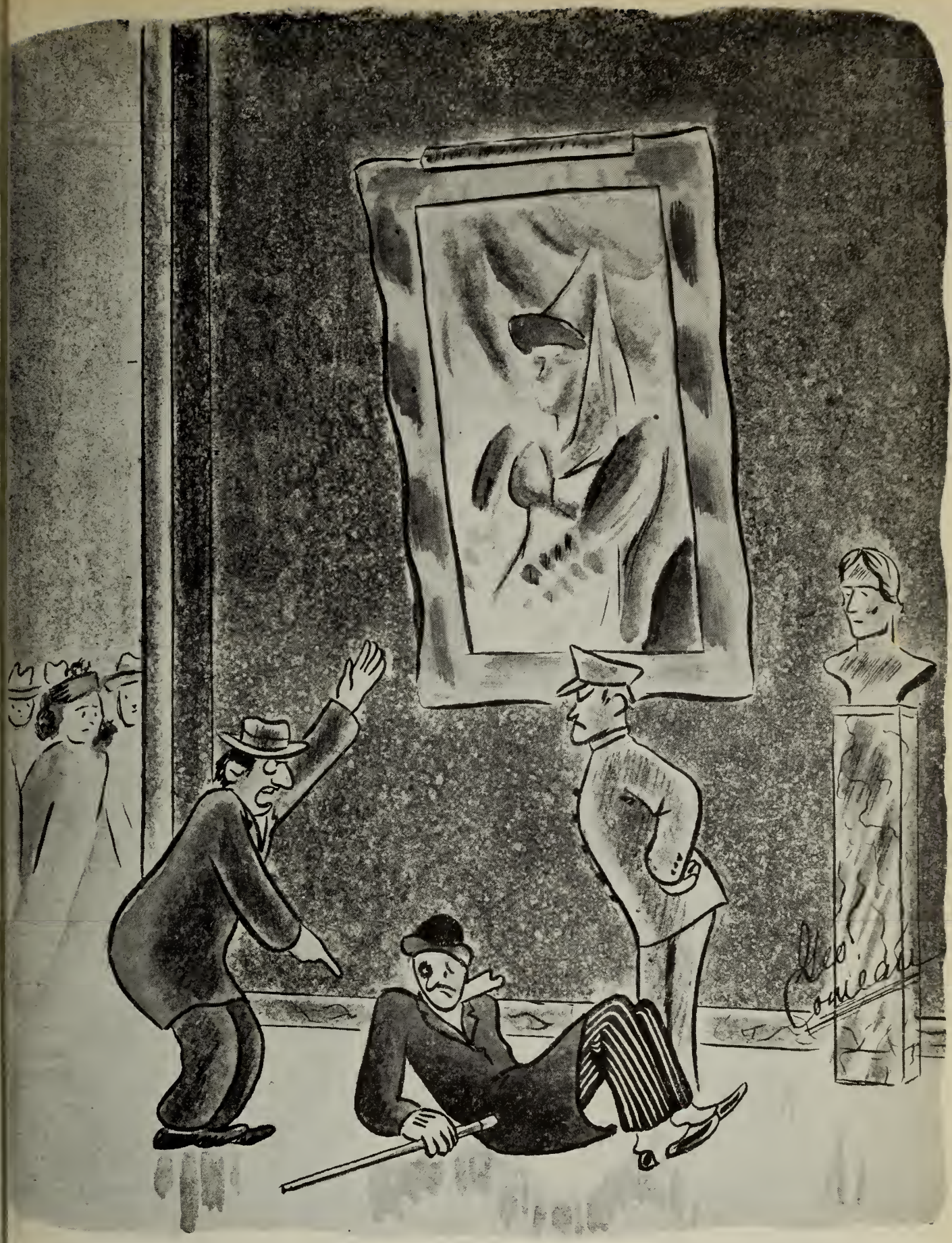
He then made rapid and apparently random selections from the list, stating that such and such resolves must be foregone if such and such were to be kept. The selections approved appealed to Razbottom for they were the very ones that he had always broken because, perhaps, they were the very ones he had always made. This was the only significance of the selections so far as Razbottom was concerned.

But as you may have guessed, good reader, Lucifer urged the abandoning of all resolves pertaining to morality. It is the great tragedy of Razbottom (who is, of course, a type) that he is completely unable to distinguish between morality and convention. He haggled but only to hear his visitor talk for he found him exceedingly charming of speech. In the end Razbottom agreed to the initial proposals of his visitor, feeling that he had made an excellent bargain.

Indeed the visitor kept his end of the agreement and Razbottom never again failed to brush his teeth, never again drank alcoholic beverages, and never again smoked tobacco, and if he broke the other resolutions with what amounted to eagerness, it should be mentioned that he became a corporation lawyer, parliamentarian or something such (I do not remember what) with whom such things are de rigeur.

He never came to believe in the Devil, for as he pointed out to me afterwards his preposterous visitor never asked anything in return for the extraordinary implementation he gave to the Razbottom resolutions.

—Herbert Kenny



"'A masterpiece!', says I, so then dis strange bum ups and calls me a 'corner sewer.'"

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BOOK REVIEW

. . . Among the pre-Christmas books, there are two historical novels, dealing with the American Revolution, which are deserving a comment. One is *Johnny Tremain* by Esther Forbes who wrote the Pulitzer prize biography *Paul Revere* and the other is John Jennings' *The Shadow and the Glory.*

Miss Forbes has the all-important knack—which can make a story interesting—of describing past happenings so vividly and with such thorough understanding that they emerge as real and exciting as present day events. She achieved this in *Paul Revere* and once again she has told an heartwarming story of a young boy who lived in Boston at a time when the Colonies and the British were headed toward war.

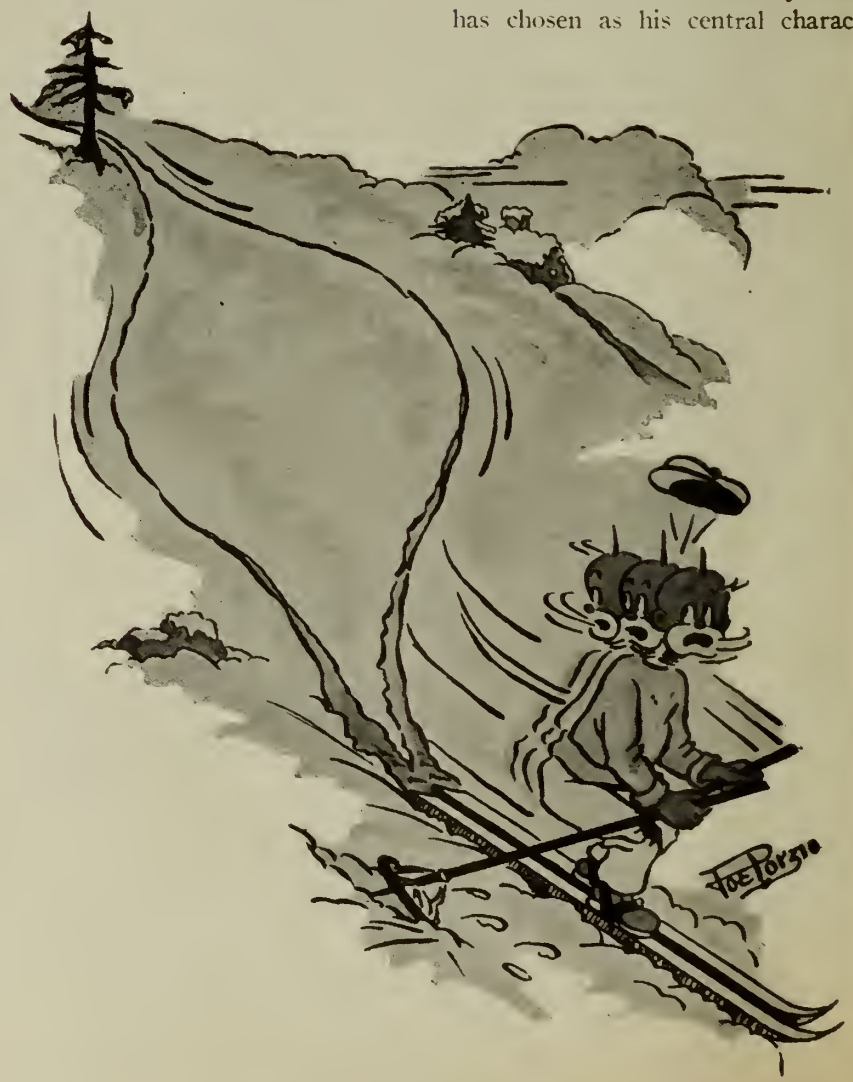
It is through the eyes of Johnny Tremain that we see all the colour, the incidents which lead to open war and the people who fought and watched a young country struggle "to stand up on its own legs."

Apprenticed to silversmith, Lapham, Johnny received an injury to his hand which forced him to seek other employment. He became a rider for the *Boston Observer.* Young Tremain takes part in the Boston Tea Party, he meets Hancock and Adams, he mingles with the British officers and he falls in love.

Miss Forbes has taken a small corner out of that vast pattern—the fused love, hate, and greed into a tale so that when the reader finishes the book, he is fully aware that he has just read something that pulsates with life and the colour of a people as real as any he may meet to-day.

John Jennings, author of *Next to Valour,* has turned out a rich full-bodied story in *The Shadow and the Glory.*

Like Miss Forbes above, Jennings has chosen as his central character



a lad of sixteen about which he weaves his account of The American Revolution.

Dany Ferguson went off to fight in the War dreaming of the glories of battle, the fun in combat and the records he would reap as an hero. That Dany soon loses these shallow notions is seen as the story progresses and he realizes just what it is he is fighting for.

The author has been noted, in the past, for his fine characters and he has not failed the reader in this book for he has peopled *The Shadow and the Glory* with such vivid people as Mally O'Hara who followed her husband from battle to battle; James Hubert, who remains loyal to the king and Sir Hubert Ferguson who is ever seeking vengance.

Jennings can portray the ferocity of a battle or the tenderness of a first love with equal ease. All of which makes "Shadow and Glory" an entertaining and sweeping portrayal of America as she fought at Bunker Hill and at Fort Williams.

. . . It has often been said if you would be a writer, stay away from the publishing field, and if you want to be a publisher, forget about writing. In short, the two don't mix.

Either Ferris Greenslet has never heard of this advice or he has chosen to ignore it, for as the guiding hand at Houghton Mifflins, he has on several occasions done some writing and very fine writing at that. His latest book is in the form of an autobiography which he has called *Under the Bridge*. In this engaging account of a man's life, which has been spent among books and the people who have to do with books, you will meet many noted authors and literary personages of both American and European literary circles.

Mr. Greenslet relates many an interesting tid-bit and he reveals his impressions of the people he has met and the places he has visited. F. G. can run a publishing house and also turn out a book that is both entertaining and rewarding.

. . . One of the most discussed books of the current season is called *Taps For Private Tussie* by Jesse Stuart. Kentuckian Mr. Stuart has written a story about the surviving Tussies (known as the Relief Tussies to distinguish them from the Tussies who remained Republican) in their swift squandering of Uncle Kims $10,000.00 insurance.

Kim Tussie has been reported killed in the war and at the time only Grandma and Grandpa know that Kim has left his widow $10,000.00 in insurance money. All summer they have lived in the local schoolhouse and defied the law. Now they can go into town and rent themselves a "Mansion"—a sixteen-room house, with all conveniences, including an inside. At the start, there are only three Tussies to occupy the "Mansion" but as this folk-tale unfolds more Tussies—and there are numerous Tussies—move in. The main story concerns itself with the Jamboree that follows and the climax comes with the complete spendature of the money.

Notes From a Fly-Leaf

. . . Our congratulations go out to Edmund Wilson who has succeeded Clifton Fadiman as book critic of *The New Yorker*.

We also send our "best" to Bennett Cerf who has taken over the book section of *Esquire* which had been handled by the late beloved William Lyon Phelps.

Besides reviewing books for *Esquire*, Cerf is also president of the Random Publishing House, and author of Trade Winds in the S. R. L. How does he find the time we don't dare ask.





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. . . This being open season for selecting the "10 best" of anything from plays to pin-up girls, we proceed to stick our necks out by giving for your approval—or disapproval—a list of books as they impressed us for the past year. Here goes!

1. Best non-fiction—*The Little Locksmith*
2. Best fiction—*So Little Time*
3. Biggest surprise—*The Fountain Head*
4. No. 1 first novel—*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*
5. Funniest—*Suds in Your Eyes*
6. Most Notorious—*Under Cover*
7. Best seller—*One World*
8. No. 1 on Post War Conditions—Lippman on *U. S. Foreign Policy*
9. Best biography—*The Life of G. K. Chesterton*
10. Best war book—*The Battle is the Pay-Off*

. . . At a dinner party just before Christmas, a friend of ours chanced to make the remark that he hadn't read *So Little Time,* as yet. For Christmas he received no fewer than 4 copies of the Little and Brown best seller. Now each member of his family has a copy of Marquand's book to himself.

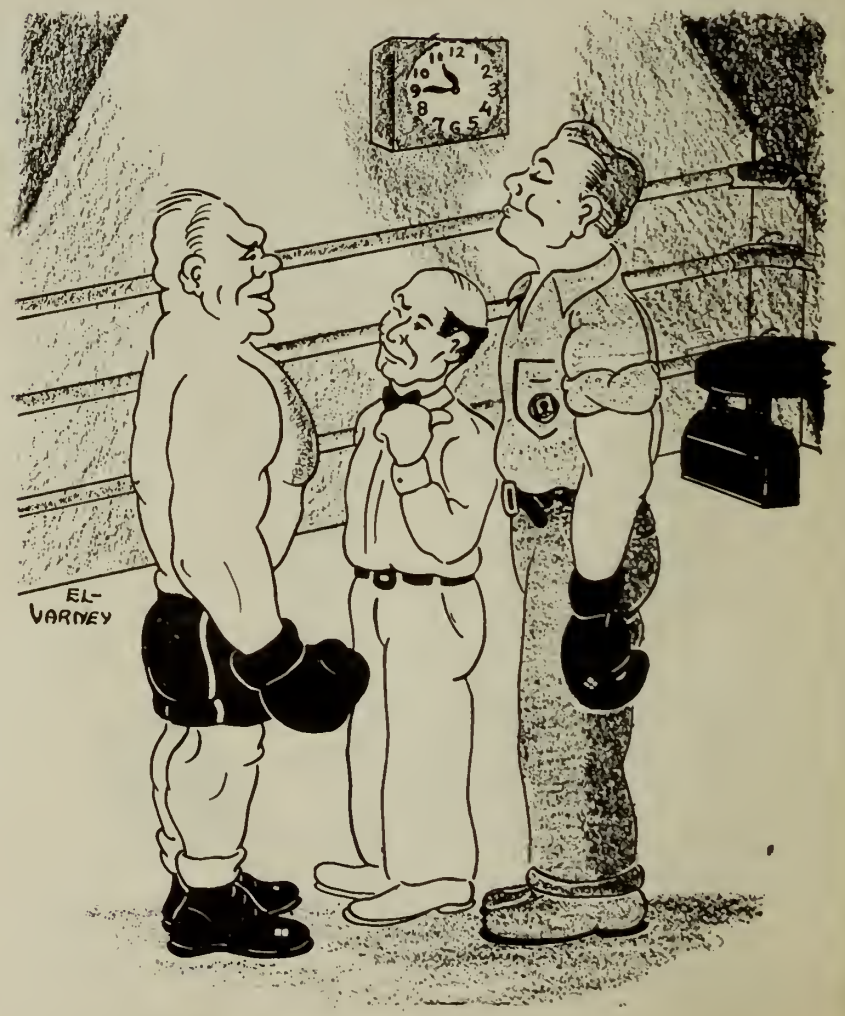
Publishers' Row

. . . Word comes from the newly organized publishing firm of Fredrick Fell Inc. that their first two books *Know Your Hay Fever* by Dr. A. P. Sperling and *Day Unto Day* by Nick Kenney are being well received by the public.

Mr. Fell plans to bring out Rear Admiral Yates Stirling's, Jr. book entitled *Why Sea Power Will Win The War* next month. This should prove interesting reading.

We wish Fredrick Fell a continue success.

—GEORGE MOONEY



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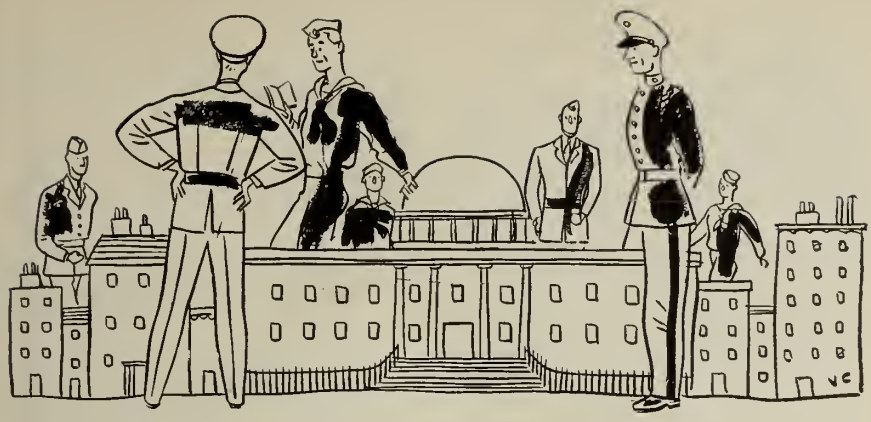
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South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.
Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.
Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.
Temple Place Service Center, 26 Temple Place—Lib. 8674.
Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.
Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.
Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.
Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.
Tremont Temple Service Center, 82 Tremont St.—Cap. 1305.
Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.
Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.
Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.
Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.
Christian Science Service Men's Center, 80 Boylston St., Boston—Dev. 8676.

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATIONS

All Boston Police Stations provide free bed and bath, Ken. 6700. Dormitory accommodations 50c or less, at these centers.
Army and Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Sq., Charlestown—Cha. 2660.
Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.
Boston Y.M.C. Union (Sat. only), 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.
Burroughs Newsboys Foundation (Sat. only) 10 Somerset St.—Laf. 5200.
Cambridge Y.M.C.A., 820 Mass. Ave. at Central Sq., Cambridge—Tro. 3860.
Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave.—Ken. 7800.
Sailor's Rest (for Seamen & Navy Men), 287 Hanover St., Boston—Cap. 6357.
Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.
Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.
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Lodging for Service Men's Families, Call Liberty 7715, 11 A.M.-11 P.M. Call Han. 0733 if unable to find lodgings.
Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Buddies Club with a window opening on Boston Common. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Reservations may be made by calling Liberty 7968.
Legal Aid. Members of the armed forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.
Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.
Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.
Socks Darned. Salv'n Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.
Soldiers and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.
American Merchant Marine Library, 49 Atlantic Avenue, has the latest books on Navigation, Machinery, Seamanship, etc. available. Books loaned to Merchant Marine Men only. All others welcome to consult or read on premises.

Volume 2, Number ~~1~~ No 2 *February 1944*

THE BOSTONIAN OFFERS WHAT'S NEW IN TOWN

THE BOSTONIAN is a New England monthly publication which aims impartially to record and interpret the significant and interesting events taking place in the field of entertainment, art, industry and literature. Any editorial or critical opinions expressed on these pages are those of their respective authors. Manuscripts and photographs submitted to the BOSTONIAN should be accompanied by self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage for their return. While all due care is taken of them, the publisher cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Published at 601 Park Square Building, Boston, Mass. Single copies 15 cents. By subscription $1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions $2.50 a year. Publisher and Managing Editor, EDWARD LEADER; Editor, BARBARA PEARSON; Executive Editor, TRENTWELL MASON WHITE; Art Editor, VAN CREWS JR.; Advertising Manager, ALAN REINHART. Copyright 1943, by Edward E. Leader.

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ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 210 Beacon Street. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Wednesday evenings, 7-10. Closed Sundays

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT-SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Gardens with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burying Ground, Charter Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of Old North Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

Old North Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 9-6. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1832.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest house in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c

Paul Revere Statue, Prado, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

GOOD FOOD . . . GOOD FUN

FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Blue Door, 162 Stuart Street, headlines home-cooked food as a specialty and backs up the claim with splendid, tasteful meals. Both cafeteria and table service here.

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB. 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Poston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanover Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Da-Way, Boylston Place (DEV. 9346). Slogan of "Boston's Nicest Eating Place" is backed up by fine food and good service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners, dancing to Pete Herman's orchestra. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.



Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Poston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

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Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart supper club with an excellent kitchen. Two floor shows enliven your visit here.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Renaissance Room at the Hotel Touraine (HAN. 3500) has scored a big click with guests. Here you will find dinner and supper dancing, a lively floor show, and congenial surroundings.

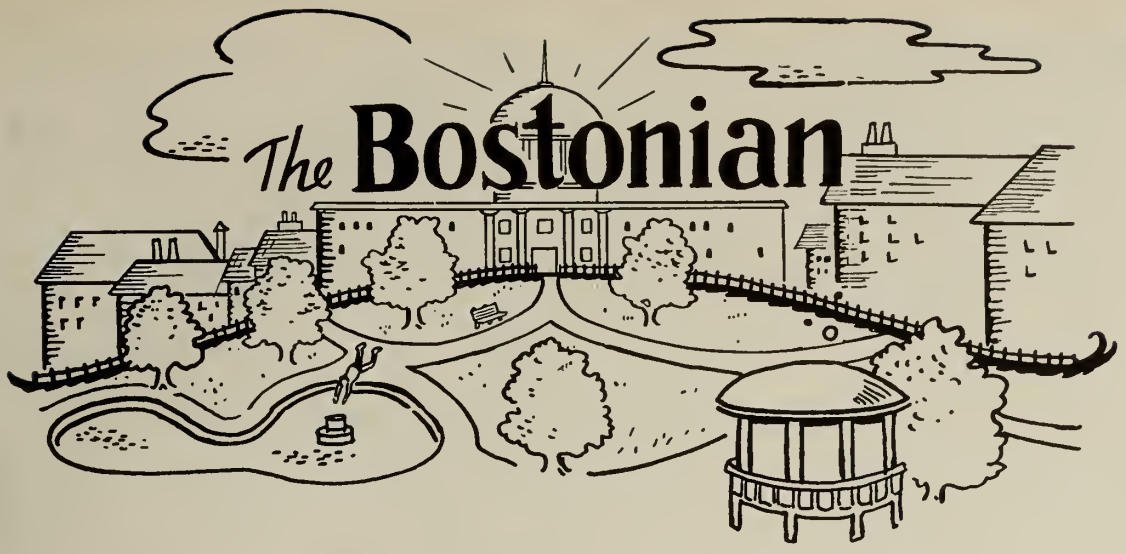
Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Silver Dollar Bar, 644 Washington St. The longest bar in the world, and a spot famous for good, continuous fun. Excellent floor show in attractive Blue Terrace Room.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p.m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.



Your Spring Suit must be soft and flattering— this one is



COMMON TALK

Sailor's Treat

. . . THERE'S SOME obscure object lesson for civilians in an episode that happened recently on a local bus. A sailor and three civilian friends climbed on at an intown stop. The sailor was carrying a huge box of candy. Once the bus had started up again, he took the lid off the box and offered candy to every passenger on the car. His civilian friends trooped along behind him, explaining:

"He hasn't had a drop to drink. He's just so darned happy to be back from the South Pacific!"

Fire Alarm Specialist

. . . A LOT OF PEOPLE are specialists, but, offhand, you won't be able to locate a specialist to equal Boston's Johnny O'Mara. Johnny can give you the number and the location of every fire alarm box in Boston. If you give him a number, he'll tell you where it is—and if it is really an alarm box or a phony.

Johnny, a small, pale-faced man of some 35 years, lives off Broadway, on Melrose street. Permanently addicted to caps as head-coverings, he is also notable for his habit of wearing his false teeth in his pocket. A few years ago, in the spirit of "good clean fun," some local "bloods" got angry with Johnny and beat him up. His teeth were pretty well bashed out of his head, and a generous dentist made him a fine plate as a gift. These store teeth never suited Johnny's needs, and he carries them, usually, in his pocket.

The ability to give you the location and call number of every fire box in town is certainly a form of genius as well as an unusual form of specialization. Although no one knows exactly how he came to know every box—and Johnny isn't telling—it is logical to suppose that he learned them hanging around the various fire houses. At any rate, he was given an honorary fire badge a few years ago, and few things have pleased him as much during his lifetime.

Although fire box numbers are his favorite specialty, he has another one which amuses and astounds people who meet him. He can, on demand, rattle off more of Curley's best campaign speeches than you would believe possible. Even his style and delivery remind one of the "silver-tongued" James Michael. Of course, every now and then, a big word gets slightly out of hand in his delivery—making for an hilarious effect—but it is not intentional, it is no burlesque of the speech.

Johnny's exact location at all times



is apt to be completely confusing. He may turn up in Maine, riding happily and comfortably on a film exchange truck, or he may be in Connecticut with another of the drivers busy with the same chores. For that reason, instead of searching for Johnny when you want to know the nearest fire box, look it up for yourself. Johnny is no call number consultant but a very individual specialist. Besides, he might not care for your face and refuse to talk to you at all.

Courage, 1944

. . . A FRIEND OF OURS, a capable secretary working for the government, had a sound scare recently. Coming down the stairs in the apartment house where she lives, she reached a landing where the lights were out. In the semi-gloom, she saw a frightening white-robed shape threatening her. What we particularly liked was what she croaked feebly to the ghost:

"Go ahead and take me. Get it over with."

The Boston Stone

. . . AS USUAL, the visitor from other places can tell you more about Boston than the native. After hearing about the Boston Stone from a helpful friend, we tottered around asking people if they knew what the Stone was. Without the slightest success, needless to say.

Actually, the Boston Stone is a modest block topped by a round-

domed stone and set into the side of an old building on Public Alley 102. The Alley, by the way, runs off Union Street, near Hanover, in the Market District. A compass would help in locating it, too.

On the grim-obscured face of the Stone the date 1737 is cut deep. Above it is another rounded stone known as a "round muller" to the mill men of that day.

The neat wooden legend which is located on the wall above can tell the story better than we could:

"This stone was part of a handmill used to grind paint from 1693 to 1706 by Thomas Child, 'Painter Stainer.' In 1737 it was set up close by as a landmark and placed here in 1835 with the round muller of the mill above it.

"Thomas Child's carved wooden sign, formerly on Hanover Street wall of this building showed arms granted in 1486 to the London Guild of Painters Stainers to which he belonged."

This tablet, cleanly lettered and informative, was placed on the building by the Society of Master Painters and Decorators of Massachusetts. We'll look into them another month. It's time to chop up the bureau and throw it into the fireplace for February.

Sounds of the Town

. . . IN THE SUBWAY, sandwiched between war workers were two homing "pigeons" done up in best finery. Over the clatter of the car came the voice of the tall, eagle-nosed girl:

"Of course, I didn't send it back. I told Herby that it wasn't patriotic to make the store come all the way out to pick up a fur jacket in these times. What kind of a guy was he, anyway?"

Architectural Search

. . . A CHANCE REMARK re the vast hall spaces in two Copley Square buildings started us off on a thoroughly unsuccessful hunt for architectural information. The office buildings in question were the design of the firm of McKim, Meade and White, and the lavish amount of hall space was attributed casually but definitely to Stanford White's architectural taste.



"I can always tell when she's trying to keep something from me. She hides my crystal ball."

It occurred to us, then, that it might be of interest to find how many office buildings around town were designed and executed by this famous Boston architectural firm.

It occurred to us, all right, but after three days of phone calls, foot-work, and visits to assorted architects, we were very little further along the way. At this writing, the buildings designed by the firm are still a mystery, especially as far as Stanford White's participation is concerned. We did uncover a lot of material of interest to our own ignorance.

Stanford White came to Boston in 1872, to begin his chosen career of architecture. His first work was as draughtsman in the office of H. H. Richardson, the leading architect of the day. According to the source material which we were reading, H.H.R. "sat like an autocrat in his house in Brookline, making the world come to him."

For several years, White worked under the master, getting a sound education in Richardson's "somewhat forbidding style" which he had "foisted on the public."

During the course of White's apprenticeship, Richardson was commissioned to design Trinity Church in Boston, and White was put to work on the drawings. It was then that the firm of McKim, Meade and White had its first faint beginnings. Another fellow craftsman working on the design was Charles Follen McKim, likewise a Richardson draughtsman. Augustus St. Gaudens, too, was busy working under John LaFarge on the mural decorations of the chancel. McKim, White and St. Gaudens became good friends, and shortly after Trinity was completed, McKim and White decided to form a partnership with William Rutherford Meade.

This was a partnership, incidentally, which resulted in the design and creation of buildings which are still famous both here and in New York. But for Boston's concern, the superb Public Library would stand as tribute enough to the genius of the partnership.

To Stanford White's credit on the local scene goes the fine column setting for St. Gaudens' Phillips Brooks Memorial adjoining Trinity Church in Boston, and for the setting of St. Gaudens' Statue of Deacon Chapin in Springfield, Massachusetts. Beyond that, with limited time at our disposal, we could learn little definite data. A leisurely look, however, at the out-

lines of the buildings adjoining Copley Square certainly creates the impression that plenty of them were the product of the firm's designs.

White was, for many years, a familiar Boston figure. Whether his rich yet graceful jewelry designs, his individual tomb designs, and even the magazine covers with which he is credited are common knowledge that we missed, we hesitate to say. Offices are much more in our ken, and corridors large enough to hold the Sinatriacs make a deep dent in our consciousness.

Concert, Modern Manner

. . . THIS IS NOT for those of you who are happily at home in the rarified atmosphere of the concert world. Nope. This is for those of you who attend concerts bravely and spend half the evening studying the ceiling, wishing bitterly that the third gilt cupid from the left would lay off that leering, and what, please, are those words in a foreign tongue about?

On Friday evening, January 7, 1944, we received the pleasantest musical shock of a long and dogged cultural career. We attended a concert during which we heard superb singing, knew when to applaud, and saw the best in showmanship since Hildegarde and Cornelia Otis Skinner decided to go it alone. In the future, the last named two gals will have to run a little faster or find an opera singer out-distancing them six ways.

The concert was given by Marguerite Namara, very probably the only woman who has sung in opera, operetta, musical comedy, and done a fine job, thank you, on the legitimate stage as an actress. The place was Jordan Hall, and that dust you see boiling out through the doors is what she shook down from the rafters in the process of confusing the concert conventionalities.

Our approach, unfortunately, to an evening with the great artist or artiste is apt to be mildly moody. Knowing very little about voice placement, diaphragm control, head tones, overtones, phrasing, and ease in the top registers, we keep hoping that something will happen to let us share the acute ecstacy of the initiated. Almost anything, even to a gleam in the accompanist's eye, is a reprieve from ignorance.

Up until January 7, we were slogging along dismally. On that date, however, we heard and saw a concert to end all others. It was not that Marguerite Namara violated any musical or social customs. She didn't turn cartwheels while reaching for the high ones; she had no trained seal to honk at the end of each number; she didn't even climb on the piano. The difference was composed of subtleties and heart-warming naturalness. When the evening was over, the cash customers

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"We'll time our advertising campaign to coincide with the release of the income tax forms."

went home happy and talkative. The musical critics, in turn, wobbled back to their typewriters and bashed out theatre reviews, opening-night variety.

Briefly, Madame Namara deviated from formula in ways that were wonderful. Where most artistes enter demurely but grimly, take a singing stance, and let fly with the selections, Namara arrived as easily and naturally as though she were entering the front parlor of a neighbor's homestead. She took no stance, as far as we could see, and she never hesitated to turn her head to right or left if she felt like it—without disturbing the quality of her voice at all. There was one point at which she stopped her number, explained charmingly that she had forgotten the words and had better get on with the second verse. That, incidentally, was when a young sailor in the balcony stood up and shouted "bravo, that's a girl!" His tribute got slightly lost in the happy laughter that followed this honest admission. Only the mink-trade looked startled. And you know what a startled mink looks like.

Then there was the time, after the fourth encore, when Namara's accompanist failed to appear with her. When the audience applause kept her on the stage, she sat down at the piano and played, superbly, her own accompaniment. This was where they picked us up from under the seat from sheer, pleased amazement.

In person, Marguerite Namara is as unaffected as her singing, and a woman, too, of great beauty.

"Do you understand what I wish to do?" she asked us. "I want to use my voice to convey the mood or meaning of the music. When I am singing, I forget about technique. It is there, of course, but I do not have to think about it."

Which makes everything okay. We, as part of the audience, don't have to think about it either. We can enjoy it.

Best incidental comment on the concert came from a friend who is a singer in the popular field. After one particularly effective and brilliant bit from Debussy, our friend said, slightly grimly:



"'Beautiful suntan' my eye. I've got scarlet fever!"

"I hope she stays in concert and opera. She'd be awfully tough competition even on 'Pistol Packin' Mama!'"

New England Historiana

. . . THERE ARE TIMES when the life blood of rugged individualism seems to be ebbing fast away. New England individualism, we mean to say. But a quick look around the countryside disproves it. There are still plenty of ornery, stubborn-spined things going on even today. Just for the minor records:

Some years ago, two brothers living in a modest house on the Newburyport Turnpike, got into a bitter wrangle. Litigation, naturally, set in, and the court awarded each brother one half of the house. That being only fair, one brother promptly consulted a local contractor. His half of the house, he said, must be chopped off and moved about 100 miles due west. In a short time, the house was sliced in two, one half moved, and the other half left with dangling plaster and laths, on one side, neat clapboarding on the other. It stayed this way for years.

Another house-divided wrangle occurred in Westboro about twenty years ago. What it was over is not known exactly, but the brother and sister were thoroughly annoyed with each other. The matter was settled by calling a carpenter, placing a joist completely down the center of the house, and painting the center door one color on one side, another on the other side. The door, of course, was completely useless to either half, and two side doors were cut through while the fence was being placed down the middle of the front and back yards.

It happened that one half of the house had a telephone, the other none. For eighteen years, any stray calls for the feuder in the non-phone side were cut off briskly by the other feuder. In fact, messages had to be delivered by the nearest neighbor some two miles away.

Both parties kept hens, and chicken was the menu for the day if one unfortunate cackler crossed the fence into the other yard. Even today, the fire of the feud burns briskly.

BRIEF WINGS IN PASSING

. . . This was the third morning that Madame had felt strange—a delicate wavering of the walls of her room as she rose, an unsteadiness of the furniture in the early morning light that was no more than the flickering of a mirrored world in calm pond water. This is a new and authentic thing for me, thought Madame as she held to her bedpost an instant before she went in to her shower. She felt as excited as when she had decided to install the elevators at the dress shop. This would be a genuine and original happening in her life, a break in its even progression.

This will mean changes, both in the wardrobe and in the personality, subtle but important. No more sleek black dresses with staccato collars, but gray-blue redingotes instead. And less abruptness in her tempo, less profanity in her vocabulary.

The world had an iridescent edge around it as she rode downtown, a bevel of light like the rim on a plate glass mirror in her own salon. There was a new emotional tone to everything, a sort of pleasant feeling for the victorian after too much moderne. Today she would ask the florist to send violets and moss roses for her desk instead of peruvian daffodils. And she would give Marthe her gold cigarette case, now that she should foreswear smoking.

Perhaps she ought to let Marthe take complete charge of the shop during the morning hours and come in herself only during the afternoon when the fitting room was busiest. It might be well to try out the girl's competence before it became necessary to leave so many practical details in her hands. Madame folded her firm white fingers together in her lap and considered the luxury of a day to be spent upon herself.

Very likely the most sensible thing to do was to go house-hunting. Her top-floor apartment, looking down into the grape-like clusters of trees in the park, with traffic relegated to the far-off rhythm of the fluid and the congealed, would soon become unsuitable. In Madame's mind suddenly, complete to the last green shutter and the lion's head bell-pull, grew a neat French provincial house with a red brick wall around its garden and wrought-iron gates at the end of the drive. There would need to be a man in faded blue jeans to clip the roses and espalier the peach trees.

I will go today, at once, and find my house, thought Madame exultantly as she stubbed out her last cigarette, rouge-reddened, in the onyx ash tray. I will leave Marthe to smooth the wrinkles out of silk-substitutes clinging to damp pink bodies, and I will find a house that loves sunlight and has two fireplaces. I will cancel my luncheon engagement with the *type* who wants to sell me the consignment of cheap rayon, and Marthe can take the two customers from San Marino to cocktails at five. The time is my own until tomorrow. Today I am a woman buying all the rest of her life.

I must plan my day, she went on to herself as she came down in the new elevator and admired her figure in her own shop window as she passed. I must make a list, like a woman about to telephone her grocer. This business has ramifications.

An agent for the house—advertise the lease of the apartment—better sell the furniture, too, all of it unsuitable to the new circumstances, and buy everything afresh — new pictures, even, and surely a fine piano also, for the love of music must be inculcated young.

Visit the bank first and shift much money to the checking account, money it would be fun to spend. Buy soft woolens and handkerchief linens, hard to find these days. Perhaps purchase a dog of reliable breed and rear it past the puppy stage now. Get a nursemaid in the house, too, somewhat in advance to determine whether one could put up with her. Much, much to do, and zest for the doing.

Nice to have more leisure, maybe embroider a bit herself, do some reading, get acquainted with another woman or two, have time for friends.

Better get a line on hospitals, crowded since the war—and immediately, and most important, a good physician. One should see a doctor early, perhaps even before the agent for the house.

"Marthe," said Madame, her voice making efficient black basting stitches in the amber calm of the shop as she moved through the noontime emptiness of the salon. "Is Jasper not yet back from lunch? Have him sweep this cigarette ash from the rug at once —But these fat females are careless! Has that damn rayon salesman been in yet? Did mademoiselle and her mother from San Marino telephone? Throw out those violets—I never did like a pushcart kind of nosegay—And Marthe, where's my cigarette case? I've needed it these last three hours."

— Frances Hall



"I would like to trace my ancestry!"



"Edward, you didn't!"

KINELLY WAS A PEACEFUL MAN

(Part 2)

. . . It has never been discovered how word of the project got to the ears of police-chief of Springfield, Abner Wilkinson. But when he heard of the plot, he consulted instantly with the Custodian of the Lincoln Monument who hastened to the Park Trustees at the State House. The Honorable John T. Stuart, Colonel John Williams, and Mr. Jacob Bunn listened to the Custodian's tale with basilisk eyes. The whole thing was too ridiculous to discuss. Probably the Custodian and Wilkinson had been drinking. The trustees solemnly advised him to go home, take the pledge, and forget about the matter. When the custodian returned to Wilkinson, he found that the chief had further reflected on the possibility of the enterprise's succeeding and had decided to forget it.

Then one of the plotters himself gave the thing away. Deep in his cups in a local bawdy-house, he confided the project to his companion. She pried most of the details from him, knocked him unconscious with a gin-bottle, and dashed out to secure the police. Before her return, however, a wagon was backed up to the saloon on Jefferson Street, quickly loaded with the contents of the building, and driven off into the dark. By a singular coincidence, the same five men who had set up the saloon, including the unfortunate tippler who had "sung," were all found dead in St. Louis the following week. They had been lined up against a wall in an empty warehouse and dispatched with rifle bullets.

When the press asked Kinelly for a statement, he admitted that these men had once been hangers-on at his livery-stable. He hadn't seen them, though, for months. He would miss them, he said, because they were all fine citizens, regrettable victims, probably, of some gang war or other. But since they were devoted husbands and fathers, he would see to it that their wives and children should not want. Kinelly became downright lyrical about the tragedy and the newspapers avowed themselves as deeply impressed. That was when the talk started about running Big Jim for the next mayor of St. Louis. A great-hearted, peaceful chap, generous to a fault!

Privately, Big Jim swallowed his chagrin at the failure of the plot, and started carefully to sift his personnel for someone he could really trust. He shortly found two men who filled the bill precisely. Terrence Mullins and Jack Hughes, alias Jack Shepard, ran the old Hub Saloon at 294 West Madison Street in Chicago. They had an unpleasant attitude toward the government, just then. The authorities had recently railroaded to the pen their favorite finger-man, Ben Boyd. As they saw it, the kidnaping idea was double-barreled: it would not only give them a chance at a large amount of folding cash; it would also give them a fulcrum to pry Ben out of jail —the return of the body would be made dependent on Ben's release. Kinelly selected a well-concealed cave in the sandhills of Northern Indiana where Lincoln's body would be hidden, and he directed Mullins and Hughes to case the Park without delay. As usual, Kinelly remained safely in St. Louis.

About this time, a secret-service man named Patrick D. Tyrrell, tailing some counterfeiters to the Chicago area, happened to look up a stool-pigeon of his called Swegler. The stoolie had just been approached by Mullins to take part in the grave-robbing, and he gave Tyrrell a full account of the Mullins-Hughes' outline of attack. The date had been set for November 7th, 1876. That day the national elections were to be held, and the general hullabaloo in Springfield would help to mask the kidnapers' operations. Tyrrell immediately got in touch with Robert T. Lincoln and met in his office with a number of his most trusted aides. These included Elmer Washburn, ex-chief of the Secret Service, and several locally well-known members of the Pinkerton staff.

The group formulated its offensive hurriedly, and at nine o'clock on the evening of November 6th, Tyrrell and two assistants were seated in the last car of the train bound for Springfield. As Swegler, the stoolie, had promised, the kidnapers were also on board, and Tyrrell even managed to strike up a conversation with Mullins on the way. The conspirators had booked rooms at the St. Charles Hotel in Springfield, so to allay suspicion, Tyrrell and his men took a suite at the St. Nicholas, a block-and-a-half beyond. The government men were just settling down to a penny-a-point game of pinochle when Swegler arrived with the news that either he and Hughes or Mullins would be giving the ground at the monument a final going-over the next afternoon.

November 7, 1876, was a day of gloom and rain. Robert Lincoln and three friends of his joined Tyrrell at 9:30 that morning. Swegler reported again late in the afternoon. Mullins had bought an axe with which to split open the sarcophagous. Hughes had got hold of a small crow-bar. All three had spent some hours drinking and singing in a little German hofbrau near the square. Everything was set, Swegler said; neither of the plotters suspected his real part in the affair. As night fell over the city, the government men quietly proceeded to Memorial Hall in Lincoln Park where, according to prearrangement, they took complete charge. Guards were posted throughout the labyrinth leading to the catacomb which held the sarcophagous; signals were tested; guns checked. All was in readiness for the ghouls.

Close to nine o'clock, a thin finger of light waggled through the barred, glass-panelled front door. It shone a moment, then vanished. The listeners presently heard the cautious grate of a saw on the lock at the north end of the building where the entrance to the catacomb was located. Tyrrell tiptoed toward the noise. Then he paused. Long minutes passed until he felt sure that the grave-robbers must have got inside and were now at work upon the casket. He hoped to catch them as they were removing the corpse from its lead cerement.

All at once, there was a fusilade of shots; a series of wild shrieks and cries. Tyrrell rushed into the catacomb and found it empty. "The villains have gone!" he bellowed, and, racing out, he glimpsed several shadowy fig-

ures just northwest of the Terrace. He emptied his revolver at them and they replied with a dozen enthusiastic rounds. Suddenly a voice in the murk yelled angrily, "Tyrrell, for God's sake, is that you shooting at us?" When he confessed it was, he discovered that he had been pouring a withering fire on two of his assistants. They had previously and accidentally let loose in confusion at some other government men sneaking around from the rear of the monument.

Later Tyrrell learned from Swegler what had happened. The kidnapers had got into the catacomb simply enough, had smashed upon the sarcophagous in crypt No. 1, and had drawn out the red-cedar coffin containing the late President's lead-wrapped body. Swegler had then been sent to get the wagon he had promised to provide. Instead of doing this, Swegler went in search of Tyrrell to notify him to make the catch. Frightened by Swegler's failure to return immediately, the conspirators crept out to the entrance to look for him. There, remarking a number of suspicious-looking shadows moving toward the monument, they quietly ducked out through some convenient bushes. And they actually had got to Oak Ridge Cemetery, quite a distance away, before the first shots were fired.

A conductor, standing near his street car at the terminus of the Fifth Street Railway just below the cemetery bluffs, testified that as the outcry and shooting around the monument began, someone in the darkness on the bluffs snarled: "Damn you, you cannot shoot us; you're not smart enough for that!" It was all very exciting and confused. Everyone accused everybody else of carelessness, of complicity, and of general stupidity. But the ghouls had made a clean getaway and before they paused that night at a farmhouse, they had put seven miles between themselves and their pursuers. Swegler caught up with them, still unsuspected, and the trio by slow and watchful progress got into Chicago about ten days later. When they felt that the hue and cry had abated safely, they strolled back to the Hub Saloon and picked up life where they had dropped it a fortnight before.

As soon as he dared to, Swegler tipped off Tyrrell regarding their whereabouts. On a snowy Wednesday afternoon the following week, the secret-service men and a squad of Chicago police drifted into 294 West Madison. Three minutes later, they drifted out again with Mullins and Hughes, too much amazed to resist, tucked under their arms. Unfortunately, they were an hour too early in their departure to add to their bag Big Jim Kinelly who came storming into the Hub at four o'clock to demand what had gone wrong. The captives did not have to be pressed to involve Big Jim; they insisted that they were honest men who had fallen under the spell of an evil companion. Jim said he was a man of peace, a law abiding citizen. He blandly denied ever having heard of them. Such a to-do went on, however, that Kinelly was brought to book. But his alibis baffled the jury and his lawyer made some of the most reliable testimony of witnesses seem like crass perjury.

Meanwhile, the nation, which at first had been shocked and infuriated by the attempted kidnaping, shortly grew tired of the whole, bewildering business. The newspapers, seeking fresh headlines, whimsically accused Washburn, the ex-secret-service chief, of whipping up the plot so that the publicity would get him his old job back again. Tyrrell was pilloried as Washburn's tool. There were even hints that Robert Lincoln might be suspected of using the incident as a shoehorn for a political career. No one connected with the crime escaped some blackening of his character. After a long and vituperative struggle, the government managed to prove that the enterprise had been engineered by Jim Kinelly; that he was, therefore, indubitably the original guilty party. At this point everyone relaxed and waited happily for the sentence of the court.

The upshot was rather embarrassing. The court found that the State of Illinois had no law which made grave-robbing a crime. In fact, it appeared, for a while, as if the gangsters would all get off scot-free. Big Jim genially gave out interviews to the press on his favorite subject, Peace. He declared that the misunderstandings in this case had inspired him to create a philanthropic foundation which would help to educate all men in living together amicably. The best legal minds in Illinois convened hastily and eventually decided to try the accused men for attempted larceny and conspiracy. This charge stuck and Mullins and Hughes were sentenced to "one year and a day in the penitentiary at Joliet."

But for some obscure reason which has never been cleared up, peaceful Big Jim Kinelly couldn't be held for his companions' crime. However, he was sent to Joliet just the same. They caught him trying to bribe one of the court officers with a counterfeit ten-dollar bill.

— TRENTWELL MASON WHITE

(Second of two parts)



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To a Gull at Nantasket

. . . OLD GULL upon the weathered pile,
Sea-green from many a tide,
Ancient, misanthropic bird,
Alert and beady-eyed.

See the Nantasket steamers come,
Raucous with Sunday crowd,
And, shifting on your bony feet,
Squawk your contempt aloud!

Shrewd from the callous natural law,
Impartial as the years,
Our human heart-beats are to you
No valid cause for tears.

— ANONYMOUS

THE WIGGIN COLLECTION

. . . THERE ARE forty-five original drawings and watercolors by twelve British artists, selected from the Albert H. Wiggin Collection, in the current exhibition at the Boston Public Library. The artists are all leaders in their respective fields and are well known to Americans. As in all group shows, variety is the keynote; some drawings and watercolors are carried far with technical skill, while others are preoccupied with the quick note or the experimental phases of artistic expression. The drawings are in all mediums, from the swift moving pencil or brush to minute pen work, in short lines and stipple, while the watercolors are in direct transparent painting, some in opaque handling and others can be classified as colored drawings.

These studies are closely related to the artist's etched work, yet they have the qualities which make an independent claim to the best in artistic expression. A number of these compositions are the very pulse of the plates for which they were made, and add greatly to the distinction of the print, especially for study purposes. Some have explored all the possibilities on their own account, while others have found their fulfillment on the copper itself. Since a preliminary study has the quality of everything to gain and nothing to lose, the artist unconsciously separates himself from all other artists, throwing away the greater part of his protective armor. Neither does the artist oppose himself. He submits his talent to nature at a moment when intuition is closely attuned to the hidden mysteries of his art, uniting his subject and mood with a responsive impulse, which dictates the method and message.

Two items of greatest rarity and importance are the original and unpublished drawings by George Cruikshank, no doubt intended to illustrate "The Bottle." These beautifully drawn compositions in sepia and pen-and-ink have all the delicate modelling and draftsmanship of an Ingres. Contrary to the following criticism in the "Catalogue Raisonne" of Cruikshank's work by A. M. Cohn, these drawings are veritable masterpieces, and will stand on their own merit in any period of the artist's work. "It is a curious fact that the genius of George Cruikshank practically died about 1850, from the time that he became obsessed by temperance and anti-smoking propaganda, that all else in his life appears to have faded to insignificance. The publication of "The Bottle" and "The Drunkard's Children" in 1847-48 was the first signal that the masterly hand that had etched the plates to "the Humorist" and Grimm was stricken with the palsy. However fine in conception the illustrations to the first of his temperance works may be considered, and they do not lack admirers, yet from an artistic sense they are beneath contempt." George Cruikshank was born in London, 1792 and died in 1878. He illustrated many books among which are the much sought after works by Grimm and Charles Dickens.

When we think of Thomas Gainsborough we immediately associate his name with the many famous portraits he painted, among which is the well known "Master Buttall" (The Blue Boy). He did a number of landscapes also and very few people know that he etched with much spirit at least eighteen plates of varied subjects. The drawing of "A Cow" in this exhibition, because of the manner in which it was drawn with shadows outlined and that a tracing was made from it, leads one to believe that this study was intended for the copper plate. A beautiful imprint of the traced line is plainly visible on the back of the drawing. Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury in 1727 and was buried in Kew Churchyard, where a simple flat stone records his death in 1788.

It is interesting to compare the work of the present day British artists



Aglaia, by Brockhurst

with Thomas Rowlandson, who with George Cruikshank and Gainsborough are the only ones who are not of our time. His work, in this present show is full of delightful humor, and fascinating in its recordings of the life and manners of the artist's period, and in "June Bull Bog'd in France," "The Runaway," and "Colonel Seaham" he displays all the witchery of his talent in depth of energy and light and in which all of his resources, possibilities and mysteries, reveal their charm. His exhibition unusually successful during the month of September in the Wiggin Gallery was reviewed in that month's issue of *More Books.*

All drawings by Muirhead Bone are rendered with clearness and sureness from the merest sketch to the most advanced drawing. Muirhead Bone, a Scottish etcher, was born in 1876, near Glasgow, but he spent most of his life in London. He has achieved great recognition by his subtle drypoints and masterful drawings, and is one of the most accomplished and artistic of all British etchers. It is the general opinion that few drawings have been seen to equal his since the time of the great Dutch master, Rembrandt. In the three drawings which represent him in this exhibition, "Railway Sheds, Marseilles," "Demolition of Wych Street, Strand," and "St. Martin's In the Fields, London, Night" he has followed an individual style, with fine harmony of line, power and certainty.

David Young Cameron was born at Glasgow in 1865 and is an artist of high merit in print circles the world over. Even as a young man, Seymour Haden wrote of him with enthusiasm stating, that here was a promising artist who was a hopeful successor to the masters of the past. Haden recognized in his work an unusual gift of personality combined with great technical skill. In studying the work of Cameron, with its rich blacks and remarkable contrasts, we find he is equally at home when drawing buildings, interiors, landscapes or portraits. In "Duninald," "On The Tay," and "Nithsdale," the design and forms are wrought with purity and sureness. In them may be traced the linear organization of the design, masses, means towards the forms, and solidity of the fundamental subject matter.

James McBey is also an artist of Scottish birth, having been born at Newburg, Aberdeenshire, December twenty-third, 1883. "Bridge By Night," and "Sotto Portico Del Orso, Venice" stand out because of their individual striking qualities of conception and execution. Then again, in "Thunderstorm, Veer" we have a superb watercolor of vitality and dynamic force, giving the picture, life and movement. There is nothing static here, and his accomplished touch in the use of watercolor compares favorably with the masters in power of expression and achievement.

Gerald Brockhurst, the well known English painter and etcher, was born in Birmingham in October, 1890. He is one of the most indefatigable students of the art and craft of etching. Like his prints, his drawings are extraordinary in technique, which is very lucid and interesting in itself, whether in line, light and shade, pose, gesture or expression. All of his work in etching, drawing or painting, depends upon a high degree of finish and many times with microscopic control, giving forth a brilliant finish and fine texture. The pen-and-ink drawings in this exhibition, "Malvina," and "Aglaia" are proof enough that Brockhurst carried out these problems with ease, artistry, and flawless craftsmanship.

Frederick Landseer Griggs, born at Hitchin in Hertfordshire, on October 30, 1876, is one of the most interesting artists of this group. In "The Etchings of F. L. Griggs" in the Print Collector's Quarterly, Mr. Campbell Dodgson quotes the following from a letter:—"My chief interest has always been an effort to recall by imaginary subjects in drawing—and later, and specially in etching—the aspect of mediaeval England." Mr. Dodgson continues, "He has something of the same vivid and intimate vision of his country's past as inspired the beautiful early chapters of "News From Nowhere," by William Morris, but it is a limited vision of quiet and repose, never broken by the sound of clarions and the clatter of armed knights upon the flagstones." "Study for the Lanterns of Sarras" is a little gem in pencil.



Subjects that are primarily of the life and surroundings of the Jersey peasants and the Norman and Breton people who cross the Channel during the harvest season, are ably recorded by the celebrated etcher, Edmund Blampied, who was born on March 30, 1886 in Saint Martin's Parish on the Island of Jersey. The two drawings chosen to represent him at this time are the original illustrations for "Travels With A Donkey" by Robert Louis Stevenson. "The Auberge of Bouchet St. Nicolas" and "The Sub-Prefectorial Map Was Fetched From The Sub-Prefecture Itself" are excellent examples illustrating the possibilities of combining wash, pen-and-ink and a dry brush.

"Vivid draftsmanship responsive to surely selective vision is ever at Mr. Rushbury's hand," writes Malcolm Salaman in Fine Prints of the Year 1924," and invariably it is controlled by an instinctive feeling for design." In "Le Chambre Des Deputes, Paris" and "Pont Marie, Paris" he has found two subjects to his particular liking. Rushbury was born at Harborne, near Birmingham, on October 28, 1889.

Arthur Briscoe welcomes and paints the sea in all kinds of weather and each new subject is seen with enthusiasm and a fresh eye. "Drying Sails, Alastor" and "Bending The Foresail" two strong watercolors, are first hand records of this sailor artist, and by one who can ride the storm of criticism of both the print connoisseur and the sea faring expert as well.

Since these studies are first thoughts for the plates and the artist has made them with the thought of another medium in mind, one is at the same time struck by a beauty where everything studied is reasoned out, intentional, sensitively felt, and ably rendered, giving each effort its own raison d'être.

—Arthur W. Heintzelman



"Poor Grandpa's all broken up. Here it is, only his 25th birthday and already he's 100 years old!"

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE TEA TABLE

. . . "A Boston February," said my niece, hugging her arms in the woolly sage-green sweater, "can only be described as a *penance*. The cold seems like some nasty implacable animal, forever nipping at your heels. Even when you come indoors, there the creature is, staring into the windows with eyes full of venom."

My niece and I were sitting companionably before her small wood fire. We had just finished two cups of tea apiece, together with innumerable baking-powder biscuits, smeared with honey.

"Cheer up," I said, rising to look for my pipe, "Come and spend a few days in the Cambridge river bottoms, and you'll find out what real cold is. This is the first moment, literally, that I have been thawed out since Sunday.

"Still and all," I continued, stepping to the window to glance out towards the west. "February is your month for spectacular cloud effects." At that moment the Arlington street church spire, the white thumb of the Telephone building and the familiar profile of the Back Bay appeared locked in a great still globe of green ice. A row of clouds—shapely Botticelli clouds—stood along the horizon, flurred with a sort of raspberry sherbet.

"Come, Lina, take a look at this sky!"

"Not on your life!" My niece put up her slim green-slippered feet on the fender and wriggled her toes luxuriously.

Just then the elevator door gave out a clang, and my nephew Arthur burst in, hatless, his scarf and overcoat flying. His face was set, like the February sky, into what we could only read as a cold fury.

"Got any whisky, Lina?"

My niece gave him one look, and sprang for the buffet.

Arthur snatched the bottle from her hand, filled a teacup and drained it off. My niece watched, rather narrowly, I thought, as he repeated this process, then flung himself, overcoat and all, flat on the divan and closed his eyes.

"Arthur, for God's sake, what is it?"

Arthur's lips moved, and we made out the word "Father."

"What happened? Did he have a shock or something?" Arthur's father, a rector of the overstuffed persuasion, is being continually warned about his blood pressure.

"Worse than that?"

"Answer me one question," said my niece sharply, "Is Uncle Cyrus dead?"

"No, no, no!" Arthur turned his cheek wearily on the pillow. I felt sorry for the poor boy. His temper is no doubt over-acid, but we forget that he is still smarting from being turned down by all the Services because of anemia.

My niece, however, is not tender-hearted.

"If you can't tell us what happened, I shall call the rectory."

"Father," said Arthur, in a dull hopeless voice, "has joined the *Peace Now* movement."

"Oh well!" My niece resumed her chair, with a sigh of relief.

"I had rather he *were* dead!" Arthur sat up, piqued by her passivity.

"Pompous old jelly-fish! It seems that some nit-wits have started a movement to end the war *now*,—not to hold out for unconditional surrender. My bonehead parent has not only joined them, but is establishing a branch in his own parish!" He fell back.

"But I don't understand," said Lina. "*Peace now?* Why we've only begun to fight. We've just cleared the ground; we haven't even started to go in for the kill. How *could* we stop now? We'd be just where we were when we began. And how could we explain such an attitude to the boys, who, Lord knows, are confused enough as it is? Why that's the very thing we did in 1919, and look what it led to!"

"It's to save loss of life," said Arthur bitterly.

"Save loss of life! But we could all have sat back in our own dooryards and saved loss of life. That is, until some Nazi or Jap chose to prod us up with a bayonet. I never heard of such colossal stupidity!"

"I've been arguing with father all afternoon," said Arthur wearily. "I might better have used a croquet mallet."

"I don't wonder you're upset Arthur. It looks to me like another outbreak of the old Isolationist rash. Wouldn't you say so, Unc?"

I must confess that I was stunned. Arthur so constantly grouses about his father that I had been in the habit of discounting his complaints. But this was a genuine grievance.

"It's that cursed *bifocalism* of your churchman," I said finally. "He wants to abide by the letter of the old theology, yet at the same time be known as a liberal who accepts the findings of the 20th century. The attempt to house these two opposite sets of ideas in a single skull is bound to crack the masonry. So we get the split personality, the distortion of the vision. Dr. Cyrus is dazzled by that great white word, *Peace*, with all its Biblical connotations. His eyes are blinded to the disastrous consequences."

Arthur made no response; his lassitude was really alarming.

At that moment the door flew back, and in walked Arthur's cousin Jack, ensign in the Navy, with his charming little southern wife, Nonnie.

"Why, what's the matter with Arthur?" Nonnie plumped herself down on the divan, and put her small gloved hand on Arthur's forehead.

"The sins of the fathers are being visited on the children," volunteered my niece cold-heartedly.

"Poor boy!" Nonnie is young, but she has the quick intuitions of the South. "Here, Arthur, eat this. We snooped it away from the Ritz."

From her muff she drew a rather mashed chocolate éclair, and set it to Arthur's lips.

We all felt relief when his teeth were seen to clamp through the thick yellow cream in an expansive bite.

"Out of the mouths of babes!" said Jack, placing his big brown hand caressingly on Nonnie's silky head.

— Christine Turner Curtis

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Do Your Part — Buy War Bonds

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY NEWS

. . . The old saying,
"Man's work is from sun to sun
But woman's work is never done"
does not apply in the Navy, especially for musicians. As one WAVE has written back to her alma mater, the New England Conservatory: "It is beyond me how the Navy can think of things for us to do from 5:30 a.m. until 21:30 (9:30 p.m.) We swab the decks (floors), bulkheads (walls), galley (kitchen) and head daily. Our bunks must be shipshape at all times and no dust must be seen. Who can doubt whether a WAVE will make a good wife—when this war is over? An experience worth mentioning: I was chosen to have lunch with Vincent Lopez. After gorging myself with some delectable roast chicken (for you understand in our usual 'mess' we are served exactly as the 'gobs'), I broadcasted with him over WOR."

A typical case of a man for whom the Navy finds an equally strenuous program is that of Donald DeLong. He spends his days in communication work. At the time when many of his companions are free for "shore leave," he turns his fingers to the waiting organ and gives a program such as this in the Naval Air Station chapel in Porto Rico:

Toccata, Purcell; Berceuse, Guilmant; Pastorale, Franck; Lamentation, Guilmant; When We Are In Greatest Need, Bach; Prelude and Fugue in C Minor, Bach.

On a recent visit to Boston, Sailor DeLong declared that through his volunteer activities on the island he has been able to get as much musical activity in organ playing and organizing and conducting choirs as he did in Boston, in addition to his regular Navy duties.

When women and men are devoting themselves so wholeheartedly to constructive activities in wartime, we at home should do everything in our power to make contributions to their welfare. From camps all over the country there comes a stream of letters asking for phonograph records, especially of "serious" music, for really good books (classics are preferred to best sellers) and for periodicals, preferably dealing with music or some type of research. This is not surprising, for the universal testimony is that men in the Service crave food for thought. Deems Taylor has stated that all the soldiers he knows prefer "good music." In many camps record groups are organized, and they are so popular that men have to draw lots or take turns to have opportunity to hear the records that are played during recreation hours. The amazing fact has been broadcast by commentator Kaltenborn recently that men writing from the Pacific theater clamor for the best books—not "trash"! If any readers are interested to see that records or literature reach musically inclined Service men and women, material or inquiries may be directed to the New England Conservatory, Room 37.

Two other projects are in process of development at the New England Conservatory. The idea of giving free supervision, rehearsal facilities, and professional directing to disabled veterans who are permanently discharged may lead to the formation of a veterans' band, orchestra, and chorus at the New England Conservatory.

The immediate future holds still greater possibilities of cooperation with the program for taking care of our discharged men, who are returning in ever increasing numbers. A deep public concern for the problem of providing present and future activities for them is receiving wide publicity. Boston is prepared to do its part. Cases of men or women who want vocational training in music, and are properly qualified for such training, are being processed by the Veterans' Bureau head office, Federal Building, Boston. In cases of individuals who have been approved by the Veterans' Bureau, personal applications for enrollment in the New England Conservatory for musical instruction in connection with the Veterans' Rehabilitation Act may be received by Mr. Harold E. Kiley, 710 Post Office Building, Vocational Rehabilitation Office, Veterans' Administration, Boston, Massachusetts.



— Clifton Joseph Furness

THANKS TO COLERIDGE

. . . "MRS. EVA CHIPS," the editor read aloud from the pencilled memorandum. "Who, what, *why*, Miss Crawford?"

The pretty secretary smiled. She had a nice smile. "A little widow, Mr. Trudell, with a bag," she said. "That's *who* and *what*. I don't know the other answer."

Eugene Trudell, editor of *The Reader's Own Magazine,* shifted his vast bulk around the big swivel chair, and wagged his bushy eyebrows at the fair interloper. " 'A little widow with a bag,' " he repeated in counterfeit dismay, "and you let her in! I'm surprised. . . . She'll try to sell us a Wind-at-Twilight poem, sure as sin. No soap. You tell her our bins are full of Wind-at-Twilights, or Winds-at-Twilight, or whatever-the-hell the plural is."

"I tried to discourage her," Miss Crawford pointed out reasonably, "but she insisted upon seeing you personally, and I was afraid that she would make a scene."

"I *love* scenes," observed the editor cynically, "but in most of the stories that have reached this desk recently, and in *all* the poems, Miss Crawford, the scenes were *lousy!* He sighed. "Mi-god, here I am, expecting any minute to get a call from the hospital, saying it's a girl, or at least a boy, and what I need most right now is a couple of stiff drinks. . . . Well, since you've tied my hands and blocked my exit, I'll hafta see her, I suppose. So, hew to the line, Miss Crawford, and let the Chips . . ."

The secretary, certain that she was blushing, withdrew hurriedly without waiting to hear the full paraphrase, and Gene returned to his work. When he looked up again, it was to see a frail little woman, dressed in sober black, with pinched nostrils and shifty brown eyes, standing uncertainly on the threshold.

"Mr. Trudell?"

Gene grunted. The bushy eyebrows lifted in slight acknowledgement, then nodded crazily towards the chair alongside his desk. The caller advanced into the room, her odd brown eyes seeming to take a swift inventory of everything in sight before coming to rest, speculatively, on the editor's face.

"What I want to see you about," she said, seating herself primly and cradling the bag on her knees, as if fearful of its safety, "is a story called *The Dream.* It's been here before, I'm frank to say, but I came in the hope that you would reconsider it for publication."

"Something you wrote?" Gene enquired cautiously, running his long fingers through his thick, tawny hair.

"N-no; it's my l-late husband's; he . . ." With sudden tears threatening, she groped in her bag for a handkerchief, while the editor idly shifted a glass paperweight from a scratch-pad to a sheaf of letters and back again. . . . Louise, now, if it should be a girl . . . John . . .

"I wouldn't know it from that title," he said, returning to earth. "We employ a pretty competent staff of readers to do the preliminary work on submissions. Not all the manuscripts, you can understand, Mrs. Chips," he further explained, "reach my desk. (. . . "and a dam' good thing they don't," he muttered under his breath.) . . . "Did you, by any chance, bring this yarn with you?"

The little widow, missing the innuendo, smiled at him gratefully through her tears, and opened her bag again. "This is it," she said reverently, proffering a bulky manuscript. "A beautiful story; it really is. He had a peculiar and arresting style . . . Oh, if John only had lived . . . Could you—well *will* you, fix it up if it isn't exactly right?" Her eyes, moist and supplicating, fastened upon his own, gave Gene a creepy feeling. Avoiding her gaze, he removed the clip from the offering, glanced at the title, which conveyed nothing to him, and wondered how the hell he could get rid of the dame. These amateurs were thorns in the flesh. He thought of summoning Miss Crawford, who, not being a softy, might prove helpful in a crisis like this. At length he spoke:

"The Searles Publishing Company," he began, with an air of indulgence, "is very conservative, Mrs.



"Flashy, Flashy! There is rumor that Eleanor Roosevelt was seen passing through Tokio about noon yesterday!"

Chips. Of the several thousand submissions coming to this office in a single year, we actually publish less than four hundred in our great family weekly. But unless we're bought up 'way ahead, we never turn down a worthwhile yarn. Although it's contrary to our practice here, I'll do this for you: I'll see if you have brought us anything we can use." Having so committed himself, he gave the unwelcome offering the benefit of his whole attention, deciding to do a conscientious job, though certain that the manuscript had already received fair treatment at the hands of his staff. An editor, he reasoned, must be constantly on the lookout for new talent, new trends. Any day might bring a real find. And finds were few.

After a brief scanning of the first page, he now proceeded to read with care, turning each page over slowly, his shaggy eyebrows drawn together in perplexity. Suddenly his pulses began to race, and a cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. Why, this —this was incredible . . . this was a discovery! Never before, in his long editorial experience . . .

"We can use it," he pronounced, with a quick intake of breath. "Don't cry any more . . . yes, we can use it, and pay you thirty dollars, Mrs. Chips, if that is satisfactory. You go back to the reception room and wait there. I'll send someone out with a check and a voucher." Impatiently he swept aside some papers, and with his long fingers vigorously pressed each of the white buttons on his desk. Mumbling her gratitude, the little widow departed.

"Yes, Gene?" John Wall, first editorial assistant, stood before him, grinning. "I got your S.O.S."

Trudell glared at him. "That crowd working for you as 'readers,' John," he barked, "are a sweet bunch of saps!"

The look on John Wall's good-natured face changed quickly to one of befitting gravity. "What's wrong, Mr. Trudell?" he asked thinly.

The editor tapped the Chips manuscript with his pencil. "This story," he charged; "only it's not wrong; it's all *right!* I just bought it from a weeping widow, now in our reception room waiting for me to fork over thirty perfectly good Searles' smackers . . . Well, why not? It's worth the money; I oughta know: I wrote that story myself, John, twenty-five years ago, when I was seventeen. And it was published as 'Ellen's Wish,' by one Betsy Blair . . . yes, goddammit, that was *me* . . . in a perfectly respectable periodical long since gone the way of all perfectly respectable periodicals."

"It seems," he continued acidly, "that this here dame's been snoopin' round our City Memorial Library, copying this and that, hoping to pull a plagiarism on someone . . . Mi-god, John, wait till you see the expression on her face when I tell her who the real author of *The Dream* is! No, never mind the others; you come along with me, only get that silly smirk off'n your fat countenance or I'll poke you one! I'll show you how to handle a literary thief!" An ugly energy had reshaped his lips. He rose, straightened his powerful shoulders and stalked from the room, John Wall following meekly. But when they reached the reception hall, Mrs. Chips was not there.

In his mail the following morning the editor received this letter:

"My dear Mr. Trudell:

It will interest you to know what knocked me over yesterday. It wasn't the story, which, of course, was lousy, but a foolish fixation about 'threes,'— you know, as in *The Ancient Mariner:* 'He stoppeth one of *three* . . .' It's followed me about ever since I read that morbid poem in High School.

So when I crossed your threshold, I first looked about cautiously, to see if my evil spirit was visible in any form, but what I saw was reassuring:

Your coat had the conventional *two* buttons, and there were exactly *seven* cigarette stubs on your ash tray. Where I erred, it appears, was in failing to glimpse those hidden shirt-stud push-buttons. I shouldn't have minded *two,* but when I saw you jab that *third,* I decided not to wait in your elegant reception hall for the money, but made for the stairway at once.

Yours regretfully,
MRS. EVA CHIPS"

With a hand that was far from steady, Gene Trudell laid the letter aside. " 'Lousy,' was it?" he muttered thickly . . . "The tear-jerking fraud . . . the hell with her . . . afraid of the cockeyed fancies of Samuel Taylor Coleridge! So that's the pay-off: threes . . . H'm . . . And I remember saying to Miss Crawford, 'Who, what, why . . .' Good-bye, Mrs. Chips . . . Good-bye Little Eva . . ."

The telephone, ringing, interrupted these devastating reflections. Mechanically, he picked up the receiver. "Yay-eh!" he bellowed.

"Mr. Trudell?" It was the sugary voice of his wife's nurse. "This is Miss Phillips at the hospital," it cooed idiotically: "Everything is okay—fine and dandy . . . and Mrs. Trudell's fine and dandy . . . Congratulations: you're the father of *triplets!*"

— FRANCIS LEAGUE

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THE ROYAL PAPA OF PANTS

. . . A KING WAS the first English-speaking person to wear long pants.

George IV, of England, was the royal person. The death of his youngest and darling child, the Princess Amelia, in 1810, had given his father, George III, a shock that drove him violently insane. During the remaining decade of his life, years which were little more than a blank, his son ruled as regent. While he was still acting as regent, George IV made long pants fashionable by appearing in them in public, instead of the then popular knee breeches.

The reason behind this fashion innovation was not the usual one. The regent's legs had become swollen with the gout and it was found that long trousers concealed this embarrassing affliction. English society imitated the prince-regent's adoption of the new leg garment. Soon long pants became a regular part of a man's attire. Long trousers had been, originally, of the nature of long hose, or tight drawers.

The character of George IV was rather bad, and he proved neither a good nor a popular king. But his regency may be remembered for two things—the final overthrow of Napoleon, and his first, wearing in public of long pants. — MAX MEREDITH



"Blighme! Now I know what the Black Hole of Calcutta must have been like."

JUNE IN JANUARY

. . . In tune with this topsy-turvy world, January, not June, is now the month for romance. And the time-worn adage about spring being the time a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love has been disproved by facts.

On a Sunday in January, 1942, 150 engagements were announced in the society column of the *Boston Herald*. That was right after Pearl Harbor, so was credited to the usual romantic appeal of wartime. A year later, however, in January, 1943, 120 announcements were made, and the same last month. Perhaps it's the Christmas season that brings out Cupid's wiles. At any rate, whatever's the reason, January's the month.

Many of the youngsters announcing their engagements are still in their teens. Of course, that's due to the war, which makes them grow up faster. Most of the fiances are in some branch of the armed services or are about to be. Or else they are still in college. And the girls nearly all have jobs or are in college, too. They won't all be married right away, but some of them will have weddings at a few days' notice during the bridegroom's brief furlough. For that, too, is the way of war.

There was a time not so long ago, that being engaged was different. Then life was unhurried and there was no Damoclean Sword hanging over each day. That was before Pearl Harbor and rationing and dim-outs and secret embarkations to far-off nameless ports.

That was when the bride-to-be had time to have her linens embroidered and to spend months choosing her trousseau and her silver. Lovely corsages arrived daily and the jingle of the telephone meant plans for an evening of fun at the Balinese Room.

The summer drifted by in a succession of long happy days at the shore. Her friends and his friends gave parties for them. The sun sparkled on the water and white sails flitted like tiny white butterflies across the blue. And moonlit nights held promise of endless tomorrows.

There were football games and cocktail parties in the fall. There were bright lights, glittering restaurants and gay night spots, as well as quiet evenings by an open fire. And always the fun of planning the future, together forever and ever.

Suddenly all this changed. Life today is made up of separations and privations, of working twice as hard as ever before, and writing letters and waiting for letters. And being a Nurse's Aide and working for the U.S.O. Life must be filled up now so there won't be any time left to think. For this is a time for action.

Weddings are becoming front page news. War brides may not decide in haste, but they marry at a moment's notice. And the weddings have all the beauty and taste of the traditional ones, which, in other years, took months of planning. There are formal ceremonies in fashionable city churches, simple weddings in the country, and ceremonies performed at Army posts when the bride and bridegroom leave the chapel under an arch of sabers.

There is the Navy bride, who flies to a Naval base to marry an officer who has just sprouted wings. Her wedding gifts are carefully crated and sent along, even though the heirloom silver and fragile Spode are a bit incongruous in the bleak little house they learn to call home.

There is the Army bride, who rides away in a jeep with her husband from the base where the ceremony is performed because the bridegroom's furlough is not long enough to make a home wedding possible. Her parents and his attend, and she wears a white satin gown and billowy veil.



And there is the furlough bride, who has a formal wedding with all the fixings, but no invitations except by telephone or telegraph, because she didn't know till a few hours before the ceremony just when the bridegroom would arrive. But no detail is omitted from the towering wedding cake to the gifts for the bridemaids.

For even in wartime, weddings are memorable occasions. And to each bride it is a momentous question as to whether her wedding gown is fashioned of gleaming satin or delicate mousseline de soie, and whether her veil is to be antique lace or misty tulle. Her bouquet is also important and her choice may be fragrant white lilacs, waxy gardenias, exotic orchids or old-fashioned white roses and lilies-of-the-valley. And still another problem to be solved is the color of the attendants' frocks.

Most brides prefer to be married in white, although some choose pale ice-blue or soft petal-pink. The bridesmaids' frocks usually furnish bright notes of color and are fashioned of bouffant taffeta or net, although velvet is popular at winter weddings. Often they are alike, but sometimes they are of contrasting shades.

Weddings in the country have given way to ceremonies at city churches in these days of gasoline rationing. Receptions often take place at nearby hotels, the guests arriving on foot. And both weddings and receptions are held at the home of the bride's parents in many cases.

But wherever and whenever weddings take place in these uncertain months of early 1944, hopes run high that before too long the family silver and the Spode teasets will find permanent homes. For the brides are all looking forward to the day when the 6 o'clock train will bring their husbands home with wonderful and punctual regularity, and the knowledge of their homecoming can be taken for granted like the setting of the sun.

— Alison Arnold

BEAUTY . . . POSTURE

. . . Have you ever attended a large tea or gathering, where you "felt" the presence of someone, who must be important. And you very likely turned to your companion with "I wonder who she is." The great lady distinguished herself by her very air, her carriage, her posture. As often as not, her name meant absolutely nothing to you . . . but there it it!

The famous beauties of the past attached great importance to an impressive entrance. These were worked out in detail. Their exits too were almost as elaborate, and were staged with the skill of a great playwright. We always loved the one about Cleopatra, who wrapped herself in a luscious rug, and then had two of her slaves roll her down the length of the Salon, and unravel her at the feet of Marc Anthony.

One of the more interesting fashion shows was recently held at the Statler Hotel. It was a production or pageant, rather than the usual parade of models, and featured the well-known beauties of the past. Each model (local girls, all of them) enacted her role with a flawless interpretation of the great woman she portrayed. Careful research supplied ideas for authentic coiffures and hair coloring, as well as gowns and accessories.

Everyone gasped in awe as stately Cleopatra glided down the runway. (She didn't make her entrance via the rug this trip.) The tall titian haired beauty wore a replica of a costume that the famous Cleo might have worn so many hundreds of years ago. The gown was heavily laden with jewels and brocade, and weighed as many pounds as one of your complete wardrobes. Nevertheless, the stately model, with excellent posture, carried the gown and herself with such grace, that the dynamic personality of the well-known beauty was felt throughout the auditorium.

Then Betsy Patterson appeared. She did beautifully in her role of the sweet unspoiled Baltimore beauty who became the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte's brother. As befitted her shy charm, her steps were dainty, yet assured. The little beauty did not carry her head too high, but her shoulders were well squared, and she walked as though she were a little late to an important tea party.

We've always been rather fascinated with the life and loves of Lola Montez, although we were never quite sure whether or not we liked her. We rather think not, but then the men did, and isn't that what counts? This striking Irish Beauty, who after her marriage became a famous Spanish Beauty, was most often seen in public wearing an elaborate riding habit, although she never rode a horse. Her riding crop was used on grooms and stablemen who both feared and loved the raven haired siren. You can well imagine her striding along, smiling beautifully, with the whip carried at an ominous angle.

And bewitching little Lady Hamilton, who was actually of low birth, certainly mastered the antics of a great lady. We all know of her unfortunate end, but the intriguing beauty was shown at the height of her career, when the fate of Empires rested in her lovely hands.

Poor little DuBarry was another who came a long way before she became known as the most beautiful woman of her time, and the favorite of French Court life. It was her naïve charm that attracted the blase Louis, but later, DuBarry acquired worldliness as her position in court became more assured. At the height of her sophistication, she was seldom seen in public without one of her elaborate white wigs. This seems rather strange, as her ashy blonde hair was said to be the envy of every lady in France. When she met her dreadful end at the guillotine, they say that crowds clamored for the fallen head, so that they could cut off a lock of the silken tresses for a souvenir.

Madame Pompadour and the Empress Eugenie have also influenced the fashions of our era. Each had her



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exciting career, and each conveyed the story of her personality and success in the two minutes allotted each model on the stage.

And our own American Blonde, Lillian Russell, knowing that all the world loved her. You could tell that she knew that all eyes were focused on her, and she loved it. Yet none felt resentment, as her carriage lacked conceit. Her head seemed to bow slightly from side to side as though she acknowledged tributes from an admiring audience. Her handsomely brocaded gown (one of Miss Russell's very own, they tell us) was handled with ease, as the lovely model swished the graceful train foreward or back, knowing just how to create a most flattering pose whenever she paused.

Professional models find that costume pageants are one of the more difficult assignments. Something like an actor trying to play a well-known part in pantomime. Here, carriage, and the tilt of the head can tell a romantic life's story. Yes, your own posture in your own little circle, conveys your assurance or lack of it. When the models were being interviewed for their parts in this show, we were amazed at the number of tall girls whose posture divulged their efforts to appear shorter. Beautiful girls, all of them, yet some had acquired a dreadful slouch. Tall girls must realize that they are most attractive when they accentuate their height, carry it proudly with grace

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TREMONT STREET AT TEMPLE PLACE

and poise. If your carriage has dignity, people consider you dignified.

If you are small however, don't try to carry a sophisticated air. Make the most of being that cute little pocket book edition by being trim and dainty. Stand tall, wear high heels and little pompadours. Be confident, sparkling, alive.

Your posture while seated is equally important. This is the time most people are inclined to slouch. Sit well back in your chair, and here too, shoulders squared and tummy in. If you feel alert rather than indolent when you are seated, you'll find this will help you remember your posture. By all means knees together, and try not to curl one ankle around the other.

Of course this all adds up to one thing. Because you admire the carriage of another, don't try to copy it unless you know you are the same type. Wouldn't Lola Montez have looked silly if she took dainty little steps down the runway. Long legged people don't mince. Nor do coy little girls stride. It would have been mighty comical if Betsy Patterson had burst upon the audience with fiery assurance.

After you correct your posture, be practical enough about making an important entrance. Of course we don't expect the elaborate fanfare that accompanied the beauty of yore, nevertheless, there are a few little tricks that always pay dividends.

— LILLIAN MUNROE

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FEBRUARY FASHION GUIDE

. . . Now that you've bought all your valentines (and sent them overseas weeks ago, in keeping with the postmaster's dictum) here are some fast shopping hints calculated to make life that much easier for you.

A recent addition to the uptown shopping center is Marguerite's, a lovely restful shop located in the Statler Hotel. Miss Morrissey, who also has a Marguerite shop in Hyde Park, has selected a soft dusky rose and silver background for her clothes, and while you sit on a deep comfortable divan, smoking a cigarette from the box on a table beside you, she will show you slick sportswear, date dresses and tailleurs.

Best of all, considering the swank atmosphere, the prices are scaled to the business girls' budget; after all, a range of 12.70 to 25.00 never wounded any wallet, especially during these days of rocketing costs. Drop in at Marguerite's soon. You'll thank us for the tip.

Need a fur coat? Is your cloth coat getting a little mangy at the edges? Whether this is to be a fur or cloth year for you, Lamson & Hubbard at Boylston and Arlington is the place to satisfy your fondest wish.

Right now, their February Clearance Sale is in full swing, and you can snag a fur coat for as little as 198.00. Cloth coats are featured at 50.00 and even the dresses have been marked down, starting at 10.00. Your chance to get a lot for a little.

For quality and distinction, call at the House of Tweed at 130 Newbury Street. This is the shop that carries the line of Clarepotter, a fashion name synonymous with deft tailoring and unusual touches. One of her Belgian linens, for instance, is navy with a Mexican pink belt and collar and white stitching down the pleated front.

Typical of the under-fur-coat clothes shown by the House of Tweed is the *"roses de souvenirs"* dress, a striking number with French phrases printed in white on a black ground. And there are roses scattered throughout. *"Roses de souvenirs"*—get it?

Despite the fact that in the past few years every season has been a suit season, this year's collection at R. H. Stearns is really something for the fashion-minded to crow about.

Gone are the bleak severe lines that have distinguished previous modes. Instead, 1944 suits have come forth with new soft details that will endear them to every buyer.

To run through the styles briefly, Stearns is showing the cardigan, the weskit, the dressmaker, the bolero, the tunic, and the soft classic. In almost every case, the material is 100% new wool, and that, if anything, should clinch the bargain.

Those who know S. S. Pierce's own brand of cosmetics swear by them and rightly. This month, we want to tell you about their special hand cream. It's called Velvet Smooth and even the roughest pat-a-cakes will feel that way after a few applications. Two sizes: three and a half ounces for 50c; eight and a half for 89c.

And, if you prefer a lotion to a cream, try the S. S. P. almond hand lotion. Incidentally, both are excellent powder bases, too.

Custom-made pieces are the pride and joy of Jewel-Crest, Inc. at 376 Boylston Street where Betty Rae designs the kind of jewelry that dreams are made on.

For spring ensembles, Miss Rae suggests a personal monogram done in sterling, silver gild, or solid gold. And if you have any old stickpins kicking around, bring them in to her. Before you know it, she'll convert them to lovely spray pins or brooches. Not half as expensive as you might expect, either.

A real find in these days of "victory girdles" is the Sherman Corset Shop on West Street where Mrs. Sherman declares that her complete line of corsets, girdles, corselettes, and brassieres contains the necessary amount of elastic which is so important in an effective undergarment.

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That's the round for this month except, of course, for one more item. You know. Buy bonds.



"Oh! Did you call me, Mr. Grimby?"

COUSIN ELOISE

. . . "Be nice to Cousin Eloise," my mother had said, "She's misunderstood."

For a fellow who had been in the islands of the South Pacific for almost a year even the prospect of being nice to the little, noisy kid he remembered from ten years ago would be easy enough. Any girl was worth being nice to. But the Eloise of ten years ago had turned out to be something far different from the person she seemed potentially to be then. Eloise was almost as tall as her Marine cousin and about as husky.

"She's misunderstood," my mother repeated, as if to make her defense of Eloise strong enough. A sort of cumulative method of defense.

So I wanted to be nice to Eloise. I wanted to help her because she was misunderstood, because she was such an over-grown tom-boy, and likely needed male companionship.

"Let's go for a hike," she suggested the first thing, and me home on a furlough to rest up! "I'll just jump into some togs."

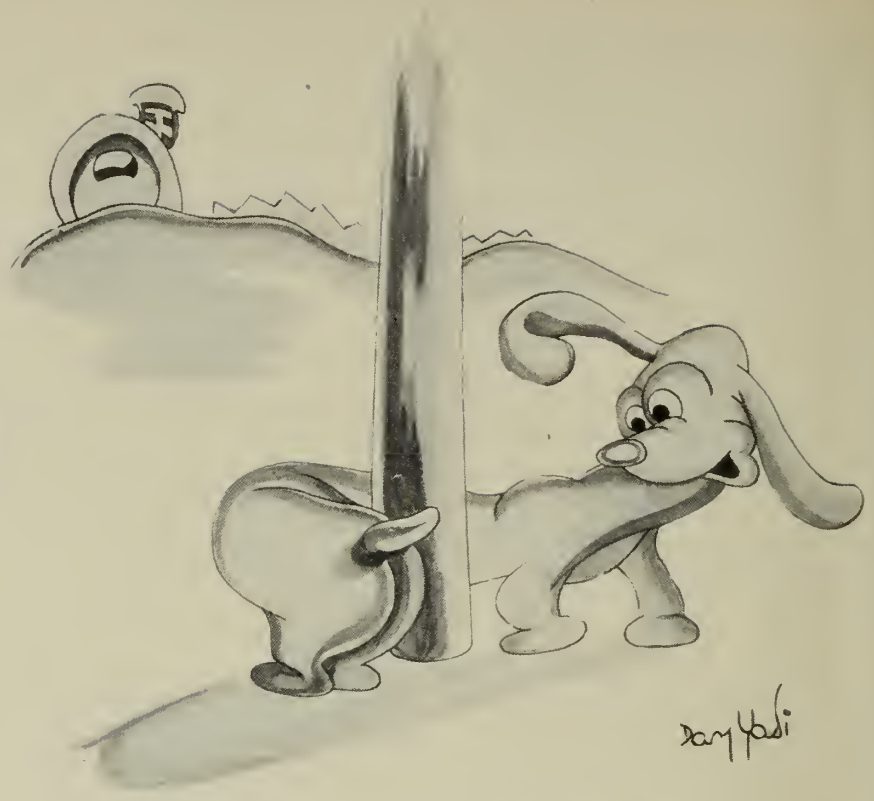
In a moment Eloise was beside me. She had put on a pair of men's knickers, a flannel shirt, and high boots.

"Let's start," she said.

And, with long strides that left me panting and gasping for breath, Eloise was hurrying over hill and dale, jumping fences, wading creeks and digging her way through underbrush. What had been work for me in the islands Eloise made a sport. Down a mile stretch of gravel roads she swooped, never stopping to look right or left. Eloise never stopped to hunt for bittersweet along the fence, nor old nests in the low bushes. She didn't stop to listen to the birds, nor to follow them about. Eloise hiked and by that I mean she hiked. If the W.A.A.C. knew about her they'd have sent the whole army to enlist her. When we stopped on a hilltop Eloise said:

"Feel that leg. It's hard as rock. You could sharpen a knife on it."

I didn't want to sharpen a knife on it. I didn't even want to feel of it. I just wanted to rest, hoping Eloise wouldn't ask to feel of mine. But even if weariness hurled me to the earth, I'd be nice to Cousin Eloise.



"This seems to be the first time I've met you!"

"Can you really sharpen a knife on it? Why don't you?" I said sarcastically.

"It's a dare. I'll show you some time. But I need a little practicing."

That evening Eloise told me, "We're going to the dance over at the Country Club. You have to get out and see people living in style again. Do you good, after being with those natives, or were you with natives?"

I had no answer. All I could think of was an evening of dancing with Eloise. I didn't want to lug that pile of flesh around all evening. I knew I couldn't get anyone else to dance with her. But I was going to be nice with Eloise if it killed me.

That evening she came down to meet me. If Eloise ever strode into a room before, she strode in then. Her hair was puffed out all over her head. She wore a dress with white background for red polka dots. The dress was trimmed with bands of red, and huge red puffs at the shoulders and around the waist. She seemed twice as big as ever. Somehow she made me think of a telephone pole tied up in baby ribbon.

But I didn't have to lug Eloise around the dance floor. She did the lugging herself. She almost carried me around the ballroom. When the orchestra played a waltz Eloise did not slow down. She dipped, and whirled, and twisted, and squirmed, and jigged, and bounced, and jumped. I guess Eloise could jitterbug to a funeral march. Although I was supposed to be leading the dance it seemed to me I was still chasing Eloise over hill and dale as I had been doing all afternoon, though now it was jitterbugging or rumbling through a rhumba.

"I didn't want to wear hose tonight," she told me between two of the dances, "But I had to. See my leg."

Through the sheer hose I saw that Eloise's leg was bandaged. I felt a sudden pleasure. Could it be that this Amazon had the weakness of all flesh, after all? Could it be that she had sprained her leg, and was—or could now be classified as the clinging female?

"Later I'll tell you about it," she said, "Now let's dance."

After the dance Eloise suggested we find a beer joint. She liked beer, she said. The moment we arrived Eloise put her nickel in the machine

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and I was dragged onto the floor. From there we went to a hot-dog wagon on the corner. Eloise liked slumming and she didn't mind walking, since the car was put up. We tried Sloppy Joe's and from there we went to Greasy Dick's. Eloise wanted just one more little dance but it was four o'clock in the morning, so we decided we'd better find a cab and go home.

"It's so nice to have you along," she said, "You know you have to have protection in those places."

I said, "Huh," and kept thinking maybe I needed the protection, protection from Eloise.

I came down to breakfast about eleven o'clock the next morning. My mother came in from the living room to chat with me.

"I don't think you were nice to Eloise . . ." she said, and I could have shouted at her, "She . . . she seemed just a little tired this morning. You shouldn't have kept her out so late. You shouldn't have done that. You haven't said anything to hurt her, have you? You know how sensitive she is. She's misunderstood, you know."

"This morning?" I asked, "When did you see her? Is she up?"

"Yes, she's been up since about seven thirty. Or that's when I saw her. She had just come in from a morning's ride. Cook was scolding her for coming into the kitchen and using the meat knife. I don't know what Eloise was doing with it, but Cook said it had blood on it. Can't imagine."

I didn't tell my mother that I guessed Eloise had taken my dare and was practicing sharpening a knife on her very muscular legs. Nor did I tell my mother I'd wished she'd have cut the leg off.

"She might have been committing murder," I said to my mother.

"Now, don't be funny," my mother prompted, and then, "Oh, do be nice to Eloise. She's misunderstood." The cumulative defense, you know.

"Let Eloise be nice to me," I said, falling into a swoon, "Let Cousin Eloise be nice to me."

— Raymond Kresensky

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BISHOP INTO STONE

. . . The two-ton bishop soon will shift his immense white Vermont marble bulk from a Huntington avenue studio filled with Victorian devils, saints and gargoyles in plaster to his final resting place in an old whaling captain's New Bedford parlor. And if you think all of this is incongruous, you just haven't met Senhor Agostinho Rodrigues, a Portuguese sculptor who is artfully taking Boston by storm.

Rodrigues, a self-admitted genius quite ready to prove his right to a niche in the Hall of Fame through an evening's run of Port and argument, will be exceedingly happy when the symbolical likeness of dark-skinned Bishop Charles Manuel Grace, spiritual leader of 4,000,000 American Negroes who have resisted or transferred their allegiance from Father Divine, is off his long-fingered hands.

For then this personable young man with wavy black hair, soulful brown eyes that sparkle as he talks and that therefore sparkle most of the time, and an amiable habit of displaying without pressure an apparently inexhaustible fount of ideas concerning all the arts and not a little philosophy, will be able to turn to a slightly larger task, that of carving Boston Town to his own taste.

Rodrigues, scion of the hot-tempered Madeira Islands, is certain that he has something as ardent as the island wine to give this, his temporarily adopted city.

"Hombre, I do not expect to make money here," he declares, with appropriate gestures. "My stomach, the primary concern of the modern artist, is sure to be full for the next year. Therefore I am without worry. I am even disposed to be generous. I want to spend $10,000 of my own money on free lessons to children, or on constructive talks to convicts and others who might be making artificial limbs for returning soldiers, or on exhibits for galleries and museums which once were living and now are close to death.

"And what if nobody wants to listen to my theories, what if no one wants to see my creations? Very well, I will sit with them in the public parks; the passersby will have to look and learn.

"And if I make enemies, well, if you are surrounded by people who always say 'Yes,' who agree with you always, then you die.

"I will not die."

Now let us examine how Agostinho Rodrigues, the voluble, the volatile, the impressionable one, got that way.

First of all, bear in mind that he is no Salvador Dali. Though ebullient to an almost breath-taking degree, he is above all pranks in art. He abhors what he calls "Cubismo," a freakish cult that he considers to have been invented for failures. There is true intellect behind his art. If nobody wishes to look and to understand, so much the worse for them. The artist is not above bawling them out for their abysmal ignorance. . . .

"Tino" Rodrigues started his artistic career in Madeira by selling insular knickknacks and self-modelled fishes and animals. A lad of considerable push—so that he now looks back upon himself as "the most objectionable boy ever born on the island"—he was not above pulling prospective customers' coattails and hobbleskirts to attract attention to his wares.

Of these days he now says, "Why shouldn't I admit that I was a boy selling things on the streets? That was my masterpiece. For if a man once shined shoes and rose to become a great artist, it shows that he deserves fame, that he has a right to be somebody."

One day a German-Jewish scientist sent to the island by the Portuguese government to re-organize Madeira's zoological exhibits felt a tremendous tug at his own coattails. He turned round and saw little Rodrigues, who even at that time would not admit himself to be small.

It may have been those sparkling eyes, or perhaps the ingeniously contrived sculpture on Tino's tray. At any rate, the boy became the protege



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Agostinho Rodrigues

of the German, Dr. Gunther Maul, and for eight years he looked up to the man as his master.

Intensive instruction propelled Tino to Lisbon, where, with his natural verve and gusto, he arrived with something of the force of a tidal wave. The national house of art, Museo de Bocage, took him up. The University of Oporto sent him to London to enter a competition to model fish and animals for the British Museum. He won. Then he did T. S. Eliot, the Anglicized poet; Lord Lloyd, late minister of colonies, and various Chelsea, Soho and Piccadilly celebrities.

This success almost miraculously led to a government scholarship to study in America. For seven months, with a somewhat canny idea that he would improve his own art thereby, Tino Rodrigues worked free of charge for Roy Chapman Andrews in Manhattan's Museum of Natural History. "I would do anything from scrubbing floors, skinning crocodiles to stuffing dinosaurs," he says.

Then wealthy Bishop Grace, a character as prodigious as his statue, got hold of Tino through some mutual New Bedford friends for the creation of the little parlor ornament. Seven months ago, the artist came to Boston, hired space in the archaic, model-filled architectural firm of John Evans in Huntington avenue, and started pruning four tons of marble into a two-ton effigy of the African ecclesiastic.

It is a remarkable piece, no matter which way you look at it. And slightly awkward to handle.

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The mentor of his devout flock is shown with flowing locks, a spiritual expression and the symbolic head of a young girl at his right marsupial side. Rodrigues considers the piece to be his true masterpiece, and he is probably right. At any rate, the bishop is crazy about it. He can hardly wait to have it installed in the parlor of the "palace" he recently purchased, at $20,000 plus, in conservative old New Bedford.

Although Tino thinks that he will try miniature sharks the next time, a two-ton statue has hardly staggered him. He is perfectly willing to sit with one in his lap in Boston's Public Garden.

He has planned a monumental assembly of many such pieces in memory of Dr. Rafael Trujillo, late president of the Dominican Republic. This affair would fill not an entire parlor but an entire Dominican city square. More than anything, it would be a true token of the gigantic imagination of Senhor Agostinho Rodrigues.

— LAWRENCE DAME.

•

THE OLD DOG'S DAY

. . . AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER in a certain town suffered being bitten by a dog.

Too late, the dog, being ordered shot and his brain examined, was pronounced to have had rabies.

Nothing could be done for the victim, so it was the duty of the doctor to tell the man that he would die of hydrophobia before many days.

The poor old fellow took the bad news most strangely. Not as a stunning blow, but, seemingly, as something he almost welcomed.

For days he wandered about the town with a notebook and a pencil in his hands. Now and then he would stop before a house and set down something in the book.

Finally a fellow townsman, greatly pitying and still more curious, asked him what he was doing. He guessed he was collecting the names and addresses of friends whom he wanted invited to his funeral.

"No. No, it ain't that," explained the queer old one. "I'm making up a list of people I'm goin' to bite."

— M. M. KINNEY

STASIAK, THE "POLISH LION"

. . . THE ORIGINATOR and clown prince of rhythmic rassling was Stanley Stasiak, a "Polish Lion," who preferred to be horizontal rather than right.

He was the first gripster to see the value of deliberately and openly antagonizing the customers. Hitherto, all rasslers adhered to the heroics. "But," in the Stasiak logic, "if they like you, they may or may not pay in to see you work. On the other hand, if they hate you, they will ride and walk miles and dig down in their jeans for top prices, for the opportunity to razz you." To Stasiak, it was a sure thing for a big profit, this being a menace, and he amply proved it. He became the most despised and most ridiculed individual in bone crushing history.

Sizzling Stanislaus (his right handle) was the first mat madman. He pioneered in throwing referees and opponents out of the ring. He was the first to leave an adversary, shake his fists at the jeering crowd, and challenge his tormentors. Simulating rage of the most violent type, he would run up and down the ring and even into the aisles of the auditorium, offering, first to take on any ten men in the house. Finally, he would widen his challenge scope to include everybody within hearing of his Polish accented voice.

At every stand, he had to have ponce protection, and he really took chances with his life and safety in exciting mob movement. On a number of occasions, he was somewhat roughly handled, and was struck by missiles considerably more potent than mere words. But, to offset these disadvantages, the cash rewards soared to record volume.

Just for burlesquing, Stasiak was getting a thousand per cent more than he had received for rassling. Technically, he was a good rassler, and likewise, technically, he was quite an actor. He would stamp out of a ring in a mighty rage, the heat radiating out from his florid face and almost hairless dome, to his dressing room. There, the scowl was promptly replaced by a grin, and he would chirp to those in the inner sanctum with him, "How was the old act tonight, fellows?"

If you saw only the business side of Stasiak, the voluble villain, you would be convinced he was a hopelessly brutal, domineering braggart. A menace to civilization.

But this professional bearer of bad news, had another side he tried to keep under cover. At least, from the rassling customers.

He was a great lover of children and dogs. Regardless of where he traveled in the course of his hippodroming, he made it a point to cultivate the friendship of boys and girls. He would walk into a store, would this giant ambassador of ill will, and make a heavy purchase of candy, fruit, nuts, gum, etc. Then distribute all immediately to a group of children he saw nearby. His chief pleasure while at home in Cambridge, Mass., was to buy sweets and fruit for youngsters playing on the streets, on vacant lots or in playgrounds. His big mastiff, frequently following Stasiak, was used as a free taxi by the children. Like its master, the huge dog looked and acted tough but was plenty soft under the skin. Often, there would be two or three little ones on the canine's back and two or three in Stasiak's arms and clinging to his back. All slobbering over his best togs with the hands stuck up with the candy provided by him.

He would send ice cream, fruit and candy, to hospitals for children in various centres he visited in presenting his act. Eatables would also be furnished homes for orphaned and deserted boys and girls. There would also be sports equipment and footwear. Stasiak's basic enjoyment was in fraternizing with children. But his was no Jekyll and Hyde personality. He was always kind and generous and his rassling performance was just an act. One that never failed to click anywhere in the numerous cities played by Stasiak.



His routine for steaming up the crowd was not always the same. He developed new stunts as he discarded their predecessors. One that was durable was to heave the referee out of the ring. For this number, the stage was set by the villain putting a synthetic stranglehold on his partner, beg pardon, foe. The referee tried to break the hold, whereupon Stasiak picked up the one-man-supreme-court, and dropped him into the first row of customers at the ringside. The X marking the spot consisted of two blubber coated men, who caught the ref and the latter was uninjured. To make this number sure fire in arousing the crowd, the referee was always much smaller than Stasiak. For instance, the first ref to get the heave, was George Tuohey, 5 feet, 5, and 120. Stasiak provided a sharp contrast with his 6 feet, 1, and 250. Tuohey, also, was Stasiak's senior by about 25 years. The gray hair applying an extra stimulant in setting the audience on fire.

If the customers had been in thinking mood, they would have noticed a weak spot in this number. For, in grabbing, flooring and tossing the little ref, the big villain had his back to his opponent. But, the opponent made no move to flatten him. Something there would have been an excellent opportunity to do. No, the party of the second part in the act, just looked on, until Stasiak turned around and resumed rassling.

Very often, Stasiak would deliberately interrupt the gripping with his partner, to bellow at the crowd. This would bring a roar of Bronx cheers, boos, derisive shouts. Perhaps, some empty bottles, stones, hot dogs (with and without the buns) hats, etc. To further his development of hostility to him, he would speak in broken English. In fact, most of the words would be severely bent and twisted as well as broken. This, although, he could, really, speak English with only a trace of accent on Polish, if he wished. But, he put the polish on his English on the street, and the Polish on his English in the ring.

— WILLIAM MCNULTY

THEATRE REVIEW



. . . Small Bobby Clark, a great man among the comedians of the world, arrives at rehearsals for a new show with a satchel in his hand. In the satchel are sets of false teeth, tiny canes, vast cigars, hats little and large and crayon enough for the spectacles which he will of course, paint onto his face. These are his working equipment. With these he can, in a solemn and systematic way, evolve or create masterworks of ludicrous low comedy.

With these, as rehearsals progress, he experiments. He fumbles. He tries the false teeth for one scene, a tiny cane for another, discards both, comes up with a wig that looks like an oriole's nest from the bottom of his cache. Like a great painter trying to discover by trial and error the exact shade of color he needs for a portrait, he works his way through his little bag till he has achieved at last what will seem on the stage the maddest kind of spontaneous lunacy.

For "Mexican Hayride," he used the same old bag of tricks and came up with a succession of wonderfully cuckoo comic portraits. He began, of course, as a pompous man of means. For that is his favorite characterization, or caricature. He is, in this, a Babbitt-baiter. With his too big cigar and his too assured manner, he mocks at the high and mighty, at all these Americans who feel that their position, or place, or money, makes them figures of importance. He affects a pompous tone of voice; he waves the cigar and puffs with grandiloquent gestures. He leans over backwards as he postures and struts and puffs up like a peacock. He assails the heavy swells and demolishes them as has no other caricaturist of the American scene.

Since he is versatile and fast enough to keep abreast of any script, he presently changes of course, into someone else. His heavy swell is exposed as a numbers racketeer and proceeds then to sell a less limber witted conniver a notion for dabbling in the Mexican lottery—illegally.

When he and this other fellow are caught at it, he becomes a fugitive from justice in Mexico, flying from pursuit in a series of disguises that stir up some of the wildest laughter this side of the funny house.

In one scene he appears in a pea green coverall, something like a child's snow suit, with huge green buttons. He is a street musician now and from the bottom of his little satchel he has brought up a flute on which he plays tiny, silly tunes, as he leads a band of four awkward, shy, timidly smiling Mexican musicians.

When he is revealed in this mad garb and pursued, he leaps into a dry river bed with a gay bounce.

"This," he says, with magnificent injured dignity, as he slowly arises, "is a heluva time to drain the river!" and disappears, to return again as a Mexican woman peddler of frijoles, a bewigged hag with false teeth (the satchel never fails) a large chest measurement (oh, wonderful satchel!) and the inevitable cigar.

People said the book of "Mexican Hayride" was unsatisfactory. That is so silly. The book of *every* musical comedy, not excepting "Oklahoma," is unsatisfactory. What difference does it make when you can have Bobby Clark to romp through it on his two little legs, to leer like a wicked, slightly demented dandy at the ladies, to leap from one disguise to another!

What are lines anyway, what is a test, as compared with a satched that can yield such fabulous costumed pranks and a wit and comical artistry that can beget laughter that runs through an entire evening like a rushing river?

Oh, there are pretty girls in "Mexican Hayride" and beautiful costumes and handsome scenery; and there are good Cole Porter tunes, like "I Love You" and comic songs like "There Must Be Someone For Me." But all these things are background.

In the foreground, teeth set in a phony smile, eyes bulging with sly intentions, and a satchel in his hand, is Bobby Clark, who makes it all uproarious, hilarious and successful.

If it is a long leap from "Mexican Hayride" to "The Cherry Orchard," it is worth making in the interest of the drama. This "Cherry Orchard" is the Carly Wharton-Margaret Webster production, which stars Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut, which makes it rather a tangle of names, don't you think?

Names or no, it is interesting. For Miss Le Gallienne and Miss Webster and any of the others with producing rights got together many fine players for their revival of the play and gave it a lavish sendoff.

Like all the other Chekov dramas, the good ones, that is, this is a subtle play and one not easily evoked. If properly done, it can stir a feeling of strong and tingling emotion in the beholder, something rather thrilling and exciting. It is unconventional in form, lacking anything like a proper story or plot, lacking the suspense or the sense of combat which informs the

usual fine play. But it is definitely a work of art, a dramatic mosaic made of little lines and scenes which must all be set down with proper emphasis on each.

It suggests a symphony, wherein you need great individual artists all of whom subordinate their own talents to an integrated playing of the whole piece.

Miss LeGallienne's company had done a pretty fair job of it when their production reached here, but not all the performances were yet as good as might be and the whole thing needed to be much more closely integrated.

Ernest Pascal's play, "Peepshow" arrived here in bad shape. The third act was obviously in need of rewriting, the cast seemed to be acting without direction in much of the last two acts. Since this comedy of adultery is no great shakes by itself, owing whatever value it may have to the use of a device, that was unfortunate.

The device is a personalized conscience. Conscience, in the person of another actor who wears the same costumes, follows the play's Casanova through his adventures, rebuking, reprimanding, jibing, warning and jesting.

One should have gone back, of course, to see just how they repaired it after the premiere; to determine if, with rewriting and rehearsing, it emerged as something better. But having laughed moderately at the jokes, or the joke (the idea of the conscience) it was too much of a chore.

Thus conscience doth make laggards of us all.

— Elliot Norton

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BOSTON

FEBRUARY ENTERTAINMENT

. . . Contrary to the news from New York—of the dearth of name talent available—Boston is still on the stellar list for the best entertainment attractions possible. And as usual, D. B. Stanbro of the Statler, Chauncey Depew Steele of the Copley Plaza, Arki-Yavensonne of the Fensgate, and Michael Redstone of the Mayfair and Latin Quarter are providing it.

This is not, of course, to say that the other excellent spots—the Touraine, Essex, Avery, the Music Box at the Copley Square Hotel, and the Lenox—are not giving the best. It is simply that the big names in show business are featured by the astute gentlemen above.

. . . At the Statler's superb Terrace Room, the month of February sees Russell Swan, the famous magician, bowing in on February 7th for a three-week stay. He is one of the best in his highly specialized field, and his smooth work is certain to make your visit here worthwhile. On the same show with him will be a well-known dance team, whose names are synonymous with top work.

. . . Continuing the parade of big names at the Mayfair, Michael Redstone brings in Johnny Howard for a February starring spot. Johnny Howard has made an excellent reputation for himself in Hollywood and in the swankier boites along the east coast. He is certain to score big at the Mayfair.

One relatively unpublicized feature of the Mayfair is the Curtain Dinner. The idea behind this, astutely enough, is to assure the diner-out of an excellent dinner and a complete show before curtain time at local theatres. Since the food is excellent, the floor show tops, and the prices for same starting at $1.50, the Curtain Dinner idea is clicking big with those who appreciate the clever arrangement.

By way of added information, the chef at the Mayfair is a man of international fame. He is, to put it mildly, an artist in his own line. This means, of course, that you'll get the best in food as well as entertainment.

. . . Opening at the Latin Quarter on February 6, the customary fine show there more than outdid itself. Don Arden, director and producer of the "line" numbers has long been tops at his work. It is his theory—and a wise one—that music, lights, costumes and numbers should be tied together to tell a story. This, as usual, has been done with the February 6th show.

In addition, Ross and LaPierre, a comedy team, Gaynor and Ross in a breath-taking roller skating act, Corday and Tiano's fine work as a dance team, and Foli Miller, a tap dancer with the liveliest feet since Bill Robinson snagged all honors for same.

This magnificent theatre restaurant, for your information, provides grand food, super service, and one of the best-rounded, unusual floor shows you could ask for. A "must" on the Book of Bostonians.

. . . At the Hotel Touraine's rich Renaissance Room, the policy is excellent food and fine entertainment. Although not featuring famous names, the room, the food, and the show (plus Pat Sands sound and versatile music) add up to top entertainment in a setting that is different from any other room around town.

In the floor shows for February, the Touraine has planned what amounts to a sure thing for sock entertainment. The June Taylor Girls and a revue planned by June Taylor herself assures the best in carefully balanced fun. Wisely, the management has given the attractive Miss Taylor the "green light" to provide the best of the available talent. Her miniature revues, masterfully produced, have registered outstanding success in New York and on the west coast. In Boston, they are a refreshing change from more stereotyped entertainment.

. . . The Satire Room, in the Fensgate Hotel, has kept a very high standard of entertainment at all times. Although this small and superb room is known as the most expensive in these parts, the tariff is well worth it. If you'll glance back over your mem-



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ory book, you'll recall the parade of top performers who have been seen here and only here in Boston.

In January, Imogene Coca bowed into the Satire Room. So smashing was her success, that Arki, shrewdly enough, is holding her over as long as possible. Imogene Coca, by the way, is the mistress of satire. In the Satire Room, logically enough, she is more than at home. She should be a fixture. Her satirical impressions of the singer with more arrangements behind her than she has voice is an hilarious tour de force. A rare mimic, Imogene Coca is worth every cent and every moment you spend in the Satire Room.

. . . Moving downtown or getting ready to leave town on the South Station iron horses, you couldn't do better than take in the show and dine at the Hotel Essex. This hotel, under Bill Creagh's effective management, is developing rapidly into one of the most attractive and friendly spots in Boston. The entertainment, music and food are excellent, and while no famous-name policy is followed, the shows are well-balanced and good fun. There's almost the feeling of a country club evening of entertainment and dancing here, and that's a good feeling at any time.

. . . Last, but not least, the Hotel Avery's Cameo Room, with Tommy Carr on the band-stand and guests taking part in hilarious musical games offers an evening that is different. Carr's orchestra, though small, is good, and when last seen, the guests were having a bang-up good time playing games on the dance floor.

. . . Not strictly in the entertainment-dancing-dining category, but well worth while is the upstairs cocktail lounge of Dinty Moore's. There's a girl there who plays fine piano, and Joe Miron, behind the bar, is one of the few bartender-artists in these parts. Well worth while to take a look at his work adorning the walls here.

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LATIN QUARTER

THE FIRST MONDAY IN MARCH

. . . Along about the time sap begins to run free in the maples and the mail carrier stuffs each roadside box with the bright promise of seed catalogs, town meeting time comes in New England. It always is somewhat of a shock for those of us who were born and brought up in these parts to realize that town meeting is a purely New England pastime. The lack of it in the background of politicians from less enlightened states undoubtedly explains their odd behavior in Washington.

Town meeting is a serious business. It is not a glorified forum like the grossly misnamed radio program. What the town votes to do determines the tax rate for the coming year, and who will run things, and how they will be run. No matter where they are held, they're apt to be the same, whether under the control of the Swedes of Stockholm, Maine, or the Poles of Union, Connecticut, or the Puritans of Craftsbury, Vermont. And the Armenian of Watertown, Massachusetts, talks as fervently and sincerely about New England traditions as does the Anglo-Saxon of Jamestown, Rhode Island.

Yet for all that, town meeting day is a holiday, and everyone from the youngest baby to the oldest grandpaw attends. The first article is the choosing of a moderator. Frequently the contest is hot, but in many places the act is a formality, and everyone knows ahead of time who will be chosen.

Although there are no rules about it, in many towns opposing factions will sit on opposite sides of the hall. Almost always, there's some old man who feels called upon to speak on practically every motion, and his, "Mr. Moderator," is a signal for his audience to start gossiping or to begin figuring the probable tax rate while he says nothing with a great many words.

Such a man had been the bane of every meeting for years in a town not far from Boston. When he died, the town fathers gave a sigh of relief, but the next year, the old man's son showed up, took the seat his dad had always occupied, and his "Mr. Moderator," introduced speeches even more long winded and more pointless than his father's had been.

Something no one from foreign parts of the United States can ever understand is the way a meeting will vote large sums of money without hardly any debate and then quarrel over a relatively small amount for a couple of hours. Brookline has a representative town meeting, and two or three years ago, after they had voted thousands of dollars in a ten minute period, they argued twice as long over an appropriation of a few hundred to be used to keep the municipal John-and-Mary at Brookline Village open. The debate was fast and furious, and brought forth from the onlookers in the gallery a number of pertinent statements, including the fervent hope that certain of the town meeting members might get caught short in that vicinity around three A.M. if the article were defeated.

Going to town meetings as an onlooker can get to be as much a habit as attending burlesque shows, though it's somewhat harder to do. Many places refuse to allow visitors, though usually you can get some town official to vouch for you. One year my husband and I spent almost all of a beautiful June day pursuing elusive selectmen all over the island of Nantucket to get permission to attend a special town meeting which had been called for that night. In the end, no one challenged our right to be there, and it hardly proved worth our time. It must have been one of the shortest meetings ever held. Two minutes after it was called to order, the business had been taken care of and the meeting was adjourned. Half the town arrived after it was all over.

The following month in northern Maine we attended a meeting that, for sheer entertainment, topped them all. The meeting had been called for seven o'clock in order to see if the town would vote to allow the local ball team to practice on the school grounds on Sunday. It was back before the war brought an end to one of Maine's most bitter feuds, between the fast-timers and the slow-timers. The question of Daylight vs. Standard time was left to the communities to decide, and it led to all sorts of troubles because in lots of the smaller towns, the village folks went on daylight and the farmers stayed on standard. Sometimes even in single families one rugged individualist would set his watch differently.

At five of seven fast time that night, it became apparent that the supporters of the Sunday baseball article had a decided edge on their more conservative brethren. Where upon the conservatives declared that



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the meeting had been called for seven o'clock slow time, and they sent out scouts to drag in supporters. During the next hour there was a constant counting of noses and wracking of brains to make certain that every last partisan had been rounded up.

When the meeting got under way, the oratory, while one sided, was worth travelling miles to hear. One of the local ministers told the tear-jerking story of a small boy who'd been run over and killed by an autoist who was on his way to a Sunday game, and he had the streets of the town dripping with mingled tears and blood, should such unholy doings be allowed. The second minister was somewhat more moderate. He warned of the evils which went with Sunday baseball, swearing and drinking, and things which would not bear mentioning, and he ended plaintively that besides, his house was next to the school grounds, and the noise kept him from enjoying his Sunday afternoon nap.

By the time the question was called, the motion had gotten so cluttered and fussed up that no one was quite certain just how to vote. They tried counting hands, but no one was sure whether yes meant no or yes. So the moderator had them stand up in groups, but that got pretty confusing. When the meeting was adjourned, both sides believed firmly they had won, and everyone left happy and contented with the workings of democracy.

Just how completely democratic the town meeting is in actual practice is a moot question. It's probably the nearest practical expression of democracy in action in the United States. Your New Englander doesn't worry about that. As Louise Dickinson Rich said of it in *We Took to the Woods*, "We get self-respect and the right to spit in anyone's eye and tell them to go climb a tree," and that sums up the values of town meeting about as well as anything.

— Lucia Barber.

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RADIO RADCLIFFE

. . . NEWEST EXPRESSION of rugged individualism in Cambridge is Radio Radcliffe, incubator for air-wave minded girls at the college there. In the eight months of its existence, it has beamed varied programs to the dormitories nightly, including such "elderly" features as interviews with local celebrities. As a token of its success, many "verbal" fan letters have been received from girls delighted with the music and plays broadcast especially for them.

Since organization last summer, Radio Radcliffe, serving the college and Harvard exclusively via the electric system, has included on its regular program five minute AP dispatches, original plays, concert and swing music plus interviews with prominent men. This latter, while only a part of the program set-up, is an unusual novelty in a girls' college.

In addition to the regular format of the nightly programs, certain features have been planned to make life easier for the student audience. These features include "Music to Read By," an hour of soothing classical selections, and a program of records which are required fare for those taking music courses.

Among the men who have been interviewed informally on Radcliffe's air-waves are Arthur Fiedler, conductor of Boston Symphony's Pop Concerts; E. Power Biggs, well-known organist; Rudolph Elie, Jr., Music and drama critic of the *Boston Herald*.

According, however, to Ronnie Phoenix, president of Radio Radcliffe, the chief contribution to the college has been the advertisement-less programs. In addition to that, it is the station's opinion that a further listener service has resulted in bringing an enlightened approach to jazz to the college by featuring small bands, "a more spontaneous and closer approach to the pure jazz form than name bands," according to Miss Phoenix.

An offshoot of Harvard's Crimson Network, Radio Radcliffe was first started last July when appreciative members of the Harvard station gave the Radcliffe girls who had been broadcasting with them the necessary equipment for their own network. Now, the harmony is even more complete. Radio Radcliffe and the Crimson Network Radio change programs via a leased wire connecting the colleges, and frequently cooperate in presenting plays.

As a bit of incidental intelligence, Radcliffe and Harvard are the only colleges, so far as records show, equipped for regular interchange of broadcasts.

The rest is silence.



Ronnie Phoenix at the mike, Eileen Ellis at the control panel.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

. . . Anxiously David looked down the length of the street car as soon as they got on. Was anybody sitting in the round seat at the back? Running ahead of his mother while she fumbled in her purse for the tokens, he gave a little whoop as he saw it was empty. By the time she got back to him he was sitting there happily, his feet kicking back and forth inches from the floor, his small back pressed firmly against the impossible curve of the low cane cushion.

He patted the seat beside him for her to sit down. "Look, Mom," he cried, "we've got the whole seat to ourselves!"

Sitting, she smiled and said, "Why do you always have to sit here, Davie? It's the most uncomfortable place in the car."

"I dunno. Look, Mom!" He squirmed around. "The back window's open, and everything!"

He put his arm on the top one of the two rods that crossed the open window, and resting his chin on it gazed raptly at the constantly receding activities of the summer Saturday afternoon. They were in the middle of the shopping district now, and there was lots to look at: people, shop windows, cars.

Another street car nearly caught up with them, and every time their car would stop, the other motorman would see how close he could bring his car without actually touching theirs, inching it forward with little sideward motions of the control lever. Once David thought it was really going to touch, and knelt up on the seat to look down and see. But it didn't quite, and when he looked up the motorman grinned at him and shook his head. He wasn't over three feet away. David looked at his mother to see if she had observed this wonderful occurrence, and she smiled and nodded. After that the motorman was his friend, and David felt quite disappointed when the other car had to turn off on a different route.

He turned around and began looking at the three library books his mother held in her lap, twisting his small neck sideways. "Gee, these are honeys, Mom," he cried.

"Which do you like best, David—stories about Commandos or about airplanes?" she smiled.

"Gosh, I dunno. Airplanes, I guess. No, Commandos. You know what's best, Mom? When our soldiers get landed by plane in enemy territory, like in the movie this afternoon. Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!" He imitated the sound of a machine gun, swinging its imaginary muzzle in a semi-circle before him.

"Shhh, Davie!" said his mother, as the woman on the aisle in the seat ahead turned and smiled at him.

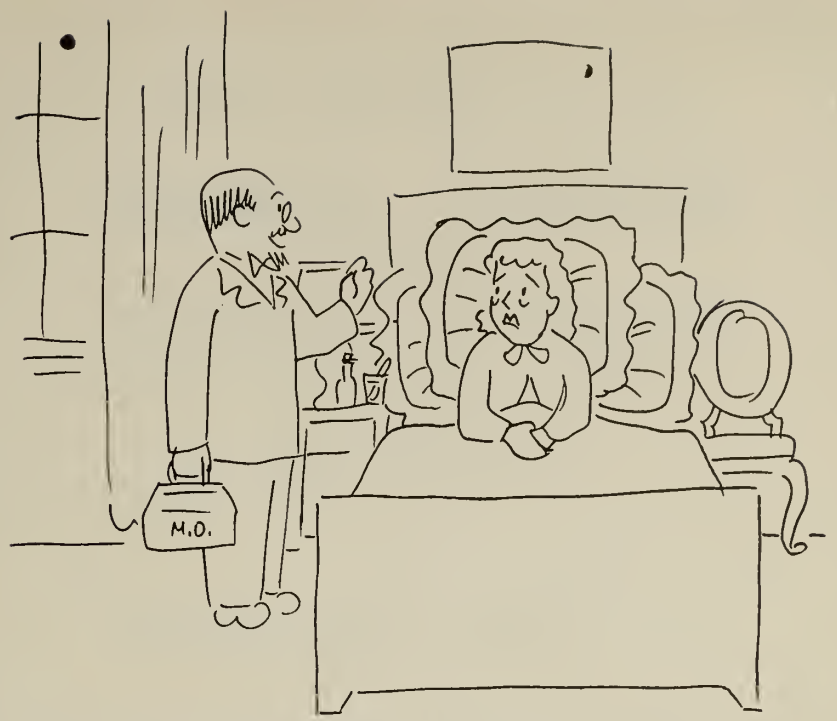
David pressed close to his mother and whispered in her ear, "Mom, isn't that the lady who was ahead of us in the line at the library? Look, she's got a book on her lap."

His mother nodded, pressing a finger to her lips.

"Mom," said David, "when we get off the car will you get me a double-dip cone at Schaller's?"

"Now, David, you know we'll be having your birthday dinner before long. You don't want to disappoint Daddy by not eating lots of the cake I made, do you?"

"Aw, gee, Mom, it won't spoil my appetite. Besides, you said I could have everything I wanted on my birthday."



"Die? Why, my dear Mrs. Chauncey, that will be the last thing you will do!"

"Well . . ." she yielded. "It isn't every day a young man gets to be eight years old." She put her arm affectionately around his skinny little-boy body, and hugged him to her.

"You've had a good time on your birthday, haven't you, David?"

"Have I ever, Mom!" He submitted to being kissed on top of the head.

The street car rattled on out of the business district. David wrinkled his nose at that funny smell you always smelled on street cars. Daddy told him once it was from the brakes, and the sand the motorman released on them to make them take hold better. He didn't like it very well.

Suddenly he sat up and stretched his neck toward the seat ahead. "Mommy," he cried, "that lady got off and left her library book on the seat!"

A man who was sitting by the window of the seat in question heard him and picked up the book just as his mother half rose to get it.

"If you'll give it to me, please, I'll turn it in at the library," his mother said.

The man flipped the pages of the book, not looking up or paying any attention to her outstretched hand.

"Or you could phone the library," David's mother said.

The man looked up then. He was a big man, with a thick skin and heavy

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lips. "Listen, lady," he said, "will you keep your God damn mouth shut? I know enough to take care of this book without any advice from you."

He turned back to the book, and David's mother sat down. David looked at her wonderingly. Why didn't she do something? The man had insulted her, and everybody sitting at that end of the car had heard him. Why didn't any of them do anything?

His mother's eyes were very bright, and he noticed that her chin was trembling. Her lips were tight shut.

David felt himself getting red. He ought to get up and hit the man. If he hit him from behind, suddenly, he'd probably be able to knock him out, maybe kill him, the way the Commando had done in the movie. Or even if those things didn't happen, all the people around would hit the man and probably throw him off the car if he dared to hit a little boy.

Yet David sat there, digesting his humiliation, because he knew he was only eight years old and couldn't really do anything about it. Or was he a coward? What must everyone be thinking of him?

If the man would only get up and leave the car! Instead he just sat there, looking out the window now, the book in his lap, as block after block went by and nobody did anything.

At last it was their block, and David and his mother made their way past the man without looking at him and got off the front of the car. The man was looking out the window when the car passed them, but he didn't seem to see them, David noticed.

They were almost home before his mother said, "Why, David, we forgot to get your double-dip ice cream cone at Schaller's." It was the first time she had spoken since the man had found the book. She had to swallow once in the middle of her sentence.

"I guess I don't want it now," David said. "It's too near dinner time."

— ARTHUR COON

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IN THE BOOKSTALLS

. . . HAVING LIVED to the prodigious age of thirty, and having written countless unpublished articles, poems, plays, essays, novels, criticisms, comedies, fantasies, short stories, short-short stories, sonnets, dialogues, masques, and bits of prose and verse, and having read countless more, I have come to the conclusion that while tons and tons of manuscripts better destroyed are processed by publishers, magazines, periodicals, newspapers and journals, the best stuff, during the lifetime of its author, gets printed by some established house.

There are exceptions, but, all in all, cases like those of the Rev. Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., and Miss Emily Dickinson are few and far between and their posthumous publication and popularity can hardly be said to bear on the question, the more because they did not want to be published and I am considering here that legion of nameless persons who scribble earnestly and indefatigably and feel that their genius is being deliberately ignored by brute editors and greedy publishers. It will do no good to urge upon me the argument that no one can know the worth of the mass of manuscripts hidden away or lost to the ages, for I will not be turned from my opinion.

I have become thus obdurate by a perusal of some of the privately printed books which glut the bookstalls of the city, put out undoubtedly by piqued authors who felt their judgment as opposed to that of purblind editors and publishers' readers, would be confirmed by popular taste and approbation of knowing critics which somehow failed to occur.

Two of the books I have read are plays. One was entitled "Men of Merchant's Row" and underscored as a "play about old Boston," by a Boston man and the other "Tomorrow Never Comes" by an I. Francis Gregory who lives in Maine, I believe. The name of the author of the first play slips my mind and the book itself has slipped my hand. I do not believe either play was ever produced; the second one may have been.

The Maine playwright has three deaths occur on stage. In the first part of the play an artist who has been living with a woman for some years strangles her after learning she plans to leave him. The dialogue then proceeds brightly to reveal that the great attorney engaged to defend the artist in court is seeking to divorce his wife and marry his secretary who is also his mistress.

The play ends with an uproarious scene in the death house of the State penitentiary where before the eyes of the audience the artist is electrocuted. I don't know if it is a common practise of attorneys to sit in on the electrocution of their unfortunate clients. I know it would be almost impossible for the wife of the attorney to horn her way in on the execution and sit through it unknown to her husband. This the attorney's wife manages to do. After the electrocution, she arises from the spectators' benches and shoots her husband with a revolver. All in all a busy morning. To add reality to the scene the author's directions call for the dying attorney to cough blood. Having done this, he expires.

If this play was ever produced, it should not have been.

The plot of the other play is fascinating. A colonial gentleman is thrown from his horse on the way to his wedding. He suffers a traumatic amnesia. The bride-to-be having been stood up as a result, ups and marries a sinister man-about-town to whom she had been previously engaged. There is a lot of side-play and what not until finally eighteen years later up comes our ailing hero, still a little foggy and still on the same horse, which gets livelier with age. He dismounts and charges into the room where the daughter of his bride-that-should-have-been and the sinister man-about-town is about to be married. Thinking he is living in the world of eighteen-years-before, he is all confused because of the likeness of the daughter to the girl he had known; and the likeness of the mother to the girl he had known.

This unusual set of circumstances is set forth in dialogue, which is rather dull with the main speeches going to minor characters, and the whole interspersed with colonial ballads which I assume were written by the author of the play, and which I should hate to hear sung.

I am sure that a jury of authors would condemn both plays.

I cite plays in this weary monologue because there are probably more unpublished, unplayed plays around than anything else, the fuming authors of which probably suspect themselves the victims of some giant conspiracy against good material. Many of them, no doubt, believe that could they afford to publish their works privately and circulate them about, they would ultimately come to the attention of someone who would seize upon them and make all concerned famous and justly rich.

The sore fact is that those that are so published and so circulated come only to gather dust on the shelves of some sympathetic drama critic (who has three unpublished and unproduced plays himself) or sift through indifferent hands to the bookstalls and thus to oblivion.

Literature, like murder, will out. Great writing will sprout through the grass and will not be choked by the sinuous, weedy greed of publishers and starving editors.

—HERBERT A. KENNY



Annabella, starring in Theatre Guild production of Werfel's "Jacobowsky and The Colonel" which opened at the Plymouth Theatre, January 31, for a two week engagement.

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It was probably the adventuresome spirit of her paternal grandfather which lured Frances Landry to leave a well-paid, comfortable position, to be among the first women to respond to the call of her country in service directly assisting the war effort. Her grandfather, a shrewd and fearless trader, sailed the seven seas from Cape Breton to the West Indies, when sailing was dangerous and trading unpredictable and daring. To the simple fisher folk of Cape Breton, he returned yearly with his spoils, as proudly as a victorious warrior from the battles and his lusty stories of adventure and narrow escapes rang in the streets of the small village. One day, he returned no more and the natives said of him . . . "he died with his shoes on. That's the way old Captain Landry would want to go."

No wonder then that his granddaughter joined the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps when Colonel Hobby sent out the first recruiting call and no wonder that she now wears the olive green service ribbon which designates that she rejoined when the Army took over. The WACs who wear this bar are proud of it, for it shows, they say, that some women don't change their minds. No wonder too, that Frances started her army life as an auxiliary but is now, in slightly over a year, a first lieutenant in the Anti-Air Craft service in her home town of Boston. Her job is that of civilian personnel officer and means that she is a liaison officer between the volunteer civilians who work on the various shifts at the Boston Information Center and the Army which has complete control of the Center and its work. From various volunteers who have worked at the Center with her, comes the general opinion that everyone likes Lieutenant Landry. This ability to meet new people and make them like you is the most important requisite for her army job.

Born in Boston, in the suburb called West Roxbury, her education was in the local public schools until on graduating from West Roxbury High School, she accepted a job as clerk in the office of the School of Business Administration at Boston University. Without the necessary funds for a normal four year day-curriculum at the University, she was never-the-less determined that she would fit herself for better living and so, working days, she entered the



night school at the University. Seven years of working, studying and attending classes was climaxed with a Bachelor of Business Administration degree and a promotion to Recorder for the Boston University Business School. This position immediately grew beyond the actual indexing of the students' low and high records to one of personnel consultant which included sympathetic consolation for those students whose marks were not passing and high praise for those who were suceeding.

Every cent in those days was carefully hoarded for the vacation period when Frances like her adventuring grandfather before her, would pack a small bag and ship aboard a freighter going anywhere. It really didn't matter at all as long as it was going somewhere new, unexpected and off the beaten path. Her last glorious voyage was in a small freighter that sailed to Yucatan by a devious way in 1941. Stopping here and there, visiting small and little known ports, it al-

lowed Frances' curiosity about the natives and their way of life, to be completely satisfied.

In 1942, with travel out for the duration, how could anyone keep this girl from joining the Women's Army Corps, with the intense hope always strong within her, that Uncle Sam would send her overseas with the army. She loves the Army, the routine, the associations and with great pride in her voice said to me as we talked: "The more I see of the Army, the more efficient I know it is. I thought when I was Recorder at Boston University that I had a great many files of students to keep straight, students who were only with us a few hours each day, but think what the Army has to keep on record. They have taken over not only the food, clothing, health and morale of millions of men but that of their families as well."

Although she now lives on Revere Street with her aunt who has been mother and friend for many years, she keeps in close touch with her company and with the officers and privates of the Women's Army Corps in Boston. It is the life she has chosen and she has found it good. The spread eagle on her hat, insignia of the United States Army, means to her a country to be proud of, to work for, to have faith in and if necessary to die for. She knows that women within and without the army have brave confidence and fearless courage. She knows that this is a woman's war and that women will fight the battle on both fronts with intelligence, with high spirit, and with vision.

— Dorothy Kraus



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THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES

. . . THERE WAS a tenseness about the small man standing there near the parking lot entrance as Roger drove in, that suggested immediate flight. He started to walk away twice, only to retrace his steps each time within the space of a few feet. Presently, the man seemed to reach a decision. He approached as Roger stepped from the car.

"Excuse me, are you going in there?" The stranger's question ended with a tremulous upsqueak of his thin voice as he pointed to the flag-decked doorway of the Blood Donor Center.

"Yeah," Roger answered shortly. The little guy wasn't dressed like a bum, but his approach had the earmarks of a touch.

"Do you mind if we go in together?"

"What's the game, mister?"

The man's cheeks reddened, and, for the space of an instant, an impression came to Roger that the other stood there naked and ashamed before him in the bright afternoon sunlight.

"I wanted someone to walk in with . . . if you don't mind." Again the tremulous upsqueak gave the thin voice a comic opera touch.

"Well, O.K."

"It's—it's repulsive, isn't it?" the man offered hollowly as they crunched along the gravel walk.

"What's repulsive?"

"The needle—and the blood coming out."

Roger stopped short.

"If you're so crazy scared, why don't you pass it up?" he asked.

Pure fright shone in the stranger's watery eyes at the suggestion.

"I can't do that," he whispered. "I have to give;" and Roger sensed that the other spoke only to himself, was urging himself on. He waited a bit, then shrugged impatiently when no further explanation was forthcoming.

"The guy is yellow—or a nut," he decided. Relief was evident in the man's face when Roger proceeded toward the entrance.

The stranger had gained a measure of composure when they entered the Center's reception section. In a low voice, he answered the registration questions and his mouth twitched an answering smile to the receptionist's nod of approval as she ushered him and Roger into a room staffed with nurses. There, the smile circled his lips uncertainly as his physical examination began.

"Your pulse is fast, sir," the nurse attendant informed him presently. "Have you been hurrying?"

"N-no."

"I'm afraid we won't be able to accept you."

"No, no, nurse! I'm just a bit nervous. A doctor told me this morning that I could give."

Roger, watching a sullen, beaten look cloud the man's face as the nurse paused, decided to intervene.

"Can't you try his pulse again, after he has finished the examination?" he asked.

The man's pale blue eyes thanked him when the nurse said, "Waiting does help in some cases."

"It is somewhat slower," she admitted after the examination had been completed. "You may go in."

Apprehension shaded the stranger's nod of triumph. He preceded Roger soberly as they were led into a long room, lined on either side with waist-high, chromium-legged cots. Eyes facing rigidly ahead, he ignored the men and women lying at ease on leather covered mattresses atop the cots.

"This is my third donation," Roger leaned forward to reassure his companion. "It isn't half bad, really."

The man gave no sign that he had heard as an attendant escorted them down the long center aisle to two empty cots, where another nurse took them in charge. He lay quietly enough while she washed his arm with an antiseptic solution. Only a telltale pulsing of the blue veins that laced his temple signalled the turmoil within him. It wasn't until the anesthesia needle pricked his skin that his show of reserve deserted him and a perceptible quiver ran the length of his body.

"Are you all right?" asked the nurse quickly.

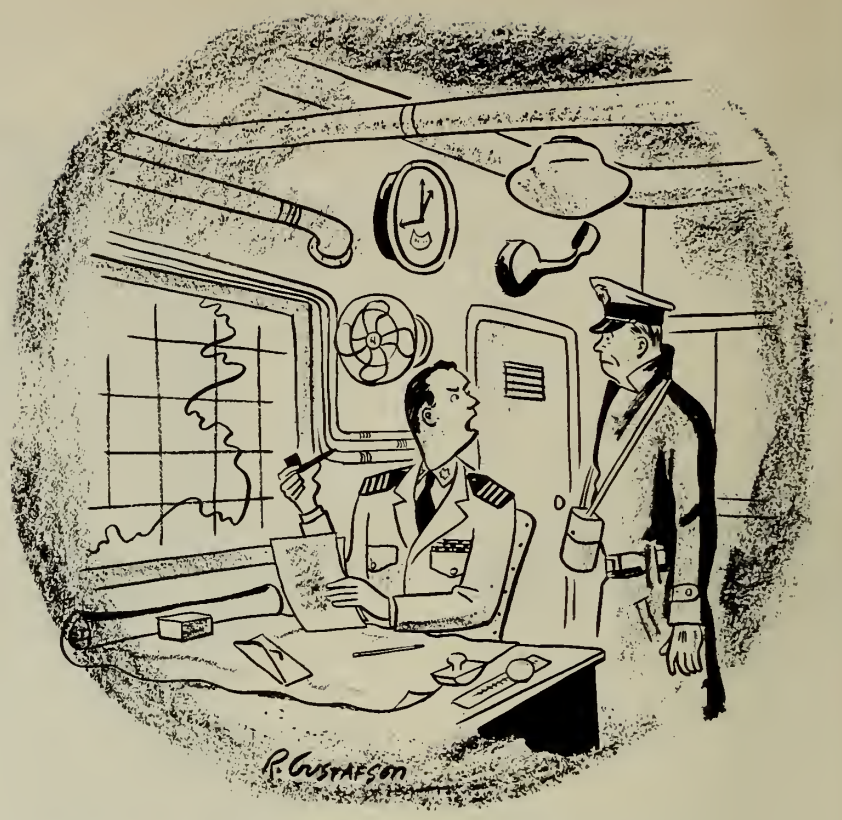
"Yes. Go on."

"If you're sure—"

"Yes! Please, go on!"

His lips were thin against his teeth as she inserted the hollow needle.

The beaten look was on the man's face again, in the set of his narrow



"Someone in Washington is going to catch it. These sealed orders start out, 'Dearest, darling, Mathilda'!"

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shoulders, as he sipped a cup of broth in the Center's canteen. Roger, elated with the other's victory over himself, burned with puzzlement.

"You're a funny guy," he said at last. "You did what you wanted to, and now you look like you're going to burst out in tears."

The small man shook his head. "It didn't help," he said. "The thought of blood has always nauseated me. This morning, a doctor told me I must come here for my own peace of mind." He shuddered again as he had when the needle entered his arm. "It didn't help," he repeated.

"But you came through it like a man," Roger protested.

"No, you don't understand. Three days ago, a man walked in front of my car. The police said I wasn't at fault, but—*I've taken a man's life.*" Again, the ridiculous upsqueak was scratching at each sentence's end as his voice rose.

"If it wasn't your fault . . ." Roger's interruption went unheeded.

"I haven't slept since it happened," the other continued miserably. "The doctor told me this morning, 'Give blood to the Red Cross.' I tried to beg off and asked for medicine. 'You must go through the Center,' he insisted. But it hasn't helped. Everything is the same."

Roger felt humble before the disappointment in the other's voice.

"Perhaps it's too soon," he offered weakly. "Tomorrow, maybe—"

The man smiled in the manner of one who talks with a child slow to understand. Roger, somewhat abashed, fell silent. Only one room remained through which they must pass, he knew. There they would register for another donation, eight weeks hence.

As they entered the room, he saw his companions eyes go wide. One hand clutched his arm while a stabbing finger pointed to the opposite wall. Reverently, the man's high pitched voice intoned the words printed thereon in huge red letters,

"You have just saved a life."

Roger signed the register with a steady hand. A glance at his friend's face had assured him that all was well.

— G. R. Bedard.



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DOGS

. . . EARLY LAST SPRING a family living in the Back Bay decided to move to the suburbs. Believe it or not, they located and bought a house in war-crowded Quincy. The family, including Tim, their dog, moved in. The first few days the man of the house spent pulling weeds and depositing them in a pile by the garage. Tim kept him company. Then the family went away for a day leaving Tim alone in the yard.

When they returned that night the pile beside the garage had grown but there were not weeds piled up there. On the pile were many of the small shrubs that once had graced the yard of the newly acquired house, in addition, to many that Tim had pulled up from the nextdoor neighbor's yard. Tim literally "worked like a beaver" that day for many of the shrubs had been neatly chewed off at the roots.

. . . A GREAT NUMBER of our readers have been asking lately if they should heat a dog's food during these cold winter months. It is better for a dog to have food too cold rather than too hot. Cold food is less harmful to the dog's mouth, stomach and gullet. However, it is well to remember that in cold weather food that is too cold will, on entering the dog's stomach, take some of the heat from the stomach membranes and thus lower the general body temperature of the animal.

If possible have all food at room temperature before giving it to a dog. Do not take cold meat or milk from the refrigerator and feed it to your dog until you have first allowed it to warm up a bit. If you feel that you must heat the food be sure that you can put your finger in it without experiencing any discomfort before giving it to him.

. . . TODAY WE have many humane ways of putting old and injured dogs to sleep. Years ago in England, however, it was the practice for dogs to be put to death by hanging. Not a very pleasant thought but nevertheless true.

. . . THE OTHER NIGHT we were sitting in a friend's apartment on Marlboro Street when his dog rubbed up against a lighted cigarette. It is not strange for this to occur and oftentimes the dog will receive a burn that is painful. Normally it is not serious unless it is on the animal's eye. If your dog should receive an eye burn, put a solution of very strong tea and caster oil on it, and then call a veterinarian as soon as possible. For small burns, other than on the eye, rub a little butter or lard on the burn.



"We left the city to get away from the El structure, and now look!"

. . . IT IS A GOOD POLICY to avoid using disinfectants in cleaning a dog's eating dishes. Most disinfectants are not only poisonous if swallowed but many have strong odors. A dog's sense of smell is highly developed and utensils used for his food and water should be free of odors. Wash your dog's dishes after every meal with hot water and soap and then rinse them off with boiling water. Many diseases from which dogs suffer can be traced to germs picked up from dirty food dishes.

. . . AN ELDERLY COUPLE in Brookline have a deaf dog who is actually a very good watch dog. This is really not so strange. Noise vibrations and loud talking strike his body, especially when he is lying on the floor, and these vibrations convey to him certain meanings. I have known cases where people have owned a completely deaf dog and have not been aware of their pet's affliction for many months. All dog's senses are much more highly developed than those of the human. It is this supersense to vibrations that enables a deaf dog to practically hear.

. . . ONE OF THE FIRST DOG LAWS ever enacted in this country was passed right here in Massachusetts. It was passed by the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1706. It provided for the payment of five shillings per year to the owner of a dog who would lend it from time to time to the authorities to help fight the Indians. And speaking of laws I am told there is still a stature on the law books of Boston that prohibit anyone from owning or harboring a dog within the city limits that is over 15 inches in height.

—PETER BOGGS

SPORTS

. . . One of the war's developments in sports has been the appearance in New England rings of outstanding fighters—Joe Louis, Henry Armstrong, Sugar Ray Robinson, Willie Pep, Fritzie Zivic and others—but by this time most of the fisticuffers are in the armed forces.

Boxers go over the hill, competitively speaking, much faster than wrestlers, which may account for the fact that rasslin' shows are conducted weekly, whereas the boxing events often are widely spaced . . . Did you ever hear the story—often told at "athletic nights"—about the marked contrast between fighters and wrestlers in their attitude towards their business? It goes like this:

"Johnny Backhander was in town today, and I asked him about his 10-rounder with Willie the Rat at the Devil's Den in Pittsboro a few nights earlier. He glared at me suspiciously and began to blast.

"Pittsboro fans disgusted him and Willie the Rat was rightly named. 'I put up a great show,—the promoter short-changed me,' Johnny went on, 'and the referee robbed me. You can have your fight game. To me it's a lousy way to make a living.'

"I was glad to escape from Mr. Backhander without being flattened. As luck would have it, I ran into the latest wrestling sensation, Collie Flour, about two minutes after Johnny almost had me in tears.

" 'How's tricks?' I asked Collie. I knew he'd been working five nights a week, besides doing a turn in a war plant, and the night before he had displayed his histrionic talents at Honkeytonk Arena.

"This amiable pachyderm greeted me like a long lost brother. He burst into an effusive description of his recent activities, and gave an excellent imitation of sunshine and roses. He toldof the enthusiasm during his set-to at Honkeytonk in these words:

" 'It was raining last night and only 762 turned out for the bout, but they made so much noise you'd have thought it was 10,000 persons yelling. My opponent, Goujer Ayes, got a little frisky, but on the way back to the city together we agreed that Honkeytonk is a great sports town. The matchmaker treated us swell, the referee didn't mind when we accidently threw him on to the concrete floor, and we were so satisfied with the financial arrangements that a return bout was booked on the spot.'

"Fighters blast everything; wrestlers boost. It's funny two sets of professional athletes react so differently."

Which brings to mind an incident that occurred shortly after the last war, when Paul Bowser, rasslin' impresario, was a newcomer to New England. But let the squire of Fair Oaks spin the yarn:

"Nat Pendleton, whom you see now on the silver screen, was a hefty lad in those days who fancied his ability to pin anyone, and he issued a challenge through the Boston Banner. The letters got under my skin, so I notified big Nat to put up or shut up.

"Nat was a 200-pounder, I weighed 165 at the time, and John Pesek, who was performing around Boston, scaled at 186. So I wrote to Pendleton: "I'll bet $3500 even money I can pick a man who'll throw you twice in 75 minutes—his name is Pesek—or I'll put up the same amount of money you can't floor me twice in 75 minutes."

"Pendleton balked for a while, then agreed to meet Pesek.

"On the day of the bout I went to the old American House where Pesek always stayed, and found him dressed in tights at 10 A.M. He was as fidgety as a prima donna and wanted to warm up with me.

"I told John to take it easy. It didn't help my peace of mind to see the fellow I had backed as nervous as a witch. 'You'll wear yourself out before you climb into the ring,' I warned him. Those were the days



"He used to be a magician."



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when we were operating in the Grand Opera House on Washington Street, near Dover, and we had a small but exacting clientele who were death on wrestlers who weren't sure of themselves.

"Pesek and Pendleton finally climbed between the ropes and John was on the defensive for the first half-hour. He could really handle himself well when he had faith in his ability to win, but apparently he had been reading Nat's bombastic letters and believed the guy had plenty on the ball.'

"When they passed the 45-minute mark and crept up towards the first hour, I began sweating gumdrops, figuring my 35 C's were out the window. But Pendleton hit his head against a post and Pesek pounced on him and pinned him for the first fall.

"During the interval Pesek wanted to resign. 'I'm all in,' he said. 'I want to default.'

"I told him: 'I don't mind losing my dough if I get a run for my money, but you're going back into that ring if I have to drag you back.' I finally had to get a five-minute extension from the referee before I could get Pesek into the ring again.

"As they assumed the customary stance for resumption of the bout, Pendleton croaked: 'I'm still dizzy, John. You've got me, but don't make me look too bad.'

"Pesek reacted like a caged lion. The grappler who had wanted to resign heaved Pendleton around the ring as though he was a sack of meal and scored the second fall in less than two minutes. It was a great relief to win my bet, but it taught me a lesson.

Pesek and Pendleton never showed in Boston again, but Bowser is still going strong as New England's top-flight rassling promoter.

— GEORGE C. CARENS



"Er, congratulations, Tykson. You've just been voted Best Dressed Man of 1943!"

BOOK REVIEWS

. . . THE YEAR 1944, as far as books are concerned, is off to a brilliant start with the publication of the long and eagerly awaited autobiography of George Santayana, *Persons and Places*.

The manuscript, coming as it did by devious routes from war torn Italy where the eighty-year old teacher, poet, philosopher is reported to be under the care of nuns, was well worth the long wait. For *Persons and Places*, with the possible exception of Yeats, "Autobiographies" is the most beautifully written book in its own field.

This book, Volume No. 1 in a list of memoirs to be written by Mr. Santayana, covers the author's years from his birth in Spain through his days at college here in America.

If the reader becomes impatient in those early chapters devoted to the Santayana ancestry it is probably due to the complicated family relationships in Spanish life—even the author seems to wander, at times, in the labyrinth of aunts, uncles and grandparents. The other chapters, however, hold no such tedious reading but on the contrary in some instances reach almost lyric prose. This is especially true of the chapter on Avila, the author's home town in Spain, of which he writes with such warmth and understanding.

Born in Madrid in 1864, the son of Don Augustin Ruiz de Santayana and Dona Josephina Borras, George Santayana seems to have very little close relationship with either of his parents.

In the chapter on his mother the author describes her as being: "not beautiful and prematurely regarded herself as an old woman and put on a white lace cap, but she had good points and made a favorable impression if she did not positively attract."

Later in the chapter devoted to his father, the distinguished philosopher says of him, "He lived when necessary and almost by preference like the poor without the least comfort, variety or entertainment."

Of his family connections, Santayana admits that his affection for his sister Susana was "the strongest of his life."

His mother married a Boston man, George Sturgiss and they came here to live. Thus George was sent here to live and be educated. The remainder of his time was divided between Avila and Boston.

Here in Boston, Santayana attened the Boston Latin School and later he was entered at Harvard College. These chapters on his early life in Boston will prove fascinating reading for Bostonians and Harvard graduates. For here, the writer sets down his impressions of the people he has met and the places he has visited in a most charming manner.

The author concludes this first volume of his memoirs with a description of the Harvard yard—"not the college of which I know very little." The final sentence of the book holds forth promise of more such classical writing as is found in *Persons and Places*, to come: "The curtain drops here, to rise presently on those other scenes." We hope in the near future.

. . . MANY WILL ENJOY *Victoria Grandolet* by Henry Bellamann—we didn't. It is the story primarily of an old southern mansion, "White Cloud," and the influence this house has on its new mistress from New Hampshire. If some people notice a resemblance to *Rebecca* it ends right there, as far as we're concerned, anyway.

For us the story seems weakened by a past that is cluttered up with various members of the Grandolet clan and their rusty traditions and by a present that holds no person more alive or vivid than the "ghosts" of the past. Because nothing was known of her parentage, Victoria cultivated a driving ambition to prove to herself and to others that she was the equal of any woman who had come to White Cloud and when Niles Grandolet comes to see a friend graduate from school and ends up by marrying Victoria—she was placed in a position as mistress of White Cloud to wield power and influence. For us this could have been a better story, it



". . . Then I said, 'Snodgrass, you haven't the guts to shoot'!"

could stand to be more dramatic, more shaded by a better use of suspense and the characters were disappointing. The impulsive Niles who swept school girl Victoria off her feet turns into a rather namby pamby man as the story progresses—then there is Julian, Niles' grandfather, proud of his heritage, Aunt Lucie, who could tell endless tales—and does—of the family portraits which are hung throughout the seventy—yes, the seventy room mansion. All of these people seemed to be living behind a screen and seldom if ever did they emerge to become, for us, real or entertaining.

The story rambles along to a climatic finish and everything is right back where the author began his tale.

It would be most unfair to compare *Victoria Grandolet* with Mr. Bellamann's recent fine novel, *Kings Row*.

Fannie Hurst's latest novel, *Hallelujah,* is a dramatic story of a girl, Lily Brown, who was born on "the other side of the tracks," in the town of Perkins. Destined for trouble and melodrama, Lily's life became a struggle to obtain all those things that wealthy George Bancroft could give her. This is a book written in the usual Hurst's style, peopled with some interesting—if somewhat typed characters, and with a plot that adds up to interesting reading. I recommend this for the women.

The Signpost is a new novel by E. Arnat Robertson, the author of *Four Frightened People*.

It is a rather well told love story about an R.A.F. pilot who meets a French girl on the boat bound for Ireland where he is going to spend his sick leave—he has been wounded in the War.

Tom Fairbun sick of the war, who had seen too much of life and who had lived too close to death goes to the village of Kildooey in Donegal, Ireland with Denyse Messagere.

Miss Robertson has woven a tender love story together with a study of life and character of the Irish people. *The Signpost*, although not up to the standard of her previous work, emerges an effective story.

•

NOTES FOR A FLY LEAF

Boston

The Massachusetts Victory Book Committee has opened its campaign for 250,000 books to be sent to service men this year. The Committee requests Westerns, pocket-sized books, and popular novels.

Don't clean out your attic for old books. Give the service men books you yourself enjoyed reading.

Hollywood

Mr. Winkle Goes to War—the story of a forty-four old man inducted into the army, which was written by Theodore Pratt, is being made into a movie with Edward G. Robinson portraying Mr. Winkle.

Another book being made into a picture is John P. Marquand's *So Little Time* with Joseph Cotton as Jeffrey Wilson.

New York.

A copy of President Roosevelt's "Public Papers and Addresses" was sold through the mails from a book shop on Broadway for $4.95. The check sent in payment was signed "Franklin D. Roosevelt." Could the President be boosting his own sales?

In keeping with the current style we have had our case of the flu. One night when every known remedy seemed inadequate we turned to an old Irish book on *Home Nursing*, which a dear friend of ours had lent us. Under the heading "Instructions to the Nurse," we came upon this bit of advice: "The nurse will open the window wide, and then will place herself between the window and the sick person, so that the patient will not catch cold."

We still don't know how to get rid of our flu but by gum we know how we got it now.

—George Mooney



"That's Mr. Ouncely, the professional model. He's the 'before' in those 'before and after' ads!"

•

THE GREAT MISTAKE

. . . A FEW DAYS AGO, I was browsing around a library looking for almost anything which might meet my fancy, when my eyes, after a few minutes of searching, finally rested on a tattered volume in an obscure corner. The name of this book was "True Definitions Of Anatomical Terms and Phrases" by Julien J. Krankenstool, published in 1835. The last registered borrower was a certain Herbert M. Martin in 1867, the year the library was dedicated. I noticed that he must have been able to read only a few pages, unless he washed his hands, for it was on page four, that the impressions of greasy thumbprints stopped. Its antiquity interested me, so I borrowed it for the usual three week period.

The biographical note on the first page explained that the author spent all but the first sixteen years of his life tracing the origin and meanings of the terms which doctors use to bewilder one when he enters their offices for a simple earache prescription.

It wasn't these long impossible pronunciations which interested me, however. I was more amazed at a statement on page 478 which said, "In the first three years of the last of the centuries B.C., the greatest mistake in medical history was made. It was decided by those people who practiced medicine, or whatever it was called then, would send a representative to a meeting to be held in Auragiu, which is believed to be located in what is now the Northern part of Norway. The purpose of this meeting was to decide, once and for all, upon universal anatomical terms for all practitioners of medicine." Here, after describing the conference in great detail, the author continued: "When the conference was ended the representatives went back to their people leaving their decisions in Auragiu to be forever preserved on a marble slab. The pity of it was, that the stone cutter made a mistake. It had been decided that what we now call the heart was to be called the liver, and vice versa, but the stone cutter became confused, and made the mistake of calling what is now the heart, the heart, and what is now the liver, a liver. Rather than change the stone carving, the chairman of the conference ordered that all representatives were to simply change these terms in the respective manner, so that they would coincide with those on the marble slab."

I shudder to think what would happen to modern life if this mistake were now to be corrected. Perhaps the most tragic change would be in our expressions of affection. I can't, and I won't, imagine the way all of the lovers would sit by a fire on the divan passing gentle terms of affection to one another. Can you imagine telling your girl that your livers were meant for each other? Or could you think of leaving your girl friend to cry her liver out because you refuse to take off your shoes to let her tell you of the little pigs that went to the market and so on.

Still another thing to suffer would be the music world. I can just hear a radio announcer saying: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we present that singing sensation, Frank Sinatra, singing, "Be Careful That's My Liver." Or, I think of some beautiful singer of blues, putting her liver and soul into: "But My Liver Belongs To Daddy."

No, it may be said that one should never let a mistake go uncorrected, but I believe that even Julien J. Krankenstool will agree, that no matter how big it might be, it would be a definite blow to the whole world if this mistake were ever to be corrected. I mean it with all my heart, and I do mean heart.

— AUGUSTUS VERNE



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BLOW ME DOWN! OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

. . . Radio gag-men hire their experts to think up funny things for them to say, and situations which will bring a laugh. Radio fans hear these gags and retail them second-handed on their more considerate friends. Since these high points of interest must come more frequently in a radio program than in a play, and since the entertainer must have so many new ones, we excuse their manufacturer's tags and pass by their ephemeral nature.

Shakespeare did not have to rely on the experts for his twists and puns. They are still proof of the power of a creative genius. Styles of humor may have changed since Elizabeth's time, but literary and dramatic humor is for all time and all people. Falstaff is still funny. Prince Hal's practical jokes demand a laugh.

Despite his genius, Shakespeare gave to the world very few words or expressions which have served to express all things to all men and women. "Method in his madness" is simply a trite expression, very much limited in its uses. It doesn't compare with Charley McCarthy's "Blow me down!" Or the Quiz Kids' "I'm sorry you're wrong!"

Pet expressions which take hold of people must have that quality of expressiveness not too severely circumscribed by a dictionary meaning. Shakespeare's "Go to!" needs another word to fit the modern's demand for completeness. Even in its modern dress it does not have the limitless uses of "Ain't that the Razzberries!" Nor the insouciance of the early twentieth century's "Twenty-three, Skiddoo!" That was an expression for you. Anyone who could neatly turn his conversation to include the whole phrase was admired among other inventors of worth. Almost any of us could rise to half of it, either half would do, but we failed to get the full approval of our listeners.

These cant phrases often include history, at least politics. They are as valuable as such, historians and semanticists tell us, as are "Fifty-four Forty or Fight!" and "Forty Acres and a Mule!" Almost any modern schoolboy knows about "Prosperity is just around the corner," and "The Full Dinner Pail." "What a shocking bad hat!" is of earlier coinage. But in its day the expression was an excuse for excusably commenting on someone's hat of ancient service. Perhaps our nearest parallel is what happens to the man who wears his straw hat too late in the season.

The history of the phrase dates it at a time of a hotly contested election in the borough of Southwark, wherein one of the candidates was an "eminent hatter." He used the subtle bribery of offering the electors new hats. The politician would go up to a voter, look at his hat with concern, then say: "What a shocking bad hat you have got; call at my warehouse, and you shall have a new one!" The expression became a boomerang, for his opponents took up the expression and used it in a derisive chant. But the slogan lost its original use and became a universal cant phrase, especially popular in London.

Other cant phrases seem to have "just growed." Very popular in its time, and very general in its use, was the odd word "Quoz." It was comparable with anything from "Hell, no!" to "Ain't he funny!" Mischievous urchins used it in endless chant when they found they could annoy a passerby. A disputant dismissed his opponent's argument with a curl of the lip and the monosyllabic "Quoz!"

Cant phrases, like all forms of slang, are relatively short-lived. Quoz is replaced by What-a-shocking-bad-hat, and both disappear under the coinage "Hookey Walker." Just prolong the first syllable—W-a-l-k and then say rather quickly *er*. The "Hookey" may be omitted for striking effects. Especially appropriate was the word when the young man asked the girl for a kiss. She just raised her eyebrows, posed a smile, and answered most charmingly and tantalizingly—W-A-L-K-er! In a slightly different tonal effect, a man could turn town a would-be borrower of a shilling.



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"Does your mother know you're out?" and "Trundle bed trash" seem to have reached American shores. Records reveal their use in London, and Americans in their fifties have memories of their juvenile sting. Either expression was the last word in putting a young Penrod in his puerile position. He just couldn't look at a girl again who had overheard Grandma apply the phrase. It was a cruelty with no redeeming features, and, doubtless, along with other unfair treatment, has lead to the modern attitude of children toward their adult associates.

Cant phrases originate in corporate groups. Here is the label pinned on all alumni of a certain Middle Western university: "Wouldn't that gripe you!" It is the one striking imprint of that university social group. If—whatever you please—"gripes you" you proclaim your alma mater. To a graduate of another university, the expression sounds "corny." To another, it brings the rejoinder, "Who are you?" But Charley McCarthy just "mows them down."

Well, language was made for man. The cant phrase covers the usual number of sins, but it also has pique and economic worth. It can be among the more tyrranous words. Usually, however, it is disgustingly innocuous.

— CALVIN T. RYAN, A.M., ED.M.

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BOSTON'S OUTSTANDING HOTEL MANAGERS

Arki-Yavensonne of the Hotel Fensgate

. . . USUALLY, when one enters a hotel and asks to see the manager, out comes the familiar: "Wait a minute, I'll see if he is available." That minute stretches itself to many, many more as you wait. This, however, is not so with Arki-Yavensonne of the Fensgate.

His office is at the left of the entrance, uncluttered by a door marked "private" or an argus-eyed secretary. You walk directly into an open alcove



and to the manager himself. The atmosphere is mildly homey all around.

Arki-Yavensonne's life has been intensely interesting. As he relates it, you wish that it had happened to you or at least that you had participated in it.

In Paris, at the age of sixteen, with the serious thoughts of life on him, he started to work. Counting buttons, no less, and we might add, no more. To-day if anyone wants to play "button, button," etc., well—our advice is —try another hotel. Two years later Arki-Yavensonne caught his first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty which his France, so long ago, had given this new Republic. Bing Crosby must have been waiting for Arki. It must have been from him that Bing's idea of the well dressed man was born. Boulevard de Sevastopol fedora and a jacket of such vivid colors that the coat of many colors which Joseph wore was pallid in comparison. And swinging a walking stick, he checked in at the Hotel Lafayette. A few days later he walked out and moved to a $2 a week room and an $8 a week job for a real estate firm, placing rental advertisements in likely windows. Here was born display salesmanship.

Rather than become bitter toward life, there was born in Arki-Yavensonne the sincere wish to see and make people happy. After some time in Boston with an advertising firm, Arki returned to New York and became a cog in the development of a hotel chain. Showmanship was his forte (still is) but New York's Belmont Plaza didn't offer the range to keep abreast of his locomotion.

Six years ago Arki-Yavensonne became manager of the Hotel Fensgate. With justifiable pride he told us:— "The hotel was in the red then. I took it out. It has been in the black ever since." He enjoys the atmosphere of the Satire Room mostly because his guests have such a good time. All the artists enjoy working with him as he appreciates so fully their problems. This makes for greater entertainment and cooperation all along the line.

Silently over-seeing everything, with his glass of milk as a refresher, Arki-Yavensonne's greatest enjoyment is the pleasure of his guests. When asked about this he said: "I don't like to say much except that people keep quiet during performances. I'd rather have them think me dumb. Words are as dangerous as fire and as delicate as glass."

Somehow or other this simple statement so full of straight philosophy gives us a better understanding of the varied problems of a successful hotel and too, of Arki-Yavensonne.

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SKI TRIALS

. . . IT'S time to plant the annual explosives under the two worst myths of New England skiing. Not that it will do any good. The myths have withstood all manner of bombardment and show little sign of disintegration yet. But there'll come a day—

Myth No. 1 involves the still prevalent, and completely erroneous, belief that the skiing season ends with the Feb. 22 holiday. Myth No. 2 is to the effect that those snow reports you read in your Friday morning newspaper are forecasts of the skiing conditions you're going to find two days later on your week-end jaunt to the snow belt. Phooey to both.

Myth No. 1 can be traced to the American weakness for hustle and high pressure advertising which demands the *Saturday Evening Post* on Tuesday, tomorrow's news yesterday and summer styles in the stores by mid-winter. The summer resort people had to spend millions of dollars and years of time educating the public to the fact that summer doesn't end on Labor Day. Now it's the ski people's turn.

Skiing is associated, not unnaturally, with snow. Snow brings winter to mind. Winter suggests Christmas, and there the vicious cycle begins. Starting by Thanksgiving the stores go nuts over ski equipment with an eye to the Christmas trade, and by Christmas the enthusiasm has been whipped to a frenzy. The resorts help the premature boon along by announcing gleefully that they're sold out for the year from Christmas and New Year's to Washington's Birthday.

So the great American unwaxed goes whole hog for skiing a month ahead of schedule, totally ignoring the fact that you can count on the fingers of one hand the years there has been any skiing worthy of the name before New Year's. But they rattle around over a composite of rocks, stumps, windpacked grass and a glaze of New England powder, technically known as boiler plate crust, and by the time mid-February rolls around they're off on a new tangent.

The Sportsmen's Show has come to town. The stores sprout fishing tackle. The baseball teams go South. Golfers break out their clubs, and the whole cart-before-the-horse program starts all over again.

Meanwhile, north country snow is really reaching perfection. It's not until late March that snow depths reach their greatest height in the mountains and skiing hits its real peak. By that time they're measuring the trail cover in feet instead of inches and you've really got something to ski on.

By then the sun is rolling higher across the sky. Crust turns to corn snow and occasional rains are no longer the catastrophe they are in February. Cold weather gear can be shed, and the runners who really know their stuff are up on the roof of New England collecting sunshine, vitamins and energy in large gods—and a snow tan that makes the Florida version look like an attack of jaundice.

But can you sell the idea to John and Betty Public? We haven't succeeded yet.

Now for Myth No. 2.

Every Friday morning on the sports pages of those newspapers which finally have admitted that skiing didn't fade out like the Tom Thumb golf craze with which it was once classed you'll find a summary of skiing conditions from the principal resorts based on observations made the previous day.

If the paper and the snow reporters are onto their jobs, the summary will show the total depth of snow and the depth and character of the base and surface snow, along with the temperature, weather, time and altitude at which the reports are made.



But those summaries are NOT FORECASTS of what conditions are going to be like two days later when you arrive for your weekend. Unfortunately many skiers take them as such, but they can't be, for obvious reasons.

In the first place, no one—not even the weather man, who gets paid for it—has been able to forecast New England mountain weather, or any other kind of New England weather for that matter, with any degree of accuracy, for a few hours in advance, let alone days.

If we could do it you can bet we wouldn't be wasting our time writing this. We'd be installed in a plush-lined office gazing into our crystal ball and charging 20 bucks a look—and getting it.

So just remember that those reports in your paper are of actual conditions as they existed at the time specified. Between that time and the weekend you'll have to make allowances for intervening weather. Admittedly, the picture can change overnight, but if you have the reports to go on you can come close to guessing the amount of change.

Therefore, if it rains ski poles and steel edges on Saturday after the snow report from Cranberry Hill at North Corncob on Friday said "3 to 6 inches new powder on 5 to 20 frozen base; skiing good; 24 above and clear at 8 a.m." don't go pinning North Corncob's ears back because you spent Sunday in slush up to your knees after North Corncob told you skiing was going to be good.

They didn't tell you skiing was going to be good. They told you what conditions were on Friday, and if you don't know what a day of rain will do to six inches of powder on frozen base you deserve to get your feet wet.

When, as and if there's snow in Eastern Massachusetts the nearest tows to Boston which are running include the Groton Golf Club, Cliff Healey's in Leominster and the Ward Hill slope on Route 20 in Shrewsbury

—HENRY MOORE

WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Jack Edwards orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves. $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days.

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hotel Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East and Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service men only $1 for dinner and show; no cov., no min.).

Green Room, Hotel Edison, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min. $2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Chatterbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily. Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent cuisine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain. Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.



Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.

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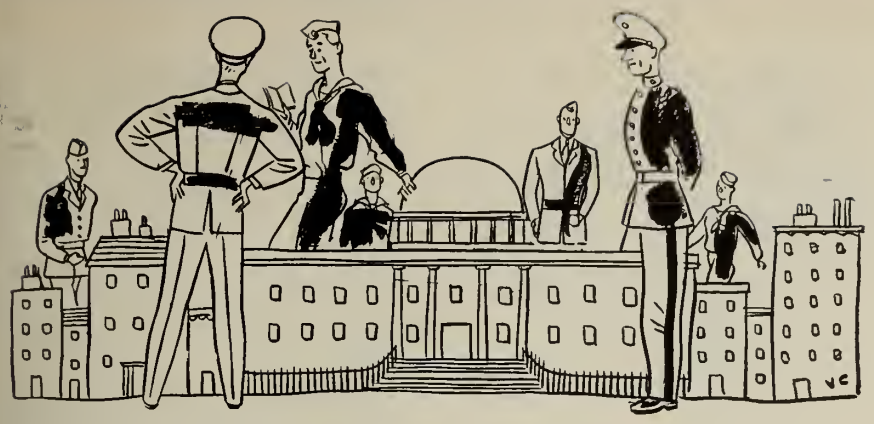
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Volume 2, Number ~~12~~ No. 3 *March, 1944*

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PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 210 Beacon Street. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Wednesday evenings, 7-10. Closed Sundays

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT-SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Gardens with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

GOOD FOOD . . . GOOD FUN

FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB. 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanover Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Da-Way, Boylston Place (DEV. 9346). Slogan of "Boston's Nicest Eating Place" is backed up by fine food and good service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners, dancing to Pete Herman's orchestra. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.



Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

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Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surrou ndings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Bradford Roof, Hotel Bradford, offers top name entertainment at all times. No cover in the beautiful room, Sammy Eisen's music for dancing. Attractive Sky Bar adjoining. Food is excellent here.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertain ment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen. Two floor shows enliven your visit here.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Renaissance Room at the Hotel Touraine (HAN. 3500) has scored a big click with guests. Here you will find dinner and supper dancing, a lively floor show, and congenial surroundings.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p.m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.


Anne Starr
1246 Hancock St., Quincy



COMMON TALK

Taxi

. . . WITH EVERY due respect to the cabbies of the city, we like the incident which happened recently. It shows that Back Bay wit is not dead, not forgotten.

The taxi was stopped in front of a very imposing Beacon street home by a well-dressed man and woman. They wanted to be taken to Trinity Church, please. The cabbie wheeled them church-ward, listening with half an ear to a recital of the problems connected with church gatherings and what was the best way to handle same. The gentleman said very little, his mind on passing the plate during the services.

As they drew up in front of the church, the gentleman climbed out,



took a dollar from his billfold, paid the eighty-cent fare, and returned one of the two dimes to the cabbie.

For a second, the cabbie looked at the dime and back at the man. Smiling, he said:

"I suppose you'll use the other dime in the collection box, sir?"

The gentleman, perfectly straight-faced, answered:

"Oh, no. I'm going to buy a War Stamp with that. I always put buttons in the collection box!"

Test Poll-itis

. . . WITH A finger on the pulse of the student body, Boston University's *News* announces the epoch-shaking fact that a test presidential election poll, run for three weeks, gives the 1944 presidential election to Roosevelt, with Willkie and Dewey "failing to attract more than one-third of the amount." Saltonstall got one vote.

This is the touch we like:

"Having run the poll for three weeks, the *News* editors feel that the results are representative of University opinion, although only 500 out of several thousand registered students responded."

Girl We'd Most . . .

. . . FOXHOLE HUMOR makes another press release happy reading. The breathless public is hereby informed that Dinah Shore has been chosen by the South Pacific Marines as "The Girl We'd Most Like to Dream of While in a Coma Resulting From Malaria Contracted on Guadalcanal."

Incidental Intelligence

. . . MANY PEOPLE know that the sand of Singing Beach in Manchester, Massachusetts, can turn out a melodious, spinet-like tone if tramped on just right. But what we didn't know until the other day is that a searcher, with a musical ear, can get together eight stones that will give forth the true scale by a bit of careful searching at the same beach.

This is the perfect answer to a Major Bowes Amateur Hour. A bag of stones, a box of lunch, and undying fame.

Signs of the Times

. . . A SHEET OF cardboard, tacked across the face of an advertising sign in the Charles street elevated



station, had a message written in lipstick. Message read as follows:

"Dear Tingey, we have gone. Please follow us. EPH. Girls. P.S. Please do not remove. Important."

It's the EPH Girls which stops us. EPH. Oh, well.

Low Comedy

. . . WALKING ALONG West End streets is always an interesting experience, one way or another. The best example to date, however, is what happened to a feminine friend of ours.

It was one of the very cold days of early February. The sun was shining and the wind whipping bitterly down the street. As our friend hurried along, head bent and coat collar pulled tight around her neck, she was stopped abruptly by a dousing of water thrown accurately from an

upstairs apartment window. It froze the minute it hit her, turning her hair into a mass of icicles, and soaking her coat. The man, hurrying along behind her, got a good dousing, as well.

For a few moments, all they could do was stand there shivering, cracking the ice and staring bitterly upward. The janitor of the building came through the door, muttering to himself. When he saw them, he caught the idea promptly, pushed them aside, and began shouting at a closed window on the third floor, punctuating his words with much fist waving.

Our friend and co-soakee wobbled along down the street, still breaking off icicles. As they turned the corner into Charles street, they glanced back, saw the window fly open, and another pail of water come booming out. It caught the janitor squarely in the face.

When last seen, he was charging through the door, bent, no doubt, on tangible vengeance.

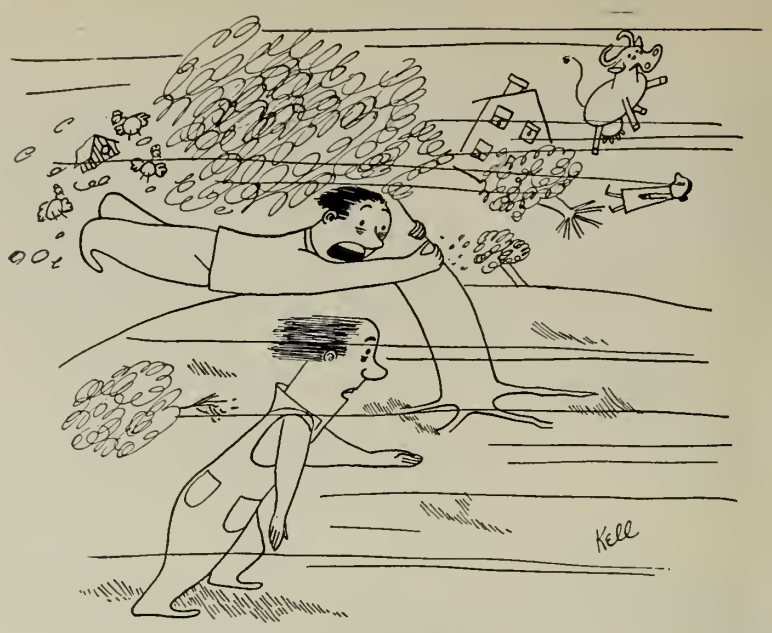
Press Releases

. . . INTRIGUED BY a publicity release which drifted our way from the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston, we went along up to see the newest acquisition—a drawing by the eighteenth century French Master, Francois Boucher.

According to our information at hand, the drawing was formerly in the private library of the Czars of Russia, in the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg (Leningrad). It was given to the Boston Museum by the late Robert Treat Paine, 2nd, and represents a reclining nude.

Francois Boucher (1703-1770) was commissioned to decorate the Queen's apartments in 1734, and his success was so striking that he was employed continually thereafter at Court. His most generous patron, incidentally, was the Marquise de Pompadour.

At that time, according to our reliable publicity release, the courtiers of Louis XV wanted frivolous, voluptuous paintings, and Boucher's pastorals and mythological subjects were in keeping with the tastes of the period.



"How do you stand in the draft?"

• •

It was, however, the press release's direct quote of Austin A. Mitchell of the Museum Print Department, which caught our rapt attention:

"To this reclining nude, which, however skillfully constructed, would have been coldly academic drawn by a lesser artist, the warm buff of the paper, the delicate touches of sanguine in the shadows, and the suavely sensuous modeling in glistening white combine to give vibrant life."

Press release in hand, we went along to look for the "delicate touches of sanguine in the shadows." The gentleman who supplies information for the uninformed (that's us) gave us careful directions as to where to find the drawing. But after searching feverishly through the galleries without success, we went away quietly, pausing only to thank our informant for his invaluable help. Probably read the date wrong on the release, thought we, as we folded it lovingly into our pocket. After all, summer will be quite as good a time to look at Boucher's masterpiece.

Ebb Tide

. . . NEWS HAS reached us of a radio program marking a stratospheric high in something or other. Subject of four 15-minute programs, which started on Sunday, January 23, was "Sinatra vs. Crosby." The Worcester School of Business Science took the bow as sponsor. Last information we had was that Bing was ahead, 5 to 1. All of which is very important, possibly.

String Quartet Competition

. . . STILL IN a musical mood induced by the tonsil-race mentioned above, we are glad to pass along some serious information.

It seems that there is to be a Western Hemisphere string quartet competition, sponsored by the Chamber Music Guild of Washington, D. C. and RCA Victor. Judges are to include such authorities as Dr. Charles Seegar, chief of the Music Division, Pan American Union; Sir Ernest MacMillan, conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra; Jascha Heifetz, violinist; Michel Pianstro, violinist; Claudio Arrau, Chilean pianist; William Primrose, violinist; Madame Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist; composers Edgar Varese and Germaine Tailleferre; and representing the Guild, Mrs. Ana del Pulgar de Burke, and Mr. Marcel Ancher, founder of the Guild.

Two $1,000 prizes offered by RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J., are to be awarded to the winners, with one award going to the best string quartet composition by a Latin American composer, and the other to the best composition by a citizen of either the United States or Canada.

Incidentally, men in the armed forces have been invited to partici-

pate, and a number of entries have already been received from them.

The competition closes at midnight, May 31, 1944, and entries must be received by that time at the Chamber Music Guild, Inc., 1604 K Street, NW, Washington, D. C. Winning compositions will be played during the next winter season of the Guild, and RCA Victor holds the option of recording them with the Chamber Music Guild String Quartet.

Data Division

. . . You'll be glad to learn that a judge of a Los Angeles court has ruled that a mule is legally entitled to throw a rider once. The complainant claimed that while riding the mule named "Chiggers," the animal threw him, causing a back injury. The court held, however, that a mule is a legally domesticated animal and therefore has an inborn right to buck once.

It is just as well that this ruling came twelve years later than our youthful summer-camp days. "Daisy," the camp mule, tossed us four times, more than using up all inborn rights. But of course "Daisy" was different. She always tossed her riders slap on their faces. No nonsense about back injuries. "Daisy" worked hoof in hand with the dentist.

And Incidentally

. . . The New Haven Railroad's *Rider's Digest,* a neat booklet of information and education, has given us some very satisfying data. All of the east and northbound trains carry even numbers; all west and southbound trains bear odd numbers.

This is fine stuff, and material which informs "any railroad man as to the direction in which it (the train) is proceeding."

The way this works out is that on the present four-track right of way between New York and New Haven, the eastbound tracks are numbered two and four, the westbound tracks, one and three.

Having got that settled, the *Digest* informs us that "this does not, however, apply to the 11.76 miles of right of way between Woodlawn and Grand Central Terminal."

We haven't done much one-and-threeing, lately, but we'll be glad to watch the trains go by some day, two-

• •



"All right, all right, take it easy . . . I'm leaving!"

and-fouring, one-and-threeing, past our foggy orbs.

News While You Wait

. . . THE TEDIUM of waiting for trains on the hard benches of a railroad station has been lifted astutely by the Boston and Maine. Via an arrangement with WEEI, the B & M is giving its potential riders something to do with spare time. Five news broadcasts a day, seven days a week are now being piped to train-waiters.

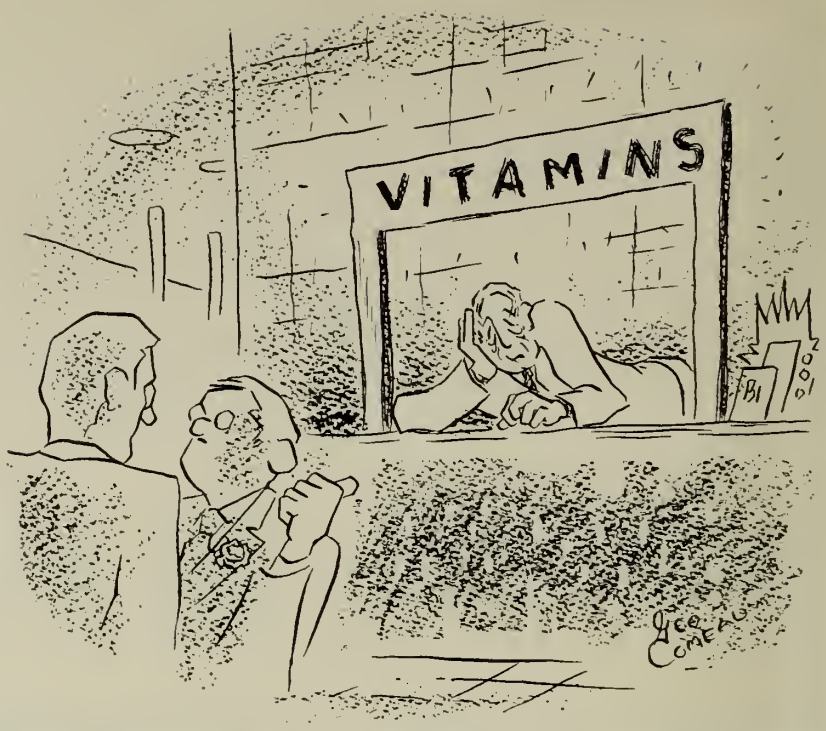
All of which means that a very shrewd bit of common sense has been added to the routine of railroad-riding. If New England were the pulse of the nation—a la Washington—it would be pleasant to contemplate the big executive, lobbyist, brass hat, gold braid, or what-not waiting breathlessly for the 1 p.m. news broadcast, ticket clenched in feverish hand, hole dug in the concrete ready for a fast get-away. Should the news happen to be good on the front concerned with the big man, he could then straighten his tie, turn back his ticket, take in a movie, and go home, fully assured that the affairs of the world are okay. The railroads, radio, and news-casters having taken care of everything.

Information

. . . A CURIOSITY - QUICKENING touch of description in a letter from a serviceman in the Australian region started us off on another "wild-goose-chase." That is, it was wild and erratic until the December 1943 issue of Australia's geographic magazine reached our desk.

The serviceman wrote that he had enjoyed "sweet-sops" very much. That left us flapping lightly in the breeze of ignorance. Mush, scrapple, red-flannel hash were all within our limits, but not "sweet-sops."

. . . WALKABOUT, THE Australian magazine, drifted to our desk to relieve the suspense. "Sweet-Sops" are, we understand, a delectable fruit and one of the most popular in the tropical product line-up. In Australia, they are known formally, as Custard Apples, with the generic name of *Annona* (Year's Harvest in Latin). Some fifty species are distributed over the warmer portions of the earth, but "there is a climbing form which has not yet reached" Australia. Theirs are "of the shrubby or tree-like aspect."



"I think we had better transfer Slognoggin back to the mattress department."

At a casual glance, *Walkabout* tells us, "Sweet-Sops" resemble "some kind of green imbricated cone, for the scale-like skin has something of the pine cone in appearance." Speaking personally, the fruit looks more like an egg-plant with a bad case of hives.

The interior, we discovered by diligent reading, is "just a mass of soft yellowish pulp, of delicate scent and delicious flavor." A sweet custard, quite literally, seems to be the texture and flavor.

Having settled what our serviceman was eating and discussing via V-mail, we went further into the article and stuffed our curiosity to a tantalizing full. The author of our information states that "on certain farms . . . has seen the quick-growing but strange-looking papaw, the luscious cool green of the banana palms, the broad leaves of the coffee plant, mangoes, 'popple' or macadamia nuts, and the lily-like monstera, all thriving in close company on the rich red soil, thus forming demonstration of the luxuriant life of the tropical north of Australia."

Now, we've got to worry about "popple," not to mention lily-like monstera.

Dependency

. . . IT HAS its humorous side, the manner in which one potential draftee stalled off the issue. When he registered for the draft in 1941, he claimed *Mary Ann* as a dependent.

Consequent investigation revealed that *Mary Ann* was a horse, not a "certain female dependent." In court, the young man argued that a dependent is a dependent, whether horse, child, or similar supportee.

The judge, never having had a horse, no doubt, ruled against the claim.

Delicate Wordage

. . . THE WAY the following news item reads makes us believe that it was chopped from a "directive"—one of those things which tell you what's what but not why:

"Supply and Demand—Shortages in certain types of children's underwear are being averted by temporary increases in ceiling prices so manufacturers can carry on."

The children can also "carry on."

ALBERT

. . . Albert was a Drawing-Room Dog.

In his world there was no such simple distinction as House Dog and Not House Dog. There was a complicated social system; and Albert had risen to the top.

It was a unique distinction; and Albert's family was not altogether undistinguished.

His great grandfather had been a Piazza Dog, on easy terms with juleps, and long black cigars, and deep-voiced talk that did not include the ladies.

But Albert in his day was even more elite.

There were other dogs on the Place; but the drawing-room was open only to Albert.

There was Boris, the wolfhound; but he shed.

There was Holga, the great dane; but she jumped.

There was Robert, the scotty; but he scratched.

And there was Victoria, the other dachshund; but she was disgraceful. She liked rabbits and the grocery boy; and she kept having puppies that weren't dachshunds.

Albert's heart beat to the rattle of tea cups and the swish of the cocktail shaker.

He spent mornings in My Lady's writing-room. Presenting himself along with the mail and the morning newspaper, he submitted a silky ear to be scratched, and settled himself deep in the beige-colored rug by the window. He heard the endless telephone calls and the morning visitors; he went for a short walk around the Place and spoke briefly to Victoria. But at four o'clock he came alive.

He knew what was expected of him, and he did not bark, nor wag his tail, nor show in any way that this was what he had been waiting for.

He went into the drawing-room and stood by My Lady, waiting until she said, "Well, Albert, it's tea time again," waiting until she gave him a bit of buttered bread and said, "You'll be a good boy and be nice to the people?" Then he went and sat down.

He knew what was expected of them. He watched the way they came and went, watched to see if they would fidget with their food or appear to interested. He always spoke to those he knew, and occasionally to those he did not know. He accepted the food they gave him; and he listened to the talk:

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

—He might have said it himself, but he never did; he never would have tried. The press, the cheap publicity were not in his scheme of things.

But one day it all changed.

Tea had run into cocktails. The people came and went as usual. Albert listened and ate sandwiches. Everything was quite all right . . . until HE came.

And suddenly the room was full of that wonderful smell. Albert didn't sniff, but he almost had to. People seemed to notice too, for they stopped talking.

He went over and sat by My Lady. Albert did too; he couldn't help it. "This is Albert," she said; and he began to scratch, up and down Albert's back and behind his ears. It was wonderful.

Albert had been scratched before; but this was different; this was divine. Sitting beside him with his nose full of the wonderful smell and with the even more wonderful scratching going up and down his spine, Albert almost barked for joy. But he didn't.

Albert sat, and he smelled, and he listened to the deep, deep voice, and he thrilled to the scratching.

Then he did it.

"Why Albert!"

"That's all right. He's a nice dog."

"But he never did that before."

Albert was overcome. He had done it. He had forever ruined his self esteem, forever lost his status as Drawing-Room Dog. He had licked.

Albert resigned himself to draughty halls and vulgar kitchens, to the company of servants who did not like him and of Victoria who consoled him by snuffing in his face and licking his ear.

He had been a Drawing-Room Dog.

He had become a dachshund who licked.

—Ann B. Thacher

• •



". . . and does Madam want us to deliver those three cases of Scotch or will she take them with her?"



"He was leaning against the wind when suddenly it reversed!"

WILLOW LEAVES ON A RIVER

. . . Along the hard-packed tow path, a young Chinese woman hurried with such tired desperation that frequently her long maroon brocaded gown caught about her ankles, all but tripping her. As sleek as a magpie's wing, her hair was combed back into a knot, and two rich pearls at her ears were her only adornment. These snatched light from the sun as she often tilted her head in sharp apprehension of the sky-terror, the savage pursuers from Nippon.

The widow Ching Lien, who preferred to be called by the Anglicized name of Lotus, kept her lovely eyes for the most part upon a small fisherman's hut near the spot where the river and Moon Lake joined. There was anxiety and doubt intermixed with set determination in her face. If she might achieve her purpose! If Li-Jan would grant her this favor!

Her mind flew backwards to the sick room she had just left, in the great house of her father upon the edge of the lake. The voice of Small Son — that four-year-old plaintive treble — kept echoing in her head, tearing at her heart, "Li-Jan's fishing mink, Mother. If I can have that, I will be quickly well." Her steps hastened toward the thatched hut.

In the mauve shadows beneath an ancient gnarled weeping willow, she could see a punt pulled up before the shack. On the punt's gunwale squirmed a little animal, half in half out of the boat, its quick paws dipping the water as though trying to capture its tremulous reflection.

Lotus saw the man then, calling out to him in singing cadance even while noting how tall he was, and how worn in his modest blue fisherman's outfit. "Li-Jan! It is I, Lotus."

He threw back his head in a gesture so familiar to her in their Peiping days, when she, her husband and Li-Jan attended college, and those following years which had brought her happiness, grief, and at last a degree of serenity during that city's enslavement.

"It is indeed you!" Joy lighted his sensitive features. As if to hide the love which leaped into his soft brown eyes, he placed a reed basket on the ground before coming to her. "How splendid to see you again. I have hoped you might be out on Moon Lake when I've been fishing, but there was only Small Son, with his amah."

"Because of him, I come," she began, panting with exertion and fatigue.

He took her hand, leading her to the firm earthen clearing before his door. "Welcome to my summer cottage," he said, laughing in delight at her fragrant presence.

Bright spots flashed before Lotus' weary eyes; she pressed her palms to her temples. "May I have water? So fast have I run—" She faltered and would have fallen but for Li-Jan's swift arms.

"You are ill!" Consternation was in his tone, upon his fine-cut face.

Smiling a little, she shook her head. Her skin, the texture of dull satin, was pale as the pearls in her ears. "Two nights there has been no sleep—"

"How thin you have grown," he reproved. "In truth, there is little of you, but your brave spirit."



"You recall the sickness of Small Son's body in Peiping caused by poor diet because the enemy took all?" Her lips curled in loathing for those invaders. "Then our perilous journey with naught but snails and fish to sustain him—Now, he has great fever, from too hot sun on the lake."

"And you have nursed him constantly." He frowned disapproval. "Thinking not at all of yourself. With neither rest nor food, I'll swear."

She nodded slightly with guilt. "I wish to ask something of you, good Li-Jan," she stammered, but he stopped her, making her sit on a stool while he fetched a blue cotton quilt and spread it in the shade of the twisted willow.

"Lie here for a time and relax in peace," he said gently. "Would that I had fair silk coverings and choice foods to offer you!"

"I believe my faintness *is* from hunger," she admitted, while her eyelids closed and opened partway in exhaustion. "But not for fish," was her whimsical admonition. And a vast deal of her tenseness fell away. It was evident to her that the Nature God had bestowed upon Li-Jan a priceless gift, the beyond-comprehension tenderness for those in want of any kind.

"Sleep a bit," he told her, looking out over the placid river, "while I prepare some chow for you."

From where she reclined, Lotus could see a willow branch whose delicate sprays traced creases in the water. Silently, green and yellow leaves fell and sailed away, like little ships. . . .

She wakened with a delicious aroma filling her nostrils. Li-Jan was crouched beside a charcoal brazier where a stew bubbled, savoury with wild onion and soy and thyme. He looked over at her and smiling, transferred the stew to a bowl which he brought to a rude table nearby. He poured boiling water on tea leaves in small gray handleless cups, after helping her to the stool.

"Before you arrived," he said, "I had already eaten." Another bam-

boo stool was placed opposite. "I will drink tea with you."

"Tell me how you escaped from the Japanese," she enquired, her chopsticks immediately busy.

So Li-Jan told her, in brief phrases but so low it was almost as though spying ears might be among rushes or rank grass or lurking in the willow boughs overhead.

With poignant regret, he spoke of the demise of the school he'd conducted. That so-secret school which for three years had been held in the Peiping compound of Lotus' dead husband; the school at which lads from twelve into their teens were taught the skill and attributes of espionage.

These youngsters — principally sons of once-wealthy Mandarins or tai-pans—were trained, drilled and equipped at Li-Jan's personal expense. Nor did he mention how it became necessary to sell his ancestral estate there in Szechwan Province not far from Lotus' home; this she knew, vaguely.

It was inevitable that the conquerors should discover the efficient scout center. Fortunately, Lotus had already departed for her distant home at the urgencies of her aging parents. So, in the tattered guise of a beggar, Li-Jan sneaked out, just before one dawn, through Peiping's crenulated city walls and off into the Western Hills.

"You have done superb work for our China," she commended. "Grieve not that this phase of your usefulness is ended, but think rather of the hundreds who carry on your teachings."

"That is wise counsel," he sighed.

Refreshed by her meal, she rose, smiling her grateful thanks. "The finest stew I ever tasted," she praised. "Rabbit, was it not?"

Swiftly her mind turned to her errand, her hands locking together to twist slender fingers about each other. "Li-Jan, you have been such a good friend over the years. Plainly I see, as I knew in the past, you consider material things unimportant. But you possess something which can restore health to Small Son. He has watched you while you poled among the reeds, catching crawfish and frogs with the aid of that excellent little aquatic creature—"

Her eyes grew softly maternal as she went on, "He remembers how in Peiping, your pet would roll over in snuggling affection, and he longs, night and day, to stroke its smooth fur and enjoy its playful antics." She looked earnestly into Li-Jan's face. "Will you give me your tame mink for Small Son?"

While she was speaking, his eyes had not left her. Now, he turned aside, standing tall and rigid, hands clenched at his sides, making no sound or reply.

And as she studied him, she saw tears slide down his drawn cheeks. Mystified, she continued to observe this ardent intense young man, and her bewilderment changed to something akin to horror. Swiftly her glance sped to the moored punt under the willow; there was no darting animal there. She stared long at the plucked bones on the table.

"Ai-ya!" she cried. "Li Jan, you didn't—Oh, you couldn't have—?"

Still he said nothing, neither denying nor affirming, and her thoughts raced from the shock. Li-Jan was so poor, he had killed his pet, his sole means of livelihood, for her dinner!

Moving to him, she placed warm hands on his shoulders, and a sweet understanding curved her lips and lighted her deep eyes, revealing the sudden warmth in her heart. Since she was widowed, she had known of his fondness for her, but she scarce dreamt it was so great. She was conscious of a deep yearning for a dear companion such as he.

"Truly," she said, low-toned, "you have that unique talent of communication with the young. At my house is a child who has need of you, kind faithful Li-Jan. Will you return with me and minister to him? And—and make acquaintance with my parents?"

—Hester Hawkes

• •



"Good morning to you, good morning to you, good morning dear Miss Lemon, good morning to you."

"DEAR TALLULAH"

. . . To my dismay, I must admit that I've never really conquered a childish desire to write fan letters. My first real desire to write a "Thank You" note was to George White. The Scandals was playing to a $4.40 top at the Apollo Theater. I wanted a three dollar ticket and when I got to the theater just at curtain time, Mr. White himself was in the box office. He handed me a ticket, and, without looking at it too closely, I rushed into the theater and handed the stub to the usher nearest the mezzanine. To my surprise, I was sent back to the orchestra and ushered to an excellent seat in a row that was half filled. Then I examined the stub more closely and realized that Mr. White had given me a cut rate.

As I walked back to the hotel after the show, I kept composing the letter I would write. I would express my gratitude, my appreciation in a few simple words. "Dear Mr. White," I wrote, "I want you to know that I will never again believe any of those stories about ticket scalpers and surly box office men and rude ticket sellers. Men like you, Mr. White, are encouraging people to come back to the legitimate theater—a theater that is fighting for its very existence."

I was so pleased with this letter that I held on to it for weeks before I finally threw it away. And, out of a sense of loyalty to my benefactor, I haven't missed a George White show since—movies included.

When *The Zeigfeld Follies* with Fannie Brice and Jane Pickens played my home town and cast changes were made without notifying the audience, the desire to write surged forth again. This time I did do something about it. I wrote down all the peeves I had against the theater in a nice long article and sent it to *The New York Times*. At the last minute, I hastily added a paragraph about how much I enjoyed George White's *Scandals,* even when he changed the cast without warning the audience. And, to my chagrin, the *Times* printed the article and omitted the paragraph that might have shown Mr. White just how I felt.

Of course, I'm not the type of fan who wants to write to stars and ask for autographed pictures, and my one experience in asking for an autograph cured me of that habit faster than it started.

In a dimly lit 48th Street restaurant that featured silent movies as the major attraction, a friend of mine spotted Gypsy Rose Lee seated at the next table. As we were leaving, Bud said, "I'd like to have her autograph —only I'm afraid to ask for it."

"I'll get it," I said with bravado, and snatched the card he handed me. Miss Lee gave me a puzzled look, hastily wrote, "Cordially yours, Gypsy Rose Lee" on the back of the card, and then gave me a quick smile. I looked over at the door to see Bud standing there choking back sobs of laughter. How was I to know that the card he gave me came—not from the 48th Street restaurant, but from Leon and Eddie's and that the other side read, "Never a cover charge."

But it was the waitress who cornered me on the way out. "Kids stuff. Aren't you ashamed?" she sneered. "A big man like you asking for autographs."

"What do you mean?" I said as I groped for a snappier comeback.

"So you get the signature. So what can you do with it after you've got it?"

"Saving match covers is kids stuff, too," I said, "but lots of grown ups do it."

"Dear Miss Lee," I started to write that night, "thanks for the autograph —" But, somehow, I never could finish the letter.

Motion picture actresses have never been able to inspire me half as much as stage actresses. There isn't one person in Hollywood who ever made me feel the way I did when I saw Ina Claire in *Biography*. It was the last half of the second act particularly that got me. In came Miss Claire in some sort of bluish gown and a new coiffure that looked as if she had pinned her hair back and forgot to take out the pins. I settled back in my seat prepared not to like the entire scene. And then, suddenly, I realized that Miss Claire was crying. Earl Larrimore was telling her the story of his life, and Ina, who had been sitting there laughing, had completely changed her mood. I saw her eyes fill with tears, and then watched one huge tear "blop" down the front of her dress.

I was amazed at this display of emotion. "Dear Miss Claire," I wrote. "Do you cry like this at every performance? Do the tear drops spot the dress? How often must you change costumes? And—is it easy to turn on the tears ducts so quickly and convincingly? But I was talked out of sending the letter. "Don't be juvenile," I was told. "Hundreds of actresses can do the same thing."

Needless to say, I wasn't convinced, and, to this day, I'm still curious about the whole thing. If Miss Claire put on a crying act like that eight times a week, how often WAS the dress spotted?

And then Tallulah Bankhead came into my life. I wanted to write to her more than once. Not a condolence letter telling her how sorry I was that she was ill, and that I thought she gave a splendid performance in *Clash by Night* the Saturday before illness forced her to leave the show. Nor was it a letter of praise after I saw *Antony and Cleopatra* to say that I enjoyed her in spite of the show and that I would be content to hear her read lines regardless of how big a fiasco the play might be.

Tallulah's radio program a few seasons back was my big worry. I could certainly have written her how much I liked her program. The girls in my classes kept telling me how much they enjoyed the program, too, and that I'd better stop giving them synopses stories like DeMaupassant's *The Necklace* because, as they said, I sounded amateurishly weak after they'd listened to her. "Dear Tallulah," I wanted to write, "be a good sport. MUST you broadcast the classic stories we teach? After all, when students start making comparisons—"

But I never mailed the letter. Somehow I felt that if I were to be considered amateurishly weak, as long as it was by comparison with Tallulah, I'd be flattered and content.

—A. L. Laufe

ART FOR THE FUTURE

. . . Let us forget painting as entertainment, as a distressing or refreshing half hour in a crowded room, as an obligato to a social interim. Let us rather turn to its origins, trace its functions and speculate upon its significance in our future civilization. That it will have a future is as certain as the facts of its great past.

The earliest form of recorded history — hieroglyphics and symbols — was the grandfather of narrative and propaganda painting. The trunk of this family tree had many branches and shoots throughout the centuries, and we find the pungent flowering of Durer, Hogarth, Cruikshank and satiric commentary on the very stem of the historic portraitists, Clouet, Perbus, Holbein and Reynolds. These are but a few of the painters who have given us visual history, the sharp, clear-cut presentation of events and individuals in their time.

With contemporary life so recorded, there grew with no less vitality, a form of imaginative and fanciful expression—the grandmother of decorative painting, the escape of the intellect from the boundaries of the contemporary. In each decade there has been the blush of spring upon the Elysian fields, and oceans thundering on the shores of our subconscious.

Briefly, it could be said that it is the function of the paternal heritage to reveal the world wherein we live, and the function of the maternal line to realize the world of which we dream. Both are indispensable to the sturdy family tree of painting, for in the unity of the two forces we have the sum of life.

Now if we accept these functions of painting, we must transplant the tree from the stagnant air of the hothouse to the freedom of the mountainside. Its branches must rise towards the mist, and it must shelter the migration of the birds. It must sing in the wind and weep with the rain. Flowers must grow at its feet. The roots must go deep into the sedimentary rock, that its shade may give refuge to a wanderer. It must live and stand the stresses as well as the richness of the days.

But who shall tell the human story in painting, or devise temples of forgotten faith?

The answer lies in the past, the present, and in a pattern for the future.

The ageless monuments of art have sprung from the rich soil of folk-lore towards the horizon of an universal spiritual urge. The Auvergne shepherd — his song impaled upon the glacial Juras; the Neanderthal huntsman grinding his colors in the dark caverns of the Pyrenees; the Breton fisherman carving a little calvary for the road to Pont Aven; these nameless ancestors are the bone and bloodstream of our Art. Whether they sang in color, line or tone, we have taken their messages to re-create art forms of the succeeding centuries. These were not self-conscious messages, but the natural flowering of a heritage.

Today, as then, there are songs from cloudless prairies and from crowded city streets. Many are forgotten, gone with the lengthening shadows of our lives. Others are transfixed in the appreciative consciousness of an artisan. These last will be given form, and we shall hear of them.

It is true that not all may be artisans and craftsmen. But the heritage of creative or narrative art is yours, and mine, and everyone's.

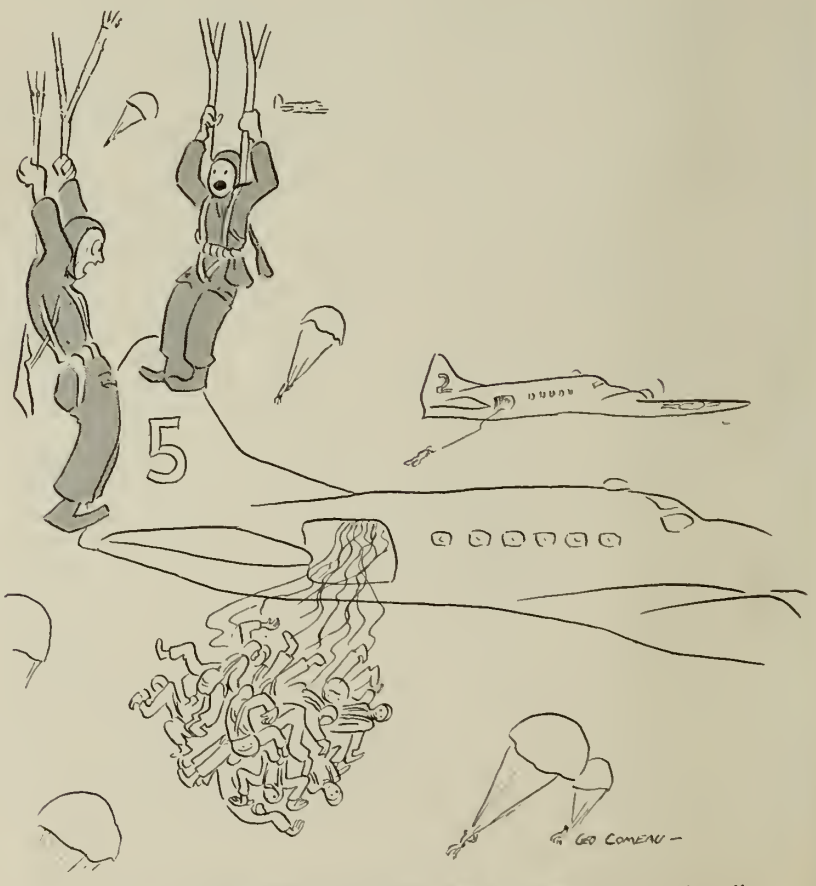
Painting, like all the other arts, imposes certain training and discipline. The greatest requisite, however, is a desire to paint, to portray the world in which we live, or to picture the world whereof we dream. Realization is the desire disciplined by work and tempered by simplicity.

Someday, perchance, the grinding self-consciousness of civilization will lose its hold upon the hearts of men. Then, and only then, will the tree of painting upon the mountainside turn its leaves in the free air and send its roots deep into the structure of our daily life.

And upon that day, we shall have an art from the people, by the people, and in its true significance, for the people.

—Natalie Hayes Hammond

• •



"It's just a game they play where the last one out is a sissy."

ARTHUR WILLIAM HEINTZELMAN

. . . Some 25 years ago Arthur William Heintzelman, having made his mark among the etchers of the United States, heard the call of art insistent from Paris and crossed the Atlantic to answer it. In his homeland he had wrought with etching-needle and dry-point plates of charm and promise, and from the first exhibition of his work at Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston in 1917, he had been received with so much praise and encouragement from critics and collectors that there was no question of his success. This was emphasized as his prints were carried in successive exhibitions from New York to San Francisco; indeed, the young etcher might easily have got an exaggerated idea of his importance had not the common sense with which he was fortunately blessed been allied with a less common sense of proportion in artistic standards. And Heintzelman, still in his early twenties, was essential artist enough to realize that however constantly and reverently he might study to imitate the linear expressiveness of Rembrandt, his artistic expression must find its vitality in the personal emotion of his own experience.

So, with an already remarkable record of some seventy-two plates to his name, in which, between *"The Rabbi,"* his first etching, and *"Three Score and Ten,"* an admirable sensitive study of masculine old age that had won a prize from every etching society whose fellowship he enjoyed, he had essayed most of his appealing subjects ready to his hand, he left the familiar American scene to seek the stimulus of fresh experience and a more vital artistic environment in the variegated life of Paris. He arrived in Paris, then, in 1921 in his twenty-ninth year, already more than competently equipped for an etcher's career with most of his spade-work done.

Paris fascinated him from the first, but it was in the varied character of her human rather than her architectural aspect that Heintzelman found his chief pictorial interest. As he strolled along the streets and the boulevards, and loitered on the "quais" or in the popular markets, or sat in the cafes and cabarets, it was always the people that would keep his eyes on the "qui vive" with pictorial motive, his psychological intuitions alert, and his etcher's impulse graphically responsive. But like most American etchers, he had no desire to make prints of famous Paris buildings, and the gargoyles of Notre Dame appealed to his etching-needle no more than the buttresses of the Pont Neuf itself. But among the wayfarers of Montmartre, for instance, the small shopkeepers, the market-folk, the itinerant musician his human sympathies prompted artistic motive, and he would find subjects of character that cried for his copper-plates. Look for instance, at "Merci!" the earliest of Heintzelman's recorded Paris plates. A very remarkable study this, of a peripatetic old musician, with hoary head and Beethoven brow, who stands, holding in one hand his guitar and his upturned hat inviting the casual coins, while his other hand grasps his cloak, that, perhaps, has shared better days with him Yet one sees in the expressive eyes and mouth of the old man a pathetically cynical indifference as to whether the expected coins may represent an honest need of pleasure derived from his playing or merely a haphazard gratuity. The *"Merci!"* will either way not change its inflection, but it will leave us wondering what is behind it in the man himself, what it echoes of a time when his guitar was doubtless twanged for pastime not for a precarious living.



Arthur W. Heintzelman

It was this etching, with its penetrating sense of character, its sensitive presentation of a typical bit of life that first attracted my attention to the prints of Arthur Heintzelman. I felt that here was an etcher, with a graphic command of his craft, who could use his vision authentically and express sincerely what he felt about what he saw, for there was no doubt that his sympathies reacted to the life-struggle of this poor old performer,

and that he understood him and the gradual subjection of his personal dignity to the vicissitudes of his circumstances. The wayside musician would seem to be a favorite theme with Heintzelman, and he has recently returned to it in two characteristic plates, but he finds engaging variations in diversities of personality and character.

In *"Le Chanteur Populaire,"* one of his happiest plates, he gives a man of a type very different from the shabby old gentleman of *"Merci!"* Here is the "beloved vagabond" who sings and twangs his way through life, wears a careless heart on his ample sleeve, and keeps laughter in his eyes and over his fat jolly cheeks as an accompaniment, even more essential than that of his guitar-twanging, to his cabaret songs. The upturned hat is there, of course, in front of him, and he has no pride or bashfulness to express in reference to its obvious purpose, for he is on the contrary proudly conscious of giving excellent value for his casual "takings." Did he not sing long ago in opera comique, and aspirely once even to Figaro, and who shall say his singing is not still as good fun as you can get anywhere in Paris at any price? With what vivacity of his art the etcher makes us realize all this as we look at the print! The man *lives,* we can almost hear him singing and chuckling, and as we note the sensitive drawing of the hands with the fingers pressing and twanging the strings, they seem to become resonant. With masterly address in the matter of lifting and placing the man on the plate, Heintzelman has given us the embodiment of a character as artistically vital as an impersonation by say a Guitry.

But Heintzelman as we have seen does not confine himself to physiognomy, he can be as graphically suggestive about the man in his life-circumstance and just as comprehensively sympathetic in his portrayal of women. *"La Grand Mere Forain,"* for instance, as we look at this gracious, benign old lady, seated in dignity, taking her age with ease, her brow gently wrinkled, her hand thinning. Yet no sign of crabbing temper, we seem to read in the etcher's graceful and expressive lines all that we need to know of her comely and well-ordered life and circumstance. Here is a beautiful piece of portraiture, yet no less beauty has the etcher achieved with *"Une Proprietaire De Cayeux"* though, the subject is but a haggard, old woman, trudging in broken boots along a rough road, bent double with rheumatism, and with finger-joints so gnarled that she can scarcely handle her staff to help her and her burden along. But she has the faithful companionship of her yelping, gamboling dog, and her homeward way to the waterside is warmed and brightened by the sunshine, and one likes to imagine that the poor old woman's hard circumstance is somewhat tempered by these amenities.

Heintzelman commands serious attention and respect in his religious subjects. He has attempted one of the most difficult subjects in the whole range of art and especially in a period when the world is particularly devoid of religious fervor. Any artist in attempting this subject challenges the Old Masters in a field which drew mightily from their powers, and he naturally exposes himself to comparison.

Instead of merely evoking New Testament scenes and making them live again, or having recourse to symbols by which to express a sensitive and sincere faith, Heintzelman has modernised these subjects, as though in an endeavor to cause us to reflect upon the inner meaning of the Gospel Story. In *"Golgotha"* where we s the familiar scene of Christ crucifi between the two malefactors, there indeed what may be termed an educa tive value, for the artist may eve have aimed at calling up the tears sad meditations which sometim spring from the contemplation of thos painracked forms. *"The Three Ma ries"* is treated differently. The dolo ous expression of the Christ, his arm forming a triangle with the T-shape Cross, the profound grief of the thre women, their looks, their gestures, th movements of their heads—all thes are beautifully observed and rendere The landscape background and th two distant figures have been mos delicately indicated, whilst black tone enrich the features of all the figure the whole proclaiming that Heintze man has the true etcher's feeling, a fa proved again in the *"Mater Dolorosa* an upright plate, depicting the Blesse Virgin supporting the body of Ou Lord.



Here, apart from the etched line on the head of Christ, all the wor is dry-point, extremely delicate, a it is also in the *"Entombment"* a beau tiful and arresting composition of sev eral figures, in which St. Joseph an the three Marys are seen supportin the body of Christ, and extending t it their last tender care. Each visag is carefully studied, and the whol proclaims deep meditation and rever ence.

Several plates of a later dat *"Silent Christ"* and *"Pieta"* take thei places in this accomplished religiou group, and we are told by the artis that two promising plates: *"Chris Healing the Sick"* and a *"Last Sup per"* are in preparation. We shall loo forward to these plates with particula interest.

—Malcolm C. Salaman

Re: Malcolm Salaman Article;

The accompanying article was written by the well known English critic Malcolm C. Salaman, and was intended for the "Masters of Etching" series, published in London by the Studio.

Mr. Salaman died while the book was in preparation and as the Studio discontinued this series after Mr. Salaman's death, the book was never published.



"Hello? Sydney, Australia?"

WOMEN

. . . The cool, white sand of the beach upon which we bivouac tonight glistens in the fogged glow of the moon. Corporal Jim Roby, who lies beside me, talks about women.

"They are the greatest things," he says.

After pausing in expectation of an objection from me, he resumes.

"It makes no difference who they are or where you find them, they are the greatest things. No guy is really good enough for a woman. They have the right ideas. Their only trouble is that they don't have the muscles."

I laugh.

"You talk like a poet—like a poet in love."

"I have a special reason," he whispers and puffs his cigarette.

"What is it?"

"My mother."

"Well, we all have that reason, haven't we?"

"But mine is special."

"Why?"

"You know of the money I've been sending back to the States?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's been going back to pay for a gravestone."

"A gravestone!"

"Yes, a gravestone for my mother's grave."

"When did she die?"

"Fifteen years ago."

"And in all of that time there has been no stone on her grave?"

"No, there hasn't. My old man died a year or two before my mother. I have two older sisters, both of whom were married already, so they managed to raise the money to throw the old man a decent funeral and even put a stone on his grave."

"But what about your mother?"

"It was different when she died. You see we weren't expected to respect our mother."

Stretched out on the sand, Jim's 6' 1" seems to grow taut as he stops for an unsuccessful attempt to suppress a sigh.

"It was a way she was paying for her sin She had a baby before she married my father. My sisters were only kids when they found out but from then on they treated her like dirt. I haven't forgotten her. She was a little woman with brown hair and blue eyes which had a kind of a scared look in them.

"With my liking for whiskey and gals I'm different from my sisters. They are kind of moral. So when my mother went, they would have nothing to do with her just as they would have nothing to do with her when she was living. If it hadn't been for the plot that the old man bought before he kicked off, I don't know where they would have buried her. Only me, the preacher and the grave digger were in the cemetery when she was put in her grave. The sisters wouldn't come. As he started to shovel the dirt, the grave digger asked if there'd be a stone. The preacher said no.

"Though I felt like bawling, I didn't. I just kind of looked away. It was then that I made up my mind to get a stone put on that grave even if it took me a hundred years.

"For five years after that I lived in an orphanage. Then they took me into the C.C.C. And then a few years later I got a real job in an ammunition plant, and then I thought here is where I get that stone.

"On my first pay day I went to see a gravestone man and I told him that I wanted a stone—and a swell one. That, he said, would cost a lot of money, if I had it. I said I didn't but that I was working and I would give him something every pay day. That'd be fine, he said, you could start paying right away and after the stone was all paid for he'd put it up. And not before, I asked. He said no, not before.

"So that was the best I could do For a year and a half on every pay day I gave him some money.

"Then about a week before I came into the army I went to him to make another payment and to tell him that I was going and that I would try to send him some money once a month on the army pay days. I said I would try.

"For about a half a minute the man said nothing and just looked at me Then he started to talk.

"It's about half paid for, he said and you're going away to the army and you say that you're going to try to pay something as you get paid. So I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll put up that stone before you leave.

"And he did, the next Sunday. It was a pretty day with the sun shining and the sky clear. And I felt great about the whole thing. I thought of the little brown-haired woman in the ground and for a split second I could remember her as I've never remembered her before—smiling and with the fear gone from her eyes.

—Sgt. Joseph Klein



"But this is mine. I gave you yours!"

TUFTS COLLEGE

. . . A COLLEGE AT war, at the same time, a college that is planning for the day when it can reconvert to a peacetime program suited to postwar needs is the picture which Tufts College presents today.

Tall, youthful Dr. Leonard Carmichael, who has been Tufts president since 1938, is in no small measure responsible for a re-tooling of the college's ivy-clad class-room buildings and laboratories as complete as has taken place in the nation's automobile factories. A psychologist, he sees also that education for a student body made up in part at least of men returning from the services, and taught partially also by teachers returning from government war work, will have to be honest and realistic, but not necessarily "vocational" in the narrow sense of the word.

Dr. Carmichael's weeks are a perpetual shuttle between Washington and the campus. Since its establishment in 1940, he has been head of the National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel, war agency developed to make effective allocation of America's specialists possible to the Army, the Navy and war industry, and recently designated as the agency to determine quotas for civilian draft deferment of college students.

By virtue of his position as head of the Roster, Dr. Carmichael has been able to gather a fund of knowledge as to what sort of vocational and educational guidance will be likely to be useful in postwar years. The system which has been adopted, under his supervision, for determining how to marshal the nation's scientists for the war effort and what students shall be given deferment for critical civilian posts in war industries has implications for the utilization and training of special skills in peacetime.

While faculty committees are planning for the future education the college will offer when our armed forces return to civil life, Tufts is at the same time actively carrying out its pledge, made at the time of Pearl Harbor, to serve the nation at war. On both the hill campus in Medford, five miles out of Boston, and at the Huntington Avenue Medical and Dental Schools in town, Tufts has in residence as full-time students a total of nearly 1,700 young men in uniform. These are all regular enlisted men in the Army or Navy and subject to all Army or Navy regulations, while at the same time regular college or professional school students.



Chapel Tower from Ballou Hall

There are more than 1,000 in the Tufts Naval Training Unit, including V-12 students and members of the Tufts Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps, which latter was organized at Tufts in 1941 and last July was absorbed by the Navy college training program. At the Medical School there are nearly 150 students in the service of the Navy and nearly 250 Army service, while the Dental School has approximately 115 Navy students and 170 Army students, being trained at these schools under the Army and Navy program to provide a steady flow of specialists for the armed forces.

In many colleges which have provided dormitory, dining and class-room facilities for the Army and Navy, officers of the armed forces themselves provide the instruction. At Tufts the present program is one in which the regular civilian faculty is actively at work. Navy V-12 and NROTC students, civilian men students and Jackson students of the department of women at Tufts attend joint classes. And it may be observed that many a comely Jackson co-ed offers keen scholastic competition to the blue uniformed sailor.

Conversion of Tufts into a Naval training station to accommodate 1,000 incoming Naval trainees involved a tremendous physical task, so that last July 1 was a general moving day for all civilian students. Fraternity houses, with the exception of one

which was a considerable distance from the campus, were closed up for the duration. Two of the largest of the Jackson dormitories became Navy dormitories, while Jackson students ousted moved into former fraternity houses. All the men's dormitories also were taken over by the Navy, and civilian students, totalling several hundred were obliged to find accommodations in homes of the surrounding community. For this group, the once gregarious college living is out for the duration.

The presence of nearly 400 women on the Tufts campus has been fortunate for the college in these war years. Enrollment of Jackson students in Liberal Arts courses has meant that a full program of humanistic studies is being continued and that Tufts has retained its strong liberal arts tradition. A present as well as a post war trend in education, emphasized at Tufts, is that technical education must have a strong humanistic stem seen as vital to the welfare of a free American democracy.

Poetry and creative writing courses given by Prof. John Holmes, Tufts poet, music appreciation, journalism, history and literature courses, are attracting many Navy students. Jackson students, for their part, are combining scientific and liberal arts studies, and enrolling in courses in the School of Engineering. They are showing definite aptitudes for acquiring scientific skills in fields that were once dominated solely by men.

For the first time in the history of 51 years of co-education at Tufts, a girl was graduated last month (February) from the School of Engineering with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemical Engineering. With the ink hardly dry on her diploma, this young woman, Miss Charlotte C. Taylor of Upper Montclair, N. J., began work as a research chemist for a large Cambridge Army and Navy E defense plant engaged in the production and development of optical plastics. Since the war there has been a marked step-up in the demand for Jackson graduates as trained physicists, chemists, laboratory technicians, statisticians and accountants.

All the schools of the college, with the exception of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, the School of Religion, and Jackson College, where the students have an optional arrangement, are operating upon fully "accelerated" programs. This means that the college now is open every month of the year. In spite of this speed-up, every effort has been made to carry on as far as possible student activities under war-time conditions.

Social life has had to be considerably simplified, but extra-curricular activities which contribute to the student's enjoyment of college life and development of talents in a way not possible in classrooms alone, are still much in evidence.

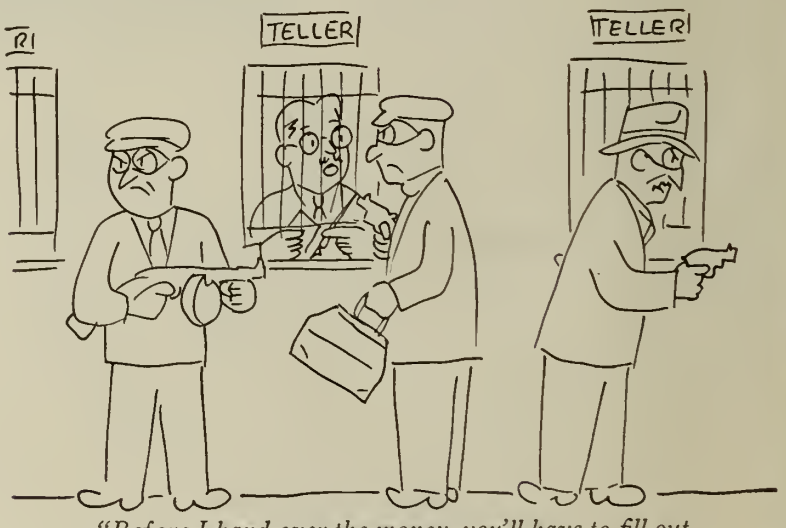
Three P's, student dramatic society, although the head of the Department of Drama and Speech is serving in overseas duty in Africa with the Office of War Information, has been active in presenting a number of productions which have measured up fully to the high standard of previous years. Student musical activities, augmented by the organization of a full Navy band, have never been more important than at present. While in many colleges and unversities throughout the country, student newspapers have been suspended, *The Tufts Weekly* still is published, edited as an undertaking of the students in journalism. *The Tuftonian,* now combined with the *Alumni Bulletin,* college literary quarterly, is also being continued.

It is interesting to note that colleges have been designated by the War Manpower Commission as an "essential war activity." When the full story of Tufts role in the war effort can be told, much of additional import will be added to its war history. Information is still confidential concerning the extent of war research which is being carried on in Tufts laboratories, but it can be said that at present the college has contracts for investigation with the Army and Navy and with the Office of Scientific Research and Development.

This agency which has as its two main functions the initiation and support of scientific research on the mechanisms and devices of warfare, and the initiation and support of scientific research on problems in the field of military medicine, has as its head a Tufts graduate, Vannevar Bush. Dr. Bush was recently awarded the Edison Medal of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers for 1943, which testifies to his rank as United States No. 1 scientist. Tufts' foremost scientist is also president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, one of the largest foundations in the world with an annual budget of $1,500,000 to its credit.

With more than 4,500 Tufts men serving in the armed forces, with the college effectively cooperating with the Army and Navy in educating young men for the armed services of the nation, and with surveys being made as to postwar plans for its curricula despite grave uncertainties, the college is in a position today to shape a new destiny.

—Cecelia VanAuken



"Before I hand over the money, you'll have to fill out a withdrawal form."



"Daddy, you'll never guess who I just bumped into down the street!"

GOVERNOR LEVERETT SALTONSTALL

. . . It could be a scene from the next Republican National Convention. Mark this, we say it could be. There comes a time when the balloting is tense, the delegates are tired and worn with the continual bickering, the trading here and there, the smoke filled rooms.

For many ballots now Massachusetts has called out resonantly, "Massachusetts casts 35 votes for Governor Leverett Saltonstall." Suddenly on this, the twenty-first ballot, there comes an unexpected break. A Southern state whose delegates have been pledged to another candidate have been released from their pledge and like a bolt out of the blue comes their chairman's call, "Florida casts 14 votes for Saltonstall." There's a cheer, it becomes a roar, and the landslide has begun. State after state follows . . .

That's the picture that could be painted at the next National Convention. Bay State folks, the folks back home who know Leverett Saltonstall, still earnestly hope that such a picture may actually be thrown upon the screen.

Long, lanky, lean and laughing, Leverett Saltonstall is not "another Lincoln" because truth to tell he has more background, more executive ability, more genuine appeal to the masses than Honest Abe ever possessed. Leverett Saltonstall's appeal is to no one section, no class, no party actually, but to Americans who believe in America first, last, all the time, but an America which can never again be permitted to hold aloof from the problems of its neighbors, whether here on across the seas.

He's a strange man and yet a very average one, this Governor of Massachusetts. He is possessed of an innate ability and a native intelligence far beyond the scope of most, yet he is so modest, so self-effacing that it's actually a bit of self-inflicted torture when he consents to pose for a moment in the spotlight of public attention. He has a great deal of boyish appeal about him, this man who stands several inches above six feet and whose face bears always the creases of a smile which never quite fades, except on those rare occasions when the Governor knows that he has before him a fakir, or one who does not stick to the truth. Then the smile can be erased, there can be a strernness settle about those closely drawn lips, the twinkle can disappear from the eyes and it's a brave man who would then venture to attempt to impose upon the intelligence or impugn the motives of His Excellency.



Leverett Saltonstall

Leverett Saltonstall lives in a house out on Chestnut Hill. In normal times, he is there surrounded by his very lovable family. Evenings, residents of Chestnut Hill and members of nearby Longwood Cricket Club often see the staid Governor of the Commonwealth, in collarless disarray, playing baseball with his own or the neighbors' boys and girls. Right now most of the family have gone to War. But there's still a home there, a home that has the atmosphere not of just another house but of a real New England home.

Out in Dover, a pretty little suburban district which nestles in the Blue Hills or their foothills, the Governor has his best moments. There is his farm and there he loves to cut weeds, chop wood, run the big mower, help harvest the crops, feed the blooded stock. No gentleman farmer is he, but a very practical, a very thorough farmer who knows to a penny the profit or loss on each item. Yet he has none of the New England characteristics of his friend Calvin Coolidge in hoarding.

Governor Saltonstall is not one of those men who ever could be "another Lincoln" nor "another" anybody else. For this Massachusetts statesman—and he is that—is so individual, so original, that he has built, all unconscious of it, for himself a personality stronger than any of those who have gone before. Here is the type of man one thinks of when reading of the early days of our American history. In Governor Saltonstall one sees the ancestor of Colonial days, the man who bore the savagery and the trials of those days and emerged superior to all these. For this man Saltonstall has an iron jaw which discloses at first glance the character, the integrity and the power of the man. His very appearance signals the strength which is his. Leverett Saltonstall is one of those rare men who dominates any gathering without actually ever intending to do so. Modest to the point of shyness at times, afraid that he will be occupying the spotlight intended for someone else, there are times when this likable, lovable arbiter of Massachusetts policies of the present day is actually . . .

Leverett Saltonstall is "regular." He walks into a place like the Sportsmens' Show for example and everyone turns to look, not because they know it's the Governor of Massachusetts, for this man is attended by no panoply of servitors, no gathering of the clans to herald his coming, but because the crowd instinctively realizes that a MAN has appeared.

He reads avidly, likes detectives stories, mystery stories of any type, and doesn't lay a book down until he has finished it from "kiver to kiver." Retains well what he reads. Likes the serious stuff, too. Reads essays and biographies but confesses that he likes nothing better than to sit before the radio, when he has the time, and hear Sherlock Holmes or The Shadow do their stuff.

He likes baseball, football, hockey; in fact, all types of sports. He never would be caught posing with a ten gallon hat and a ten inch trout, not this Governor, unless he actually had caught the trout. He doesn't believe

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He believes in the future of Air Transportation and wants to see Massachusetts have the greatest air port in the world. He believes, too, in rail and sea transportation and one of his fondest dreams, one that he expects to come true, is to see a post-war development in which his home town of Boston—for Chestnut Hill really is a part of Metropolitan Boston—will come forward as first in transportation, with the greatest outgoing and incoming port facilities in the world.

Never a hidebound partisan if he believed that the state could be served best by deviation from such a course, he has not hesitated to name prominent men of the party which opposed him at the polls to high offices, and not in a single instance have they failed to justify his faith and his confidence.

A soldier of the last World War and a soldier, too, of this one, he, as Governor of the Commonwealth, has had before him greater problems than confront many a military man on the field. Massachusetts was so far in advance of other states in preparedness for this present World War that it seemed almost like another nation for a time. It was Saltonstall who developed, originated and put into effect the wonderful Civilian Defense project which the Bay State now enjoys and of which it boasts.

In his office at the State House he is easily approachable, always "at home" to any man or woman who deserves even a moment of his attention. No iron walls nor stone fences are built around his offices, and he is as likely to stalk out into the reception room with a crowd awaiting to greet everyone by name as he is to eat dinner tomorrow night. Incidentally that reminds us he likes good food and is not one of those who pretend not to like dinners and good luncheons. He likes nothing better than to sit down at lunch with a friend. But he seldom gets time.

—Floyd Bell

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VINCENT VENTURES

. . . As unfailing a sign of spring as the tiny crocuses in the grass plots along the sunny side of Beacon Street is the Vincent Show. And just as surely as the brave little blossoms continue to appear each year, so does this annual revue carry on in spite of wartime complications. For this venture is not just a frivolous social event, but has a serious purpose and is given for the benefit of the Vincent Memorial Hospital, which must be even surer than ever of staunch support in wartime.

The Vincent Club has become as much a part of the Boston tradition as baked beans and brown bread. Named for an actress, this exclusive club supports the Vincent Memorial Hospital. And many of its members are being Nurses' Aides there, or are doing volunteer work in the war service department of the Massachusetts General Hospital. For the Vincent Club is not purely a social organization. Its origin and aim are founded on service. And its history is most interesting.

In 1818, a daughter, Mary, was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Farlow of Portsmouth, England. Orphaned at the age of four, young Mary Farlow went to live with her grandmother. At her grandmother's house was an old family servant who kept a boarding-house for actors and actresses. Mary, following the age-old preference of children to be happier in the kitchen than in the drawing-room, became very friendly with this maid, and consequently with the occupants of the boarding house.

These early associations filled Mary with love for the stage and at 17 she was given a part in a play being produced on the Isle of Wight. This debut was evidently a success for she continued her career and in 1835 married Mr. James R. Vincent, an actor. In 1846 they came to America and for thirty-five years Mrs. Vincent acted at the Boston Museum.

To old Bostonians, mention of the Boston Museum brings back many happy memories. Near King's Chapel on Tremont Street, it was opposite Papanti's Hall, where debutantes of the future were sent for dancing lessons. On Saturday mornings Mr. Papanti coached the very youngest set in the art of curtsying and pointing their toes. Saturday evenings were reserved for the oldest pupils, who included not only the next year's debutantes, but also Harvard sophomores, and occasionally juniors. The freshmen were allowed to attend only on Friday evenings.

It became a frequent occurrence on Friday and Saturday evenings for Mr. Papanti to find that for some reason his class became smaller as the evening progressed. Unknown to him, some of the more sophisticated youths had wandered over to the Museum to enjoy Mrs. Vincent in the current play instead of being bored by the girls at Papanti's. These were the young ladies who founded the Vincent Club.

In tune with the simplicity of those days, few youngsters went to Papanti's in their own carriages, but in a horse car, accompanied of course, by mothers, maids or aunts. The car ran down Marlborough Street, through Dartmouth to Boylston, where, at the corner of Charles Street, another horse was added to help pull the load up to Tremont Street and on down to Scollay Square.

There the horses were changed and the car reversed its route. When the classes at Papanti's were dismissed, it was great fun to catch the car. Sometimes half the group piled on the front platform and half on the rear making the car go up and down. Then the horses galloped and the poor driver had all he could do to hold the reins with one hand and wind the brake with the other. This was the staid younger generation of the good old days.

During her 35 years at the Museum, Mrs. Vincent made many devoted friends and admirers, and soon after her death in 1887, Miss Caroline Staples expressed a wish to place 1000 dollars where it would be a useful memorial to Mrs. Vincent, bearing her name. The Rev. Phillips Brooks was consulted as to whether or not it would be proper for Mrs. Vincent's name to be connected with a dispensary and proposed hospital which Trinity Church was maintaining on Chambers Street. At once he replied: "Why not? She was a good woman."

However, the question was debated by some of the officers of the church as to the propriety of giving the name of an actress to an institution maintained by the church. They had a



". . . Another tax expert, Miss Jones."

meeting at which Dr. Brooks appeared with three checks of 1000 dollars each —one from Miss Staples, one from Mr. George Higginson, and one from Mr. Edwin Booth—for a fund for the proposed hospital. Numerous contributions followed, and in 1890 a charter incorporating the Vincent Memorial Hospital was obtained.

On March 25, 1892, Miss Lucy Derby called a meeting at her home to consider ways and means of raising more money for the hospital. There were about 25 girls present. An association called the Vincent Club was organized to give entertainments or fairs to help support the hospital. They voted a constitution should be framed and a committee was elected. The first entertainment, in the form of ten "Tableaux Vivants," was presented that spring at the Cochrane house, 257 Commonwealth Avenue.

For three years the entertainments were held at private homes, but in 1895 a performance took place in Perkins Hall at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. No gentlemen were admitted, but there was a wild rumor that a reporter had gained admittance, or perhaps a Hasty Pudding Club man disguised as a woman was in the audience. It was in this year that the club colors, mauve and yellow, were chosen.

In 1896, at a performance in April at Union Hall, came the first elaborate dance called "The March of the Baby Blues," in which twelve members took part. This was the original of what has become the Vincent Drill, always the highlight of the shows today, which gather in thousands of dollars each year, in contrast to the few hundreds annually earned in the early days.

In April, 1941, it was announced that the Vincent Memorial Hospital, which for some time had had its headquarters on South Huntington Avenue, would become affiliated with the Massachusetts General Hospital. At that time it was anticipated that a





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beautiful new Vincent Memorial building would start at once on the grounds of the Massachusetts General, as detailed plans had already been drawn and submitted.

However, due to the war, it has not been possible to obtain government priorities for this construction. Instead, temporary headquarters during the emergency have been granted the Vincent by the Massachusetts General in the latter's new and modern White Building. These quarters consist of two wards of twelve beds apiece, each ward having its own solarium. At the entrance to these wards is an appropriate inscription pointing out that they are the quarters of the Vincent Memorial for the duration.

And there some of the granddaughters of the original Vincent Club members spend many hours as Nurses' Aides. And they are giving more of their busy time to rehearsing for this year's Vincent Show, which will take place March 23, 24 and 25 at John Hancock Hall. Until last year the show had been called "Tonight at Nine," but again this year it will be "Tonight at 8:30" in order that members of the audience may leave in time to get the last train home. For public conveyances are in use again and the family car will be left at home.

For in spite of wartime restrictions, the show must go on. The Navy has taken over the Hotel Somerset, traditional rehearsal spot for the show, and club members are so busy with war work that rehearsals have to be held in shifts. But the tradition of fifty years must not be broken, and the Vincent Memorial Hospital, bearing the name of the little English actress, must continue to do its good work.

—ALISON ARNOLD



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. . . The chances are you've never heard of Bora-Bora Island, Efate Island, Fanning Island, or Tongareva Island. And if perchance you have, it's a good bet you can't find them on a map.

But our United States army found them, and our boys are there. And because they're there, Red Cross is too, with sustenance and comforts from home.

Surgical dressings, (925,000,000 in 1943), blood plasma, (5,000,000 pints in 1943), food parcels for prisoners of war (6,000,000 in 1943), American nurses recruited and trained by Red Cross in the states (27,000 in 1943), ditty bags containing cigarettes, chewing gum, wash cloth, razor blades, toothbrush, tooth paste, candy, playing cards, games and necessary sewing articles—all these and scores of other valuable services Red Cross is constantly providing for our fighting men on at least 56 fronts—many of them the remote outposts of the world with names as strange as Bora-Bora and the other islands mentioned above.

Through its far-flung organization, the work of the 55,000 volunteers of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter is translated daily into comforts, necessities and cheer for fighting men all over the globe. Sweaters knitted by elderly Red Cross volunteers here keep an American boy warm against the icy cold of an Alaskan winter; surgical dressings prepared by women here—and men too, sometimes, save a wounded man's life in Tarawa or Nettuno; plasma collected at the blood donor center here gives a desperately wounded Marine a new chance to live on on atoll in the South Pacific. And so it goes, down the long list of many volunteer Red Cross services made possible by its war fund—which this year wil lhave to raise in March $200,000,000, of which 90 percent will be used for activities directly connected with, or a necessary part of, Red Cross service or assistance to our armed forces or members of their families.

Sharing the hardships of our troops, and constantly working to ease those hardships, are Red Cross field directors, and other administrators, as well as Red Cross girls, the latter more important even to morale of our soldiers, sailors and marines than the service they bring with them wherever they go.

Three weeks after they were landed in North Africa, one week after Sicily, three days after Italy, Red Cross right behind our men with American goods, American girls, American spirit to keep these boys as close to us as only Red Cross knows how.

This is how they go about it: A still standing building is found among the ruins of the war area, cleaned up, repaired and furnished with easy chairs, floor lamps, showers with not only hot water, but non GI soap. A snack bar is set up—a restaurant where regulation army food is disguised and whipped up into something like Mother used to make. A movie house is taken over or improvised, American films unreeled; dances are planned, with natives eagerly volunteering to learn the jitterbug. Little doughnut factories are set up, for doughnuts are the childhood backbone of the American boy. And for those soldiers stationed at lonely outposts, clubmobile fleets are organized, with American girls ready, when necessary, to bump over bomb-torn roads and hand out doughnuts with a smile. "That smile," say our boys, "is what we're fighting for."

There are more than 350 overseas Red Cross clubs operating at the present time, many of them in the British Isles, feeding as many as seven thousand men a day and providing sleeping quarters for men on leave. Here, too, is the Red Cross field director, whose duty, among many others, it is to affect communications between soldiers and their families at home. Nothing must worry our boys in the service. In 1943, 6,300,000 service men and their families received Red Cross emergency aid.

And the tired soldier, lonely and often unhappy, is not unmindful of the help Red Cross gives. The following letter is typical of the thou-



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sands being received by Red Cross officials here:

"I want to thank you because of your effort and work. The Red Cross is the soldier's best friend. A soldier could not exist or prove his best if he knew that should he get into hardship his family would suffer. Knowing there is someone working 24 hours a day, 7 days a week to aid the soldiers is a real help. My family was given financial assistance in a major emergency, and thanks to the Red Cross, everything turned out all right. Lots of luck and continued success."

Or this one from a prisoner of war:

"Greetings. Am making it o.k. Thanks loads for food parcels and kit received just at the right time. Keep up the good work, good old Red Cross."

And another prisoner of war writes:

"I don't know how we would have remained alive without the special food parcels, clothing and medicine sent us through Red Cross. Life behind our barbed wire prison would have been too unbearable."

An army major, who lost a leg at Port Moresby, writes:

"Red Cross blood plasma saved my life. I lost my leg and have had thirteen blood gifts without which I would have died."

Red Cross, in this war, is the only civilian agency working overseas with our boys and linking them with us here, at home. This year there are more of them to be taken care of, more of their families to help. The national quota, therefore, in the March Red Cross War Fund, has been set at $200,000,000. In Greater Boston, $4,641,000—for the Boston Metropolitan Chapter, $3,367,000, which is 57% greater than last year.

Make sure that Red Cross will continue to be at his side, spreading the cheer, the love, the comfort he deserves wherever he fights.

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Boston Manager for the American Theatre Society

. . . The word *theatre* has a glamorous glow and a magic sound. When you add *American Society* to that, you get a total that seems to spell *exclusive*. Visions of famous actors, actresses, directors and producers drifting like clouds over the deep carpets of Becky Hobbs' office conjure themselves from nothingness; potential Hamlets and Cornells of every age get a hunting gleam in their orbs at the chance she has to emote for the "big shots" of the theatre; and a thousand and one other young women in more prosaic-seeming jobs heave-ho with a sigh of envy.

As visions and fine flowerings of the imagination, all of this is good mental exercise. It is, however, so far from the truth that it is almost a shame to prove it. The public, pounding into the Hobbs' office, supply most of the glamour of her job; the nerve-wracking detail connected with the post of subscription manager is enough to schedule the average person for a polka-dot straight-jacket; and the honors connected with the work are relatively negligible except in terms of satisfied subscribers and a tremendous list of "steady customers" for every season.

It is often impossible to discuss an individual who has made a success of his or her work without going into the work itself at considerable length, then hanging the personal trivia around this hook. In Miss Hobbs' case, this is painfully true. Information about her work is given freely; the personal data has to be gouged out of nothingness. Whether she eats prunes in bed, scrubs her face with a curry comb, or scuttles around in an ostrich-feather duster handed down from a great-grandmother at this writing remains unknown. The probabilities are, however, that anyone who works as hard and as steadily as she does the year round has few opportunities for conversation-making idiosyncracies. She enjoys a few morning musicales, regular visits to Symphony, ballet or concerts during the winter season when none of her subscription plays are in town. She gets over to New York at fairly regular intervals, but usually on business. But this adds up the total of her visible extra-curriculum activities.

Any attempt, too, to describe Becky Hobbs with words comes out badly. Ask her friends to describe her, and you get something that goes like this:

"Well, she's tall and nice-looking. She—oh, you've seen her so many times, you must know what she looks like!"

As a matter of fact, you *have* seen her so many times in Boston's theatre lobbies and box-offices that you may possibly regard her as standard equip-



ment for same. And the legend goes that Mr. Rideout leans out a window high in the WEEI studios to check the wind velocity as she turns the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets. This is because she rounds the corner so much on business that the angle at which she meets the wind is the key to the velocity for the day. Which is by way of saying that neither storm nor wind stay her from her trips to the theatres to check over her precious subscribers' ticket welfare.

Since the last of January, though, something new has been added to help in describing Miss Hobbs. At that time, she was in New York, and at that time, she bought herself a ring which she had wanted all her life—a heavy gold setting with a deep, purple-toned amethyst stone. From here on in, her friends can say about Becky:

"You know her. She's the girl who wears that unusual ring; the girl you see in the ticket offices and lobbies of the theatres!"

The Horatio Alger part of her story lies in the fact that Becky Hobbs, late of the Winsor School and assorted, eminently correct social gatherings, pioneered a subscription venture here in Boston, started it in the face of the already successful Theatre Guild subscription plan, and did an outstanding job of the project. The records show that from a small beginning in 1930, through the heaviness of the depression years, she built a steadily increasing subscription list for both the balcony and gallery sectors. This, of course, means building through sheer hard work and not through the courtesy of the family's orchestra-minded friends.

Actually, Miss Hobbs start in the business world came about by way of Philadelphia and Mrs. Fitzwilliams Sargent, now of Manchester but then living in that city.

Mrs. Sargent, always interested in the theatre, had developed an unique organization in Philadelphia known as the Professional Players. The group was not, as might be suspected composed of players or amateur thespians; it was simply a group of people who liked the theatre, appreciated the chance to have their tickets bought in advance and sent to them just before the play arrived in town, and enjoyed the community spirit connected with going on the same evening or matinee that their friends attended.

Because Mrs. Sargent spent summers at Manchester even then, it occurred to her that a Professional Players arrangement in Boston would be a fine thing. What she did not take into consideration, perhaps, is the joyful way in which our city will take to a new idea yet will resist the work required to pioneer same.

Mrs. Sargent headed for Boston, confident, no doubt, that she would easily locate the right person to undertake the necessary detail work and keep the subscribers in the groove. After a few days in Boston, she was ready to give up in discouragement. Her friends here were delighted with the idea, but no one seemed willing to take on the headaches of running the project.

The story goes that Mrs. Sargent's foot was resting on the first step of the pullman when she met a friend



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who recommended Becky Hobbs. This, as usual, is not a precise statement of facts. She *was* on her way to the train when she met the friend, and she did contact Becky immediately, urging her to meet them and discuss the matter. Unfortunately, Becky was home sick in bed, and the meeting had to be held in the Hobbs' equivalent of the "front parlor", with a pale and uninteresting Miss Hobbs as the "project."

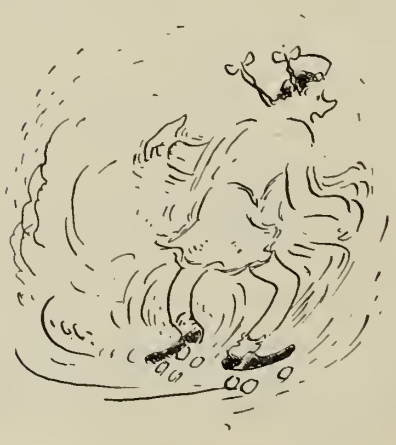
When Mrs. Sargent left the city, Becky had agreed to think it over and give her answer by letter within a few days.

After the case of grippe unlatched its hold, Becky began to think the suggestion over with definite interest. She liked the theatre and she didn't mind detail work. She posted a letter off to Philadelphia and sat back to wait. A telegram summoning her to that city was her answer. In short order, she found herself hired to work for the Shuberts in Boston, as manager of Boston's Professional Players.

A girl educated to the "gentle life" is apt to get a bit dizzy from the job of cudgeling subscriptions from friends and strangers. Becky's business equipment for this work included only what is known as a silver spoon by birthright; with that, she set out to bop the Goliath of a task into submission.

After plenty of work, she corraled 100 friendly subscribers, all of whom bought orchestra locations. The first play of the season was to be "Death Takes a Holiday," with Phillip Merrivale and Rose Hobart. This was in September 1930, on the very day that the American Legion Convention opened in full flower.

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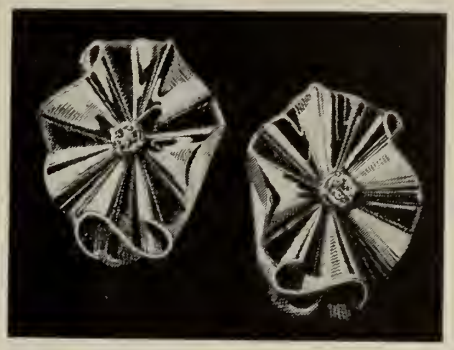
Few Bostonians will ever forget that convention. Certainly the cast, producer, and Becky Hobbs never will. The producer got lost in the subway, arriving at the end of the first act; the stars had a violent case of the jitters; and the subscribers looked as though they had been beaten over the head for hours before arriving. But things got off to a fairly good start, and by the end of the season, Becky had built her subscription list to the notable total of 2,000 people. The balcony was beginning to fill up with subscribers, and even the gallery was showing signs of subscription life.

This meant, of course, that what she wanted to do—to reach out to everyone who loved the theatre and offer the advantages of price, location, and convenience—was beginning to be recognized.

With a smothering wallop, the depression set in. Although the Professional Players remained thoroughly loyal, and although plenty of new subscribers came along, the idea of having the Theatre Guild and the Players subscription groups overlap seemed senseless. Two years from that September night in 1930, the groups merged. Becky Hobbs was given the imposing title of Managing Director for the American Theatre Society and turned loose on an even bigger job. First of all, however, she pared down her resounding title to that of Subscription Manager, thus showing rare common sense.

The work of subscription manager is, as was pointed out, far less glamorous than it sounds to the uninitiated. It calls for strong arches, patience of proverbial proportions, an almost mathematical sense of detail, and surprising versatility. Many things can and have gone wrong in the past. Tickets have been lost and stolen; whole blocks of tickets have disappeared in the mails coming from New York; transportation difficulties have resulted in first night performances being set back a few days. The opportunities for confusion have been tremendous, and the results Becky Hobbs, with the help of Lavinia Sabine, have been outstanding.

Year in and year out, the tangible advantages of buying season subscriptions must be plugged constantly, by



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letter, phone, and conversation. In May, when the subscription season opens for the fall and winter ahead, the routine work is terrific. When you consider that two years ago, Boston had the largest subscription list of any city in the country, barring New York, you realize something of the size and tremendous detail involved, and the success which has been achieved.

Assigning seats is, in itself, a difficult and personalized work. Old subscribers, in terms of years, are given very special attention; the early subscribers come next in locational importance. But through it all threads the most personal of subscriber contacts. Subscribers who come in person are apt to make Miss Hobbs or Miss Sabine their confidantes. One individual may suffer from claustrophobia and need a certain location for each play, whether the theatre is switched at the last minute or not; another is near-sighted, dislikes to wear glasses, and must sit close to the footlights to be able to see the play at all; still another must be shown, via simple arithmetic, how a season's subscription benefits the budget and the nervous system; a few people must be assured that certain individuals with whom they are feuding at the moment will not be in the theatre the same night. There must be no mistakes along the way.

All of this is groundwork for the opening of the season itself. In the past two years, the demand for subscriptions has been so great that Becky has been forced to close her sales three weeks before the season opens. But this is all executive detail and routine that is mastered with rare efficiency. The wild moments arrive with the first play. It is then that the job of subscription manager becomes a twenty-four-hour-a-day proposition.

"Oddly enough," Becky will tell you under pressure, "men are even harder to please in the matter of seats than women ever could be. I imagine this must be because a man has to be persuaded to go to the theatre and, once persuaded, he wants the best."

Considering the regulation rumblings and groans that precede too many men's evenings out at the theatre, this is a sensible analysis as well as an interesting bit of incidental intelligence.

During the season, plenty of things can go wrong, even up to curtain time. Tickets have been lost by subscribers between leaving home and arriving at the theatre. For that reason, and because a duplicate list is kept, Becky is usually at the theatre to take care of these catastrophes. Sometimes two or three plays are current in Boston. Then she and Lavinia Sabine must whip around from theatre to theatre with the speed and stamina of a mechanical rabbit at the dog races.

The main point, however, is that Becky Hobbs works hard at her job. She has done an excellent one, too, without losing her sense of humor. Her summers are spent completing the subscription roster, her winters sitting in the box office at the services of her subscribers. This is work, hard work from any angle.

No famous actors or actresses float through her offices. If they did they'd get punctured by the sharp edge of a filing cabinet or trod underfoot by a subscriber rushing for a choice seat location. But the satisfactions of the job, the lengthening list of subscribers, and the executive sense required to do the job right are enough for her.

As one friend of hers remarked:

"You know that gleam Becky gets in her eyes when you mention her work. Well, did you ever notice that it lights up to spell 'Subscriptions—American Theatre Society?'"

Not quite true, but a rough idea.

—Barbara Pearson

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SHOP TALK

. . . Who says the ground hog is spring's prophet? He always gets scooped—every year the ladies are first with the news. Scouting about the town in the teeth of a blizzard we found the gals gaily doing their spring shopping, slipping out of fur coats and galoshes to try on summery prints, doffing snowy fur hats to try the effect of two inches of pink straw and a flower. And having such a good time at it!

We forgot the wintry weather when we saw the Laddie Northridge hats at Stearns', 140 Tremont Street. A canny fellow, Mr. Northridge. He knows how to flatter. His hats are conservative in shape, daring and exciting in color and trim. His broad brimmed sailor, for instance, made of silvery toned brown synthetic straw, is banded with turquoise blue ribbon, trimmed with a lush pink rose, and swirled in chenille-dotted dark brown veiling. Then, one of those small worldly-wise hats that perch over one eye, of the subtlest shell pink milan with three pea green parrokets spreading their wings over the crown. The birds have tiny beaks that add just a dash of red. And a brown straw with a fluffy rouf of tiny baby feathers in pink and brown standing out over the brim.

Mr. Northridge likes sailors and handles them superbly. On the brim of a black shiny straw sailor he places a wreath of turquoise feathers accented with delicate black antennae-like curley-cues. Hard to describe, but so smart. He trims a brown sailor with cherry blossoms, so fresh looking you can almost smell 'em, and tucks a ripe dusty-pink cherry here and there among the flowers. There's a whole collection of delightful stiff white lace hats in berets, sailors, and perky bits to perch over your eye—we could go on and on, but you'll have to see for yourself. They'll gladly show you at Stearns'.

. . . At the House of Tweed, at 130 Newbury Street, they're gloating over their wonderful collection of Scotch and English materials. And well they may, for every yard had to cross the perilous Atlantic, outwitting the U-boats all the way. It's an understatement to say these materials are scarce—for when these few precious yards are gone there just ain't no mo'. However, let's concentrate on the sunny side: there's a very good choice of muted plaids, district checks, Shetlands, herringbones, and even some fabulous pure cashmeres, soft as a cloud and velvety as your pet kitten's ear. These are the same exquisitely textured creamy woolens you used to get in Bermuda, remember? Colors are muted, subtle, and blended English-style, and make you think of the moors, castles in the country and titled ladies. The grey herringbone woolens, feather light and easy to drape, make up especially well in the new soft suits, while for the classic type of country suit that you live in year in and year out, they recommend the sturdy district checks with their narrow stripe of flashing color. For town suits, they like the men's suitings that tailor so impeccably. Pride of the collection is a cashmere jacket, solid black and so-o-o soft, with a slim skirt of black and white materials striped like a man's morning trousers. The jacket has high revers and turnback cuffs of the stripes. They'll make one up for you for about $150.00. They've quite a stock of handsome made-up suits and coats, too.

. . . It takes the right blouse to make a suit successful, and gals "in the know" run right to Fredley's at 350 Boylston Street for their blouses, because they can count on finding something unusual there. Though the spring collection is still



being unpacked, and new things are arriving by the minute, we found plenty of entrancing blouses of every type. Fredley's has fallen smack in love with bow-ties, and they're apt to infatuate you, too. There's something so feminine about a perky little bow right under your chin . . . looks well on most everyone, they say. There's one honey in pastel Oxford-type crepe with a narrow band ending in a bow, very plain, but *such* perfect tailoring! $10.95 for this, in delicate pastels. There's a gay striped cotton with smooth-fitting shoulders, clever yoke and a bow, of course, at $5.95. There's a bow-trimmed fuschia crepe with shirred front, several versions in white crepe, both tailored and dressy, and one we liked in a richly colored stained-glass print. And an adorable one in white dotted swiss. Besides their pet "bows," they are showing good looking striped shantungs with three inch wide hand-edged ruffles swirling around the neck and down the front and around the wrists. These are $25.00, but they look every bit of it.

. . . If you've an old stickpin or two somewhere, dig them up and take them in to Jewel Crest at 376 Boylston Street. There, things will begin to happen, and before long you'll have a beautiful new pin or clip to dazzle the neighbors. They'll let you choose from designs they have on hand, or draw one up just for you. Perhaps you'll choose a gold bow knot with half a dozen stickpins magically stuck through it, giving a galaxy of colors, and keeping the dainty design of the stickpins intact. Or maybe you'd like the jewels reset in a completely different modern manner. Or if your pet watch is old fashioned in shape and too large to look right on the wrist, have Jewel Crest set it in a fob and see what a handsome jewel it makes for your lapel. They design the fob to suit the watch in gold or silver, fancy or tailored, at your whim, Madame. Old lockets take well to this treatment, too. And if it's something new you want, see their handsome sterling silver umbrella tags: discs the size of a silver dollar, engraved with your initials, and meant to grace a chain bracelet, or the zipper pull on your best bag, your luggage, or even your umbrella! These look very swank, but cost just $4.50, and they make an excellent gift for someone who "has everything." Incidentally, if you've been hesitant about trusting your watch to just anyone for repairs or cleaning, you can stop worrying and leave it at Jewel Crest with confidence, for their "watch man" is a true craftsman.

. . . We went in to Jordan Marsh on Washington Street to preview their Traina Norell collection, and found the Salon agog over the new spring things. Mr. Norell is something of a newcomer among the top flight designers, but he is definitely a young man with ideas and his clothes are always distinctive. This spring he *goes* for beige and black, and turns out smooth looking somewhat sophisticated clothes. There's a Rodier jersey ensemble of dress and jacket, the dress made with the new middy blouse top of beige jersey, ending just above the hips and giving a two-piece look. The neck is round, faced cardigan style, with a neat row of self covered buttons part way down the front, the sleeves short, and the black skirt very slim. The finger-length jacket has revers and turn-back cuffs of the beige, and clever jutting pockets. Altogether an ensemble with an air of quiet breeding, something you'd dress up with your best diamond clip and enjoy for years. Rodier jersey makes another Traina Norell costume, this time a black dress with pale blue convertible-type collar, pale blue pocket slashes at the hips, and again those turn-back cuffs lined in the blue. This is intricately cut, with a princess effect down the front that is very slimming.

When Mr. Norell turns his hand to a cocktail dress, this is what happens: a black crepe overblouse, very severe as to small collar and short sleeves and shoulders, and slender as to skirt, but tied smack on the hip with a splashy bow! The bow breaks the silhouette in a very Parisian manner, and makes the hips actually look smaller by distracting the eye. These clothes come high, around $125.00, but they're authentic fashions and well worth it.



. . . If you've been down town at all recently, you've noticed Lamson and Hubbard's striking window displays of suits. In fact, it's been a pleasure to be stopped by the traffic light at the corner of Boylston and Arlington, just to get in a little window-shopping. Three piece ensembles are what they like best for this spring, and their pet is a neat checked woolen in a muted yellow-and-green, the suit very classic with soft-tailored jacket and one pleat at front center of the skirt, the topper finger length and boxy, with a facing of the checks-on-the-bias all around the cardigan neckline. A stunning ensemble for town, travel or country. Strictly for town, and quite dressy is their black and white checked bolero suit, with narrow skirt and one of those rib-hugging very short boleros setting off a crisp white crepe blouse. Ebony buttons with rhinestone centers for accent. There's a more casual black and white checked suit with a tunic-like hip length jacket, belted with two inch wide black leather that is very distinctive, too. More three-piecers include two piece suits, rather classic in cut, with matching Chesterfields, in a wide range of shadow plaids, English type tweeds, herringbones, and checks, and some in Stroock's velvety soft-toned Brittany woolens. These suits were meant to be the backbone of the busy woman's wardrobe; there's nothing too tricky about them, and nothing to get tired of, and the tailoring is truly excellent. $39.95 for the suits, and $39.95 for the coats, and though it would be a shame to split up the ensemble you can buy them separately.

. . . At the Chic Shoppe at 190 Boylston Street, they've just un-

packed their spring dresses, and were very enthusiastic about their navy crepes with fresh white lingerie touches. Our favorite version had a huge white organdy and lace bow under the chin and white organdy sleeve ends that finish off in a small lady-like wrist. Very crisp and springy. They showed us an unusually attractive navy cocktail frock, too, with cap sleeves, high neck, and an inset of fuschia and white stemming from a chevron shaped flap at one shoulder and cut right into the dress, flaring all the way to the hem. This is a brand new way of using color contrast and well worth asking to see. Just $25.00. We liked their scarf dress in a bright print, very cocktail minded, with cap sleeves and a neck that's square in front, but discreetly decolleté in back. The scarf has a black net edge, and is the long, not the triangular, shape. Two roses at the front of the dress give a splash of color. Very pretty, for $29.95. Young things will love the bell hop suit, with its button trimmed red bolero and black or navy skirt, and of course, a white blouse. Nice for young purses, too, at $39.95.

. . . HAVE YOU FALLEN in love with the lilac tones that are blooming all over town? Then you're doubtless wondering how to accent that lilac dress or suit. SMITH PATTERSON, at 52 Summer Street, have one delightful answer: amethysts and gold. They're showing a variety of earrings, bracelets, and pins in that color scheme, all of them real gems and 14 karat gold, much better than the average in costume jewelry, as they feel that this is no time to invest in "junk." The chunky earrings of amethyst are delightful, and especially pretty in color, as they're a real deep purple. The pins are dainty sprays or flowerlets, just the thing to sparkle on a smart lapel. They have quite a collection of moonstones, too, smoky toned grey blue ones, sometimes set with rubies or sapphires to bring out their delicate pale glow. These make unusual rings and a few colorful pendants and bracelets. And if you like garnets, you'll love the deep red flashing rings SMITH PATTERSON are showing, set with unusually large garnets cut almost like diamonds and very new looking.

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. . . You know, of course, about Peter Flynn's at 164 Tremont Street, for lingerie, but you've been missing something unless you've seen their new bridal nighties and negligees in misty blue. The palest, most delicate shade you can imagine, lavishly bordered and banded in ivory lace—and made of sheer chiffon. Just the thing to enchant a young bride who likes a bit of drama in her trousseau. Not too expensive, either. Their opaline satin slips are lovely too—the opaline being a rich shade somewhere between ivory and blush and very different. These have luxurious four inch deep lace hems, and look lots more than $4.95. A new treatment for slips, and mighty pretty, is appliqued net butterflies, wreathed and surrounded with embroidery. This trim makes a tailored slip look feminine without being lacey, and there are clever slits in the hem to give added width when you walk. Altogether, there are plenty of new ideas in this collection. And nice prices, too.

—Carol Landau

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FREEDOM

Freedom! you are a pool upon a fringe of spears,
Whose waters draw from all the countless tears
Of men who seek you to allay their fears.

Freedom! you are a pearl upon a foaming reef,
Who emerged unsullied out of pain and grief
To elude the tyrant that would be your thief.

Freedom! you are the grass upon the rolling plain,
That neither grows nor was conceived for gain
But looks for guidance to the sun and rain.

Freedom! you are the smile upon the beardless face,
The spark eternal in each different race
Which brute oppression cannot hope to erase!

—Alfred Lucarotti

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ONE, TWO AND THREE

. . . JERRY SAT on the top step in front of his house bouncing the small red ball. "One, two, *and* three," he counted and caught it with a backward twist of his wrist.

The gang—Scads, Herbie, Martie, Bud and the three fellows from Arbutus Street around the block, were yelling and jumping up and down playing "Three Steps to Germany."

"Come on, Scads," screeched Herbie, "give you three steps." His voice scraped across Jerry's ears like claws.

He almost missed a bounce as he watched Scads try to sneak home. "Silly game," he murmured. "Girl's game." He'd much rather sit and bounce his ball. "One, two *and* three." Catch it backwards.

"Hold it, kids." Herbie held up his hand.

His mother came to the door herself and she looked beautiful in her blue housecoat with the buttons down the front.

In the living room the sun made yellow stripes across his mother's dress and streaked off into the carpet. Aunt Dot chattered away like a bird, moving her head up and down. The silver tea service was shining and a plate of cookies sat on the tray. Jerry went up to his mother.

"What is it, Jerry?"

He wanted to say: "You're beautiful." But he couldn't. Instead he said: "I want to touch the buttons." He reached his hand out cautiously, shrivelling inside because he knew he must not do this, because he knew his mother would be angry.

"He does things like that to a fault," his mother said crossly. "Come, Jerry, take a cookie and go outside and play."

He crammed the cake into his mouth and ran out the door. He felt good, good. As if he could run and jump—even ask the fellows if he could play with them. "Hey, Scads," he called, "what you playin'?"

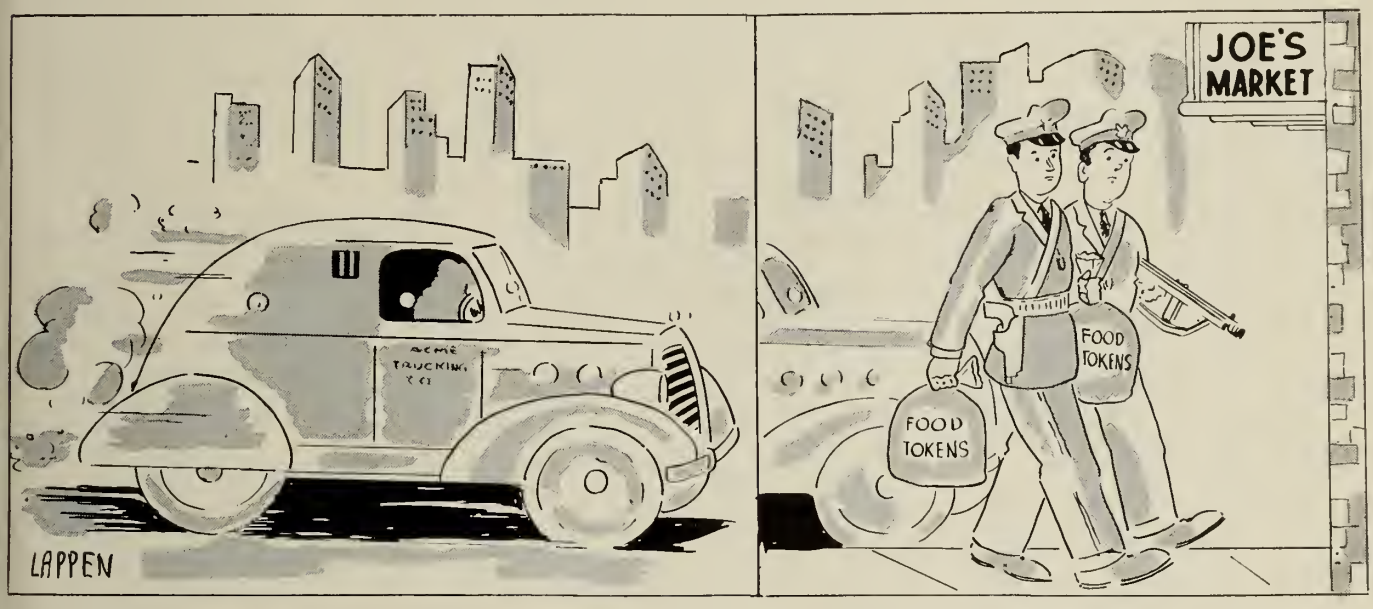
The boys had formed two lines for a new game. As Jerry approached, Herbie called, "Fer Chris' sake, Artie, get into position."

Something inside Jerry squeezed tight, squeezed all the good out of him. He hated Herbie.

"Jerry," yelled Scads. "We're playin' punch. Wanna' play?"

The ball spun into the air. If he joined one side or the other no one would mind. That's how you did it. Just run out and take a place.

Herbie screamed, "Get into position, you."



The boys scattered to the sidewalk as the car drew up before Jerry's house and Aunt Dot got out.

He pocketed his ball and ran forward with a little shiver of excitement.

"Hello, young fellow."

"Hello, Aunt Dot."

"Hold my keys while I lock the doors. Know what? A traffic cop stopped me and gave me a ticket. A ticket for the policeman's ball." They laughed hilariously together as they went into the house.

Aunt Dot laughed and her teeth flashed. "I do, too, Jerry. They fascinate me. Let's count."

He looked at her and he was all bubbly inside with laughter.

"Whenever I see buttons I must count them," she said.

"Me, too." Jerry agreed.

Together they said: "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. Rich man, poor man."

They all laughed together at the way it came out.

Jerry ran forward and then his step slowed. His hand went into his pocket and closed around his red ball.

"One, two and three," he counted throwing it into the air. "One, two *and* three."

"Ain't you playin', Jerry?"

"Can't." He ran down the block. "Errand."

The boys paid no attention to him.

—ANN CHESTER

BEAUTY . . . SPRING COLORS

. . . At least once a year, for as long as we can remember, we take a solemn oath to go whizzing by the spring season with the smallest possible new wardrobe. Each year, we logically explain to ourselves that the spring season is really quite short, and that by the time it's warm enough to wear that delectable suit sans coat, it starts to get a little too warm to wear the suit at all. April is usually over before the March winds realize that they should have let up a month ago. Then at last it's really spring and the temperature is just about right for those lovely clothes we've been saving. We've never been quite sure whether or not the meteorological office directs the whole thing at us personally, but it's then that they release those April showers . . . a month late too! By the end of May, it's Decoration Day, which of course, means summer.

The whole thing sounds rather sad and hopeless, especially after months of a long bleak winter. But it seems that we find our solution unwittingly just about the first of March. Yes, in spite of our annual resolution, we're amongst the first to sport gay spring accessories with fur coats and overshoes. We tramp happily through the snow and slush, and don't mind the cold at all, because it's spring! It's spring because our new chapeau makes it so. It's spring in spite of the weather . . . because it's March. And it seems that other people are tired of winter too, so they soon join the color parade. It's beautiful . . . splashes of brilliant color already dotting the downtown area.

This will be a gay, colorful spring. Unique color combinations are making fashion headlines. Tailored and dressmaker suits are the nucleus for many sets of exciting accessories. This year's accessories will dress up rather than dress down your outfit. We're particularly intrigued with the gloves. "Dressmaker" gloves match either your hat, blouse, or ascot. They're a little fussier than the gloves we've already accumulated, and of course, more expensive. As the glove budget rebelled at this unaccustomed extravagance, we hied our undomestic selves off to the pattern department, and lo and behold, we found they were not at all hard to make. Our dressmaker is now hard at work on a polka dot pique blouse. By the time that's ready we should have finished our left glove of matching material. As it's white and green, we'll have to save it for early May. Elaborate glove sets will make last year's navy or grey suit into an excitingly different outfit.

There was a cute little pink hat, with a tiny accordion pleated roll outlining the tricorn shape, and forming the suggestion of a brim. The pink gloves had the same accordion pleated cuff. And before leaving the glove subject. there are some with detachable cuffs that are very practical, as pastel gloves soil so easily. The pink accessories were worn with a nile green dressmaker suit . . . an unusual combination. The same accessories will of course dress up navy, purple, brown or grey. And if you're an attractive white haired lady, by all means try pink in this year's wardrobe. It's soft and flattering.

Vivid colors can be added to your wardrobe right now. Brunettes will be ravishing in fuschia, purple and Mexican Pink in a single outfit. Those colors will be more popular than ever this spring, and the cosmetic counters are displaying the proper make-up for complement. They've brought out their cyclamen and plum lipsticks, rich tannish-peach powder bases, and creamy powders. Your rouge should never contain the purple tones of fuschia lipsticks, no matter what your complexion. These colors call for a flawless skin, and your choice of make-up is so important.

Delicate blondes can select the more pastel tones of fuschias and purples, and for them, the sky-blue-pink lipsticks are enchanting. They are of a pinkish hue with the most imperceptible little sky blue cast and far more flattering than it sounds. And if your wardrobe contains any of the blue tones whether ice or royal the very same lipstick is still right for you. Creamy powder bases, with a slightly deeper powder, and you are a vision of seraphic loveliness.



Another exciting combination is three or four tones of green in a single outfit. We see them including everything from nile, through chartreuse, moss, and into hunter. These colors can be juggled into so many different combinations. We like the chartreuse for the dress-up color, and a dash of chartreuse in your hat can do beguiling things. The lipstick you use here is your piece de resistance. See that it's brilliantly red, with a slight brownish cast.

Spring hats are small and simple, with interesting folds to lend chic. Of course it can't be spring without flowers and veiling, but these are artfully arranged without interfering with the simplicity. Shallow pillbox hats are indicated for the tailored woman. They're worn straight in the centre, and slightly on the forehead. The new flat-top hair-do has influenced the millinery industry to no small extent. This winter's Dutch caps have given way to deeply cut off-the-face hats, that will help show your sleek centre parted coif. And for those who have adopted the chignon, there are snood attachments that you'll adore, as nothing deflates a sophisticate like a dishevelled chignon. Hats will be shown in a greater array of colors, with the lighter pastels accepted a little earlier. So the really smart woman will plan her spring outfits with a practical eye to summer.

And to top the whole thing off, there's nothing like luscious furs. Stone Martens seem to take the lead, and this rich light fur will do wonders in putting the finishing touch to your outfit. We saw a beautiful arrangement of five large skins, so grouped that we thought there must be at least eight skins. They adorned the neckline, and hung to the hem of the skirt as well. And the smaller three skin marten scarf, on a smaller girl, wrapped around one wrist, muff-

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like, with one skin dangling. Tres chic. Luxurious sables in various arrangements are always smart, of course.

And for those who have no budget whatever, there's a cute little upside-down mink coat, fingertip length, with three-quarter sleeves, and a turnup cuff. The fur is fluffier than your winter minks and looks lighter. For a couple of thousand dollars, it's yours. Really exquisite. However, if you're in the market for something in this price range, look at the finger-tip length Stone Marten coat. 'Twill make your head reel. Grand for spring, summer evenings, and of course fall as well.

—Lillian Munroe

•

Spring Loveliness

. . . It's the winters that really count in the aging process. Steam heat, blustery winds, sudden temperature changes make world-weary skins, and in addition, the whole tempo of our 20th century life brings on the drawn, taut, sallow complexions, which this authority characterizes as a "high-tension" skin.

Because the early spring beauty trend heralds "A Clear Hairline—A Clear Skin," Madame Rubinstein, who has studied the faces of millions of women, has created special lubricating creams for the complexities of all complexions. Calculating that the night hours are practically the only time a modern woman relaxes, she has designed these soothing night creams to restore beauty to a woman's skin while she sleeps—to dispel the tense, drawn look left on the skin by the sixteen waking hours of a modern day.

One of her most famous dry-skin, re onditioning creams, is the Novena Night Cream, rich in rare balsams, whi h is used in her luxurious Salon treatments for dry, lined skins, to counteract the drying effects of winter weather. Each night after cleansing your skin, smooth Novena Night Cream on your face with upward and outward strokes. Massage it into throat and neck with long, sweeping strokes. It is so soothing that treating yourself to this ritual each night will become something to look forward to.


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"Good heavens, Mr. Collins, have you forgotten your appointment with the bank examiners?"

THEATRE HORIZON FOR MARCH

. . . Like a late-season snowfall, the avalanche of press releases on the plays planned for March roars across our cluttered desk. To be sure, most of the publicity releases promise the most spectacular new shows, the most spirit-warming new plays, and the mostest of everything in general. But out of the welter comes a sort of order of events which we pass on to you. Nothing in the critical vein, you understand. Just a patient listing of the future. You take it from there.

. . . Starting with the pre-Broadway showings which Boston rates, George Abbott's new *A Highland Fling* bows in on February 28th for a two-week engagement. George Abbott, as you well know, does right by young America and the American scene as set by the energy-packed adolescents. This time, if our reading glass is not too dusty, Mr. Abbott is bringing in a new play with the Scottish Highlands as its locale. This, in itself, is a departure of considerable proportions, and one to be seen.

Once again, an actress has written a play. Margaret Curtis is the actress in this case, and what she has written is tersely titled a comedy. Ralph Forbes, Miss Curtis herself, and Carl Swenson are to be featured. Although no one has ever clarified it for our own special brand of ignorance, it seems perfectly possible that an actress writing and acting in her own play might well turn in a top performance. After all, she ought to know what she means by the opus, and there she is, all bright and shiningly able to tell everyone else what she meant in a certain situation. This must relieve the confusion for actor and audience alike.

The Wilbur is the theatre, staging by George Abbott, settings by John Root, and costumes by Motley. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Oh, yes, we forgot. The releases say that the play has "a large clan of merrymakers." That's a nice touch of something.

. . . On Tuesday, March 7, Dave Wolper presents, in association with Al Borde, *Follow the Girls* at the Shubert. The billing advises us that this is a "new and nautical" musical comedy in which Gertrude Niesen, Frank Parker, Irina Baronova will be headlined. Jackie Gleason, Buster West, Tim Herbert and the Di Gatanos will assist with the festivities.

One reason we are being so careful with the terms "headliners" and "also assisting" is because of a sad situation in which we failed to follow the billing to the letter. For one solid hour, we listened to the anguished howls of the press agent who would, he said, be tarred and feathered if we, as a magazine, didn't get it exactly right. There was more, much more, including tears in the voice, but it was much easier, as a simple character, to give the man his way than sit through a ten-act show.



So to get on with the data about *Follow the Girls,* the book is by Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis (Hmmm . .); additional dialogue by Fred Thompson; music and lyrics by Don Shapido, Milton Pascal, and Phil Charig; settings and lighting by Howard Bay; choreography by Catherine Littlefield; costume color schemes by Mary Grant; costumes designed by Lou Eisele; and the entire production conceived and staged by Harry Delmar. This last goes in bold type, folks.

This musical should, by every right, be very good. But you can see now, can't you why being a drama critic is no slouch of a job. And when you see the show, you'll fix up the star billing for yourself. We'll give you the facts. That's all.

. . . Due here for three weeks, beginning Monday, February 28, will be Brock Pemberton's *Janie,* fresh from 77 successful weeks in New York.

This is one case where Boston is pretty sure to be due for a lot of laughter. What's sauce for the New York goose may not be such shakes for the Boston gander, of course, but in this case, we know. We were there. When the publicity releases say "riotous", they strike the straight note. What happens when Janie and two friends throw a party for some soldiers is really something out of a nightmare for parents.

The Colonial, home of long-run hits, will house the play. Extra intelligence to help you choose well and wisely, advises that the comedy was authored by Josephine Bentham and Herschel Williams, and directed by Antoinette Perry. That makes almost a money - back - if - not - pleased guarantee of much theatrical fun.

. . . A final bit of microscopic reading makes us advise you that Alec Templeton will be at Symphony Hall on March 12th. If you need any more information on him, you don't deserve it. He is a great artist whose handicap of blindness is completely incidental in the summary of his ability.

—Keller

MUSIC

. . . One of the important events of the season has been the emergence of Leonard Bernstein as a most talented conductor and composer. Upon the invitation of Serge Koussevitzky, whose protege in conducting he is, Mr. Bernstein led the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the first local performances of his own "Jeremiah" Symphony at the concerts of Feb. 18 and 19. He finished off the afternoon with Aaron Copland's "El Salon Mexico," the composer sitting by as listener and looking very contented.

The Friday concert was one of those near-electrical occasions, as youthful Mr. Bernstein showed that he is a conductor of immense vigor and a composer of ideas. He conducts much as his music sounds. He likes clarity, emotional feeling, and at the same time he is poised, cool and direct. His gestures often reminded me of Mr. Koussevitzky's own. They are not contrived for mere visual display, it is evident, but they mean things both to Mr. Bernstein and the orchestra in ways of interpretation.

His Symphony falls in an unconventional formal pattern: two slow movements with an extraordinarily difficult scherzo, rhythmically, between. The first movement is titled "Prophecy," the second "Profanation," and the last, involving a mezzo-soprano solo in Hebrew, is designated "Lamentation." Miss Jennie Tourel, a vocalist of opulent tone and technical skill, sang the woes of Jeremiah over ruined Jerusalem most effectively.

The "Jeremiah" Symphony is Bernstein's first orchestral work. It is extremely effective and suggests great promise for the composer's future. In idiom the work is contemporary if derivative; dissonance is used for dramatic effect; the scoring is firm though not remarkable either for color or transparency. The combination of two movements and scherzo does give the odd impression that the motion of the music has been concentrated in one place.

The Friday audience applauded Mr. Bernstein—and Mr. Copland, who appeared on the stage after "El Salon Mexico"—with hearty cordiality. Most significant of all, the gentlemen of the Boston Symphony appeared to be very favorably impressed.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the earlier half of the program, wherein Rabaud's beautifully orchestrated "The Nocturnal Procession" was followed by Schumann's less well orchestrated but mellow and *winey* "Rhenish" Symphony. Both were magnificently done.

Another major event of the month past was the return of pianist E. Robert Schmitz after an absence of 22 years. In that time Schmitz master classes and Schmitz recitals elsewhere had created a sort of legend about the artist, especially as an interpreter of modern French music.

His Jordan Hall recital Feb. 12 proved that he is unique. No other pianist I know has the same or even a remotely similar way of playing. His technic is enormous but it is invariably kept under rigid control, with the result that nearly everything Schmitz plays is as sharply focussed, tonally, and as clearly set forth, stylistically, as it could be.

There is the added corollary that, for my taste, Schmitz is brilliant without warmth, even in the case of Debussy, whose Preludes "Puerta del Vino" and "La terrasse des audiences au clair de lune," five of the Twelve Etudes and the Toccata from the suite "For the Piano" formed the high point of the afternoon. Works by Falla, Ravel, Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue, a Bach-Liszt Prelude and Fugue and music by Albeniz and Scarlatti completed the program.

The next day soprano Lotte Lehmann sang to a Jordan Hall audience so large that many seats had to be put upon the stage. I have never heard her use her voice so carefully nor with more exquisite effect. Every detail of a song was carefully outlined, the texts were beautifully enunciated, and the whole had that aura of warmth and style and charm so personal to Mme. Lehmann. As accompanist Paul Ulanowsky partnered the singer so well that voice and piano might have been a single instrument. The songs were mostly Lieder, with numbers by Torelli, Purcell, Hahn, Faure, Randall, Thompson and Wolfe as well.



Ruth Posselt gave another of her musicianly violin concerts in the same hall Jan. 30, ably accompanied by Lukas Foss. A new Sonata by Aaron Copland proved heavy and disappointing. Miss Posselt brought excellent style to a Bach Sonata, a Sonata for organ and violin by Vitali and a number of shorter pieces. She, too, was heard by a large and demonstrative gathering.

The fifth Boston Morning Musicale in the Hotel Statler Ballroom found violinist Joseph Szigeti playing to the accompaniments of Ignace Strasfogel who, it was said, had been called on short notice when Andor Foldes became ill. Mr. Szigeti, whose art is always meticulous, well-proportioned and somewhat dry, offered a Tartini Concerto, the dramatic Beethoven Sonata in C minor, No. 2 in Op. 30 and various short pieces including the solo Caprice No. 24 by Paganini. That is the Caprice with the famous theme later used for piano variations by Brahms and Rachmaninoff. It performance fell short of virtuoso brilliance.

An enormous crowd was attracted to Symphony Hall Feb. 6 by Jose Iturbi, another pianist who had not visited Boston for years. He was inclined to fast tempi, but the Iturbi finger technic was as clearly articulated as ever. The Mozart Sonata in F major (K. 332) was not very satisfactory because it went so fast. Schumann's Symphonic Studies, neglected by public performers in recent years, had a brisk though musicianly going over and there were pieces by Chopin, Gershwin and others.

—Cyrus W. Durgin

MARCH ENTERTAINMENT

. . . While the guiding geniuses of other cities have been tearing out hunks of hair and splitting the ozone with howls of anguish at the lack of top talent available, Boston has gone booming along with the mostest of the bestest. A glance at the record shows this to be true. And another glance at the record explains why.

Without any quibbling over the data, the fact remains that Chauncey Depew Steele of the Copley Plaza, D. B. Stanbro of the Statler, Arki-Yavensonne of the Fensgate, Ralph Snider of the Bradford, and Michael Redstone of the Mayfair and Latin Quarter have been responsible for this fine state of affairs. They have kept a consistent parade of the best names and top entertainment moving through their places, and March is scheduled to be among the richest to date.

. . . For example, Mr. Steele's magnificent *Oval Room* currently has Carl Brisson as headliner, and one of the best dance teams we have seen in a lot of moons, Mario and Floria. Brisson is, of course, one of the greatest entertainers in this country. As you probably know, he had never worked in night clubs until last fall, but this very fact has given his work a freshness and individuality that is hard to duplicate. A stage and screen star, both here and abroad, Carl Brisson is now adding a big chunk of new laurels to his record by his superb performances in the Oval Room.

Mario and Floria, to back up our claim, are a dance team with imagination. Mario, recently given an honorable discharge from the Army, and Floria are gratifyingly versatile in their dancing. Whether it is a waltz, South American number, a ballet-inspired turn, a turkey-trot, or a variation on the great American jitterbug routine, the young couple sustain the mood and do some outstanding dancing.

This top bill remains at the Oval Room until March 15, and you had better make sure of your reservation before wandering in. The ropes are down every night.

While the plans for the remainder of the month are still up in the air, you might put these names down in your mind as distant probabilities for the Oval Room. Gracie Fields, Dunninger, and Irene Bordoni. One or two of them are sure to brighten the Boston scene from the Oval Room floor.

The music here is very good. Chick Floyd's orchestra is exactly right for the room. This tall, young pianist has geared his group to the versatility expected by the guests, and the results are excellent.

. . . The March menu at the beautiful *Terrace Room* of the Hotel Statler is completely tempting. Thus far, the Terrace Room has offered an extremely varied entertainment bill, from magician to harmonica group, and March will continue that policy with a bang.

Annamary Dickey, the lovely Metropolitan opera star, has already demonstrated the exciting fact that a great voice can be geared to the confines of the night club stage without loss of one top note. This, in itself, is quite an achievement. But in the Terrace Room, a perfect setting for a superb voice, she will be notable entertainment.

With Miss Dickey at the Statler is Rolly Rolls, billed as the "Mad Pianist." This is a provocative touch, and one which he backs up with a bang. What happens to the piano in his hands is something that youngsters dream of doing out of pure spite at having to practice; the piano looks limp when the session is over—and the guests ditto from laughter.

Ted Straeter's music is excellent. You've heard his music over the air in the past, as part of Kate Smith's program. In person, both Ted and his band are an ear-soothing delight.

. . . Only recently re-opened, the lovely *Roof* of the Bradford Hotel has already made an enviable record for top entertainment and all-around good fun. The policy of bringing famous names to the Roof is a wise one, especially when such superb entertainers as Colette Lyons, Boston's own stage, screen and night spot star, and Artie Dann, a very funny man for anyone's money, are typical of the star trend.

As we went to press, the bookings for March were not yet set, and about the best we can pass along to you is



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the promise of more big names, more unusual acts, and consistently good shows. Tentatively pencilled in for March are a handful of the big names in show business.

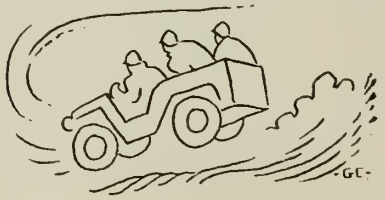
Sammy Eisen's orchestra, with Sally Sears doing the vocals, make for good dancing and a general entertainment plus. Incidentally, held back by a social background for too long, Sally Sears has gone ahead and proved that she can sing a good song and fill a definite spot in the floor show on her own right.

. . . Of the Boston night clubs, the *Mayfair* is the only one providing a regular schedule of famous name entertainers. Carrying over a tremendously successful engagement into March is Johnny Howard, a trigger wit and an excellent entertainer. Reports are, however, that Michael Redstone has booked Mrs. Joe Louis, wife of the world's heavyweight champion, for the club in the near future, and has also pencilled in an hilarious "book revue" known as "Grandfather's Follies."

There is, however, one thing which is a pleasantly practical high spot when you visit the Mayfair—good food. Dinners start at $1.50, and the chef, a man of international reputation, seems to put his best into every dish. The innovation or rather the idea behind the club's new *Curtain Dinners* is a smart one. Theatre-goers can get a complete dinner, see the floor show, and still make the theatre before the footlights come on. This idea has already built a consistently big dinner business for the Mayfair and is well worth remembering when you plan on an evening at the theatre.

Harry Greene's music here is good, well-varied, and well-like by dancers. A rhumba band alternates.

. . . The exciting *Latin Quarter,* a theatre-restaurant that is almost spectacularly beautiful AND spacious, specializes in fine revues and good, although not famous-name,



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talent. For the month of March, however, the bookings show Beatrice Kay due for an appearance there. In her previous visits to the Latin Quarter, she has been a sensational success. There is every reason to suppose that she will be ditto in March.

Incidentally, this smart night spot has an entertainment plus which is unique in town. The revues here, created and staged by Don Arden, are tops. One good reason for this is that his theme for the production numbers tells a story instead of hanging a lot of assorted dances and line activities together without rhyme or reason.

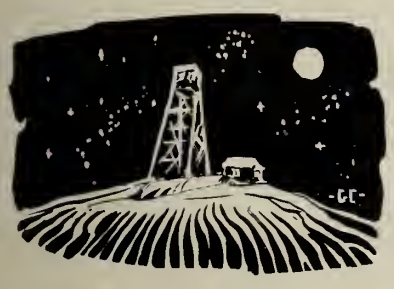
Sunday Guest Nights at the Latin Quarter are always an outstanding high spot of the week here in Boston. The number of big names in the theatre and show business who reserve that night for a visit gives you some idea of the way the club is liked by the entertainers as well as the public.

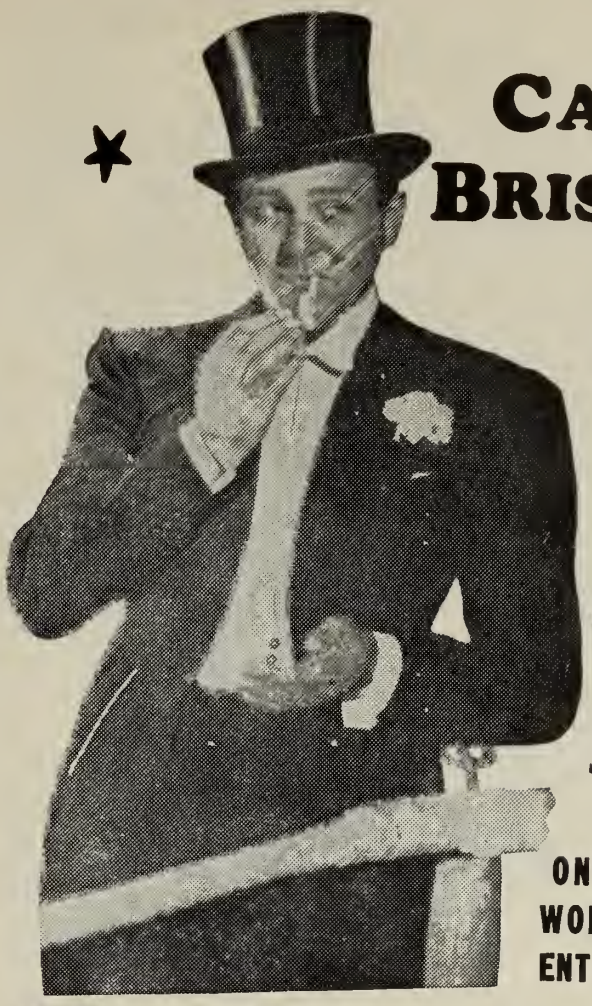
. . . The Hotel Fensgate's jewel of a spot, the Satire Room, is a tribute to the shrewd showmanship of Arki Yavensonne. A pint-sized place, it is also a rarely entertaining one, both in decoration and in the fine talent you can see there.

There are no two ways about it, however. It is expensive and exclusive, yet not in any sense snobbish. When you consider the top talent which enlivens the nights there, you must admit that it is well worth the evening out. There's no cover and only a $2 minimum, but a good drink of Scotch will set you back about $1.50 a copy. And that's where the high cost of your fun comes in.

Imogene Coca has been amusing the guests nightly during the month of February, but her booking at the Satire Room ends by the first of March, and at the time of writing, Arki has plenty of important plans for the

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talent to follow her. Due sometime during the month is Natalie Bodanya, the Metropolitan Opera star, and Mervin Nelson, well-known musical comedy star. These are names new on the Boston scene, but knowing Arki, you can bet that they are very good and highly worth seeing.

. . . LEAVING the famous-name field hereabouts, we'll move along downtown to the Hotel Touraine's magnificent Renaissance Room. As you probably know by now, the hotel is undergoing a renovation and redecoration policy which is being effected without dislocation of your comfort.

In keeping with Mr. Turain's and Mr. Hyde's plans, the Renaissance Room has come back to all of its former rich glory. The terrace arrangement of the tables, the spacious dance floor, the fast-moving floor shows, and the excellent dance music provided by Pat Sands' orchestra add up to a total of a fine evening for guests there. The food is, as always, excellent; the service prompt; the prices moderate. Best of all, for our money, is the fact that people who go there always seem to be enjoying themselves and looking happy.

. . . ANOTHER HOTEL which has undergone a pleasant and subtle transformation is the Essex, opposite the South Station. With the yanking down of the ugly elevated structure, the hotel got a chance to breath, and under Bill Creagh's management, it got a lot of other things beneficial as well, including a new and very pleasant personality.

The main room here provides three floor shows a night, emceed at the present writing by Billy Cronin, and pepped up by the fine vocal work of Lola Andrews. It is a pleasant room, light and attractive, and the food is outstanding. There's dancing, of course, and the entertainment menu is usually in the form of a revue, with line numbers and individual starring spots.

. . . BY THE WAY, one room which really gets a big and orderly play from servicemen and the younger crowd is the Hotel Avery's Cameo

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Smartest SHOWS
Delicious FOOD
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Room. Here Tommy Carr makes excellent music with a small combination, and runs a "customer floor show" as well which makes everyone happy. By this we mean audience participation in the festivities. The fun is hard to describe, but pleasant to watch and take part in. It is an unpretentious room but a happy one, with plenty of festivity going on all the time.

That, entertainment-seekers, is all for the month of March. Go ahead and have yourself a bang-up lot of fun.

—BKP

•

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BOSTON

A Ship in Dry Dock

Do you enjoy your bed
Far from shoals and rocks?
Or do you, pray, feel foolish
Sitting up on blocks?

Can you be happy so,
Far from tides and rips,
Without a scarf of green
About your naked hips?

How shameless you are,
Showing rounded stern
Like a pretty chorine
With daily bread to earn.

How steadily you rest.
Can you be at ease
Without the constant roll
And pitch of surging seas?

And the hands of man?
Do they bother much
As they caress the skin
Used to Neptune's touch?

How futile you must feel
Sitting high and dry.
No battle raging 'round.
Far from the bomber's cry.

Not a wave to talk with,
Nor spray to nuzzle through.
No dancing, whirling foam
Is here to play with you.

But stay, do not despair,
For you'll soon roam again.
The gates are flooding fast
And you'll be launched by ten.

—LAURIE

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BOOKS

. . . Every now and then, a book comes along and, because of its unusual theme, it stands out from all the other books.

The Lost Weekend, by Charles Jackson, which Farrar & Rinehart published last month, is such a book in which the writer tells the vivid story of Don Birnam, an alcoholic and how he lives from Thursday to Tuesday on this particular weekend. Because of its unusual theme, and because Mr. Jackson has handled it both understandingly and competently, *The Lost Weekend* has caught the eye of the leading book reviewers. Sterling North in the *New York Post* called it, "The most absorbing and terrifying portrayal of a pathological addiction since Thomas de Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater.*" Christopher Morley calls it a "brilliant and terrifying book" and Sinclair Lewis termed it both "terrifying and absorbing."

The majority of the reviewers have agreed that the book is terrifying. Mr. Jackson has revealed the innermost thoughts and he has exposed the soul and spirit of a drunkard as he moves from one day to the other in search of liquor with which to quiet his mind.

Don Birnam, because of certain childhood frustrations and some unusual adolescent sexual experiences, has become an alcoholic.

When the story opens, we see Birnam scheming to get liquor behind his brother's back. He is a pitiful sight, hiding bottles behind books, under his pillow or in the closet.

With the announcement that his brother is going away for a long weekend, Don realizes that he can have five whole days in which to drink without offending his brother or Helen, the girl who still loves him.

The Lost Weekend is not an entertaining story but it is an experience for the reader which he will not forget. Charles Jackson is a radio writer who has had many plays produced on the Columbia Workshop program. In this his first novel, he proves that he can handle description and dialogue equally well, and that he can write a splendid novel.

. . . Few americans have heard of Matthew Flinders, the man who charted the whole coast of Australia. But this will not spoil the reading of *My Love Must Wait,* by Ernestine Hill. Miss Hill has not "played with history" in telling the story of this little known explorer; rather has she at her disposal, logs, journals, letters and intimate diaries, all of which accounts for the wealth of detail—never dull—and the colour she has injected into the travels of Matthew Flinders.

At 25, Flinders was made Captain of H.M.S. Investigator, on which he set sail from England to chart the shores of the land known as New Holland and later called Australia by Flinders.

My Love Must Wait is a sweeping portrayal of Flinder's Voyage, his unjust imprisonment and his tragic love for Ann Chappell.

Miss Hill, an Australian Newspaper woman, has wonderful command of words and the reader will enjoy some excellent description.

. . . There probably is no more colorful hero in history than Father Damien of Molokai fame. Hundreds of books have been written about him and it is safe to say many hundreds more will be written about him.

Ann Roos has written a new story about this famous priest, especially slanted for children in *Man of Molakai* but which can be readily enjoyed by everyone.

The author has portrayed a very realistic and colorful picture of Father Damien's childhood and youth. The author tells us about his father and mother and his brother Augustus.

We see Joseph as a boy when he receives the call to become a priest—this in the face of his father's desire that he become a merchant.

From this, the author goes on to describe the hero's life on Molokai, the tragic people, the appalling physical conditions and the complete indifference of the Government to conditions on the island.

Miss Roos brings out very clearly and with depth of understanding, Father Damien's love for children and the afflicted.

Here is the story of a hero that can not be matched and the author has come up with a very readable account of patience, elevation and sacrifice.



"Well, what do you know, Bill—a toothpick to go with that steak I dreamed of!"

. . . THE AUTHOR of "The Stars Are Dark," Peter Cheyney has written a new poignant detective story called *You Can't Keep The Change,* in which Slim Callaghar invades the London underworld to track down the disappearance of some ancestral silver plate and solves an unsuspected murder.

There is serious business at hand but three lovely girls help you through some tedious reading.

Avalanche is a new story out by Kay Boyle, noted Magazine story writer. It deals with the espionage activity on the Alpine-Italian border of France. Although some reviewers have condemned it, *Avalanche* proves good reading.

Notes From a Fly-Leaf
Authors

. . . BOB HOPE has written a book about his trip to the fighting front last summer which he calls *I Never Left Home.* If it is as good as his radio shows, it ought to be a scream.

Joseph C. Grew, Ambassador to Japan prior to Pearl Harbor, has had his book *10 Years in Japan* oked by the State Department and it will be published soon. Revealing a great many things the capable Ambassador knows about the Japs.

. . . A GIRL IN a book shop in Newton, working for the weekend, noticed that the shop never seemed to sell a single copy of a certain child's book. For her own satisfaction, she studied the book to find out why it wasn't popular.

One day a well-dressed woman walked into the shop and asked how that particular child's book was selling.

"Not so good," replied the clerk.

"Really," exclaimed the rather astonished woman, "And why not?"

"Well," the girl answered, "the story seldom comes up to the good drawings in the book."

The girl, who felt duty bound to sell anything and everything in the shop, asked the customer if she'd care for a copy to which the woman hautily exclaimed: "No thank you—I am the author."

—GEORGE MOONEY

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&

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He who remaineth pleasant and cooperative under present wartime conditions

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BOSTON'S OUTSTANDING HOTEL MANAGERS

Mrs. Robert S. Gardner of the Hotel Gardner

. . . The list of well-known hotel managers tossed unexpectedly into such a job is lengthy. The list is, however, given a touch of individuality and femininity by the addition of Mrs. Gardner's name. As resident manager of the intimate, home-like hotel at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Norway Street, she holds down a post that requires almost 24-hour service on her part, and this under the wartime difficulties experienced by all managers.

Chic, blonde, and friendly, Mrs. Gardner has done a businesslike and successful job of managing the hotel, giving it a personalized, home-like touch that is pleasantly evident.

When, in 1940, Robert Gardner left the executive staff of the Copley Plaza to become resident manager and president of the corporation, working directly with Sumner Poorvu, the Gardner came into being as a hotel. Mrs. Gardner, before her marriage, had been secretary to one of the heads of a local investment house; after her marriage, when her two daughters were old enough not to need every minute of her attention, she took a course in insurance salesmanship, and made a success of that career as well. Her touch, however, was clearly evident in the remodelled and bright new Gardner Hotel when it opened.

Unfortunately, Robert Gardner became ill and died two weeks after the hotel was opened. Thus, unexpectedly and under tragic circumstances, Mrs. Gardner took over her husband's post, at Mr. Poorvu's urging.

The Gardner is, today, a friendly hotel, bright with color and modern maple furnishings. The Grill is famous throughout the city for its excellent food; the banquet facilities are taxed to their limit; and the Gardner is a prosperous, going corporation.

Incidentally, the amazing proportions of the banquet business is due to the very efficient promotional efforts of Mrs. Gardner. Each party, whether in the Ballroom, Green Room, or one of the other smaller rooms used for such purposes, is given her personal attention, from meeting the party committee to watching the preparation and service of the food from the kitchen. A record of note was set recently when every banquet and private party facility was booked without a break from December 1 to January 1.



In her rare hours of relaxation Mrs. Gardner enjoys her library o symphonic recordings. She is active i Red Cross matters, too. Her chil dren, in private school, are with he week-ends, but her life is completely bounded week-days by hotel duties.

A large percentage of employee who started with the hotel in 194 are still with the Gardner today— which is an excellent testimonial t her management.

The hotel, in 1944, is unlike an other in the city, in that the persona touch, the color and light, and th personalized service reflect the wom an's touch which Mrs. Gardner ha introduced so successfully. The Gard ner, Mrs. Gardner, and Sumner Poo vu as treasurer have added a brigh note to the face of Massachusett Avenue.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Save Your Waste Paper for Salvage

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A TOUCH OF GENIUS

. . . WHEN the Yale bulldog, awed by greater glories and traditions than he was accustomed to in his home environment, had his picture taken as he bowed abjectly to lick the foot of the John Harvard statue in front of University Hall in Harvard Yard, one of the truly great college pranks of all times was consummated. Though borrowing the dog had been somewhat complicated, getting him to pose was not. Johnny's unfeeling toes were spread with a liberal quantity of hamburg.

Practical jokes are an integral part of college life. Some of them are simple things, arising from the impulse of the moment, such as the yearly spring-born desire to drop a paper bag full of water from some dormitory window onto the head of a blissful pedestrian.

Others, more pretentious in their ambitions, call for careful preparation, as did the famed codnapping of the sacred fish which normally hangs over the heads of Massachusetts solons like some finny sword of Damocles. To the student, mischief bent, anything is fair game.

Occasionally the object is an individual. One spring day a few years ago a group, tiring of books and such, provoked a lively and welcome diversion when they decided to toss one Chuck into the river. They carried him out of Kirkland House on their shoulders, and a good sized procession formed behind. They went up on Larz Anderson bridge and hoisted Chuck onto the railing. At that point he made a bargain with them. If they'd let him take off his clothes, he'd jump in.

Gipsy Rose never stripped for a more appreciative audience. At last, clad only in his shorts and accompanied by great cheers, Chuck dove into the muddy Charles, and swam to shore. He came out opposite Winthrop House and headed for the gate, his yelling escort at his heels.

So far there was nothing to distinguish this prank from dozens of others. The extra something this time was provided by Fate.

Winthrop House is divided into two sections by a small courtyard, through which runs a narrow sidewalk. As Chuck entered the river side still dressed in shorts and dripping dirty water, with all chances of retreat cut off by the mob behind him, there entered from the other end, a party of Harvard's most distinguished professors and scholars, gathered together to conduct on a tour of America's oldest and most famous University, one Thomas G. Masaryk, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia.

Until the middle twenties it was customary each year for pictures to be taken of the senior and freshman classes on the steps of Widener. But during the years a custom had grown by which the senior class refused to get off the Widener steps so the frosh could go up for their picture until they had contributed heavily to a mythical picnic for the seniors. One class of freshmen had gathered on the steps while the seniors, on their knees, picked up the flung nickles, pennies, and dimes, when one lad produced, not a handful of change, but a dozen eggs. The senior class officers in their black gowns trimmed with red, were perfect targets, and the inspired freshman had a beautifully true aim.

Within half an hour, every store in Harvard Square was out of eggs, tomatoes, or anything else which remotely resembled ammunition. The Yard Cops finally broke up the riot, but the eggs clung to Widener. After a few days, they began to smell. The summer was all but passed before the last of the mess was cleaned up, and ever after that, class pictures have been taken in the safe spaces of the stadium.

Rumor had it a while back that the *Lampoon* was about to write another chapter in the long-time town and gown feud between Harvard and the city of Cambridge. It was reported that the *Lampoon* had acquired the location chart for the fire-alarm switchboard at the Cambridge fire headquarters. They threatened that some April first at midnight *Lampoon* men would be strategically placed about the city, and just at twelve, would each ring in a false alarm, so that on the switchboard, the lights would blazon forth the word *Lampoon.*

Harvard not only has in Widener one of the world's ten greatest libraries, but each of the dormitories has its own separate library. One morning the Winthrop House librarian discovered that during the night, someone had broken in and turned every book so its title faced the wall, and only the edges of the pages could be seen. During the next few weeks the same thing happened at Kirkland House, and Eliot, and Lowell. Some of the houses were done twice, and none of them escaped.

Finally one night, the watchman carefully locked the Kirkland House library at eleven o'clock. Twelve minutes later, he thought he saw a light. He went back and opened the door, and discovered that in that short time, every piece of furniture had disappeared from the first two floors of the library. He rushed up to the third floor, and there he discovered the missing tables, desks and chairs.

What he did not know was that even as he searched one room on the third floor, the students who'd gone in for extra-curricular library activities were in another room, making their escape through a window onto the roof. Even then, however, they were not too hurried to stop to take a flash picture of some of the group crawling out the window, a picture which eventually appeared in the yearbook.

But the crowning bit, the touch of genius, was in the note left behind on the librarian's desk when the books were turned—the note that read, *Widener next!*

One of the best Harvard stories isn't, strictly speaking, about a prank, but it's too good not to be told. On the eve of one of the last Harvard-Yale games, Yale, trying hard to do the gentlemanly thing, sent Harvard a telegram which read, "May the best team win."

Harvard, realizing such a gesture demanded some acknowledgment, sent in return a telegram. "May the better team win."

—LUCIA BARBER

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ALL THIS AND EDDIE DAVIS TOO

33 W 52 NEW YORK

The Copley Plaza Cocktail Concerts

. . . Although The Bostonian is just getting around to give you a detailed picture of these Sunday afternoon funfests at the Copley Plaza, the Concerts have been a highly successful innovation since the first day they were introduced by Chauncey Depew Steele, managing director of that hotel.

Until last fall, the Sunday afternoon stretch of hours from 4 to 6:30 p.m. had been a pretty dull spot in the entertainment acres. And they could have remained so despite Mr. Steele's efforts if his plans had not been so out-of-the-ordinary for the concerts in the Copley's Grand Ballroom.

Too many times the name Cocktail Concert brings to mind a barrage of "swing music" poured at guests getting hilariously exhausted. And too rarely, B.C. (Before Chauncey), was there any way of having a relaxing session of enjoyable, any-age fun without having to visit a museum musicale.

Every Sunday afternoon, at 4 p.m., the Concerts get under way with the guests paying 25% of the admission expense in War Stamps. The music, supplied by a fifteen-piece, symphonic orchestra under the direction of Paul Winters, is of the concert and "pops" variety, with a featured soloist to add the high spots.

As if this weren't enough of a pleasant way to spend the afternoon, enjoying semi-classic music, joining in on some of the songs, and hearing a top soloist or two spice up the proceedings, another plus is added. Selected acts from the Oval Room show are the honored guests at these concerts.

The final patriotic touch is added by the attractive young War Stamp vendors who sell you the where-with-all to enter and to tip your waiter. We forgot to tell you, incidentally, that all "gratuities" are in the form of War Stamps, at Mr. Steele's orders. And plenty of the waiters have acquired a sizeable back-log of Bonds via this sensible idea.

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WOMEN AND THE WAR

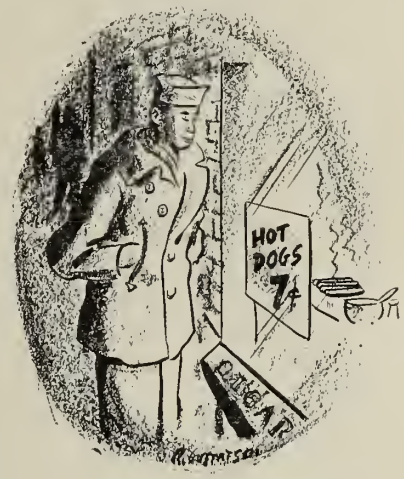
. . . PRESENTING the outstanding woman for March, Miss Adelaide L. Fitzgerald, executive secretary of the American Legion Auxiliary in Massachusetts and the only woman member of the Massachusetts Post-War Re-Habilitation Commission.

With two nieces, lieutenants in the Army Nurse Corps, one in England and one in Australia, and with three nephews scattered about the world in both the army and the navy, it is small wonder that Adelaide Fitzgerald is concerned with the rights of the returning service man and woman.

It is natural too, that the Governor of the Bay State should appoint her on a Commission which was organized to champion the cause of the discharged war veteran, for she feels very strongly that it is her sacred duty to serve those who have served us so well. Her main concern now is to acquaint the 30 million families of our service men and women with the World War II veteran's "Magna Charta," Senate Bill No. 1617, which calls for certain earned rights to which our returning service man is entitled: first, the prompt and adequate treatment of the disabled; second, government compensation to the disabled whose ability to earn a living has been impaired; third, the right of assistance to productive employment; fourth, an opportunity to complete interrupted education; fifth, a right to vocational training; sixth, the right to unemployment insurance on the same basis as though he had remained in civil life; seven, the right to muster-out pay; eighth, the right to government aid in buying homes or farms; ninth, the right to appeal as to his discharge if he considers it unjust; tenth, the establishment of the Veteran's Administration as the single agency in master control of all these functions.

Her active interest in the returning soldier, for Adelaide is ever enthusiastic where the rights of people are involved, was aroused when her own brother returned disabled from World War I. The American Legion Auxiliary, then, became the outlet for her energy, first in the home chapter in Hopkinton, then as Massachusetts Department president, national vice-president and since 1936 as department secretary of the American Legion Auxiliary in Massachusetts.

Born in Hopkinton, Massachusetts, and still living in the same home, Adelaide commutes the 30 miles from there to the State House in Boston, where she now has her office. She was educated in the public schools of Hopkinton and upon graduating from Bryant and Stratton, was initiated into army routine by the way of a training center which was set up at Cambridge called the Harvard College of Military Science and Tactics. This training for the army among the students at Harvard University preceded the R.O.T.C. of the last war and French officers were invited to this country to teach military strategy. Captain Cordier of the French Military Staff was the head of this college and Professor Andre Morize, now well known Harvard educator, came to this country at that time as a teacher in the art of war.



Inspired by her enthusiasm for a cause, the American Legion Auxiliary of Massachusetts is enlisting the active interest of every woman in the state in a woman's hospital for the 15,000 Massachusetts women in all branches of war service. In her opinion, this should be at least a 300 to 500 bed hospital for the usual statistics in a case of this sort call for one bed to every 40 concerned. The returning service woman should also be allowed vocational training and guidance, if, for some good reason, she does not want to or cannot go back to her previous job. This is another crusade of the Legion Auxiliary.

Only recently, Adelaide championed the cause of the returning service man when she asked for Federal cooperation on a plan to take over, temporarily, several large resort hotels in Massachusetts which might be used for reconditioning many of our service men who only need a few weeks of rest, plenty of food, fresh air and companionship to enable them to take their places in civilian life again. Having watched over the disabled veteran for 20 years now, she asserts that this plan would pay dividends in eliminating a great many future breakdowns.

It is to the women of Massachusetts that these appeals for active interest in the fate of the returning service man are made and Adelaide goes on to add: "Women should concern themselves, not only with what their own sons may need on returning from the war, but as citizens and taxpayers, they should study the entire problem of the veteran so that they may know what is fair and just, both to the man who has served and to the taxpayer who foots the bill. If there is this dual understanding of the problem, the differences which came after the last war, will be eliminated."

Tall, dark, enthusiastic and loving people, Adelaide lends her ideas and energy to the business of the Radio Council of Greater Boston of which she is vice-president; to the Boston Business and Professional Women's Club; the League of Catholic Women and The Boston City Federation. In connection with her duties as Department secretary, she is also secretary of the Legion Auxiliary's Christmas Remembrance Committee for hospitalized men and women of both World War I and World War II and cooperates with the many war endeavors which come naturally to her office.

In short, this crusader for the rights of the returning service man and woman, knows that Massachusetts women must and will fight this battle of the home front with intelligence, with high spirit and with vision.

—DOROTHY KRAUS

RUNNING THE SKI TRAILS

. . . The CAP pilot and the state guardsman, the air raid warden and the nurse's aide, the airplane spotter and the coast guard volunteer have all held the spotlight of national publicity at one time or another since the war began, but there is one civilian defense volunteer who hardly seems to have won the recognition he deserves, even from his own kind.

He is the National Ski Patrolman, and his job, born of a love for his sport, has led him to face both the danger and drudgery of possibly all the others combined—but without the headlines—as an unsung volunteer of the National Ski Patrol System.

The System was organized in 1938 as part of the National Ski Association, governing body of the sport, with Minot Dole of Greenwich, Conn., as chairman. Its primary purpose was promoting skiing safety and offering first aid to those meeting with mishaps on the trails. Prime membership requisites were thorough knowledge of winter first aid and rescue work. But the system didn't stop there.

Long before the Office of Civilian Defense was established, Chairman Dole points out, National Ski Patrolmen were standing lonely winter vigil on anti-aircraft and anti-paratroop warning service; patrolling remote borders when the threat of saboteur invasion was very real; or going to the rescue of Air Force crews whose planes, crashing in remote areas, were exposing secret equipment to view and losing lives for lack of trained rescue workers.

In other words, while the nation was still gearing for war the National Ski Patrolman plugged the home front gaps.

Early in 1940, NSPS executive officers foresaw the possible need of troops trained in mountain and winter warfare. They sold the idea to the War Department, and for nearly four years now they have been under contract to the War Department to pass on qualified men to the army for mountain training—the only civilian group in the country officially authorized to direct men into service of their own choosing.

To date the NSPS has funneled more than 8000 men into the mountain troops, covering the nation and its outposts from Anchorage in Alaska, south to Prescott in Arizona and east to Caribou in Maine.

Scores of the more than 4000 National Ski Patrolmen on the roster at the war's outbreak have themselves joined the mountain infantry, or other branches of the service. Those left on the home front promptly have shouldered the double burden of continuing army procurement and the first aid and safety patrols for civilian skiers, despite their sharply reduced ranks.

Meanwhile, plane crash rescue work has grown to the point where the Army Air Force has established a new branch known as the Search and Rescue Section for the recovery of crashed planes and personnel. It is being carried out on an experimental basis throughout the Second Air Force area with a former National Ski Patrolman, Edward F. Taylor of Denver, Colo., now a commissioned officer in charge of co-ordinating ground operations.

It was Taylor who first suggested to Gen. Harvey S. Burwell of Lowry Field in Denver the possibility of using skiers in plane rescue work. He had many actual skiers' accomplishments to back his idea.

Among the more spectacular was Patrolman Ome Daiber who led a patrol and a Navy crew into the Cascade Mountains after a Navy bomber which had crashed near Seattle. The trip nearly floored the Navy men. They found the ship near a mountain peak, its crew all dead and two live bombs still on the plane. Daiber



Spring skiing in Tuckerman's Ravine

fused the bombs and scrambled over a ridge to safety before they exploded, then led the rescue crew out with the bodies.

Emmett McKay of White Sulphur Springs, Mont., led an emergency party on a 50-mile round trip on skis into the Little Belt Mountains to rescue four of a crew alive from a crashed Army bomber.

Recently Section Chief George Bell of Casper, Wyo., who led his patrol in rescuing a lost paratrooper from a B-24 near Casper, was commended by the commanding general for the rescue.

Spring Ski Tips

. . . THIS IS THE month of beer and klister. . . . Corn snow and suntan. . . . Surest snow month of the year in northern New England. . . . The best time to plan that ski trip. . . . Snow depths will hit their peak on the upper slopes of Pinkham, Cannon, Mansfield and Pico around the middle, and maybe not until the end of the month. . . . Rain no longer is the tragedy it is in February when it means ice. . . . For night-time freeze and daytime thaw produce that corn surface snow that tops them all. . . . Even the golf course addicts can swing it. . . . No need to worry about that "poor," "fair" and "good" business in the snow reports. . . . Just pick a spot where the depth runs into feet instead of inches and you're sure of your skiing.

. . . DON'T GET IN A panic when it rains in town either. . . . Five feet of winter packed snow in the high country doesn't disappear overnight like the city's skinny cover of fleeting fluff. . . . Remember the great March floods in 1936? . . . They had nine inches of rain in a week in the mountains on less snow than they had last month. . . . And the spring skiing was the longest and best in years. . . . April 19 is the average Bostonian's big spring ski holiday in Tuckerman Ravine on Mount Washington. . . . The diehards will be up there on Memorial Day. . . . Upper Mansfield will keep going until late April. . . . Same with Cannon and Pico. . . . We'll break down and confess to skiing shaded Blue Hills trails on April Fool's Day, and we didn't get fooled, either . . . And we've skied the saddle atop Temple Mountain in Peterboro, not 60 miles away, on April 19.

. . . SPEAKING OF civilian ski patrols, a salute to the Manchester (Vt.) outfit, for seven years headed by John Perry, national patrolman and World War I member of the famous French Alpine Blue Devil Chasseurs. . . . Last month they quickly rallied their 18 members to search for and find a trio of skiers lost on the East Dorset slope of Bromley Mountain after dark in zero weather.

. . . THE SKIERS HAD wandered off the marked trails in the late afternoon and after failing to retrace their tracks or light a signal fire after dark were trying to work their way up to the summit for bearings when found at 10 o'clock by Al Perry, national patrolman of Williamstown, and Wendy Hilty and Sally Litchfield of the Big Bromley Ski School staff, who had picked up their trail. . . . Put it down to John Perry's organization genius that the trio was found. . . .

. . . THE PATROL WAS rallied at nightfall when the skiers failed to return. . . . Armed with flashlights, whistles, blankets and first aid equipment the searchers fanned out over the mountain. . . . The plane crash searching patrol, also organized by Perry, was held in reserve. . . . The lost skiers, none the worse for their experience, were guided up over the mountain summit and down to Kandahar Lodge, thence taken back to Big Bromley by car.

. . . ALTHOUGH THEY WERE not the ones who found them, the other members of the search party rate the same credit for their willingness to leave shelter and spend the night on the mountain in the hunt. . . . Prominent among them were two girl patrolmen, Penny Converse and Alicia Reynolds. . . . Others in the crew were Doug Shaw, Doc Drohat, Jack Harwood, Joe Harrington, Charlie and Dick Cole, Bill Butterfield, Peg Curtis, Nat Benson, Kip Bowen, Bernie Davis and Don Cherbonneau.

—HENRY MOORE

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WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Mickey Alpert's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves. $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days.

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hotel Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East and Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service men only $1 for dinner and show; no cov., no min.).

Green Room, Hotel Edison, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min. $2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Chatterbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily. Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent cuisine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain. Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8760). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.



Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.

Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 P.M. weekdays; other days $4.

Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever. Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and Hols.

Number One Bar, 1 Fifth Ave. Dinner and on thru the evening. Ent. and an attractive crowd.

Old Roumanian, 169 Allen St. GR. 3-9595. Famous for Mushk Steak and a big International Revue. Din. $1.65.

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Penthouse, 30 Central Pk. So. See for yourself this lovely dining spot. Luncheon from $1. Din. from $2.

Radio Frank's, 70 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-9253). Continuous fun.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Barn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and general hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Bar, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd that's fun to be with.

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Oyster Bar, Grand Central Terminal. (MU. 9-5430). The Oyster Bar is famous 'round the world for its excellent cuisine and of course, seafood is tops there. The service is speedy.

Olney Inn, 12 E. 49th St. Clara May Downey's famous food. Luncheon from 85c; Dinner from $1.50; Cocktail Lounge. Half block from Radio City.

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Holland House Taverne, 10 Rockefeller Plaza at 48th Street. Recommended for its Dutch Cuisine and the many and interesting authentic Dutch antiques used in the decoration. Luncheon Specials from 60c. Dinner from $1.75.

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Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 P.M. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

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Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb food. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

ITALIAN

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Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

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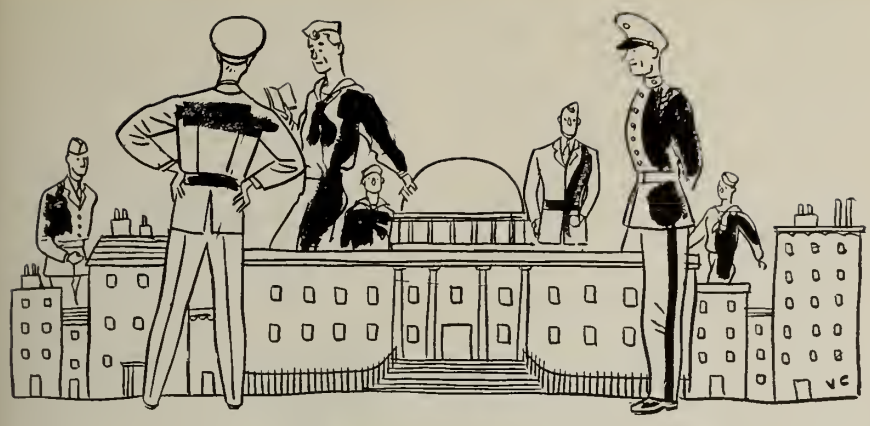
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South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.
Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.
Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.
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Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.
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Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 4 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

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The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

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Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Preakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanover Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Da-Way, Boylston Place (DEV. 9346). Slogan of "Boston's Nicest Eating Place" is backed up by fine food and good service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners, dancing to Pete Herman's orchestra. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

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Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. mai-u tains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surrou ndings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Bradford Roof, Hotel Bradford, offers top name entertainment at all times. No cover in the beautiful room, Sammy Eisen's music for dancing. Attractive Sky Bar adjoining. Food is excellent here.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertain ment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen. Two floor shows enliven your visit here.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Renaissance Room at the Hotel Touraine (HAN. 3500) has scored a big click with guests. Here you will find dinner and supper dancing, a lively floor show, and congenial surroundings.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

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PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 210 Beacon Street. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Wednesday evenings, 7-10. Closed Sundays.

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT-SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Gardens with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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COMMON TALK

Movie Manners

. . . In one of our first-run movie palaces, two elderly ladies were seated behind a man sleeping his way through the picture. As a matter of fact, he was snoring his way through. This went on for ten minutes, with crescendos and triple tonguing on the high notes. As the second picture began, one of the ladies said loudly:

"My dear, we had better wake him up. This is the *good* picture."

• •

Oldest B. U. Graduate

. . . This distinction, belonging as it does to Charles A. Drew of Newton at the age of 96 years, is a notable one. It is not, however, the only thing by which Mr. Drew is distinguished.

Reading the press release from the University carefully, we find that Mr. Drew is one of two surviving members of the first B. U. school of law class in 1873. In his fifty years before the bar, he tried two cases before Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. In his lifetime, having always enjoyed singing, he sang his way through two of the Peace Jubilees at the Boston Coliseum. Although we are not quite sure of the facts, Mr. Drew was singing in the famous Jubilee when General U. S. Grant joined the audience.

Another high spot in his memory is attending church services after Lincoln's assassination and hearing the pastor ask that every courtesy be extended to the people standing in the aisles.

The final, interest-piquing bit of data which makes Mr. Drew very real to us is the announcement that at the age of 80, after enjoying singing throughout the years, he started to take vocal lessons. An inquiring spirit, no doubt.

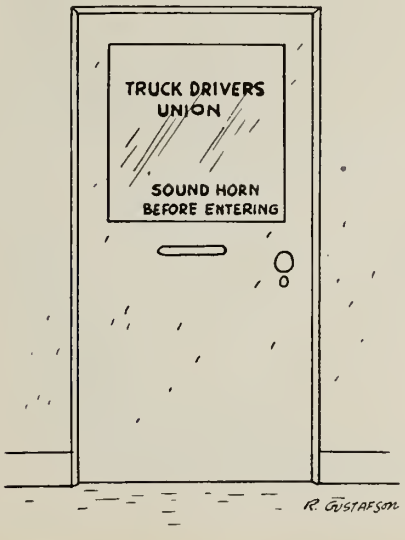
This is, nevertheless, the answer to the draft-harrowed problems of local quartets.

• •

Hit Parade

. . . In a vocal mood, we got a fresh insight on the younger generation via an eight-year-old lady. Skipping merrily about the Public Gardens, she was singing *Besseme Mucho* with gusto. But it came out like this:

"Bessie Mae, You Are My Mucho!"



Directions, Please

. . . An argus-eyed friend currently struggling with bachelor quarters sends us a product of industrial ingenuity—the top of a new Krisp-A-Sured package. Neat in red and black letters are these directions:

1. Insert knife between top flaps of cover as illustrated and cut.

2. If no knife is available, grasp edge of top flap with fingers and tear open.

Obviously, this is keeping pace with the steel shortage and putting it squarely up to the customer.

• •

Menus 1944 Style

. . . The far-reaching effects of total war are plentiful and serious. Only recently, however, did we realize what was happening to the small restauranteer. Opening an orb wide the other night, we did a double-take at the menu sign above the counter of a Park Square restaurant.

Beside the bewildering assortment of small and large letters jumbled together, we were offered such tasty dishes as sea ood, oysers, chckin, potot sala, rost beaf, lam stem, apl pi a mod and bd ham.

Rightly enough, the man behind the counter resented our taking of notes. His prices, he said gruffly, were "ceiling or below". An explanation that we were tracking down the lesser effects of total war reassured him.

"Look," he told us, "it isn't because I can't spell. I got a good edu-



"He says he can't get knives because of the steel shortage!"

cation. Public school. It's just I can't buy any more letters."

As we dug into our lam stem, rls & btr, the proprietor began fumbling through his box of menu letters.

"Yes, I don't care much for Fridays any longer. Those home baked beans with frankforts really mess things up for me. Best I can do is 'bb home style with frank'!"

• •

Ad Reading

. . . From the Classified section of a Boston newspaper:

"Lay That Pistol Down! 'Steal' these 13 2-apt. homes; must sacrifice."

It's the single quote marks around the word steal which give it the Boston touch.

• •

Again, Ads

. . . A slightly distant friend of the Bostonian's sent us in the letter received in reply to an advertisement placed in an homemakers' magazine for New England. As usual, said distant friend was looking for a maid. And, as is right, her husband wrote the ad, he, too, being a friend. The advertisement asked for a helper with energy. The reply, which is very understandable, went like this:

"Dear Friend:

"Seeing your adv. in for a month I wondered if your need was urgent and just what you wanted. A Miss or Mrs. & how many in the family, country or village. What kind of a house any modern equipment? Any public transportation near?

"I am not as young as I used to be I would be the Motherly or Grandmotherly type to the right people. I am tall light, brown hair no grey. Well nourished not fat. Could not do hard heavy work yet. I never larned to knit. I am very much the old fashioned type respectable, careful. But I think I can cook and do light work yet. No tobacco or drink. I belong to the Grange & go to church. I love the country & a big garden with everything in it. I can most live out of it with a little help from the dairy & henpen. I never realized how important beets and beet greens really were till this yr. I went to keep house for a man whose wife was away for 3 weeks. He couldn't eat a meal without his pickle-beets & the two of us ate a qt jar of beet greens every day for 2 weeks believe or not & I missed them when I got back up here & did not have them. I know you are busy. I would be glad to hear from you with the full discription & requirements of the home & its people. What do you? (Pay) I like my money every week & must have a good flat bed. If you care to write me I will be glad to hear from you. Do you have a good sewing machine I always said I couldn't get along without my mixing spoon & my sewing machine. What do you burn for heat & cooking? My worst trouble in going into

country places, they generaly have a filthy sink drain, water closet or pig pen too near the well. The family seems to be proof against it but a new comer would be sure to get something that wouldn't be funny. Heres best of luck to you & hope you find just the right kind of person you need to fill the requirements of your busy life.

Respectfully yours truly,
(Mrs.) X.X.X

My husband died in Nov 1923. I could give the best of references & expect the same. I generaly steer clear of a house that has a woman in it."

The trials of being a housekeeper are not, we are glad to find, one-sided!

• •

Etiquette

. . . Something we never realized until recently was the proper conduct of obstreperous public relations. That is, we didn't until we rode a late subway car with an owl shift friend.

At one station, a pleasant-appearing character climbed on, swayed to the back of the car, and oozed down into a seat beside us. His newspaper had all the consistency of jelly when he started to read it. He did, nicely, say "So sorry!" at regular intervals.

One station farther along the way, an even more disintegrated character climbed onto the car, carrying a—yes, this is right—portable radio playing even louder than the car could clank. Everything went well for one station. Then, as the door closed, the portable-radio person dashed for the door.

"Out, please!" said the man.

"Yeah?" replied the coachman.

The tableau happened at three stops, radio playing loudly, individual just missing the exit line. Finally, however, the character stayed by the door, waited until it opened, and boomed out, radio playing like a "mad thing." This time, he got out, in a flurry of station announcements. The individual seated beside us dropped his newspaper, let out a big sneer, and said:

"Yah, stealing my stuff!"

• •

Peace, Okay

. . . A postcard with a lot of sense, except for us, drifts across our desk. It comes, sensibly, from a firm of Engineers-Draftsmen, "We make all types of drawings".

The phase we appreciate is neatly lettered in blue ink along the bottom of the carefully blue-printed diagram:

"Can we help with your post-war planning?"

The answer is "Oh, brother!"

• •

Title Delirium

. . . Takes one to see another goes the slogan. With which, the curtain comes down on Freddy Martin's listing of song titles which confuse:

"Sawdust" for "Stardust"; "I Wanna Start a Fire" for "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire"; Brahms' "Lullaby" turns into "Bronze Lullaby"; "Begin the Beguine" becomes "Bagging the Bean"; as a topper to Masters, a cute blonde requested "A Roarin'." It sounded like "Hold That Tiger." It wasn't. It was "Aurora."

• •

Information, We Hope

. . . Since the high spot in any career when a publicity release has got the staff down for two counts, Frank Law wins the current rubber doilies. A terse release from him announced that an ex-local band-leader was being honored as guest at a Bean Dinner, given by Lucy May Cranford, "whom connoisseurs no doubt recognize as the Baked Bean Queen of the twenties whose recipe was prized so highly by the caterers of Boston."

It's a strange thing about ignorance. We don't dare ask anyone except non-cooks. What Marjorie Mills or Mom Parker would do to us shouldn't happen. But happen you know who Lucy May was, when and where?

• •

Literary Leftovers

. . . Title by Lippincott, remains by the Bostonian. Which means that a bit of incidental information is drooping off the typewriter keys.

"After months of research, Ward Morehouse, upon finishing the manuscript of 'George M. Cohan—Prince of the American Theatre' recently published by L., discovered that he had enough odds and ends concerning his hero left over to make a book in themselves."



This, of course, can happen. But the "fragments of fact" which would make the book are very pleasant. George M. Cohan disliked umbrellas, heavy underwear, wrist watches, cigarette cases, filthy talk, and alibis of all kinds.

He liked 'Life With Father' as well as any play he saw in his last twenty years and read a great deal more than most people realized.

There are other commendable and disputable details given. The topper in the way of speculation (not from Cohan's angle but from the phraseology of the release) follows:

"Mr. Morehouse says he never saw Cohan actually pay a bar check, but was aware that he would never allow any one at his table to touch it. He also never heard him speak with disrespect of any woman. He heard him several times say, 'He's not my kind of a man', but more frequently it would be, 'He's all the right! he's on the square'."

Okay, we sort of get mixed up. Not paying a bar check comes under the head of standard equipment. Followed by no disrespect to any woman, well, the association of ideas in writer is different from the intention of first person.

• •

Nothing Personal

. . . THE SAME argus-eyed friend who noted the box-top directions posts along another bit of stuff. Seems like the road warning signs have started him thinking further. Most signs read:

"Go Slow", or "Drive Slow".

The only sign in his memory which is Bostonian in being correct English rests solidly near Ex-Governor Curley's home on Jamaicaway. The conventional road sign, we are discovering, says:

"Danger Drive Slowly".

• •

Advertising A La Mode

. . . ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT writes in to relate the personal touch. Last summer, a friend found herself with more tomatoes than could be used with existing equipment. Living in the suburbs of Boston, she had seen an advertisement of Cain's Mayonnaise Company announcing that they had covers for empty jars of same which were suitable for home canning.

Sensibly enough, the friend got on the phone the moment she thought about the way to control the tomato situation. She asked about the service, and the answer was that if she would send a slight remittance, she would get the jar covers. The remittance meant, by the way, a jar collection, and the upstanding individual started collecting same from her friends.

Unfortunately, an hour later, the phone rang and a nice masculine voice asked if she was the lady who had phoned an hour ago re jars. She admitted that she was, and the voice continued:

"This is Mr. Cain speaking, and I wouldn't advise you to use the jars for tomatoes. My wife used some last year and they weren't a bit satisfactory!"



"For Pete's sake, hurry up and get that coat on, will you!"

Lesson

. . . THE SAME person who uncovered the above home-like touch sends in another of note. Two young men, we hear, were sitting in the Parker House at a table so close as to be practically two-of-the-party. Finally, one of the young men turned a little green, regarded his drink doubtfully, excused himself, and disappeared.

His friend watched him depart, then looked at the half-emptied glass which remained on the table. After about five minutes of study, he pulled out a needle and a piece of thread and set about trying to thread one into the other.

The results were null. No threading. Finally, the correspondent leaned over and offered to supply the final touch.

The young man was courteous but

distant. His accent was also Norwegian.

"No, thank you. I must find out if I am sober enough to have another drink. If I can pass the thread through the needle, I shall continue drinking. If not, I shall find my friend and take him home. He is Danish, not careful the way he drinks."

As the correspondent pointed out, there's a moral there somewhere. One which the Germans must ponder nightly.

• •

Bulfinch Esq.

. . . THE PART played in the architectural face of Boston by Charles Bulfinch Esq. has, like a lot of other things, never been quite clear to us. Bulfinch this and Bulfinch that have cropped up frequently over the years, but the exact status of the gentleman was never very clear.

After speedy research, we uncover the fact that Franklin Square, not Franklin Place, was the site of one private undertaking in which the hand of Bulfinch was evident. For too many years, the record books inform us, Franklin Square was a marshy, boggy spot. It remained unimproved through the years until Joseph Barrell, Esq., noted town merchant then dwelling on Summer street, bought the property and laid it out for a 'pleasure garden."

In 1792, a plan was formed whereby two rows of brick houses in the form of crescents, on the tontine principle, were to be built. As the book states:

"In a short time, 16 comfortable and fashionable houses were erected plus a small grass plot fenced and ornamented with a monumental urn commemorative of Franklin . . . Charles Bulfinch Esq., a worthy townsman who had made architecture a special study, was accredited with the good taste of the project."

Charles Bulfinch Esq. seems to have been the trouble shooter for Boston's architectural landscape. After the Great Blow of September 1815, when the fences surrounding the Common were blown away, Charles Bulfinch Esq. was hurriedly called to redesign same.

There are, of course, many other features of the landscape for which he must be credited. We, however, are rushing ahead, on the tontine principle.

• •

Ah, History

. . . WE KNOW now the frightening fact that Beacon Hill was once threatened by disappearance through the hand and shovel of one Thomas Hodson.

In 1764, Hodson was the owner of a small tract of land on the north side of Beacon Hill. One fine day, the residents of the Hill woke up with a start to find that a big chunk of the place was being carted away in the form of gravel, and Hodson was to blame.

Threatened with this tragedy, the residents went to the Selectmen. They, the residents said, would have to do something about the matter. Hodson insisted on digging.

The Selectmen got busy, reasoned long and earnestly with him, but this was no more successful than the other methods. Finally, in extreme anguish, the subject was brought up in Town-meeting. A committee was appointed to contact Hodson. Still no go. Nothing much was going on except a deeper excavation in the hillside.

History traces this catastrophe no further than the vote that Representatives should be instructed to move in the Legislature for an act to prevent similar occurrences in the future.

The Hill remained intact. Hodson gave up. Or maybe he got tired of shoveling.





"Er, may I cut in, Tovarich?"

SOME CLASS

. . . The boy stood on the highway holding up his hand with his thumb at the correct angle, and waited for a lift. He felt self-conscious. He had never done this sort of thing before. But if he could hitch-hike back to college it would save ten dollars in railroad fare, and that was worthwhile. He knew about the losses his father had undergone this year. His mother had explained that the boy must look at every penny before he spent it. This was the beginning of a new system of living.

He was lucky. Almost immediately a big truck stopped and the young truckman on it grinned invitingly. He was a husky youth, American, about twenty-five, with blue eyes and a look of quiet humor. The boy climbed up beside him.

"Where you goin'?" the driver asked his passenger.

"To Hamilton—if I can get there," the boy grinned.

"I thought so. College, ain't it? Well, Buddy, this is your lucky day. I'm takin' you a hundred miles on your way."

"Say, that *is* luck! And most awfully good of you. My name's Spencer."

"Mine's Reynolds. Put it there."

The truckman held out his hand and the boy shook it gratefully. Reynolds had a thirst for conversation. The boy talked about college and the truckman asked questions. He was not interested in the college work. What he wanted to know about was the social life and the sports and the girls and most of all how the boys treated the girls when they took them out. His questions and comments were clean and eager and, to the boy, surprisingly naive. Taking a girl to a dance, for instance. Did a fella dance with her all the time, or did he pick up some one else occasionaily and give the girl a chance for a change, too? The boy explained, and the young truckman listened so avidly that he almost side-swiped a limousine they passed. He asked more questions.

This business of kissing, now. Some girls expected it and others didn't seem to like it. How the hell was a guy to know till he tried? The boy discoursed learnedly and youthfully. He was flattered by the other's instant acceptance of his rulings. The truckman must be five or six years older than himself.

At six o'clock they reached a roadside restaurant and the truckman stopped beside it. He looked embarrassed. The boy thought it was because they had reached the point where their ways parted. He moved to go.

"You've been a prince," he said. "Thanks a lot."

The truckman did not seem to see the out-stretched hand.

"Kinda short of cash, ain't you?" he wanted to know. The boy flushed.

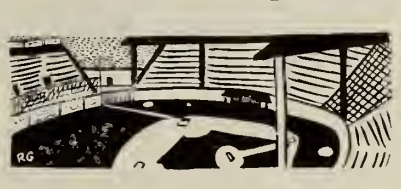
"Well, I haven't any money to waste."

The other waved a huge paw.

"I getcha. Plenty of class but not much cash. That's whut I thought soon's I lamped you. Well, I got a proposition. I'll stake you to a dinner here, an' it's a damn good dinner, if —if, well, if you'll tell me how folks eat."

"Eat what?" The boy blinked.

"Jest what I say." The truckman was embarrassed but firm. "I wanta know how a fella acts when he takes a girl out to eat. My girl's some girl, an' we're goin' to be married next spring. She's got class, too. But she says I ain't got table manners, an' I guess she's right. I had her out twicet an' believe me nothin' I done was right. Was her face red when she looked at me? It worried her. 'Course that's all foolishness, but you know how girls are. I wanta to do what she likes. But I dowant her givin' me the count. See? So here's the idea. I pay for the eats—but I aint me. See. I'm her. You ain't you. You're me. You order the meal the way it oughta be done, an' you talk the way I oughta talk, an' you eat the way I oughta eat. I take it all in, an' I try it on the girl the nex' time her an' me goes out. I gotta show her some class. Get me?"



"I get you, old man," the boy smiled. "The plan's O. K. with me."

The boy played fair. He ordered the dinner, consulted his guest's tastes, made small talk, ate his soup properly, illustrated the correct uses of knives, forks and spoons. He stepped out of this role often enough to get his guest's elbows off the table, his face out of his plate, his fingers off the blade of his knife, and his spoon out of his coffee cup. He played the unusual game for all there was in it. Occasionally his eyes twinkled and his lips twitched, but at the end of the meal he said soberly, "I hope I've given you what you wanted."

Reynolds paid the bill and tipped the waiter. Then he took out his handkerchief, blew his nose, and wiped his mouth. The boy directed his attention to his napkin. Reynolds straightened, grinned at the boy and spoke with an entire change of manner.

"You've give me a damn good time," he said heartily. "Now admit that I put one over on yeh!"

"Eh?" The boy stared.

Reynolds' grin widened.

"I put it over on yeh," he repeated patiently. "See? I've had this route three years, an' about a dozen of college fellas has had a grand time with me. I've give 'em lifts an' what did they do? They had fun with me! They lied to me an' guyed me, an' made a monkey outa me. So this year I got up a act of my own. It works pretty good, don't it? You oughta know. You jest seen it. An' was you funny, learnin' me table manners, sober as a judge! Say, I most died laffin' inside. On your way? O.K. No hard feelin's, is they?"

The boy looked flushed but amused.

"Not one," he said cheerfully. "So long."

"Say, hold on, I c'n take you ten miles further."

The boy laughed, waved his hand, and trudged off. The driver scratched his head.

"'Twasn't so darn funny this time," he muttered, as he took the wheel.

—Elizabeth Jordan

CHINESE PAINTINGS

. . . One of the most important exhibitions of Chinese paintings ever held in this country is current at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. This exhibition opened to the public in March, and the response and enthusiasm of those who have so far visited the Museum is definite proof that there is both a need and a place for such a splendid exhibition as carefully correlated as this one is.

This is the first time since Pearl Harbor that many of the items in this exhibition have been brought out from their place of safe-keeping. And this is, therefore, a high point in the current art scene.

The paintings which are being shown cover the period from the Han to Sung dynasties—the second to the thirteenth century, with a few outstanding examples of later work included in the exhibition. The entire seven special exhibition galleries are devoted to the exhibition, with Buddhist paintings occupying the lower group and secular subjects the two large upstairs rooms. The exhibition will be open free to the public until May 7, but since more than one visit is necessary to absorb the full import of the exhibition, it would be well to plan several visits before the time limit expires.

Among the treasures shown are the great Hokke Mandara (9th century, T'ang dynasty) representing Sakya on the Vulture Peak revealing to the assemblage of celestial and human beings the Lotus of the Perfect Truth; the scroll entitled Portraits of the Emperors attributed to Yen Li-pen (died 673, T'ang dynasty), one of the great art treasures of the world; and the panels representing the Sixteen Arhats by Lu Hsin-chung (13th century, Sung dynasty). There are such important paintings as Ladies Preparing Newly Woven Silk by the Emperor Hui Tsung (1082-1135, Sung dynasty); the celebrated Yuan Yuan album, which takes its name from its original owner Yuan Yuan (1764-1849) a high official and noted connoisseur; the Tung Yuan Landscape (late 10th century, Sung dynasty) and the Nine Dragons by Ch'en Jung (flourished ca. 1235-ca. 1255, Sung dynasty).

Among important later works are paintings by such artists of the Yuan, Ming, and Ching dynasties as Wu Chen, Shen Chou, T'ang Yin, Wen Chengming, Chu Tuan, Ch'iu Ying, Wu Wei, Kao Cheng-mu, and Leng Mei.

The foundation for the Boston Museum's choice collection of Chinese cuticles back. We're convinced that William Sturgis Bigelow deposited with the Museum his collection of objects from the Far East, which included among a number of fine Chinese paintings the Hokke Mandara and the Sixteen Arhats. In 1894, the Museum acquired, on the advice of Dr. Denman Waldo Ross and Ernest Fenollosa, then Curator of Japanese Art, five of the forty twelfth century panels lent by a famous monastery in Kyoto for a special exhibition at the Museum in that year. Dr. Ross purchased five others, which he later presented to the Museum. From this early and auspicious beginning the collection has developed into one of the most important in the world. Credit for this is in no small part due to the continued interest of Dr. Ross, whose gifts to the Asiatic Department over a period of forty years totalled several thousand objects including the famous scroll portraying thirteen of the emperors from the Han to the Sui dynasty.

Present Curator of the Asiatic Department is Kojiro Tomita, upon whose privately published Portfolio of Chinese Paintings in the Museum this noteworthy exhibition is largely based.



From the important exhibitions of Chinese paintings, at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, March

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE TEA TABLE

. . . As I ENTERED my niece's small firelit apartment on Beacon street late one Friday afternoon, I found myself in a veritable bee-hive of animation.

My Coast Guard nephew, Jack, and his pretty southern wife, Nonnie—the latter still in her fuzzy fur coat, with a snowy scarf snugged about her yellow curls—were both holding forth at the same time. In their hands they clasped those pinkish-buff brochures, which, from the wastes of the Gobi to the outpost of Little America, could never be identified as other than Boston Symphony Orchestra programs.

"Nonnie and Jack," said my niece, Lina, turning to me with a humorous lift of her eyebrows, "have just discovered the Boston Symphony!"

"They went *rush!*" said my other nephew, Arthur, in his sarcastic voice. Arthur's attitude, when his cousin is on leave, is one of bored and Buddha-esque aloofness.

"But it was wonderful!" cried Nonnie, her gray eyes shining. "We waited on the steps, and it didn't seem like a concert at all. We had coffee and cakes in that smoky little room upstairs. It was all so cosy and homey."

"Nonnie, my pet, you have something there," I said. "The beauty of *rushing* is that sort of collapsed and receptive state to which you are reduced after two hours of dawdling. For some reason this seems the perfect mood in which to absorb music. I've noticed it myself, many times, in the old days."

"Jack didn't think it would be good for me," Nonnie babbled on, "sitting on the cold stones. So we took along a steamer rug. But it was as sunny as anything. You should have seen two little old ladies sittin' up on camp stools as unconcerned as if they were rockin' on their own front porches. We took books and magazines, but ever'body was so interestin', ah swear I couldn't read a single line."

"Nor anybody else within earshot," said Jack grinning. "This child simply mowed 'em down. I thought sure I had lost her to a smooth fellow with a violin. They had their heads together for hours."

"He was a refugee." Nonnie threw off her coat, and untied the white kerchief. "You all would have felt sorry for him. He landed in this country practically without a cent."

"What did you hear, Nonnie?" As always I began to feel soothed and mellowed by this atmosphere of youth and exuberance.

"Ah can't quite remember." Nonnie ruffled her program doubtfully.

"What *was* that, honey, I liked so much?"

"Mahler," said Jack, lighting a cigarette. *"Das Lied von der Erde.* No, you shall not have a cigarette." He pushed away Nonnie's small groping hand.

"Please, honey. Ah' dyin' right this minute." She turned to us with a little *moue.* "This man makes such a fool of me. You'd think if Ah smoked just one teeny-weeny cigarette, Ah'd blow the baby up." With one swift movement she snatched the Camel from Jack's fingers, and put it between her lips.

"Here, take your old cigarette. Ah didn't want it anyway," she said, handing it back after one long puff. "It was just the principle of the thing."

"Das Lied von der Erde," I leaned back, remembering with a pang the voice of Madame Charles Cahier, as it threaded with such silvery distinction the instrumentation of that beautiful score. "The last part was so sad it made me cry," said Nonnie, "where he wanders on the mountain, in the pinewood, and says goodbye forever to his friend."

"I hate to admit it," said Arthur, "but the Germans have an undeniable flair for conjuring up the atmosphere of the woods. Take Wagner,—take songs of Brahms, of Franz,—why the music seems actually to *run green.* Of course Mahler was a Bohemian, and Bohemian forests were legendary.

"But to hear that thing *played,"* Arthur favored us with his smug little smile of superiority, "you really need the Philadelphia!"

"Every band," I began guardedly, "has its own peculiar quality. I was reading only the other day an article by Virgil Thompson on the *Personality of Three Orchestras."*

"Aha," cried Arthur triumphantly. "Then you remember his description of the Boston . . . 'like golden wire and bright enamel?'"

"Pash!" said my niece. "Those reviewers are always trying to outsmart themselves."

"Yes, indeed," continued Arthur, now brightening up, and beginning to enjoy himself. "He claims the Boston Orchestra has no *intimacy,* whereas the Philadelphia is warm and moist and alive—almost like a skin you could touch. . . ."

"Like a skin you love to touch?" laughed Nonnie. "Who ever heard of anything so foolish. Ah don't know *what* he could mean. But Ah'm sure of one thing. If somebody doesn't feed me right away. Ah shall perish of starvation." She leaned back on the divan; her rosy cheeks did indeed appear quite blanched.

Lina, Arthur, and six-foot-two of Navy husband sprang guiltily to their respective feet.

"What will you have, duckie? Tea or milk?"

"Milk, please." Nonnie lowered her lashes meekly.

Arthur hurried to her side with a plate of cookies. She gave him a small coquettish smile, as she accepted and set her teeth into a thick brownie. "Now I don't feel lonely on the mountain any more. Only I wish we had brought home that refugee. Why didn't we think of that, Jack? But we'll go again, won't we? The very next time you're on leave."

"Yes, we'll go again, honey." Jack handed her a tall glass of milk. "And we'll take the twins!"

Nonnie sat up and began to drink her milk. "Ah *like* the Boston orchestra," she turned defiantly to Arthur, "it's the *best* orchestra in the world!"

"Nonnie," said Arthur gently. "Something tells me you're on the way to become one of those impossible dyed-in-the-wool Bostonians!"

—CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS

FALLING WOMAN

. . . An up-state New Yorker confesses to a fear of women. *Falling* women.

His bogey is concerned with an instinct to rush to falling women and sit on their heads! Terror tails him day and night; for, though Reason stoutly sits her throne, at the moment, what of tomorrow? He can take falling men or leave them alone. But women are different.

To the inexperienced, the realization of this man's fears might seem, at best, an untimely injecting of the gall within the wormwood. But not to me. Ah! no. To me, it would mean a haven. A curtain before the blush of shame, the blackened eye, the disarranged coiffure. An opportunity to stabilize the errant breath, to flex the traitorous limb, to summon the sense of humor and, though bloody, to arise unbowed. (After the head-sitter arose, of course.)

Whenever, as in the twinkling of an eye, my posture shifts from vertical to horizontal, my first conscious thought is to hide my head. Bruised like a Joe Louis challenger and bleeding like a Scot wi' Wallace, through the tatters of a brand new gown, I know but one emotion: Embarrassment.

All on an Easter day, some years ago, I fared forth happily into the sunshine. Progress was uneventful—for a time. Then, reaching the densely populated square, I decided to cross the street. Directly in the centre of the four-corners, where not an eye could miss the azure of my costume, I measured my length upon the highway. And, in all the watching town, there was none to sit upon my head. My injuries were slight, physically, that time; but pride and raiment suffered indeed. Even now, my optimistic philosophy is scarcely proof against the recollection of that balmy day.

When I was younger, my poundage was great. To my already sufficient shame, then, on the occasion of each new fall, was added fear that the masculine witness who might come to my aid (and chivalry is *not* dead!) would prove inadequate to the task of righting me single-handed. A bitter, bitter thought. And out of it burgeoned the ambition—and the realization thereof—to up and away without assistance, if consciousness continued. Almost miraculously, the body disappeared, and only gore remained to mark the spot.

Due, perhaps, to the passing of my embonpoint, or to the effect of my up and down existence upon my powers of resilience, a change is taking place in my attitude. The hide-and-seek motif is being superseded by the come-and-get-it. Recently, after an unpremeditated trip down the stairs of a department store, I found myself lying at the final point of contact, *waiting* for succorers. They came, at once, in hordes. And now the store is trying to silver-line me with cash! I couldn't take advantage of its hospitality, though—I'm too conscious of my dismal propensity. Public building owners, please *don't* take notice.

Modesty, that vanishing Americanism, permits but a brief reference to my scar collection. A replica of the Lincoln Memorial, indelibly sketched in the haughty soil of Boston's Commonwealth Avenue, occupies my right knee. On the left, there is a modernistic bit, tattooed in the limestone foundation of the Bermudian roads. And splotches glowing like the red, red rose lend tone to my shins, my elbows, and all the torso 'tween.

My graphologist tells me that I am patient, persevering, perfectionistic. Accepting this infallible pronouncement, I look forward to the day I will alight, without preconception, upon the cobbled market-place, the concreted church yard, or the macadamized avenue, and be saved harmless. A gymnasium course in tumbling has been suggested. But I want to be able to say, later, rising from the gutter with a whole skin and intact Nylons, that not even "my Mamma done tole me;" that it was just my own persistence and a faith in myself that never wavered.

—Helen Small



"For a minute, it startled me!"

UNOPENED LETTER

. . . "How long have we been buddies, Johnny?"

"About two months, Al."

"Two months and it seems like forever. You know more about me than any one else. You live harder when you know that tomorrow some Jap may put you to sleep for a long time." Al coughed before replacing his pipe in his mouth. There was a story coming, and with perfect understanding both men got comfortable on their bunks.

Al lowered his voice. "You remember I told you I joined up. Didn't wait for the draft to get me. You guessed it. It was a woman. I've never told you about Margaret, but that's because I don't think about her any more. I would have forgotten entirely except that something came up unexpectedly."

There was a moment of silence as they puffed on their pipes. Slowly, Al reached into his pocket and brought out an unopened letter. A faint and fragrant scent came from the envelope.

"This is from her. It came a week ago."

"Aren't you going to open it, Al?" Johnny asked, eying the battered envelope.

"No, Johnny. There's no reason to open it. I don't care what's in it. I'm all through with that. There was a time I'd have broken my neck rushing to open it, but I'm cured now.

"It seems plenty long ago that I worked for her father. I was just one of the help, and she was J. P. Barnes' daughter. That should have warned me." He turned the letter slowly in his hand, inspecting each corner carefully before continuing.

"Two years ago, she walked into the office. I remember how she looked, sort of clean and fresh. Her dress was purple and had something fluffy around the neck. You'd spot her in a crowd in a minute. It was her hair, black as night and combed straight back from her forehead. Sort of made her skin glow, know what I mean Johnny? She walked through the office, holding her head high. I don't know why that made me mad, but it did. So I pretended to bump into her by mistake and her purse fell out of her hand. First she says 'I'm sorry' and I do likewise, and this time when our heads bump together, it is really an accident. She laughs and says 'It serves me right. All my life, whenever I wanted to look important, I've bumped into something. It's no use. I just can't be dignified.' See the kind of girl she was Johnny? No airs, just straight from the shoulder."



Al moved his six feet of hard muscle to a sitting position and calmly re-lit his pipe. His face showed no tenseness, but his teeth bit hard on the pipe-stem.

"I won't bore you with a lot of details. We started going together and pretty soon I can't sleep or eat, and all I can think of is when I'm going to see Margaret again. One night I tell her how I feel about her, sort of joking and making like it doesn't matter much, and she starts to cry. Before I know it, I'm kissing her and we're setting the date.

"For a few weeks I walk around on clouds. I can't believe it. I've run around a lot Johnny, like most guys, but I was acting like it was my first date. I can see now it couldn't work out. Until then we always went out alone. But now we start going with her friends and it doesn't work out. I'm always doing the wrong thing. I'm just an ordinary guy and suddenly I'm shoved into high society. We start to quarrel about it.

"The last time we were together, I told her I wasn't having any more of her friends and she could choose between me and them. You know how it is. First I got mad and then I said unflattering things about them. She took my ring off her finger and the next day I joined the Army."

Al's face began to show signs of strain, and he stopped talking for a minute. His voice was calmer when he went on.

"It took me a long time to forget her, but now she doesn't mean a thing to me."

He held the letter up so that his friend could get a good view of it, and turned it slowly around in his hand.

"Aren't you ever going to open it, Al?" Johnny asked, his curiosity so keyed up that he held out his hand towards the letter.

"No, I have no interest in it at all. I just sit and look at it and feel nothing. As a matter of fact I think I'll burn it up right now."

Johnny's face was stiff with disappointment as he watched Al pull out a match and strike it deliberately against the wall. Slowly, he lit one end of the envelope and watched the fire curl around the edges. It burst into a bright flame, licking the remainder of the envelope hungrily. Al threw the burning paper into the waste basket with contempt. The basket caught on fire and a bright vividness rose from it.

Johnny lowered his head in anguish.

A yell, wild and terrifying ripped the silence. Johnny leaped to his feet, turned, turned, then rushed to the aid of his friend.

Al was groping wildly in the burning waste-basket, cursing at the top of his voice. He was oblivious to the flames scorching his hands as he groped desperately for the charred remains of the letter.

—Cecille Fisher



"This is the last suit in the store!"

NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN

. . . And if you're looking for autographs, Miss, there won't be any. Joe Connolly never did play the field."

Kathy saw the amused glint in the guard's grey eyes, fade, as the New York planes skimmed the harbor, and disappeared in the smoky noonday haze. Suddenly, Kathy wished she hadn't come. Wished she were back home with the green fields around her and old Shep's thick ruff just touching her hand. The two of them, just waiting, maybe, at the station, the same as when Joe had left. Most of all, she wished she hadn't mentioned that she knew Joe to the girls at the plant, or shown them his picture in the locket she wore beneath her coveralls.

But this way, in a crowd, it wouldn't be quite so obvious to them. That is, if he'd changed, or perhaps he hadn't really meant anything with that double-talk way of writing. Like, "Kathy, when I see you!" Then no more, just dashes and "Me, Joe, signing off." Or, "I'd know you, Kathy, even if I saw you walking the streets of Glory with Gabriel, tall and beautiful like that with those free swinging shoulders."

Those shoulders. How she hated them and her bigness. But Joe, he had a way of making anything seem beautiful.

Her lips felt thick and a little stiff. It was hard to talk about Joe when you hadn't seen him for two years. But of course, she had seen him in the news reels, bringing in the Big Sioux at La Junta. He'd toured the States and now he was returning it to the home plant. He wasn't expecting to see Kathy. For all he knew she was still at home taking the place of her brothers on the farm. Fifty missions there'd been and Joe looked the same. But looking the same outside, wasn't feeling the same inside.

Kathy said, "I'll see the Big Sioux won't I, if I stay right here at the rail?"

"You can't miss it." The guard was grinning and Kathy couldn't bear it. She knew, he thought she was crazy coming down hours ahead of time. But when there'd been years, hours was no time at all, and just being there made Joe seem closer.

It was warm inside the waiting room, and she could sit back in the green leather chairs, and look thru the huge plate glass windows. She could watch that patch of blue, that Joe would be slicing with the Big Sioux.

But she couldn't sit for long and she walked the length of the lobby and saw, in the wall mirror, the just right imported English suit. It was her own dark hair too, done by Frederic. You said it with an "eece" on the end, and it looked almost plain with that smooth rolled pomp. Not like Joe remembered it, curled and short around her face. There was the pale blue sweater showing against her throat, making her eyes dark. Maybe Joe wouldn't like that either. He was always one for color.

They'd said no hat. It was smarter not to wear a hat, just going down to the airport, to see your boy friend come in. She didn't like the hat they'd picked anyway. A sort of pancake thing so she wouldn't be so tall. They'd done everything they could to "shorten the lines." It had made Kathy think of tightening the reins on a fractious horse, the way they'd said it.

Kathy looked down at the slim low heeled walking shoes. Nothing she'd have picked when Joe had last seen her. But with him going to the USO dances, seeing debutantes, dancing with them sometimes, being invited to millionaire open-house things, she'd known she'd simply have to look like some one he'd know. Especially now that he'd been around.

There was the fragrance of coffee in the lunch room. But you didn't sit up to a counter in an imported suit with your hair done by Frederic, and have coffee and doughnuts.

Kathy's head felt crammed with all the courses she'd taken evenings. That's why she'd left home and taken a job in the plant. There'd been so much in the papers about keeping up with your service man. Learning new things though you were just screwing endless piles of nuts on endless pieces of metal.

Kathy's throat felt full but she wasn't going to cry. Big girls didn't cry. She'd say, "So nice seeing you

GHOST OF OLD LOVE AFFAIRS

Hey you, you two, look where you're going!
You walked right through me.
Funny they can't see me here.
Me? I'm the ghost of old love affairs.
My main job is haunting places:
Night clubs, ship's bars, penthouses—
Tumble down shanties with rickety stairs.
Funny how people in love never see me.
That young couple that just walked through me,
Did you see the sparkle in her eyes?
And the soft yearning around her mouth?
God, what I'd give to cause that.
No chance though, I get 'em sour and flat.
Yes, people in love never do see me.
They find me when love's course has run.
Then they see me everywhere.
I peer out of doorways at them,
Hide in closets with old corsages.
I'm awful tired though, I'm so very busy
But what else can I expect?
Damn—stepped right on my toe.
It's like I said, when you're young
And very much in love—Oh,
I beg your pardon, here's a tear stained face,
More work, forgive me I'll have to go.

—ELD

again, Joe." That's what you said when you met an old acquaintance. But easy like, as if it didn't really matter too much. Only that was going to be hard because it did matter when you'd been crazy about Joe, dreamed about him, remembered each minute of that last day, at the State Fair, when they'd eaten hot dogs, and rode the merry-go-round, and she still had the dolls, and stuffed things he'd won in the shooting galleries.

Somehow the time had gone by because there were a lot of people coming in. There were the girls off the swing shift grinning at her, saying, "Hi, Kathy." They were all asking about the Big Sioux and going out to the railing.

Kathy went out too. She pressed thru between everyone. You could if you were tall with wide shoulders. She took a firm grip on the railing. She'd be right there in front to smile and wave at Joe.

Suddenly everyone began shouting. There it was, circling the field, and dipping its wings. Kathy couldn't see. It was just a blur in the sky and her breath was tight in her throat.

She'd say, "Nice seeing you again, Joe." She said it over and over, with just the right inflection, like Miss Hooper in the hostess class. Then she did see him stepping out, with his cap cocky, and his own shoulders, broad in the door. He'd said, once, "We'll make a pair, Kathy, both of us tall and sort of big. But what will our kids be like." Then he'd laughed and that's as near as he'd ever come to saying "Kathy, I love you."

Somewhere a band was playing and they were taking pictures of the crew, and the welcoming committee, and there was nothing between Joe and Kathy.

But Joe was looking every which way and shaking hands with everyone. His eyes slid over her face and he didn't smile. Maybe he didn't want to see her. Didn't want to know her, though he was looking right at her.

Of course, two years is a long time and she was different, outside at least. But not so your best friend wouldn't know you. Probably Joe had changed, and that's why he was walking away with the Mayor's daughter, little and



"Unusual rainstorm, isn't it?"

• •

appealing, beside him with her hand under his arm very confidential.

Kathy was saying it now without thinking, "Nice seeing you again, Joe," and her eyes were shut, and she was alone at the railing. None of it was any good. The swank suit, the new hair do. All the things she'd learned. She said it once more for an end to all dreams and turned away, walking fast. Somewhere, anywhere. Suddenly Joe was there in front of her.

She said, "Nice seeing you again, Joe," and her voice felt husky.

Joe shoved his cap to an even more cocky angle and folded his arms across his big chest. He blocked her way. "Is that all you've got to say, Kathy, and me waiting for this day. Only I didn't know you, until I saw you walking away, giving me the brush off."

He was looking down at her with his dark eyes half closed. Sulky some, with his lips full, hurt too. "Maybe you've changed inside, Kathy, as you have outside," he said. Then his fingers were tight on her shoulders and she could feel them press thru the imported suit. She couldn't speak for a minute. Only shake her head. Then Joe's arms were tight around her, there in front of everyone.

She said, "Nice seeing you again, Joe."

"No kidding," said Joe.

Kathy didn't cry but something warm slid from under Joe's dark lashes and disappeared against her cheek.

"No kidding," said Kathy and she heard the Guard saying, "Stand back, girls, can't you see the guy's too busy for autographs?"

—Mabel McNeil Hagen

ALPHONSE LEGROS

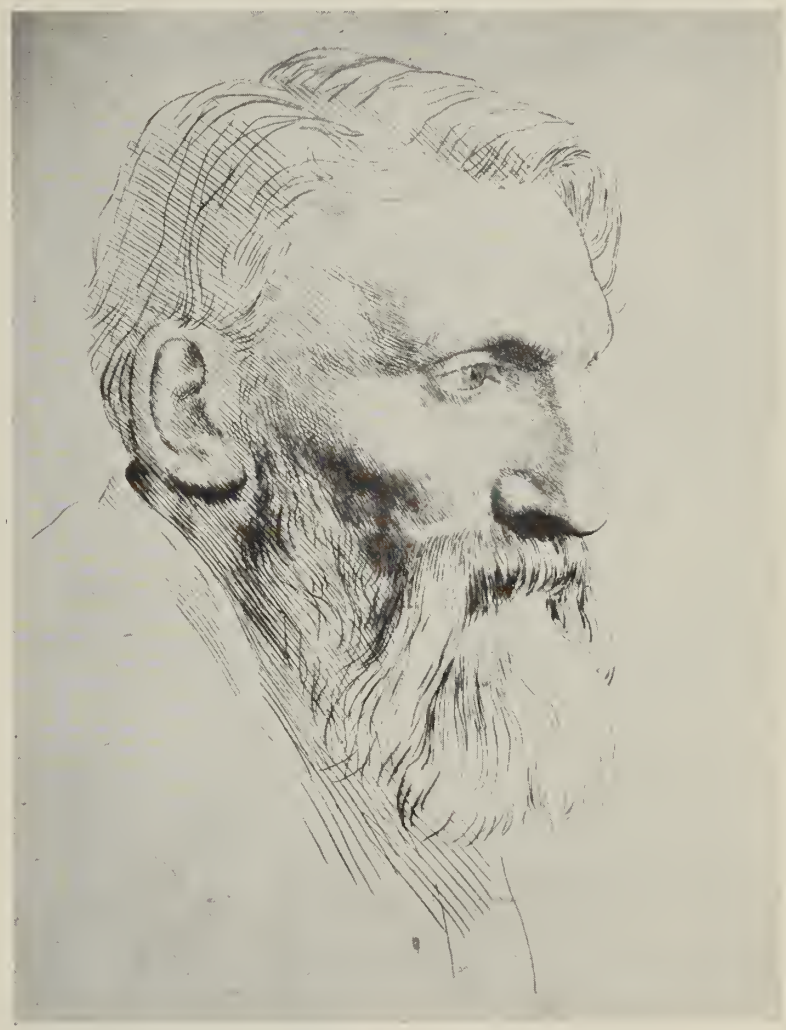
. . . In the exhibitions selected from the Albert H. Wiggin Collection that have taken place for the past few years in the Boston Public Library, it has been proven that the graphic arts is not a limited field nor one of specialization, which is the thought of many even though they have a definite knowledge of the various forms of art. These exhibitions have also proven that the scope of prints is extraordinarily broad and that they have interest not only for the print enthusiast, but for an ever growing public which has hitherto demonstrated little interest in art. There has been interest illustrating history, sport, architecture, figures, portraits, natural scenery and other subject matter. The prints have given life in all its aspects, in the spirit of the artist and of his period. Many of the uninitiated, who were timid in the beginning have now given the graphic arts a definite place in their educational program, and have brought their knowledge to a point of genuine pleasure.

When there is a notable achievement, inquiry concerning the artist is sure to follow, not from curiosity alone, but from the fact that art appreciation grows with knowledge and the ability to read into the so-called secrets of the artist's artistic expression. All that is illuminative of Alphonse Legros' motives and powers are clearly shown in this special exhibition of portrait and head studies. That he was an innovator is particularly noticeable in those plates worked in broad technique, severe style and directness which called for a clear mind, sure hand and great technical ability. In them, we find all the essentials to a true estimate of their rightful place in the world of art. These fine head studies portray Legros as the intense artist with a singleness of purpose, uncompromising in his endeavor, intent upon accomplishing his ends in a manner that is at once direct and simple. Rarely does an artist achieve solidity and sculpturesque third dimension to a greater degree, due in great part to the artist's thorough knowledge of anatomical construction and rare quality of color value.

The etched work of Alphonse Legros was not appreciated until a comparatively recent period, and even to this day, it is not receiving the full recognition it so rightfully deserves. Only a few artists and a limited number of discriminating collectors know in him, the great artist and unusual teacher, a rare combination, and his important contribution to the print makers of the present generation. Legros taught for many years as Slade Professor of Art at the University of London, and we are told that he filled this dignified post with honor. The influence of his teachings is found pre-eminently in the work of William Strang and Charles Holroyd.

Thirty years have passed since Alphonse Legros' death, but the great value of his teachings are continually felt through the written word and the series of superb experiments in states, proof prints, tracings and drawings. This valuable material may be found in the famous Alphonse Legros Collection made by Mr. Frank Bliss and recently presented by Mr. Albert H. Wiggin to the Boston Public Library. Because of this variant material, the knowledge and fascination to be gained is unlimited, and the privilege of seeing the print grow through the artist's many experiments is unique.

Among the best of Legros' portraits is the dry point of Sir Edward J. Poynter P.R.A. which critics have mentioned with the plate of the sculptor, Dalou as ranking among the masterpieces of nineteenth century prints. If these two portraits had been executed by a lesser hand, the result might have been different for Legros chose a simple light which at all times calls for the artist's power of depicting real character and at the same



Portrait d'Auguste Rodin—Legros

time the ability to project his own personality onto the plate with subtlety. He has presented with individual character the likenesses of Augusta Rodin, Auguste Delatre, the celebrated printer of the "Golden Age of Engraving" and G. F. Watts, as vital human beings and with great pictorial interpretation. No phase of his etching shows the artist more expressively personal than in the strong portrait of Auguste Poulet-Malassis, Man of Letters and joint author with A. W. Thibaudeau, of the first catalogue of Legros' engraved work in Paris, 1877; Charles Julius Knowles, the artist's chief patron and extensive collector of paintings and drawings by Legros as well as his prints, and Frederick Legamey, artist and friend.

There is an extraordinary achievement in the portraits of Professor Thomas H. Huxley, Sir Frederick Leighton P.R.A., the three plates of Alfred Tennyson, and Victor Hugo. Quite different in treatment are the smaller and sensitive records of Professor W. Cawthorne Unwin, Hector Berlioz, two likenesses of Madame Kemp, Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning. The latter expressing noble humanity and sensitive spiritualism. The linear work in this last group is done with a lighter touch than the larger heads, but they are however, set down with frankness giving a feeling of sensitive gentleness, yet amazing firmness. The three self-portraits, all very different, are executed with reserve and dignity. The large head with dark background stands out in contrast to the beautiful profile executed in a high key with the result of silvery tones and cool color.

To this group of portraits, chosen for this exhibition, belong a series of strong plates most masterly in both technique and in originality of treatment, but limited space does not permit their special mention.

The most valuable index to a right understanding of Legros' plates of heads, is a careful study of the types, rather than the portraits in which the artist is rarely free to express himself. In the long series of Etudes of heads old and young, we find the artist in varying points of view and moods from which he etched these spontaneous plates with deep penetration into the psychology of human nature. In studying these prints, one feels that character was his absorbing study and the light surrounding them the symbol of life. He studies his model from the point of view of his profession, as a scientific craftsman absorbed in the problem of how best to produce what his mind impelled. To name only a few, our attention is drawn to Tete d'Enfant Italien, Tete D'Homme a Longue Barbe, Paysan des Vosges," "Etude de Vieillard," "Tete de Philosophe," "Tete de Jeune Fille," "Paysan Breton," "Le Grande Espagnol" and the numerous Etudes and Tetes d'Hommes.



Mr. Harold J. L. Wright, who was greatly responsible for this unique collection of Legros' work and who had the task of choosing and cataloguing the best examples from fifty-nine collections of this master's work, for Mr. Bliss, in an article published in the April 1943 issue of *Apollo*, stated that the Bliss Collection is the most extensive and complete of this acknowledged master, and that no stone was left unturned to secure every known variation of state of each plate Legros produced.

Alphonse Legros' place in the world of art is written in the preface of the Bliss Catalogue by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, the great British authority on prints.

"Mr. Bliss would wish me, I feel sure, to say something in my preface not only about the success with which he has accomplished his object of forming a great collection of Legros, but also about the worthiness of the object. Was Legros an artist who deserved all this attention, research and expenditure? Some may doubt it, but let me say at once that I do not doubt it for one moment. He was certainly one of the very great painter-etchers of the nineteenth century, a man of cultivated and disciplined taste and high ideals, a reverent student of the great art of the past, and a creator of great art himself. He was great in landscapes, in portraiture and in the invention of a peculiar type of figure compositions, severe as the monastic rule which binds the *religiaux* whom they depict, archaic as the age-long tradition which binds with an equal, if less consciously realized, force the conservative French peasant who figures, equally with monk and priest, in the early etchings of Legros."

Mr. Dodgson in conclusion states, "In the Bliss Collection such a monument has been raised to his memory as rarely falls to the lot of an etcher, and it is rarely that an etcher has so well deserved it."

—Arthur Heintzelman

RENEGADE NO. 1

. . . GIRTY IS the name, but he wasn't from Bizerte. He hailed from Chambers' Mill, Pennsylvania, and people haven't forgotten about him yet. The reason they haven't is that Girty made a national reputation for himself. To be sure, it wasn't of the sort that would encourage folks to go around claiming him as a blood relation. On the contrary, I'm told that a certain old Main-Line family has for years been paying a genealogist plenty to keep mum about the Girty branch of its tree. You can, of course, believe that story or not, as you please. The fact remains, however, that this fellow Girty still holds top dishonors as our all-time, All-American renegade and traitor. Ezra Pound and the rest of the present-day turncoats—and I'll even go back and throw in Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr, too—just look like a pretty sad bunch of snide little sand-lotters in comparison.

There seems to be a great deal of disagreement among historians, concerning precisely how bad Simon Girty really was. Those of the give-him-no-quarter school insist that he knocked off more than a thousand Americans, men, women, and children. And in cold blood, they add. Annalists of the come-give-the-lad-a-chance persuasion say Girty probably didn't do in more than a hundred or two citizens. They also question that blood-temperature business. Nonetheless, all meet on the point that Girty was a thoroughly unpleasant chap whose activities against this country have never been paralleled, either as the charter-president of Murder, Inc., or as Public Renegade No. 1.

It must be admitted at once that Simon didn't stem from what we like to call "fine old American stock." His father, Simon the elder, an immigrant from Ireland in 1728, was given the bum's rush out of Philadelphia, ten years later, for bootlegging firewater to the red brother. Licking his wounds and a stone-bottle of rum, Sime appeared at Chambers' Mill, a few miles above Harrisburg, in April of 1739. He was a huge, dashing figure of a man and shortly captured the heart and hand of Chambers' Mill's outstanding female. This lady was either one Mary Newton, an English missionary to the Indians, or Kate Willson, a blowsy *fille de joie* who gave her favors only to white-men—except when she was drunk. From Mrs. Girty's later actions, we are probably safe in assuming her first name to be Kate.

Old Sime continued his career of alcoholizing the aborigines, and, on occasion, though stomach ulcers had cut down his bibbing, he would have a quick one with a regular customer. It was during such a convivial moment when he was drinking with an Indian pal called The Fish, and a white-man known as John Turner, that The Fish, upset by some comment or other, decided to bury the hatchet—in Girty's skull. Less because of his affection for old Sime than for a suspected growing attachment The Fish had for Mrs. Girty, Turner rubbed out the redskin and married the relict.

The new Mrs. Turner brought him as her dowry four dirty little Girtys: Tom, aged twelve, Simon, Jr., ten, James, eight, and George, three. They were living, just then, at Sherman's Creek whence they had moved once before from Chambers' Mill only to be driven out by marauding Senecas. Mrs. Girty had had considerable trouble raising her flock because the children—Simon, particularly — kept running off to live with the Indians. Something about the maroon brothers' free and lawless life so appealed to Junior that he couldn't seem to get it out of his system. He finally had his way when, in the summer of 1756, a hundred-odd Senecas along with some frisky Frenchmen from Fort Duquesne, not many miles distant, drove the inhabitants out of Sherman's Valley, chased them to Fort Granville on the Juniata, and shortly captured the entire population. John Turner was burned at the stake, but his wife, new child, and young George Girty were taken by the Delawares; James was given to the Shawnees; and Simon, to his great joy, was tapped for the Senecas. Tom managed to escape.



Unfortunately, Simon's Shangri-La ended in 1764 with the close of Pontiac's War. All whites, according to the terms of the treaty, had to be given back to the government. Sime was pretty sulky about the whole thing, and as soon as he had a chance, returned to his copper-colored playmates. The authorities presently learned of this and snaked him home again with a stiff warning. Determined to keep some kind of connection with the Indians, Simon became a trader and interpreter. But this soon struck him as a dull, footless business. He wanted action and excitement, so when Virginia and Pennsylvania began rowing about whose border was where, Girty saw an opportunity for fun and stepped in on the Virginia side. Elections were being held for the purpose of letting the citizens decide to which state they wished to belong. Girty shortly waxed so lyrical about Virginia that a Pennsylvania justice of the peace issued a warrant for his arrest and restraint: it had been reported that Girty had killed eleven voters and cracked the pates of thirty-seven others in his campaign to convince the public of the legality of Virginia's claims.

Whenever affairs quieted down between the Colonies, there was always Indian hunting to be done. In 1774 a mob of drunken whites descended upon the family of Chief Logan, long a friendly redskin, and with what would have been, under other circumstances, an admirable thoroughness destroyed every last one of the Chief's

WAR BRIDES

War brides in this war may have no settled abode as yet, but they all look forward to furnishing a home of their own. And nppermost in the mind of the New England bride, as always, is the hope for Beantifnl Chinaware and Gleaming Glassware from

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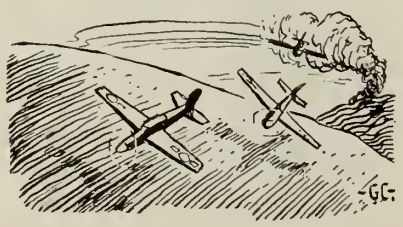
relatives. Logan was away at the time, but when he came back, he was rather irked at the whimsicalities of the palefaces. Accordingly, he organized a bit of mayhem on his own hook and not only matched but even exceeded the total killings registered by the whites.

News of this wholesale slaughter shortly was reported to Governor Lord Dunmore of Virginia, a nasty hand in a row, who was shortly to have a small war named in his honor. Dunmore assembled his militia hastily and began to beat the bushes for Indians. Girty had been attached, in an informal fashion, to the governor's staff and was employed on a sort of piecework basis as scout and interpreter. It was in this connection that he met one of the most famous Indian spies and scouts of the entire period—the renowned Simon Kenton. The two became intimate friends and, though Girty didn't much cotton to the idea of hunting down his former red associates, he did admire Kenton's style and decided to go along for the ride anyhow.

In the next few weeks as the militia roved about through the underbrush, popping off a few Indians just to keep their hand in, the group began to realize that Girty was a versatile fellow. Not unlike Ivan Skavinsky Skivar, he could imitate Logan, tell fortunes with cards, and play on any available guitars. Lord Dunmore, who had been amused at the man's histrionics, suggested, one night in camp, that Girty mass his talent-shots and entertain the men with aborigine take-offs and dances. Girty was such a success, that in a moment of weakness, Dunmore promised him a second lieutenant's commission as soon as the regiment reached Fort Pitt. It is obvious, right here, where today's precedent for giving out commissions not always on military merit started.

—TRENTWELL MASON WHITE

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)



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NEW ENGLAND'S BEN FRANKLIN

Edward Burton Rideout — Weather Prophet and Ex-Printer

. . . As Meteoroligist for Boston's radio station WEEI, Edward Burton Rideout's dry, Yankee-twanged voice has reached into more New England homes with a more personalized emphasis than has any other voice short of FDR's silken syllables during a Fireside Chat. Twice a day for nineteen years, EB has sifted the vagaries of New England weather and dealt sagely with the personal problems and weather needs of motorist, farmer, vacationer, and interested listener alike. He has come out of these 10,000-odd broadcasts with a record of being 85% right and only 15% wrong.

This record alone automatically elevates him to the stature of prophet-supreme in his field.

His similarity to Ben Franklin is probably greater than the mere fact that both men worked as printers and both were interested in the weather. Franklin discovered the circular motion of storms. Before EB's weather career is over, the odds are that he, too, will contribute valuable meteorological information to the world. The present percentage of failure in weather prediction is a troublesome matter and one he would like to overcome.

Although the war has necessarily curtailed Rideout's detailed weather analyses, his resumption, recently, of twice-daily forecasts has been greeted with relief by a large section of the New England population. It is tangible proof that the war situation is fairly well in hand.

Few weather-forecasters are as closely identified with the atmospheric conditions as EB. His listeners, who run high in the hundred thousands, are apt to take a very personal interest in his broadcasts. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that he has been dispensing weather data for nineteen years. It is also due to the fact that weather is a very personal matter to everyone. Nineteen years have linked EB and the elements so solidly that it is rumored that people greet each other with:

"Pleasant Rideout we're having these days!" instead of "pleasant weather we're having."

It is true, however, that listeners turn to EB's forecasts whenever there is a question of weather in their minds. "Let's ask Rideout" is the rule rather than the exception in New England.



Letters fall like snow across his desk, praising or damning his predictions in the most personal manner, as though EB was somehow at fault for the whole thing. Only recently, a listener postcarded the suggestion to Rideout that he include wind velocity in his morning broadcasts because: "You know as well as I do that a temperature of 30-degrees with no wind requires a different sort of clothing than a temperature of 30-degrees with wind of five mile velocity." The suggestion, needless to say, was considered a very sensible one by EB, but government restrictions have forced him to write the woman explaining that wind velocity is still taboo.

During stormy weather before the war, telephone calls from motorists and farmers averaged 700 a day. Now, of course, the calls are at a new low, especially from motorists.

"A few weeks ago," EB adds in his wry voice, "I received a call from a man who wanted to know the driving conditions between here and New York. I was quite surprised."

Understatement of this sort is as typical of Rideout as is his ingenuity in sifting the variations of the New England atmospherics. Only once, and that was a few hours prior to the hurricane of 1938, did EB begin a broadcast with what he considered a "scare" opening. He scrapped his prepared broadcast when the hurricane looked like a sure thing locally and started off with the announcement that there would be a big "blow" hereabouts. Rendered in his typical Yankee drawl, the warning was timely but not terrifying. His scoop, by the way, on the hurricane is another in the long list of successful predictions

which have given him the 85% right rating.

The willingness to explore every method of weather prediction, beyond that of the scientific instrument and record analysis has tended to make EB a mildly unorthodox forecaster. It has also enabled him to supplement the still faulty science of meteorology with a high average of success. His Long Range Weather Forecast Calendar is a good example of that. Published locally as a private enterprise, this calendar has caught on in a big way due to the excellent level of success which it has delivered.

When you consider that this calendar is made up six months before the opening of the New Year, and that it covers twelve months of the year ahead, EB is truly a weather prophet.

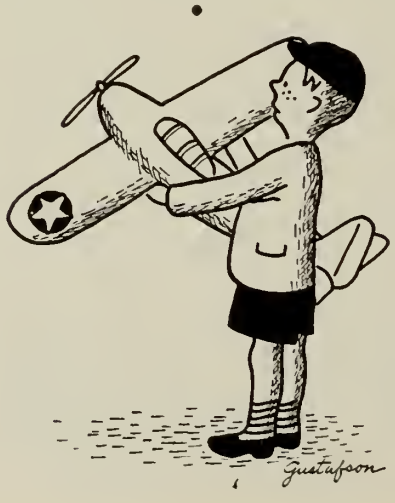
The manner in which he prepares these Long-Range Forecasts is of interest largely because it reveals the aforementioned willingness to try any logical method of gauging the weather. Any method, that is, which supplements his fine scientific equipment, his record file, and his weather "hunch." The Calendar is prepared with the aid of the astronomical ephemerides used regularly by the astrologer. From the planetary aspects, EB dopes out the weather probabilities for the year ahead, checks them against his records, compares high and low spots with the planetary aspects of other years, and comes out very nicely, thank you.

His twice-daily broadcasts at WEEI are also supplemented by a heavy schedule of commercial weather services which he renders from his small office atop the Edison building. Two times a week he teaches weather classes at WEEI; annually Northeastern University calls him in for a summer course in weather; the University Extension classes consider him a "staff" regular; and a few weeks ago the Army approached him about a course on the weather for the CAP or Civilian Air Patrol. Since flying is his new weather interest, partly because his son is working in a plane plant and partly because he foresees a new extension of his weather services, EB is a sure thing to take on these additional classes at the drop of the Army's hat.

These commercial services, by the way, include weather information for such widely diversified organizations as a taxi company, a big dairy firm, the state and city highway departments, a chain of candy stores, a gas company, Boston Elevated Railways, a coal company, and exchange data with the regional railroads. Most of these organizations are vitally interested in travel conditions. The candy shops and the gas company, however, are more concerned with atmospheric conditions.

Rideout's services to the highway departments are logical local developments as well as personalized extensions of present Government Weather Bureau reports. The city and state departments receive both services, and on one occasion when they chose to follow the Government report, tossing EB into the wastebasket, the Boston newspapers denounced the departments' lack of storm preparations with sound editorial wallops. Since that time, the chances are that EB, the Cautious, gets top billing when he disagrees with the Government.

Several things distinguish Rideout's forecasting from that of other meteorologists. Most notable of them being, perhaps, the simplicity of his equipment. When WEEI was planning to move into the new Edison building, Rideout button-holed the architect in charge, asked how many stories the building would have, then rather wistfully announced that the fourteen-story building would be a perfect place for a weather station. He gave no orders to that effect. He merely suggested. The plans were altered accordingly, and today, the roof of the building bristles with a



40-foot pole, wind and weather devices, and automatically controlled recording machinery which connects with his small office on the top floor.

Rideout's and WEEI's equipment is the best available. It is, however, simple when compared with the equipment complications of most official weather bureaus. There is a telethermograph and triple register recording outdoor temperatures, wind velocity and direction, and rainfall all in one. There is a barograph to record atmospheric pressure and a hydrograph to record atmospheric pressure. Aside from these instruments and files stuffed with permanent records, there is nothing else in the way of "machinery." There is, of course, EB sitting behind his desk, a big weather map on one wall, pictures of heavy surf on the opposite wall, and one lone cloud chart complete with symbols, photos, descriptions, and incidental data. This is his weather station.

"That chart there," Rideout is apt to say, "is too complicated. I teach my classes the simplest methods possible. Look. The first four photos in the left column are all clouds of the same type. One photo would be enough. That last column on the right . . . seven of those photos are of the same family. It is too fussy."

Added to the simplicity of his equipment is another factor which distinguishes EB from fellow forecasters.

"When a weather forecast goes wrong," he says, admitting the percentage of error, "it is because we do not know enough about meteorology. It is a science of the weather, but it hasn't the exactness of mathematics. I've spent my life trying to find out why and how to overcome those inexactnesses."

To this end, Rideout has gradually turned to the astronomical ephemerides used by astrologers as supplementary data in analyzing weather at long range.

As has been pointed out, EB is slightly unorthodox as a weather forecaster. He does not, however, discount the virtues of scientific equipment. Remembering back to his first attempts to study the weather, and recollecting how relatively recent the study of meteorology has been, he

is not prepared to overlook anything, even to the "aching bunion" type of forecasting equipment. Such homely touches added to the genius of scientific equipment have done much to identify EB and the weather as one.

So much a part of his life is the weather, that Rideout constantly links important national happenings to "the day the temperatures dropped 25 degrees, an unusually big drop for New England weather," or "a week when the surf was very heavy all along the coast," or any one of a thousand other weather phenomena. This affinity with the weather began almost on the day of his birth, on June 21, 1888. This, of course, was the longest day of the year, and the very year when the Great Blizzard of '88 took place.

It was not until EB was slightly older that tangible evidence of his interest in weather came to the fore. In 1891, when he was three, he was badly scared by a snow storm highlighted by terrific thunderclaps and spectacular lightning. People who know Rideout best claim that the infant's attitude even then was: "if I'm going to be as scared as this, I want to know how come this happened."

At the age of ten, he watched the big storm of 1898 develop, reach its peak, and fade away. This was the storm in which the steamer *Portland* was lost near Highland Light. This tragedy, coupled with his observations of the storm, made a deep impression on him, and he determined to find out whether such catastrophes could not be prevented by weather knowledge plus efficient dissemination of the data.

The earliest honors which his interest in the weather brought him was the distinction of being appointed Monitor of the Thermometer at school, and the prestige of having a weather essay of his exhibited as the finest work of its kind by any American schoolboy at the St. Louis Exposition.

When he finished high school, however, it was necessary to find a job to provide him with a living. To this end, he turned up in a printer's shop, learning the art of printing and engraving. Weather remained his avocation for some eighteen years, but during that time every dollar that

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could be spared from the cost of supporting a wife, son and two daughters went into his home weather equipment.

"When I started finding out about the weather," he says, "there were no schools teaching meteorology. There weren't even any textbooks about it except one. I bought that. And the minute I could afford it, I bought the daily weather chart which the government puts out. I haven't missed one of them since I first bought the service."

Harvard and M.I.T. later established meteorological courses, but by that time, EB had the bit in his teeth and was doing very nicely on his own.

Rideout, incidentally, enjoys the distinction of being the very first radio meteorologist in the country. And his introduction to the air waves came about through the usual combination of circumstances. He had been selling printing and engraving successfully for eighteen years when he came across an article which discussed the effect of thunderstorms on radio reception. The article was printed in the *Taylor Instrument Magazine,* and it started him wondering why this was so. Curiosity flowered so rapidly that something had to be done about it. Besides that, it seemed to EB that radio was the perfect way to get a lot of weather data by exchange, as well as a fast and effective way to give it to the world.

Sitting down, he wrote a letter to WEEI explaining his ideas and asking for an appointment. With the letter in the mail, he went about his business of contacting his printing customers. By chance, he mentioned to one man that he had written to the radio station and the customer told him to go and see a Mr. Whitcomb. This was the man to contact.

Rideout promptly hurried over to the radio station, approached Whitcomb, told his story, and waited. Whitcomb said nothing while he outlined his idea, and EB recalls that he got a "sinking sensation" of failure. When he was through, Whitcomb picked up a pencil, noted a few words on his desk calendar, and told Rideout:

"Come in on August 7 and give a talk over the air."

Rideout had no desire to be a radio personality. He was interested in weather. But if he had to talk to do what he wanted most, he would talk. He is, however, under no illusions as to his brilliance as an ear-tickling, persuasive speaker. He has a job to do, information to provide, and he goes ahead with it enthusiastically. The changeover from printed to weather prophet has brought him the fulfillment of a life-long ambition as well as a new vocation.

At 56, EB is a slight, conservatively dressed man of medium height, with twinkling eyes and a dry, New England wit. He talks in much the same format as he speaks over the air. In recounting the experience of a farmer who asked for weather advice, he tends to sound as though he were announcing "a low-pressure area moving south and gaining momentum." He is given to understatement at all times.

"A farmer called one day when we were having a dry spell," he recalls. "He was very worried because his well was low and his wife was going to have a baby. He wanted to know whether he should move her to a city hospital where there would be enough water to take care of her needs or whether there would be rain and she could stay on the farm." Rideout pauses briefly. "I told him it would rain." Another pause. "It did. Everything was all right."

In keeping with his theory that a weather man should deal out weather forecasts in the section of the country native to him, EB has stayed put in Boston. This theory is practical, he feels, because a native is "kind of used to the vagaries of his home climate." Although New England weather is a stiff test of any meteorologist's ability, it is a good place and one Rideout loves. Quips about local climatic conditions and his own 15% error rating make no dent in him. New England is changeable, he explains, but the variations are never as great as those in other parts of the country. And New England is also subject to two storm paths, one com-



"Seems fantastic in these days of blood plasma."

ing up the Atlantic coast, and one moving down through the Great Lakes region. He enjoys testing his knowledge against the almost unlimited weather possibilities of his native territory. The errors are inevitable.

The fact that his forecasts and the work connected with them keep him at WEEI for longer hours than most men put in during the day, is a matter of no consequence to Rideout. When the weather is good, he gets home to Belmont soon after his 11 p.m. broadcast. At times, he is even able to get home after his morning broadcast. But when stormy weather is current, he is very apt to spend the entire day and night at the studio, taking the weather pulse every few minutes, calling his clients, and keeping the phone calls pacified.

Among his many triumphs, his forecast of the Hurricane of September 21, 1938, is one of which he is very proud. His pride, however, rests on the fact that his warning undoubtedly saved many of his listeners serious damage and not on the fact that he was the only forecaster to call the turn.

His prediction came about quite naturally, he explains. Storm warnings of a hurricane approaching Florida had already been posted, and when he heard, via his short-wave set, that the storm had veered away from the coast, he concluded, as did many other weather men, that it would blow out to sea. Atmospheric conditions had been bad, locally, and he stayed on the job in his office, taking the weather pulse regularly and keeping an eye on the coastal reports.

When he noticed that the conditions along the Carolina coast were improving even while the barometer was dropping, he kept even a closer tab on the storm's progress. The hurricane had curved almost east away from Florida, moving in a north-easterly direction. The next morning, shortly before time to go on the air, he picked up a Coast Guard report from Sandwich and Race Point. The man on duty had some news of interest for him. The "blow" was moving very fast and was only 200 miles south of Cape Hatteras.

It is Rideout's rule never to throw an unnecessary weather scare into his listeners. This time, however, he broke his rule, scrapped his prepared broadcast, and opened with the words:

"There is likely to be a dangerous blow in Boston and vicinity. . . ."

In Rideout's language, this is the most frightening phrasing he could use. To listeners, "likely" is a word which he has made very familiar during his long years of weather forecasting. It is understatement at EB's New England best.

There is only one flaw in EB's recollection of the hurricane. He was so busy in his office that he couldn't observe the phenomena. All he got to see were a few pieces of tin being ripped off the roof of a nearby store. The rest of the storm went on behind his back.

"New England has had only one other hurricane, in 1815," he informs questioners. "The 1938 storm was very similar."

Privately, however, he would like to get hold of the astronomical tables for the year 1815, to compare the planetary aspects. Something, he is sure, could be deduced from the comparison.

Stories about EB and his forecasts are almost a part of local folklore. One in particular stands out in the minds of WEEI's staff. As a rib, an announcer got Rideout on the phone and asked what the weather was going to be. Would there be rain? It had already started to pour outside.

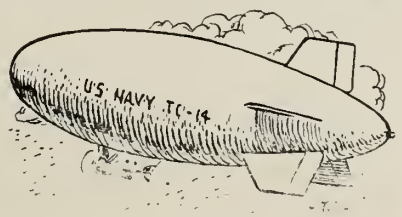
Rideout replied that the weather would be fair, with no rain. The ribber asked him if he was positive of this. Yes, EB was positive.

"Turn around, then, and look out of the window," his heckler told him. "What's that stuff falling now?"

There was a brief pause, then Rideout's dry voice came over the wire:

"It looks a little like rain, doesn't it?" he said, and hung up.

So unquenchable is his interest in the weather that he is already at work



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on plans to cope with the big spurt in flying after the war. Logically enough, he knows that weather is vital to flying. And even the cautious individual in a gentle helicopter will want to know whether it will be best to go to Portland and visit Aunt Sadie or to New Haven to see Joe. This information Rideout will supply with the same loving care that he gives to motorists, picnickers, camera addicts, and surf-lovers in peacetime.

He feels, too, that his Long Range Forecast Calendar can be developed to a point where it is 95% right. To that end, he is checking and rechecking astronomical data against the records.

His record of correctness, however, is completely outstanding among weather men. He has "got the bulge" on the government forecasts many times in the past. He will do so again when he can get all the data, shortwave and other vital information, which is essential to daily forecasting.

When EB gives his friends weather advice, they have found it well to heed his warnings. Two young WEEI staffers planned to take a long week-end in New Hampshire on a horseback trip. They asked EB whether it would be fair during the time.

Rideout consulted his notes, told them that a storm area was moving southward from the Great Lakes, and said that it would rain.

"Oh, well," shrugged the young woman to her friend, "EB is 85% right and 15% wrong. Let's take a chance on the 15%!"

Rideout's score was 100% on that one. It rained for three days straight.

—Barbara Pearson



SHOP TALK

. . . Ask any woman what's best about spring—she'll say, we'll bet, that it's the hats! It's just not spring for a woman till that new bonnet gets paraded before her personal public, for spring hats lend a Queen-of-the-May look that brings on the compliments. And if you want to make the little woman happy, just turn her loose in *Fredleys'* millinery balcony at 350 Boylston Street. Whether she's sixteen or sixty, she'll be enthralled. This year's hats are so attractive that even the hat-hating teen gals are coming in by twos and threes for hats, Fredleys say, and they look much neater and prettier than with the traditional flying mane. Of course, the young set goes for the gay little half hats that cling closely to the head, and Fredleys have plenty of these. Some are grosgrain trimmed and quite casual; others have colored flowers and fruits over the ears. Collegiennes like the close-fitting felt cloches for campus wear and with tweeds. These hats from $8.95. For the glamorous lady, Fredleys has the new chignon hats that clip or button under the chignon—these help to hold the hair in place and really stay put. All you see of the hat from the front is two lovely colorful curving pieces just under the ears, and in back, a pretty shape partly covering the chignon. Then there are the felt off-face cloches with ribbon cockades or bright feather trim, and of course, sailors galore. Some of the sailors have matching gilets — perfection with suits. Pastel straws and summery-looking brimmed hats are just being unpacked—so if you haven't got your Easter bonnet, better run in soon and pick out a lovely one!

Lamson & Hubbard are quite happy about the collection in their second floor Dress Salon. They're showing boleros, of course, with the emphasis on three-piece costumes that can be worn like a suit. These have a skirt, a blouse, and a bolero jacket that are meant for each other but can be worn separately. Their favorite is a black and white pin checked bolero with wedge-shaped pockets, bold silvery buttons, a ruffled white blouse, and a button-front matching skirt. A bright blouse would be nice with this, too. Or you might like the bright-bolero, dark-skirt costume. The boleros come in glowing tropic colors, set off with white tailored blouses, and dark gored skirts. $29.95 for bolero and skirt, $7.95 for the blouses. They've gone in for prints, too, and prophesy a print season this summer. There's a stunning black and white print with big white flowers, and we do mean BIG, a sort of scattered design, with a scarf effect at the neckline and a red rose for accent. Very cocktail-hour. And another black-and-white that's perfect for a woman's town costume: white bowknots with a tiny flower in the center on thin black crepe with a deep tailored neckline softened with rippling two-inch wide ruffles and more ruffles around tab pockets at the hips. There's nothing timid about these prints—they're bold, definite, and important looking. Print is used for trim on a clever navy crepe basic dress, and in a truly original way: twin scarves of red and white print button on at the shoulders and come down the bodice to tie in two fat little bows under the belt. Take off the scarves and there's a good plain basic dress ready to take on odd collars and cuffs or jewelry.

"For the heir-minded," as *R. H. Stearns* so cleverly puts it, there's a charming nook on Stearns' fifth floor that all young mothers-to-be should know about. Why? 'Cause there they'll find their own kind of clothes with all the added gadgets they need for comfort while "waiting." There's nothing about these pretty young frocks and trim suits to give away the secret, and unless you suddenly take up knitting pink and blue bootees, no one will know. For all around wear there's a navy jumper with bright peasant banding and a white blouse, practical as can be and smart, too. And for parties and gay times there's a softly colored crepe with scalloped square neckline and scallops around the edge of the short sleeves, and a boutonniere of scalloped crepe petals at the shoulder. This has a little well placed fullness in the skirt in front. There's a red crepe that's gay as a tulip, the cardigan neck set off with "spaghetti" bows and self-covered buttons down the front. Most attractive was the flowered print peasant blouse with drawstring neck topping off a black skirt. This has a "Claudia" look—young and guileless and altogether fetching, with flattering long full sleeves. Dresses from $14.95. Then, for those long walks the doc prescribes, there are stroller suits of men's wear twill with



Post debs and debs at luncheon in the Statler Terrace Room following Morning Musicale: (Left to right) Barbara Louise White, Priscilla Lancaster Perry and Ann Edgerly

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jackets that give coverage but are not obviously boxy, and dressmaker touches, slot pockets, nicely curved revers, little details that are hard to find in this type of suit. Good comfortable skirts, too. Incidentally, Stearns knows all the tricks of the trade when it comes to concealed fastenings, those extra snaps, hidden fullness, and a lot of other mysterious complications that work magic for your figger.

. . . LATELY THERE'S been a lot of raving on about the wonderful sportswear they're making out in California, and *Jordan Marsh* has scooped the town with their exclusive collection of California Versatogs. What are Versatogs? Well, a bright young designer admired the slick sport clothes of the movie stars at smart resorts, but deplored the amount of bags and trunks it took to keep a lady looking trim on a weekend jaunt. He solved the baggage problem, and a lot of other problems, too, by designing a collection of sport clothes that go together perfectly, that match and mix and do double duty with nonchalance. In short, a well thought out capsule wardrobe that looks well in any setting. Isn't that just what we business gals have been looking for? The colors are soft and subtle and definitely out of the ordinary. There's a cool sage green, a smoky blue, a good cloud grey, and a cheery becoming berry red. The fabric is silky smooth gabardine, 100% virgin wool, and the tailoring is faultless. You can assemble a suit, slacks, topcoat, odd jacket, separate skirt and two pretty blouses—choose colors to match or at random—you'll end up with a smart ensemble. The cut is classic with such niceties as hand-picked edges and leather buttons, and even the linings are dyed to match. One of the blouses is a classic white with the open-collar cut to exactly fit the suit lapels; the other is a bow-tie style with inserts of the red and blue stemming from the shoulders in a panel down the front. Both blouses have an unusual action back that's tucked all the way across the shoulders, and hand finished edges. In short, every detail has been thought out and the whole wardrobe coordinated beautifully for year-round duty



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anywhere. Prices are surprisingly moderate: suits $29.95, topcoats $29.95, slacks $12.95, skirts $9.95, and blouses at $5.98 and $6.95. California, here we come!

. . . Speaking of sport clothes makes us think of week-ends, picnics, cottages in the country, and that brings us round—by copywriter's logic—to the portable phonographs that *Hohmeyer's* are showing at their Boylston Street store. Of course, everybody loves a portable; they're half the fun on picnics, they liven up the rumpus room, cottage or porch, and they don't get a minute's rest in military camps and USO centers. It's no wonder they're so hard to find, and Hohmeyer's are especially happy to be able to offer a few unusually fine ones for sale. These are electric, which means you don't have to wind, thank goodness, and they have volume control and tone control, which is something mighty rare in a portable. They're light, easy to carry, and stream-lined, not a bit bulky. Three finishes, too, a black and white aero cloth, a pin seal leather, and a simulated alligator, all handsome and very expensive looking. About $72.00 lets you walk away with one of these, and aren't you lucky!

. . . Looking ahead to the Opera season, when precious jewels blaze on fine gowns, *Jewel Crest* have designed some new and stunning jewelry. Earrings, for instance. There's one pair of giant "diamonds," square cut and bold, at least an inch square, to glitter at your ears. Of course, these are not for the timid, but they make a handsome woman striking. A pretty pair of normal size has diamond dew-drops on a graceful gold leaf-shape. There's a three-inch wide dull gold filigree bracelet from Persia that would rejuvenate an old gown all by itself. And a bracelet of pale white topazes strung on silver, and one of "black" opals that are really gorgeous shades of peacock blue on a silver strand. And a beauty of square cut stones in purple shades with an occasional deep gold topaz for contrast. If you have some out-of-this-world idea for accenting your pet gown, bring it to Jewel Crest and let them work it out

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for you. They'll make it of your own stones, if you wish. It doesn't cost as much as you'll think. Incidentally, if your man's away, and you like to sneak a look at his picture now and then, Jewel Crest have an idea you'll like. They have little leather match cases by Dunhill that have a cellophane covered slot for a small snapshot. Nice, humm? These come in red, blue, or tan, for $1.00. Yes, they can be monogrammed. A thoughtful gift for a service man's wife. Or even for a serviceman! Jewel Crest is at 476 Boylston Street.

. . . At Makanna's, Boylston Street, they had us rapturous over the positively ethereal linens for dressing up spring tables. Imagine setting your table with organdy, edged and appliqued in linen—like the lily-of-the-valley set they showed us. This daintiest of flowers is hand appliqued against the palest of green linen leaves in a lavish spray design, the tiny white linen flowers standing out against the white sheer of the organdy. The edges are appliqued in linen, and the whole set looks exquisitely fresh and fragile and worthy of the very best china and glass. The point Turc stitch in which the applique is done is exceptionally lacy looking itself, and the work is unbelievably fine. This pattern comes in a tea cloth, luncheon cloth, doilies, and dinner cloth. The matching napkins are of linen with a cutout corner of the organdy showing the lily-of-the-valley design. What could be lovelier for a bridal breakfast or an Easter Sunday dinner? Another organdy set was a shell pink with wavy hand appliqued edges and elaborate shell medallions. The shells are hand embroidered in a particularly interesting way—lots of tiny embroidery-edged holes and satin stitched designs —and the color is delicate and unusual. There is a beautiful cloth of white organdy appliqued with white linen in a morning glory design. This is circular, with a veritable vine of morning glories around the edge,





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dainty tendrils reaching up toward the flowery center, and the flowers accented with white hand-embroidered centers. All in point Turc, and as exquisite as a snow flake. A bit more down-to-earth were the peach-colored organdy doilies with linen borders, rather plain, with clumps of peach-colored daisies growing from green leaves spaced along the sides. These are heirloom pieces, quite expensive, naturally, but truly works of art.

. . . SHOPPING FOR china is fun at *Jones McDuffee and Stratton*. You get off the Lake Street car right in front of their 640 Commonwealth Avenue store, and you have a tremendous floor full of china and glass to browse through. We saw so many many lovely patterns, but it was the Lenox china that stopped us. Those gold touched formal borders that are practically china classics, glowing with jewel reds, blues, or green, elaborate yet simple—that's what we want on our company table! There is one pattern with a border of gold wheat sheafs bound together, and a bit of red here and there. This is particularly handsome in the large sized plates, but it wouldn't be tiring in a whole matching set. Really elaborate is the inch deep border of gold and old rose, intricate but dainty, and so rich looking. The narrow all gold Grecian border gives an antique look to another set, while still another shows a Ming design of colorful birds of paradise, exotic trees and butterflies. There's a set with a gold leaf border about an inch wide with a stripe of deep blue running through it; and one set that's perfectly plain, with only a gold band for trim. Those Lenox people aren't famous for nothing! We liked the service plates with Old London scenes, too. These come in a soft tan tone on ivory, and show very clean cut clear pictures of interesting spots. There's the Tower, for instance, and Trafalgar Square, St. Paul's, and "trooping the colors" at Whitehall. Each scene is explained on the back of the plate—and we can just see your dinner guests defying Emily Post and picking them up and reading to each other!

. . . DID THE March winds chap your face and hands? *S. S. Pierce* will fix that up for you in a jiffy with their Almond Lotion. It's non-sticky, of course, and very soothing, and that almond odor is most refreshing. Just 50 cents at any S. S. Pierce store. Give your nose a treat, too, and sniff their Gardenia Soap. It's a smooth white oval cake that makes a creamy rich lather, pure enough for the most sensitive skins. And that gardenia aura is heavenly. Just 85 cents for six generous-sized cakes.

—CAROL



Debs Dorothy Jenney, Nancy Nason and Jane Ferguson dine in Hotel Statler Terrace Room.

A FLOWERING OF COMMUNITY ARTS AND CRAFTS

Pauline R. Granichstadten, Inc., Weston

. . . WHEN AN important national fashion magazine recently reproduced a page color photo of a model wearing flower-painted stockings and matching blouse, few people were happier about the whole thing than the residents of Weston, Massachusetts. It was a tangible tribute to the work of a charming Viennese woman who lives "on the hill", and to members of the community who had taken a big part in transferring these delicate designs onto the fabrics. It was also a heart-warming tribute to the potential place which arts and crafts should hold in a community.

One great thing about the United States is an ability to develop mass production methods to cope with every need. Long ago, most native craftsmen, working in their homes woke up to the bitter fact that machines could and were taking their place. Designs could be machine printed on fabric showing anything from a personal portrait to a happy gila monster cavorting in a cave. A group of artists, sitting in an air-conditioned studio high above street level, were batting out ten times the number of designs that an individual, working at home, could do in a year. The pendulum of individual enterprise took a swift swing to the left. In some instances, the persistent artisan packed a valise and entrained for the city to carry on in the air-conditioned splendor of the factory. In most cases, he or she went back to the daily routine necessary to fill the pantry with "vittles".

This, of course, is treating a whole wedge of economic history with presumptuous brevity. It is, however, the gist of affairs prior to 1942 in Massachusetts history. Today, in a spacious country house planted solidly in the Weston landscape, a group of eleven women, guided by Pauline R. Granichstadten, are hard at work putting one phase of community arts and crafts on a paying basis—and on a level of artistry which mass production methods cannot duplicate.

The designs which Granichstadten Inc. create are notable for many reasons. One, however, is so obvious that it takes only a few words to make evident; the designs are completely original. It is also true that they are deft and charming color combinations, executed with clarity and precision.

Mrs. Granichstadten arrived in the United States from Vienna exactly three days before Pearl Harbor. Her whole life had been spent studying the arts, mastering the intricacies of silk-screen printing on fabric, and planning new lace designs. She had done this as her artistic outlet, not from the necessity of earning a living. She was thoroughly trained in her medium.

Because mass production methods have not been the general thing abroad, the art of painting designs on fabric was exactly that—an art to be studied. In America, the artist goes directly from classroom to workroom (if lucky) and begins to earn a living according to the requirements of machinery. In Vienna, it was not so. Apprenticeship was long and hard before any artistic medium was mastered. As a result, Mrs. Granichstadten arrived here with the necessary artistic vision and the practical craftsmanship to execute her work, whether portraiture, lace design, or painting on any fabric.

The process whereby a delicate flower design is imprinted on a fabric is not a simple one. It is not, however, a mysterious one. The original design is drawn and colored by Mrs. Granichstadten; her staff of local women plus girls trained in Boston's fine art schools, takes over from there, makes the necessary frames to accommodate the various colors, transfers them to the fabric, and completes the process even to pressing and packing the merchandise for shipment. It is a workmanlike process but an intimate, friendly one in the big house on the hill.



Hand-painted table mat in seven colors.

How this community craft got its start is interesting. Mrs. Granichstadten did not burst into the town, hire help in the big-business way, and immediately proceed to produce in 1,000 lot quantities. Granichstadten Inc. has grown slowly and naturally. Today the business has grown to proportions where the orders of one of New York's and one of Boston's fine stores can be supplied with the beautiful designs. But that is all.

Word of Mrs. Granichstadten's superlatively different designs spread rapidly around New York. Friends, interested in the originality of her work, told others; exclusive dress designers, plagued by shortages of unusual fabrics, pricked up interested



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ears. It was not, however, until Mrs. Granichstadten had moved to Wellesley to be close to her sister and brother-in-law, that the business aspect actually got under way.

Hattie Carnegie, designing a wardrobe for the Duchess of Windsor, recalled a superb pansy print which Mrs. Granichstadten had created. It was the exact answer to her needs. She got in touch with Mrs. Granichstadten, explained what she wanted, and was told to send the forms and fabric along to Boston.

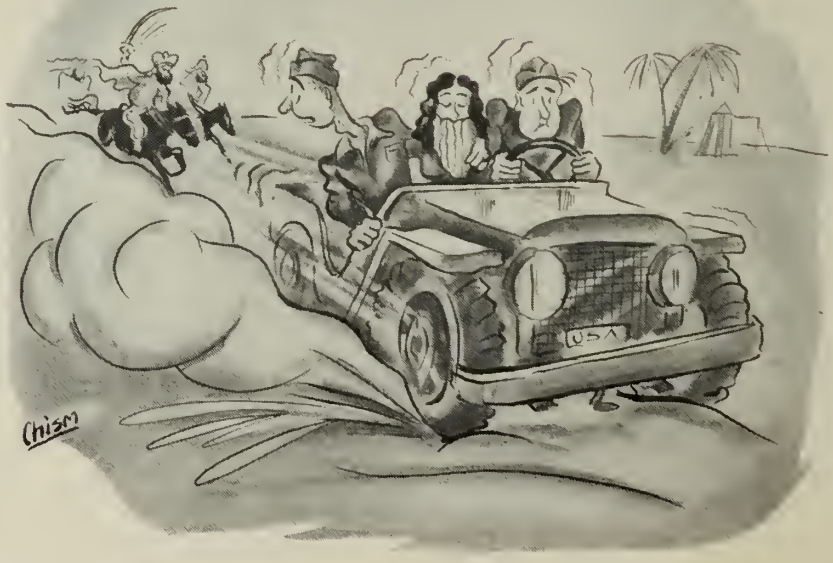
It is perfectly understandable that the bold and beautiful pansy motif painted on the Duchess of Windsor's gown made a definite impression on the fashion-wise. It is also logical that Saks Fifth Avenue, Bonwit Teller, and Lord & Taylor should become interested in her work. From that time on studio and working quarters which she was then occupying in Wellesley became too small to handle the rush of orders. Then, as now, Mrs. Granichstadten had no desire to turn her designs into mass production lines. Sensibly, she went to New York, talked with an executive of Lord & Taylor's, and agreed to restrict her work to that store. The others could not be handled by a small, skillful group of artisans.

Painting on fabrics is so much of an art that it cannot be forced into the mold of volume production. A long and strenuous apprenticeship must be served by all who are interested. The experience of years must be passed slowly to able apprentices. And the final result depends, naturally, on the artistic ability of the individual plus his or her willingness to supplement same with craftsmanship.

The large, comfortable house in Weston is exactly right for Mrs. Granichstadten's needs. The tree-spiked New England countryside marches right up to the front door of the house, and the only concession to the business side of her enterprise is a bank of fluorescent lights strung across the ceiling of the long room which was formerly the living room. Here, the actual painting on fabrics is done—whether the work at hand is an order for dainty floral-patterned gloves, luncheon sets, handkerchiefs, tots' dresses, silk undies, "glamour" girdles, smart fabric handbags, or a big bolt of fabric. When they have "set" thoroughly, they are passed along to the work room for assembling, pressing, and packing.

From the beginning, Mrs. Granichstadten has turned to local residents and interested art students who were eager to learn the process of creating and executing designs on fabrics. And from the beginning, her willingness to train others in work which has been her life-long interest has been accepted with a whoop by her neighbors. It is particularly satisfying, naturally, to see the results accepted everywhere as the finest work ever to come from the American countryside.

• •



BEAUTY . . . NAILS AND HANDS

. . . How MANY of us often give a silent vote of thanks to the teacher we had in second grade? Funny, we remember her very distinctly. It didn't occur to us at the time, but you'd think she came right out of Central Casting offices. She was the typical old-fashioned school marm type, with her hair screwed very tight to a tiny knot on top of her head. She wore out-moded clothes which always included a starchy white high throated shirtwaist that was immaculately clean. As you can imagine, she was a stickler on personal hygiene.

Each morning she examined our necks, ears and nails, and heaven help the little boy or girl who came to school without a well-scrubbed neck. We shall always remember our most embarassing moment, when being examined the school marm exclaimed, "Did you push your cuticles back this morning?" We still don't know whether it was a question or an accusation, but she said it aloud so that all the class could hear. We're sure we blushed profusely and stammered, "n-n-nno m'am." Thereafter, every morning we pushed them back with the towel in mortal fear of being caught again with our cuticles down.

Since then of course, it has become part of the hand-drying routine. As we dry our hands, we still push our cuticles back. We're convinced that this is greatly responsible for well-groomed cuticles that do not have to be cut. It's never too late to form this grand habit, and if you have a youngster, by all means teach her to push back those cuticles as of now. If, however, your cuticles do need cutting, have them trimmed. Your manicure cannot look neat with heavy skin outlining your nails. If possible, try to find a manicurist who uses nail scissors on the cuticle, and the nippers for the corners only. She should be able to cut your cuticle in one complete piece. Dull nippers pull tiny bits of the dead skin, and you will get a shaggy regrowth, and a few hangnails to boot.

They say you use your index finger mostly. You're sure of that only when you nick that fingernail. But when you nick your thumbnail or pinkie fingernail, somehow *that's* the finger that becomes the important one. It gets caught in your hair when you brush it. And it's sure to get caught in your very last pair of nylons. It's always in the way and you cannot do a thing without deepening the cut. Why does the nick always occur right at the painful quick, and never on the grown-out portion of the nail! A woeful thing indeed, and you have our most sincere sympathy and understanding.

There is a nail cement on the market used in the better Beauty Salons. Your manicurist will apply this "cement," cover it with a fine tiny tissue, and the polish is applied over it. It's quite invisible, and will save your nail until it has grown out enough to file. If you do not have this done, your next best bet is to file that nail down as far as possible so that it will not get in the way. It won't cause you nearly as much trouble until it has grown beyond the quick where it can be comfortably disposed of. Yes it's true what they say about calcium. If your nails split easily, chances are your system lacks calcium. Have a physical check-up and if the Doctor suggests calcium tablets, you'll find it will strengthen your nails as well as teeth and hair. We all know that milk contains a good deal of it, too, so drink as much as possible.

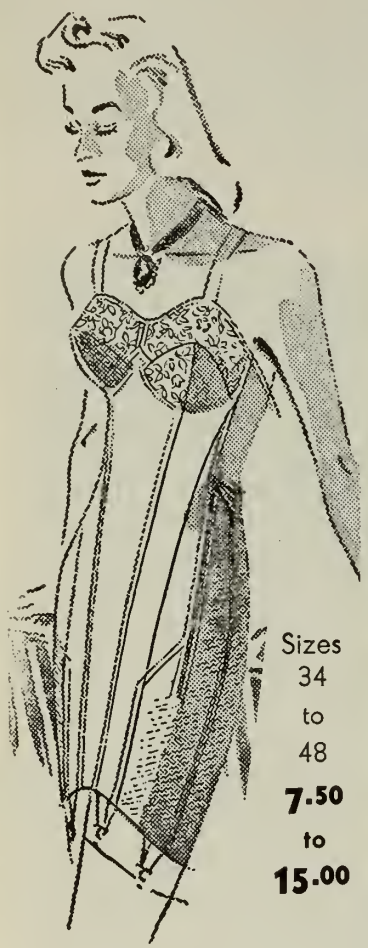
Some people prefer to manicure their own nails. Nail files are pretty scarce these days, and it's just as well. Emery boards will do the trick and are much better for your nails, particularly if they are fine and split easily. File your nails first, shaping them to a rounded oval. Then dip them in soapy water to soften the cuticles. Dry your hands, and apply oil around your cuticles to keep them soft. With an orangewood stick swab, push back the cuticle of each nail carefully, including the fine layer of



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skin that sometimes adheres to the nail just under the cuticle. You should use a cuticle removing liquid with the orange stick, to help remove dead skin. If it still needs trimming after this operation, use a nail scissors to trim them evenly. The right hand will be awkward at first, but after several manicures you'll become quite adept. After that, scrub your nails with a hand brush and dry them. Now clean under your nails to remove any loose skin, and then use the fine side of your emery board to smooth the line.

You are now ready for the polish, which will, if applied well cover a multitude of sins. Make sure that the surface of your nails is smooth. Apply the first coat with care. For a long tapered appearance, cover both moon and tips, wiping off only the tip edges to prevent chipping. If you are unable to draw an even line around the cuticle edges, you'd better have moons instead. They're easier. Allow the first coat to dry quite thoroughly before applying the second coat. It takes the bottom one so much longer to dry when the second layer is applied immediately. That accounts for the number of times you have smudged your nails after you were sure they felt dry. In spite of taking these precautions, we feel very lucky indeed on the few occasions that we emerged without spoiling a single nail. Nevertheless, it does take patience if you want two coats of dark polish to dry properly.

If you're a nail biter, we feel mighty sorry for you. We've heard of many remedies but they all add up to will power . . . or perhaps something to make you terribly aware of your hands. One young lady who was a confirmed nail biter of many years standing, became engaged in spite of the ads to the contrary. Her solitaire was exquisite and she was duly proud of it, but she hesitated to show it to people because of her unsightly fingers. Every bride-to-be takes so much pride in showing her new ring, and in this case it was strong enough to overcome the habit. People who bite their nails find that the tips of their fingers swell around the edges of their nails like a little bulb. It took a while for her nails to start growing but within a few months they did start to grow and the swelling seemed to go down. Within a few more months her nails were quite lovely. The



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young lady now takes great pride in her nails and they are always perfectly groomed. Of course everyone can't have a new engagement ring as an incentive, but if you knew how ugly bitten nails and swollen fingertips look, it should be incentive enough to overcome this nervousness.

Of course you'd like your hands to be soft, white and appealing. Now that your hands don't chap as easily as they did a few months ago, they're much easier to care for. Continue using the hand cream you have been using all winter. A hand cream should be used at night, and each finger massaged towards the hand. You will find this most beneficial if you leave the cream on all night, covering it with white cotton gloves. If you don't like to go to bed wearing gloves and cream, you'll have to take time off during the day for the treatment. If you allow yourself a reading period, this would make a grand treatment time.

You should use a hand lotion as well. Hand lotions generally are not sticky, nor are they nourishing. They are used as a protective film to guard your hands against chapping. Your hand lotion should be used EVERY time you wash your hands. A dispenser beside the sink is an excellent reminder. With a little regular care, your hands can be one of your more beautiful features.

—Lillian Munroe





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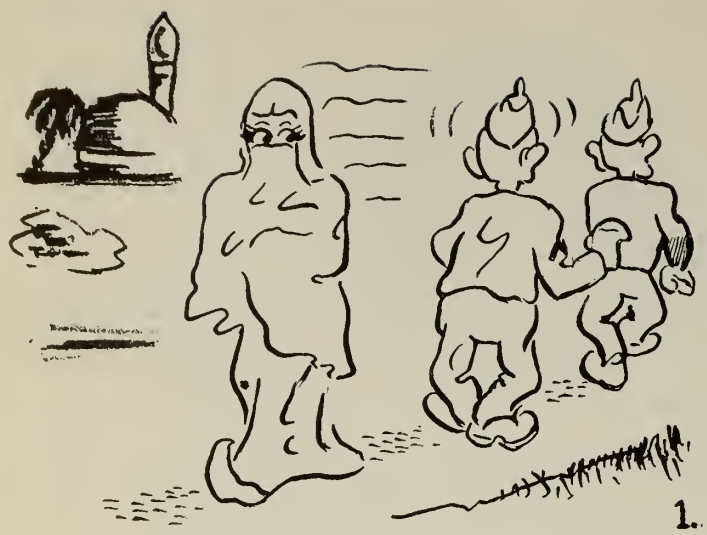
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WOMEN AND THE WAR

. . . PRESENTING THE outstanding woman for April, the creator of "Women and the War", Dorothy Kraus.

It was the realization that Dorothy Kraus, herself, symbolizes all women in this war, and is one of their outstanding representatives, that was the inspiration for turning the spotlight on her this month.

Answering the challenge of the times, some women have donned blue or khaki and walk with martial tread beside our men in uniform. They are determined in one purpose for the duration of the war, to free men to fight in the first line of defense and attack. Other women have donned slacks and can be heard humming softly to themselves as they assume a masculine stride on their way to work on the midnight shift at the shipyard. Their pulses beat more rapidly, and they quicken their pace as they swing through the gate. They have become a part of the great cacophony that represents the building of another ship to carry destructive forces against the enemy.

Still others, nurses with the army and navy, carry on the noble tradition of Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton and travel over submarine infested waters and battlefields that are seas of mud to minister to the needs of fighting men. So the parade of women in the war goes on with its ranks ever swelling; uniforms of navy, brown, green, white and sky blue, forming a pattern that represents the glory of American womanhood. Yet, when this story is told, there are countless others, neighbors of yours and mine, who assume their various roles on the home front, working quietly but with determination to the end that this war will end the sooner;—that a dawn will come when the sun will shine forth again upon a world at peace.

But for all womanhood there must be those who inspire, encourage and challenge; who are their spokesmen and champions. One of those women is Dorothy Kraus. With conviction, courage and faith in woman's place in the world, she plans and produces her radio programs and articles, "Women and the War". In the past three years, she has presented over two hundred women who have made outstanding contributions to the war effort. Compelling and stimulating, they urge women to greater activity and helpfulness.



Dorothy Kraus

Since that day, at the age of two, when, as flower girl, she left the procession far behind her and walked bravely and proudly down the aisle alone, she probably has been destined to be a leader of women. Born in Milton, Massachusetts, she received for her heritage the leadership of Governor Bradford, the determination, humor and charm of a Scotch mother and the industry and pioneering spirit of a Yankee father. Ambitions, conceived too early, gave her a sense of frustration which probably found its first release when she became, at fifteen, the President of the Junior Suffrage Society.

Stemming from this beginning, she has given of herself untiringly, in the interest of humanity, to any effort which has needed her support. For she truly lives what she believes for all women, that they have the power right within their own hands to make this world a better place in which to live. Sitting in her own living room, before an open fire, she discussed with intensity, a meeting which she had just attended. It had been called in the interests of public safety to consider proposed legislation relative to the construction and maintenance of buildings. She had gone as a representative of the Civic Affairs Committee of the Boston City Federation of Women's Clubs, of which she is also First Vice-President. Referring to the size of that organization, she sees it in terms of strength that can be mobilized for effective action in community affairs, for Dorothy Kraus has the amazing faculty of being able to work hard at immediate problems at the same time that her eyes are focussed upon further horizons of achievement for women. She wants to see women realize the power that they have for good living now as an instrument for peace and greater understanding in the future. As evidence that all of her own efforts are directed through many channels toward a realization of this, are her many affiliations and interests.

Imbued with tremendous community spirit, she has for ten years been Assistant Director of the Community Fund in Hyde Park. As Chairman of the Red Cross War Fund, she will shortly realize its goal. Taking leadership at the outbreak of the war, she organized the Information Bureau for Public Safety, and recruited widely for volunteers in civilian defense. Still remembering the loss of her two brothers in the last war, and realizing deeply the needs in the area of rehabilitation for the returning serviceman, she set up the program for the rehabilitation committee for her community.

Foreseeing the tremendous possibilities for greater influence through radio, she turned her attention to that medium, and has been Regional Director for the National Association of Broadcasters, Radio Chairman and Director of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs, and Vice-Chairman of the Radio Council of Greater Boston. Combining humanitarian interest with radio, she is now a member of the publicity committee of the Friends of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital as its consultant on radio. Membership in numerous other organizations, such as the Massachusetts League of Women Voters of which she is a Director, the Advertising Club of Boston, the Boston Quota Club and the Music Lover's Club, broaden the scope of her interest and are exemplification of the contribution that women can make.

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She works always toward greater tolerance among all women, and tolerance is the attribute which she admires most in them as individuals. She is most disturbed by prejudice which, she believes, is usually based upon a lack of understanding.

Tremendous drives make her achievements possible, and yet, to know her completely, one must see her in her own home with her husband and the things they both love best around them. Warm, vibrant, at times even startling in its colorfulness, her home is a reflection of her own personality. She was married while still a student, having attended both Mt. Holyoke and Simmons Colleges to study journalism. Today, her home is her bulwark and the center of all of her interests. Her husband is her wise and patient advisor. Dominating the scene are her two Siamese cats, Madama and Chelebe, the Turkish for master and mistress. Upholding the tradition of the species, Chelebe is at times haughty or indifferent, but always dignified. Madama is a dynamo of energy, and seemingly without provocation, will dart swiftly but gracefully across the room,—showmanship and feminine vanity. Books are everywhere in the room and their titles are evidence of the varied interests of Mr. and Mrs. Kraus. Music they both love, and while the theme of Cesar Franck's "B Minor Symphony" filled the room, Dorothy admitted that Tschaikowsky's "Sleeping Beauty Waltz" was her favorite composition. Red is the predominant color which decorates their home and it has been used widely but with good taste. Even cherry red crocheted door knob covers can be found in the kitchen.

This is the setting which Dorothy Kraus has created herself. Buoyant and scintillating, at all times gracious and charming and a most loyal friend, she lives life fully and with complete conviction in her ideals and ambitions. "She knows that this is a woman's war too, and that women must and will fight the battle on all fronts with intelligence, with high spirit, and with vision."

—Ruth S. Tobey

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"I always take a few drinks for my insomnia, and if it doesn't get me to sleep, it makes me feel satisfied to stay awake."

MUSIC

. . . About twice each season a Boston Symphony concert will be of such exciting proportions that the usually poised Friday audience from Back Bay and the nicer suburbs will be brought yelling to their well-shod feet. It's happened again.

It was at the concert of March 3, when Serge Koussevitzky gave the first performance of Corporal Samuel Barber's new Second, or Army Air Forces, Symphony, and Vladimir Horowitz played the D minor Concerto, No. 3, by Rachmaninoff. Don't think, either, that the lovely little Mozart Symphony—the A major, K. 201—that began the afternoon, was without its tensions.

Well, sir, the afternoon was one long crescendo of excitement, finishing up in a whoop of handclapping, cheering and stamping as Messrs. Koussevitzky and Horowitz mopped their decidedly sweating brows. Presumably the same thing happened the following Saturday night.

If there is any keyboard technician alive greater than Mr. Horowitz, Boston has not heard him—or her. The gaunt Russian has a mastery of keys and fingers that is unexcelled. He is at his best, I think, when playing a Romantic work like the Rachmaninoff, with orchestra. There are those who can match him in musicianship and styles. But for sheer, amazing speed and bravura, Mr. Horowitz is the winner.

Cpl. Barber's new Symphony is said to be the first serious music written about a branch of the American military services by a man in uniform. It was commissioned by the Army Air Forces, who may now take pride in the fact. Dark, slender Cpl. Barber was given freedom to compose as he wished, and he was sent up in all types of military planes from bombers to pursuit ships. Up there he learned how it feels to fly, and he learned about the calm, muscular gentlemen who pilot, navigate, shoot the guns and drop the bombs.

Of a serious mind, musically, Cpl. Barber turned out a Symphony of serious aspect. The Army Air Forces song is not used. The idiom ranges from astringent but logical dissonance to broad melodic themes, like that for English horn in the second movement. In that movement Cpl. Barber simulates the sound of the radio beam used in night and "blind" flying, by a pure, non-vibrating tone produced by an electrical gadget that looks like a bulky overnight case. The sound is A above the treble staff.

The composer has disclaimed any story-telling, but just the same it doesn't take the imagination of a genius to make up your own as the music goes along. Certainly you can hear screaming block-busters in the finale, where the symphonic ground trembles under the explosions of tympani and other percussion.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave a super-super account of themselves and the music. The week before they had teamed up with a quartet of soloists and the choruses of the Cecilia Society and Apollo Club (prepared by Arthur Fiedler) to give the premiere of Alexander Gretchaninoff's Ecumenical Mass.

The 80-year-old Russian who came to Boston for the performances, wanted to write music that would combine characteristics of the Eastern and Western churches. The word Ecumenical means, primarily, universal, world-wide. The text is the Latin of the Roman Mass, but the music itself ranges from Russian liturgical melodies to a sort of melodic serenity that reflects the composer himself.

I liked the Mass because of its radiance and open-air freshness; its gentle compassion and melodic freedom. It made me think of the Faure Requiem, which is not dissimilar in spirit. The soloists were Maria Kurenko, soprano; Dorothy Cornish, contralto; Roland Hayes, tenor, and Robert Hall Collins, bass. They sang unevenly but as a quartet filled the bill.

Richard Strauss' tone poem "Death and Transfiguration" completed that program, Mr. Koussevitzky taking a slower pace than ever. The inevitable comment was that uttered long ago by a fellow who knew how to joke, Britain's King Charles II, who on his deathbed admitted he was an "unconscionable time a-dying."

Chilean pianist Claudio Arrau gave his first Boston recital toward the end of February, in the Celebrity Series of Aaron Richmond. It was his first recital here, though two seasons ago he had set the little town on the Charles buzzing by the musicianship of his several appearances with the Boston Symphony. This time Arrau gave us two Beethoven items, the G major Rondo, Op. 51, No. 2, and that tasty little Sonata, No. 3 in Op. 31, which has the minuet that few people ever play like a minuet. There were fountains, the ones Liszt saw at the Villa d'Este in Italy, and the one Ravel saw—well, where did he see it? Liszt's incidentally, shows how much Richard Wagner lifted from his father-in-law's harmonic style. The concert was consistently of fine-grained virtuosity, beautiful style and musicianship.

My very favorite string ensemble, the Budapest Quartet, provided an afternoon of entrancing chamber music at Jordan Hall, Feb. 27. They played Haydn's E-flat Quartet, Op. 76, No. 6; the acerbic but very interesting B minor Quartet, Op. 51, by Prokofieff, and Brahms' beerily Romantic Quartet in C minor, No. 1 in Op. 51. For variety of nuance, for rich, full and glowing tone, and for ensemble precise as a Back Bay accent, the Budapest four are unsurpassed.

It took Jascha Heifetz a while to warm up to his phenomenally high form when he played in Symphony Hall March 5, but after he did, the Bruch D minor Concerto, No. 2, and Richard Strauss' youthful and rarely done E-flat Sonata blossomed under his fingers. Emanuel Bay was, as usual, a superb accompanist.

There have been other things going on, including an indifferent recital by fiddler Mischa Elman, and a week's engagement by Mr. Alfredo Salmaggi's Popular Price Grand Opera, Inc. But on that inimitable outfit of warblers, leave us not dwell except to say that they did leave the hackneyed repertory long enough to put on Bellini's "Norma."

—Cyrus W. Durgin

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METROPOLITAN OPERA PROGRAM

. . . THE BOSTON OPERA ASSOCIATION announces the following distinguished casts for the forthcoming season by the Metropolitan Opera Association at the Boston Opera House beginning Monday evening, April 10:

Monday evening, April 10, *The Masked Ball:* Riccardo (Gustav III of Sweden)—Jan Peerce; Renato—Leonard Warren; Amelia—Zinka Milanov; Ulrica—Kerstin Thorborg; Oscar—Frances Greer; Silvano—John Baker; Samuel—Norman Cordon; Tom—Nicola Moscona; A Judge—John Dudley; A Servant of Amelia—Lodovico Oliviero; Conductor—Bruno Walter.

Tuesday evening, April 11, *The Magic Flute* (sung in English): Sarastro—Nicola Moscona; Tamino—Charles Kullman; The High Priest—Norman Cordon; Two Priests—John Dudley, Louis D'Angelo; The Queen of the Night—Audrey Bowman; Pamina—Nadine Conner; The Three Ladies—Eleanor Steber, Maxine Stellman, Anna Kaskas; Papageno—John Brownlee; Papagena—Lillian Raymondi; Monostatos—John Garris; Three Genii—Marita Farell, Mona Paulee, Helen Olheim; Two Guards—Emery Darcy, John Gurney; Conductor—Bruno Walter.

Wednesday matinee, April 12, *La Boheme: Rodolfo*—Nino Martini; Schaunard—George Cehanovsky; Benoit—Louis D'Angelo; Mimi—Jarmila Novotna; Parpignol—Lodovico Oliviero; Marcello—Francesco Valentino; Colline—Virgilio Lazzari; Alcindoro—Louis D'Angelo; Musetta—Christina Carroll; A Sergeant—Carlo Coscia; Conductor—Cesare Sodero.

Wednesday evening, April 12, *Carmen:* Carmen—Lily Djanel; Michaela—Licia Albanese; Frasquita—Themla Votipka; Mercedes—Lucielle Browning; Don Jose—Raoul Jobin; Escamillo—Martial Singher; Dancaire—George Cehanovsky; Remendado—Alessio De Paolis; Zuniga—Lorenzo Alvary; Morales—John Baker; Conductor—Sir Thomas Beecham.

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Thursday evening, April 13, *The Marriage of Figaro:* Count Almaviva—John Brownlee; Countess Almaviva—Eleanor Steber; Susanna, her maid, betrothed of—Frances Greer; Figaro, servant of the Count—Ezio Pinza; Cherubino, page to Count Almaviva — Jarmila Novotna; Marcellina—Hertha Glaz; Basilio, music master—Alessio De Paolis; Don Curzio, judge, John Garris; Bartolo, a doctor from Seville — Virgilio Lazzari; Antonio, gardener of the Count, and uncle of Susanna—Louis D'Angelo; Barbarina, his daughter—Marita Farell; Two peasant girls—Mona Paulee, Lillian Raymondi; Conductor—Bruno Walter.

Friday evening, April 14, *Aida:* The King—John Gurney; Amneris—Kerstin Thorborg; Aida—Zinka Milanov; Radames—Kurt Baum; Ramfis—Norman Cordon; Amonasro—Alexander Sved; A messenger—John Dudley; A Priestess—Maxine Stellman; Conductor—Wilfred Pelletier.

Saturday matinee, April 15, *Faust:* Faust—Raoul Jobin; Mephistopheles — Ezio Pinza; Valentin — Martial Singher; Wagner — John Baker; Marguerite — Licia Albanese; Siebel —Lucielle Browning; Marthe—Thelma Votipka; Conductor—Sir Thomas Beecham.

Saturday evening, April 15, *La Traviata:* Violetta—Jarmila Novotna; Flora Bervoix—Maxine Stellman; Annina — Mona Paulee; Alfredo—Jan Peerce; Giorgio Germont —Leonard Warren; Gastone—Alessio DePaolis; Baron Douphol — George Cehanovsky; Marquis D'Obigny—Louis D'Angelo; Doctor Grenvil—Lorenzo Alvary; Conductor —Cesare Sodero.



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THEATRE NEWS

. . . Because the Bostonian closed early in March, the full listing of coming theatrical events remains pretty hazy. One thing, however, is certain. The fifth play in the subscription season to be presented by the Theatre Guild and the American Theatre Society is to be *A Connecticut Yankee*.

This revival of the tuneful favorite of a few years back has been well received in New York. The music and score, credited to Rodgers and Hart, have long been popular, and here, too, the passing years have proved their appeal.

Although few details are available at the time this is being written, the probabilities are that Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen will continue in the same stellar spots which they made outstanding on Broadway. There is, however, every reason to believe that this fifth production of the subscription season will equal the high calibre of the others.

A Connecticut Yankee will open at the Colonial Theatre on April 17th for a two week engagement.

. . . For those who like to follow the New York reaction to plays or musicals which open in Boston will not be too surprised to find that *So Long, Svoboda* folded after five performances. The critical opinion in New York was perhaps more acidulous than the play rated here, but the main objections as expressed by Boston's critics were echoed on Broadway.

The cast was valiant, everyone tried hard, but the dim-wittedness of Svoboda's character, plus the slow pace of action, were impossible to overcome.

. . . Again taking the pulse of success or failure on Broadway of plays which opened here, everyone who enjoyed George Abbott's *A Highland Fling* can relax and know that it is a hit in New York. As one satisfied playgoer said on leaving the Wilbur after the performance:

"It's nice to laugh at wit, not dirt for a change."

After a particularly rowdy and robust season, the Abbott production is a breath of spring during the Ides of March.

. . . The program for the annual visit on April 10 of the Metropolitan Opera to Boston is given in full elsewhere, but the bright spot on the horizon is the fact that this will be one of the finest casts and brilliant array of favorite operas to come this way.

The great names of operadom who are announced by the Boston Opera Association include Jan Peerce, Eleanor Steber, Nino Martini, Lily Djanel, Ezio Pinza, Kerstin Thorborg, John Gurney, Licia Albanese, Jarmila Novotna, Lucielle Browning, John Brownlee, Charles Kullman and a star-studded list of great voices.

The conductors as listed for the various performances include Bruno Walter, Cesare Sodero, Sir Thomas Beecham, and Wilfred Pelletier.

—Keller





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There's no element of chance in Paul Ercoline's success story, and it didn't all come about because of a "one day I happened to---" experience. He was born into a hotel-running family, and the natural thing for him to do was to carry on the family work. His father was manager of the Old Revere House in Boston, and the Ercoline family lived there while Paul went through Boston English High School, and Tufts College. He dawdled around a little with baseball, football, and track at Tufts, and then signed up with the Hotel Touraine---as a bell hop.

He moved along fast, and when he left the Touraine, he had the assistant manager's job. Just about then World War 1 came along, and Paul joined the Intelligence Service branch, serving in France and England for most of the duration.

When the war ended, he was in a fortunate enough position to buy the Harvey Lake Inn at Northwood, New Hampshire, figuring to relax for a while. He's still trying to puzzle out that relax business, because he never did get around to it. He operated his New Hampshire hotel during the summers, and took over the Gulf Stream Hotel on Lake Worth in Florida, managing that during the winters. Then he started working his way back into Boston. First he managed the Highland Court Hotel in Hartford, and got his big break when his manager friend at the Hotel Buckminster in Boston became ill and called on Paul to help out. He stayed for seven years.

His next call, in 1941, took him as close to Boston as he could possibly get—to the Hotel Avery—where his first job was one of housecleaning. At the time, the Avery was an unknown, difficult hotel proposition with not much more than a cafeteria, a banquet hall, and a set of rooms. When the carpenters, painters, and paperhangers finished, the result was a house of rooms rejuvenated from the "pictures on the wall to the rugs on the floor," a dining room and bar



downstairs, and the Cameo Lounge bar upstairs. The Cameo Room was and still is Mr. Ercoline's pet project and into it he put Tommy Carr's orchestra, plus the line "Never a cover, never a minimum charge."

Known throughout the hotel field, Paul is a member of the Boston, Massachusetts, New England, and American Hotel Associations; he is a charter member of the Key Club which he helped found in Boston (a clerk and manager organization); and a long-standing member of the New England Hotel Greeters Association.

His biggest hope is for the day World War No. 2 is over and the back-to-the-country movement starts. Mr. Ercoline is hoping he'll get an early lead in the race, because his one ambition is to settle down in some part of the New England country side, with a little hotel, and live the quiet, unassuming life of a country squire.

—Saropian

APRIL ENTERTAINMENT

. . . By the time this article appears in print, the entertainment powers that be will have braced themselves for the first shock of the new tax increase. On the whole, however, it is not stampeding any hotel or club into heavy retrenchment in the talent division. It has, more likely, spurred everyone to new highs in every phase of pleasing the public. A look at the line-up for April is solid proof of this.

At the *Terrace Room* of the Statler Hotel, D. B. Stanbro has waved a magic wand of some kind and conjured Phil Regan, star of stage, screen and radio, into the top spot. Phil Regan, by the way, arrives at the Statler on March 20, for a three weeks stay, so you had better plan accordingly.

With him on the same bill are Galante and Leonarda, outstanding artists of the dance. Although it is fairly hard to say what makes one dance team better than another, it is certainly true that the top reputation this young couple have made is more than merited. Their dances are different, polished, and pleasing.

This is as good a time as any to put the spotlight squarely on the music maker at the handsome Terrace Room. Ted Straeter, his piano and his smooth band have made more friends since their arrival in Boston than any other young maestro we've known. The two factors which make Ted Straeter's music tops for dancing are versatility and smooth style.

You probably remember Ted from Kate Smith's radio show. The young maestro provided Kate with excellent arrangements and fine musical background. In the Terrace Room, he is giving the same sort of attention to both the dancers and the stars appearing on the show. This makes for a happy time all around.

A word about the food here is apropos. The Statler's kitchens are outstanding, of course. But the prices on the menu are very sensible and the variety of dishes very satisfactory.

. . . Something highly original in the way of entertainment is current at the *Mayfair*. It happens to be Grandfathers Swing Follies, an hilarious melee of fun, corn, and talent. Johnny Howard, who seems likely to become standard equipment at this smart club because of his popularity, is getting star billing in the Follies, with some top support from Bob Fuller and Singing Stylists, Christine Lake, and Paul Sydell with Spotty, the dog.

This production, incidentally is the first of its kind to be booked into the Mayfair by Michael Redstone who is a very smart showman. His plans which are presently in the tentative stage include such notable names as Mrs. Joe Louis, the Mills Brothers, and a whole flock of top talent, the best of its type.

Regularly, we go into the little matter of the question of food at the Mayfair. This is done because it more than deserves your attention. The chef in the Mayfair kitchens is a blue-ribbon, silver-cup headliner in his own right, and with dinners starting at $1.50, you get plenty for your money at this club.

The policy, too, of featuring Curtain Dinners (a complete show and dinner over by curtain time) is a sensible one. It will get your evening off to a good start and make that Night Out one of the best ones you've enjoyed in a long while.

Since we seem to be dance-minded this month, this is the time to remind you that Harry Greene at the piano and his band behind him make excellent music for dancing. And the rhumba band alternating with Greene's music provides a nice change of pace.

. . . That fine theatre-restaurant, the *Latin Quarter,* as usual, offers the best in floor shows and the best in food. Although this club does not run to famous-name talent, the first week of April finds Beatrice Kay headlining as only she can do. Somehow Miss Kay is one entertainer who never fails to provide the top in amusement and festivity. And as usual, she is setting a new high in Boston. Definitely a "must" for your date book.

There are other features which make the Latin Quarter a good place.



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to go. We could mention food again. We could point out that Tony Bruno's music making is excellent. But we'll settle for some extra information regarding the Sunday Guest Star Nights at this spot. These doings never fail to attract the stars of stage, screen, and show business.

. . . The excellent record for top entertainment, fine food, and good dancing which the *Bradford Roof* has set up this winter is a sure thing to be fractured to splinters during spring and summer. Plenty of Bostonians remember the supreme charm of the spot on a spring evening, located as it is high above the city; visitors to town will be equally captivated.

Artie Dann, the very funny man who chalked up a new record of his own in the room is due back, although the date wasn't set when we went to press. One other thing is sure, though, and that is that the best of the name talent will be on deck.



Kitti Crawford, singer with Straeter band at Statler

. . . Moving uptown to the Fensgate, we put the spotlight on Arki - Yavensonne's ultra *Satire Room*. Reams of copy has been written about the doings in this small but excellent room, and it is just as well to lead off our story with the reminder that this room is expensive, exclusive and worth your time.

April finds Mervyn Nelson, musical comedy star, Alice Pearce, a satirist supreme, Maria Colhn, a continental danseuse who is completely unique in her field, and Neil Phillips whose piano magic is so closely identified with the Satire Room, currently entertaining here.

. . . For a different and very pleasant evening, we'd recommend the *Renaissance Room* at the Touraine Hotel. By different, we mean just this. The management is doing away with the floor shows and concentrating strongly on fine food and good dancing. This is a smart move since the kitchens at the Touraine have long been famous for superbly prepared food, and Pat Sands orchestra is a favorite with young and old alike.

With food and music spotlighted, the extra touches which have been added to make music the best include one of the smoothest rhumba bands alternating with Pat Sands and Tony Senna with his accordion and electric organ. This, as you can see, is going all the way in cooperation with the public.

. . . In the spacious and lively areas of the Hotel Avery's *Cameo Room,* you'll find Tommy Carr's music and a whackingly good evening's fun via the audience participation method. One thing which is definite about the Avery's pleasant room is the young-in-spirit atmosphere that is present at all times. And, of course, the convenient location is a plus factor in pleasing people.

. . . In case you have forgotten Dinty Moore's congenial *Cocktail Lounge* upstairs over the dining room, here is a reminder that you'll like it in the lounge. Bar is open from 4 to 9 p. m., and at last visit, they had an excellent piano player providing the incidental entertainment.

. . . There's something about the *Essex Hotel* makes it a pet place of ours. The food in the dining room is very good, the music for dancing satisfactory and then some, and whatever is current in the way of entertainment is equally satisfactory. They don't go in for famous-names, but they have plenty of steady customers who swear by the good fun available.

That about winds up the April entertainment clock. Have yourselves a nice time.

—BKP

DANCE PRODUCER

Don Arden at the Latin Quarter

. . . Actually, the hard work, the idea-ingenuity, and the necessity of being "hep" to music, lighting, and human nature, are all ingredients of successful dance direction and show production in a night spot. That Don Arden, at 27, has mastered these important qualities and added several plus features of his own is one very good reason why he is able to create and stage the excellent productions at Boston's notable Latin Quarter theatre-restaurant.

In case you didn't know it, the regular two-week shows at that club are tops in their type. Working without the drawing power of famous-name stars, the Latin Quarter manages to have one of the best and brightest shows in the city. Plenty of the credit for this goes to Don Arden.

How many times have you and you and you gone to a night club to be entertained, watched the star acts come and go, seen a line of pretty girls do an effective, well-rehearsed routine, and wondered why in the devil someone didn't get the whole thing together. The line girls do a fast Can-Can; the star sings South American numbers, and the comedian juggles with an Irish brogue. Why not tie the whole together with something like—well, a Circus Show? This, of course, is exactly what Don Arden does with every new show at the Latin Quarter. He uses his head, his imagination, and hard work. The Don Arden Girls, the current headlining acts, the electrician, and the orchestra follow through for him.

Don Arden was born in Chicago. His mother, a singer, doubtless gave him his early interest in show business, but it was not until he took up the Charleston fad, won a contest in St. Louis which crowned him "Charleston King," and set about dancing as a career in earnest did he make this interest pay off in terms of hard cash.

The sound common sense which makes his work at the Latin Quarter and for the New Yorker Hotel so outstanding came to the forefront early. Don decided that he needed dancing lessons. Asking around, he learned that a young man named Bob Alton was the best for his needs. Bob Alton, incidentally, is well-known for his fine dance direction of many top Broadway productions.

Alton took him in hand, taught him a lot, and gave him the strict instruc-



tion which is the basis of all sound work in the theatre. While he studied, he worked to earn his way, and for a time was featured dancer with the unit known as the *Missouri Rockettes*. He worked, too, for Mike Todd when that famous producer of successful Broadway opuses was working his way up.

Presently, he began to get a certain amount of public recognition as a dancer, and he worked clubs between Chicago and St. Louis with various unit shows as headlined dancer. During this period, Sophie Tucker worked on the same bill at one night spot with him. Sophie has always been generous with fellow performers, and she saw to it that his dancing rated the attention she thought it deserved. Six years later, Don repaid his debt of gratitude

After travelling around the country as member of a unit, he got tired of the rootless life, and when the manager of the Lookout House in Cincinnati asked him to stage the dance numbers for one show, he agreed to give it a try. The show was so successful that he accepted the offer to stay on as permanent dance director for the spot.

Having knocked his head out against the stonewall indifference of big night club operators, Don's decision to stay at Cincinnati was like other such decisions, the key that opened the door to big time. Club operators beat a path to him to ask that he train, costume, select the music, and send them production units to use in their clubs. He had six on the road within a few months, and although it kept him in a frenzied rush around to the other cities, it also paid off well.

Most people in show business consider an offer from New York the equivalent to being left a thousand million dollars. When the Hotel New Yorker approached Don to stage an ice show, he hesitated. He had never tried to stage an ice show, and while it was a swell break, he continued to hesitate. The desire to see what could be done within the limited confines of the night spot overcame his reluctance, and he agreed.

The New Yorker's show was such a huge success that the Netherlands Plaza in Cleveland paged him to do one for them. This was ditto in the success department.

Meanwhile, he was arranging his travel schedule to include regular trips to Boston's Latin Quarter, for Lou Walters at first and then for Michael Redstone. His schedule was so full that he was forced to turn down an offer to do the dance numbers for a big New York show, although he did find time to stage an ice show which is currently clicking big in its tour through the eastern states.

Common sense, an idea behind each show, the right dances for the music selected, the right "frame" for the headlining acts, the right lighting effects, the right musical support from the orchestra, all these things go to make up a Don Arden Revue. His rule—if he has seen a routine anywhere, it is not to be used by him—has given his productions a freshness and originality that automatically nominates him for a big-time New York production. If, of course, he can find the time.

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YOUNG WOMAN WITH AN ART GALLERY

. . . Boston, as a city, is pretty well adjusted to the honor of having many fine public and private art galleries. The latest addition to the local scene, however, is something so completely different, so "young in heart" that it is like no other.

This is, of course, the Stuart Art Gallery at 455 Stuart street, with a personable young woman of 23 as its director and guiding light. At 23, Jean Deering is an artist herself, a trustee of the Institute of Modern Art, and an eager champion of young painters whose work merits exhibition but whose reputation is yet to be made. She is also the possessor of a modern, colorful and worthwhile gallery.

Actually, the reasons why Miss Deering opened an art gallery are perfectly logical. Why she selected Boston is equally sensible. First of all, she wanted a place where young artists could be shown and their work sold. Secondly, she likes Boston with the wholeheartedness rarely found even among the "natives." Put the two together and you have an art gallery where the entire basement is devoted to the comfort and congeniality of young artists and interested visitors: you have a small but effectively arranged gallery on the street floor where prints, originals, reproductions, frame samples, and a compact permanent exhibit niche are combined without clutter.

Incidental to the fact that this is a new and modern gallery with a very young and personable directress is one original which has caught the attention of every visitor. This is Epsom Downs, a gauche by Raoul Dufy. The simplicity and color plus the vitality of the scene are outstanding, and since this is a favorite with Miss Deering, some clue to the integrity and individuality of the new gallery is clearly indicated.

In every way, the new Stuart Art Gallery is a welcome addition to the local art scene and one which you will appreciate.

THE COP AND THE MAN WHO WAS CURIOUS

. . . The book says a good cop follows instructions to the letter, mechanically doing everything exactly as he is told. Bill may or may not have been a good cop. He certainly looked like one: he was a big young man with broad shoulders, and his neat blue uniform fitted him very well. In a holster at his hip was a revolver, and his hands twirled a billy club. Bill's main trouble was that he couldn't help adding his own variations to the rules, or his own curiosity and interest in people.

Bill was in charge of a large parking lot outside an enormous olive-drab building. In this parking lot lined up in neat rows were many six-wheeled truck trailers, also painted olive-drab, waiting to be taken away by a fleet of tractors which came each day for a few of them. On each trailer, at the rear, high and in the direct center, was a mysterious-looking box. The building, with its huge windowless walls, and the trailers with their strange boxes, both had some secret connection with the Army, but Bill wasn't sure just what.

On the day the Packard stopped near the lot and the man got out and began walking toward him, Bill should have challenged the man and brought him to a halt, which was what a good cop would have done. Bill was aware of this, yet he felt that rules are not everything in life. He could not help wondering who the man was and what he wanted, and as the man came on Bill just stood and watched him.

The man was medium-sized, getting fat, dressed in a neat brown suit. He walked right up to Bill and smiled. Good morning, he said. Are you in charge of this place?

Bill nodded slowly, for cops are supposed to nod slowly and not say much of anything. He stuck to the rules that far.

My name is Mr. Benson, the man said. Certainly is a big place you have here.

Bill found himself shaking Mr. Benson's hand but he looked at the man suspiciously. One of the people he had been told to look out for was a man expressing interest in the building, the yard, or the rows of trailers.

I pass this place every day on my way to work, the man said. Been passing it for months now, and I've seen you standing here every day. That is, I guess it was you. It was a policeman, anyway. Well, all this time something has been bothering me. I know you're not supposed to talk to strangers, but — I'm just curious. Would you answer a question?

The man has a friendly smile. He looked harmless, but Bill was taking no chances. Maybe, he said.

I'm just curious, the man said. I'd like to know something about those trailers. I'm just curious, and what I want to know is this—what is that box up there in the back for?

Bill gazed at the man a long time before he spoke. At length he said, Mister, you better leave.

Leave? What for?

It's the best thing, Bill said. By rights, if I followed the orders they gave me, I would be beating you over the head with this billy.

What for? the man repeated. All I asked was a simple, harmless question. Anything wrong in that? I'm just curious, officer.

Bill looked straight at him. How do I know you're not a spy? An agent for the Japs or Nazis?

The man began to laugh. His laugh was even nicer than his smile. It was obvious that he considered it a big joke. Look at me, he said between laughs. Do I look like a spy, son? I'm a family man. Wife and three children. He suddenly brought his wallet from inside his coat. Look, here's their pictures.

Bill took the wallet and examined the snapshots with interest. After a few seconds his hand automatically headed for his hip pocket and extracted his wallet, which he flipped open abstractedly and handed to the man. My girl, he said.

Oh, the man said, nodding. Very pretty. Good-looking girl, yes sir. Good looking. Engaged to her?

Nope, said Bill, shaking his head, not yet. All at once he felt a tolerant affection for the man. But then he remembered that he was a cop and handed back the man's pocketbook. Just because you don't look like a



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spy doesn't prove anything. Spies have wives and kids too. Mister, leave.

Look, officer, the man said. I'm an American citizen. Here's my card to the Elks. Look at this Kiwanis pin. I buy war bonds all the time through payroll allotment, and I don't even complain much about the taxes —well, not much. Every day I pass here and see those trailers and the funny boxes, and I wonder what they're for. I've meant to stop and ask often. I'm just curious and I thought you could tell me.

His voice changed. I think about it all the time, honestly I do, he said. Sometimes I even think about it in bed at night.

That's too bad, Bill said, shaking his head and trying not to smile.

I figured if I asked you it would be okay, argued the man.

I'm not supposed to tell anybody anything, said Bill.

I figured that, too. But if you'd just give me some idea, then when I pass here I won't keep thinking about those boxes. Every time I go by they seem to bother me more. It's practically all I think about.

Couldn't you go to work some other way? Bill asked. You wouldn't have to look at them. Maybe you could forget about them after a while.

The man shook his head. Got to save gas. This road is shortest.

Bill sighed, still trying to keep from smiling, and said, I might lose my job if I told you about those trailers. It might be treason. You can't fool with the Army, you know.

Oh, no, the man said. Nothing would happen, I'm sure. I wouldn't tell a soul, not even my wife. She doesn't know I think about the trailers anyhow. She never suspects. If you'd only give me some idea.

Bill's eyes twinkled then for he knew what he was going to do. He tightened his grip on the billy to hold back his smile and planted his feet squarely on the ground. Well, he said, listen carefully and don't tell a soul.

Yes? the man looked eager, then solemn. You're going to tell me?

The billy was hard in Bill's hand. That box, he said, is what they call a hydrotrope.

Oh, the man said. I see. He nodded seriously. What did you say it was called?

A hydrotrope, Bill said. Connected by gyroptic control with the rear left-hand pfleudler.

The man seemed to understand. Oh, he said with realization. Rear left-hand pfleudler. Right.

When the trailer is at perhelion, Bill said slowly, it exudes noxoossnic gases, which are condensed in the valves. From there they flow to the tarsic chamber, and from there to the prusic box. It dihedes them in there, and they come out as soxnosconic fumes and go up into the box. Got that?

The man smiled, a little uncertainly. Certainly. He nodded again. Well, that sure clears things up for me. Soxnosconic fumes, eh? What will they think of next? Is that all?

That's all I can say, Bill said, without getting in trouble.

It's enough to make a man wonder. the man declared. He put out his hand and grasped Bill's. Officer, I want to thank you very much. It's been a pleasure talking to you and you have been very kind. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Then he leaned forward confidentially. And I won't breathe a word to a soul. Not even my wife. See you again some time, maybe.

Bill nodded. Yeah, he said.

He stood looking after the man as he got in his car and drove away, knocking his billy against his leg contemplatively. He wondered if anyone in the big building had seen him talking to the man, and then he knew it didn't matter much. He began to grin, feeling benevolent and patriotic and glad he had explained everything so carefully to the man. He never even considered what a good cop would have done.

—Richard B. Gehman





"Get Mr. Kravitz on the phone and tell him I don't think I'll handle his invention after all!"

NEW ENGLAND HANDICRAFTS

. . . Despite war shortages of materials and manpower, New England craftsmen are continuing to turn out work of the highest quality, as evidenced by the current exhibit at the Society of Arts and Crafts, 32 Newbury Street, on view until April 12. Here are fine pottery, hand wrought silver, beautiful in its simple lines, exquisite jewelry, fine leather work, hand-blocked prints and many other articles, selected from the exhibition of Contemporary New England Handicrafts which recently evoked much interest at the Worcester Art Museum. Most of the artists and craftsmen are members of the Society of Arts and Crafts, Boston.

Although metal is scarce, and the making of pewter articles has had to be abandoned entirely, a greater difficulty in the production of fine handicrafts now is the shortage of manpower. Skilled professional craftsmen are employed in war industries and have little time to work at their peacetime pursuits. Others, who worked on crafts as a hobby, now use most of their leisure time for war activities. The result is a reduction in the quantity, but not the quality of their wares.

At this show you will find no crude handicrafts, but beautifully executed work by top-notch craftsmen, suitable for the most discriminating homes. Unusually lovely is a silver tea service inspired by Paul Revere, the work of James Woolley. Set in a lighted wall niche, against a neutral background of embroidered Italian linen, all the lustrous quality of the silver and the beauty of its design are revealed. In another niche is an equally beautiful, but completely modern tea set of hammered silver with black onyx, done by Joseph Sharrock.

In each of these new eye-level wall niches, objects of harmonious colorings and tones have been arranged to blend subtly with each other and with the background. Another particularly handsome example of modern silver work is a chalice and candlesticks, accented with black onyx and amethysts, done by Edward Oakes and shown with some of his exquisite jewelry.

Not all of the fine work in the exhibit is costly, for there are a large number of pieces created by these craftsmen for the average purse, such as cigarette boxes, ash trays, and many pieces of pottery judged to be excellent of their kind. An important function of the Society of Arts and Crafts is to see that both the craftsman and the purchaser get a fair return, the one for his labor, the other for his money.



Amongst the pottery are large and small drinking mugs, pitchers and bowls in lovely tones of blue and brown by Mary and Edwin Scheier of New Hampshire. This husband and wife are a rare working combination. She does the pottery, and he does the decoration. He taught her the craft after they were married. He became a professor at the University of New Hampshire, then went into the Army, leaving his wife to carry on with the teaching. He has recently been discharged for reasons of health.

Another war story lies behind the few pieces of Dedham pottery on exhibit. The maker of this well-known pottery has gone into the Navy and will not resume the work after the war. Hence these pieces, for many years much sought after, will become increasingly rare and prized possessions.

The stories behind many of these handicrafts are a very real part of them and are interesting. There is a fine Florentine-type, hand-tooled red leather portfolio, the center of interest in the most formal of niches, done by Laura Lee Linder, who came from Europe as a young girl to build up a reputation throughout the country as an unusually fine leather craftsman.

Many exquisite pieces of fine linen, lacework and embroidery are produced by a group of foreign-born women, mostly Italian, who work together under competent guidance, applying the art and dexterity in needlework which is their European heritage.

At the rear of the Shop, in the new gallery, are two stained glass exhibits —one by Connick, and the other by Burnham. Here also are displayed hand-blocking prints, including a very amusing one by Virginia Demetrios, called "The Gossips."

About one-fifth of the collection at the Worcester Art Museum was selected for this Boston exhibit. No attempt has been made to represent all types of crafts, but, the exhibit does justice to the best work that is being done today by American craftsmen. Much, but not all, of the work is for sale.

—Helen Barr Robinson

HUNTING AND FISHING

. . . We have lost track of how many billions the nation's post-war planners have earmarked for a super-public works program of highways, buildings, airports, power dams and their mechanical offshoots which are to turn this country into a paradise where the push of a button will get you anything from clean laundry to a week-end in Europe.

But we are acutely conscious of the fact that the grand total so far allotted to fish and game conservation in this multi-billion dollar program stops at $20,000. A resolution offered by Senator Bailey of North Carolina would provide that amount to prepare a survey for Congress on the status of the nation's fisheries, both inland and ocean.

The contrast would be funny if it wasn't so pathetic. Apparently we are assured a super-deluxe, air-conditioned civilization with television, a helicopter and one-button kitchen in every home. But so far nobody seems to have given a thought to guaranteeing anything to eat in the pantry.

You can't live on kilowatts, and the bald fact still remains that soil, forests and water which can't support fish and game ultimately will not be able to support humans, let alone a billion dollars' worth of gadgets which all have their origin in natural resources somewhere.

The push-button civilization is a swell idea. But in creating it let's not further strangle the Mother Nature goose which has been laying the golden eggs that have brought us so far along the so-called road to civilization that we're already seeing the bottom of the fuel oil barrel, a tobogganning food fishery and the thin edge of the natural forest supply, which alone is scheduled to furnish us with all our bright new plastic gadgets.

Senator Bailey's resolution seeks hardly a crumb of the post-war conservation loaf, but it is a step in the right direction and as such rates the support of every sportsman, both individual and organized. His $20,000 wouldn't begin to restore a fraction of the inland fisheries which industrial pollution alone has ruined in the last decade. But it is enough to bring forcibly to the attention of those who make the country's laws that the ruin has been done, and is continuing.

Furthermore, such a survey could point the way to restoration. And once somebody besides sportsmen and conservationists get the idea that nature can produce free what man has destroyed at a cost of billions to recreate, we may start catching up with a more abundant life without such a heavy tax bill.

Senator Bailey's resolution is known as SJ Resolution 112. You sportsmen know how to write, and your club secretary's job is to see to it that your wishes are made known. Get on the ball and write your senator and representative in Congress that you want favorable action, and fast, on SJ Resolution 112. And have your club recorded in favor, too.

If literary effort comes hard, clip out this column and send it along with the notation that it expresses your sentiments. But don't leave it for the other fellow or club. Senators and representatives are in Washington to do your bidding, but they are not mind readers. There are enough sportsmen in this country to elect or defeat a whole Congress if they got together on it. If you all write you'll get action.

Short Casts, Snap Shots

This is being written about the time you went out and borrowed that dough for the income tax collector. . . . And although ice was thick on many ponds and the north was buried under feet of snow, opening day of the trout season in Massachusetts is the 15th of this month. . . . And for the past 30 days this year's plant of trout already has been going into open waters throughout the state as fast as they cleared of ice.

Despite wartime labor shortages and inferior food which has retarded fish growth, Director H. S. duMont of the Massachusetts fish and game division is able to report that a total of 400,000 legal-size trout from six to 11 inches in length will be liberated by opening day. That 400,000 represents 80 per cent of normal production.

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THE GRAY LINE

Maine's brook trout fishing season opens on April 1, and while little open water for salmon fishing is expected in the state before the middle of this month, you can bet that any brook or stream which has the right quota of running water will be lined with eager worm dunkers, even if they have to stand up to their waist in snow.

As part of his postwar development plans, Commissioner Raymond J. Kenney of the Massachusetts department of conservation has announced the establishment of a wildlife research center on the Upton state forest in southeastern Worcester county. . . . The center will be dedicated as the Phillips Wildlife Laboratory, in memory of the late John C. Phillips of Boston and Wenham, internationally known ornithologist, conservationist and wildlife research pioneer, who died in 1938.

"The new unit," says Commissioner Kenney, "not only will serve as a permanent home for all of the research work of the department which previously has been operated in small, unrelated units around the state, but also will afford the opportunity for sportsmen and other interested citizens to visit the headquarters and learn first-hand of the progress being made in the research program."

The Remington Arms Company came up with a couple of interesting notes this month. . . . No. 1 is a new type .45 caliber shot cartridge designed to be fired from an automatic pistol. . . . It's part of a jungle kit for fliers forced down in wild country, or at sea, by means of which they can be surer of shooting birds or wildfowl for sustenance until rescued, a feat that would be virtually impossible with a regular bullet.

Nosing into the post-war sporting picture Remington also has discovered that 80 per cent of peacetime shotgun shells are fired in the field and the remaining 12 per cent at trap or skeet targets. . . . The most popular game in the Field? . . . The answer is rabbits. . . The lowly cottontail draws 29 per cent of the composite sportsman's fire . . . Next in order come squirrel 14 per cent; quail 13.9; ducks and geese 10.5; pheasant 9.5; doves 7; other game 3.5.

—Henry Moore.

• •



"There were three of them on my tail . . ."



1944

OPENING WITH CHARITY DAYS

for

RED CROSS

and

CATHOLIC CHARITIES

How to get to NARRAGANSETT PARK

Trains from BOSTON to PROVIDENCE every hour on the hour — also 11:30, 12:25 (Sat. only), and 1:30, stopping at Pawtucket.

Bus service from PROVIDENCE and PAWTUCKET to Newport Avenue.

Return bus service to PAWTUCKET and PROVIDENCE from Newport Avenue.

Buses from Park Square, BOSTON to Pawtucket and Providence every half hour.

5 Big Stake Races

	Added
April 15—THE SPRING HANDICAP 3-Year-Olds and Upwards—6 Furlongs	$5,000
April 22—THE ROGER WILLIAMS HANDICAP 3-Year-Olds and Upward—1 Mile and 1-16	$5,000
April 29—THE BRISTOL HANDICAP 3-Year-Olds and Upward—6 Furlongs	$5,000
May 6—THE RHODE ISLAND HANDICAP 3-Year-Olds and Upward—1 Mile and 1-8	$10,000
May 13—THE BLACKSTONE VALLEY 'CAP 3-Year-Olds and Upward—6 Furlongs	$5,000

POST TIME FIRST RACE 2:30



Spring Meet

APRIL 12 thru MAY 13

NARRAGANSETT PARK

PAWTUCKET RHODE ISLAND

BOOKS

. . . With the capitulation of Italy and our seemingly easy victories in Sicily (according to many radio commentators), a great number of Americans considered the battle for Italy over and the end of the entire European War just a small matter of cleaning up Hitler. The Monday Morning quarter books on the home front seem to feel that we are going to get out of the European War with the minimum loss of American lives and with very little effort on the part of those of us at home.

If you find yourself thinking about these lines, by all means read Quentin Reynolds' latest book on the Western War which is significantly called *The Curtain Rises.*

Last year, Reynolds covered Russia, North Africa, and Sicily for *Colliers* Magazine as a War Correspondent. In this, his latest book, he sets down his impressions and experiences of that trip.

Reynolds interviews Generals Spaatz, Eisenhower and Montgomery, which enables us to see these men at their various headquarters at the front as they planned the next moves against the enemy.

But it is the "little people" of Russia and Italy that tell the greatest part of this story. The people who have had their homes blown to bits, who have suffered under the German brutality and have sacrificed their loved ones in defense of their country.

The author's chapter on Russia has probably done more than any other previous writing to help lift the veil of suspicion and misinformation of the Russian people and her part in this war.

It is in *The Curtain Rises* that many of us have seen the Russian fighting to save his homeland against the German might.

Reynolds' vivid stories he has heard from the peasants about Nazi treachery and ruthlessness. He describes the scenes of horror and starvation, and he is amazed at their courage and endurance.

Visiting the Russian city of Vyazma shortly after the Germans were forced to evacuate it, the author saw nothing but a mass of jagged rubble. What was once a thriving city with a population of 60,000 inhabitants was now a level city with only 716 citizens left alive.

The Germans had blown up every single building in the city except the Cathedral. In this they had planted a time bomb for they knew the Russians on capturing the city would immediately turn it into a hospital, which they did and they lost almost fifty doctors and nurses when the bomb went off. "Nothing," says Reynolds in describing Vyazma, "I had ever seen in Coventry, Plymouth or London had prepared me for this."

In Cairo, Reynolds visited our boys who were stationed there. He tells how they are making the most of living in such a strange country, the entertainment they receive, and he records their feelings and reactions.

Then he joins the American Navy where he can take part in the battle for Italy. His chapters on the allied drive against Sicily and on the Salerno battle are set down as he saw our boys under action for the first time. He has nothing but praise and commendation for the courage and stamina shown by these men, many of whom were under fire for the first time.

Throughout the book, Reynolds portrays the life of a war correspondent and how he lives in crowded hotels, and the way he gets around to report his impressions and experiences of this war. *The Curtain Rises* is a book which will jolt you out of your self confidence, for it presents clearly and simply what our men are doing in Italy and how the Russians are fighting back on every front. It is excellent writing by one of our most important war correspondents.

. . . John Gunther, author of *Inside Europe,* and other political books, has turned war correspondent and in his first "personal" book *D Day,* he tells what happened before and after D Day which is the day set in advance for the opening of an operation.

Gunther was the only American Correspondent attached to General Eisenhower's headquarters and representing the American press, during the landings in Sicily.



Sweet dreams.



"He always does it, if he can't have his own way!"

• •

The writer has a flair for telling an incident, be it an interview with a general or a private or merely an airplane trip with colour and vividness. Gunther saw a great deal of action and he has set down his story in a very interesting and absorbing manner. *D Day* is a dramatic account of the War in Italy.

. . . WHY SEA POWER WILL WIN THE WAR, by Rear Admiral Yates Sterling, Jr., (U.S.N.Ret.) is the first ringing challenge to Major de Seversky's *Victory Through Air Power,* in which the major claimed that the battleship was obsolete because of air power's ability to sink it.

The Admiral maintains that the Navy accepts air power only as a new and vital auxiliary element of sea power and he strongly believes that the German Fleet is still a great menace which could comb our Atlantic Coast.

Of the war in the Pacific, he says, "It is as yet anybody's war and we need all the naval strength we can muster."

Why Sea Power Will Win the War is a stimulating and challenging book on the great importance of a strong Navy—even in the face of an air-minded world.

Yates Sterling, Jr., comes from a long line of Naval forebears. He has seen action in the Philippines and has served on the Asiatic Squadron.

Notes from a Fly-Leaf

. . . WITH THE publication date of any book one of to-day's uncertainties publishers are reluctant to give out with publication dates. If they do, it is an announcement filled with such phrases as: "Act of God" or "circumstances beyond our control." Nevertheless, we feel that you should know the following are on the fire and you can look for them in the not too distant future.

Richard Tregaskis, who wrote *Guadalcanal Diary,* is working on a new book in Florida where he is recuperating from wounds he received while at the Italian front. His new book to be called *Invasion Diary* describes the battle for Italy.

Random House hope to publish it this month and they add a bit cautiously "if humanly possible."

. . . HARCOURT, BRACE plan to bring out a volume of short stories by the late Virginia Woolf. The book, *A Haunted House and Other Stories,* covers the period from 1921 to 1941.

Violet Sweet Haren tells the almost unbelievable story of Japan's pre-invasion tactics in her new book, *Gentlemen of Japan,* due "sometime next month."

—GEORGE MOONEY.

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WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Mickey Alpert's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves. $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days.

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hotel Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East and Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service men only $1 for dinner and show; no cov., no min.).

Green Room, Hotel Edison, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min. $2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Chatterbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily. Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent cuisine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain. Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.



Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.

Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 P.M. weekdays; other days $4.

Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever. Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and Hols.

Number One Bar, 1 Fifth Ave. Dinner and on thru the evening. Ent. and an attractive crowd.

Old Roumanian, 169 Allen St. GR. 3-9595. Famous for Mushk Steak and a big International Revue. Din. $1.65.

One, Two, Three, E. 54th St. Soft lights. Distinguished cuisine.

Penthouse, 30 Central Pk. So. See for yourself this lovely dining spot. Luncheon from $1. Din. from $2.

Radio Frank's, 70 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-9258). Continuous fun.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Earn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Bar, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd that's fun to be with.

AMERICAN MENU

Bryant Transportation Room, 54th & B'way. For luncheon and dinner and top notch drinks.

Chesapeake, Madison Ave., bet. 34th & 35th. Outstanding cuisine and delightful atmosphere.

Oyster Bar, Grand Central Terminal. (MU. 9-5430). The Oyster Bar is famous 'round the world for its excellent cuisine and of course, seafood is tops there. The service is speedy.

Olney Inn, 12 E. 49th St. Clara May Downey's famous food. Luncheon from 85c; Dinner from $1.50; Cocktail Lounge. Half block from Radio City.

Skipper, Really Home Cooked Food. Famous for Filet Mignon, Fried Chicken and Lobster Dinners. 7 East 44th St.; 56 West 47th St.; 160 E. 48th St. Open 1 A.M. daily, Sun. Din. from 1 P.M.—$1.35. Cocktails.

Town & Country, 284 Park Ave. Manhattan's newest and definitely the place to dine. Famed Drury Lane food. Country dining room for men only. Drury Lane branch at 47 East 49th St.

CONTINENTAL

English Grill, in the lower Plaza Rockefeller Center. Typical English Menus a la carte. Luncheon entrees from 60c. Open 11 to 1 A.M. incl. Sun.

DUTCH

Holland House Taverne, 10 Rockefeller Plaza at 48th Street. Recommended for its Dutch Cuisine and the many and interesting authentic Dutch antiques used in the decoration. Luncheon Specials from 60c. Dinner from $1.75.

FRENCH

Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 P.M. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

INTERNATIONAL

Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb food. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

ITALIAN

Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185). Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

Vesuvio, 163 W. 48th St. Authentic Italian food, including time honored favorites. Bar, Luncheons and Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

SWEDISH

Castleholm, 344 W. 57th St. (CI. 7-0873) Smorgasbord as prelude to hearty dining. Dancing to the music of the Norsemen.

Wivel, 254 W. 54th St. (CI. 7-9056) Famous for its Swedish Smorgasbord Dinner from $1.85. No minimum except Sat.

SWISS

Swiss Pavilion, 38 E. 50th St. (EL 5-8680). Superb Swiss and Continenta food. Paul Burger, Mgr. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.00. Closed Sunday.

Mrs. Bowie invites you to the newes' Skipper Restaurant at 7 E. 44th St

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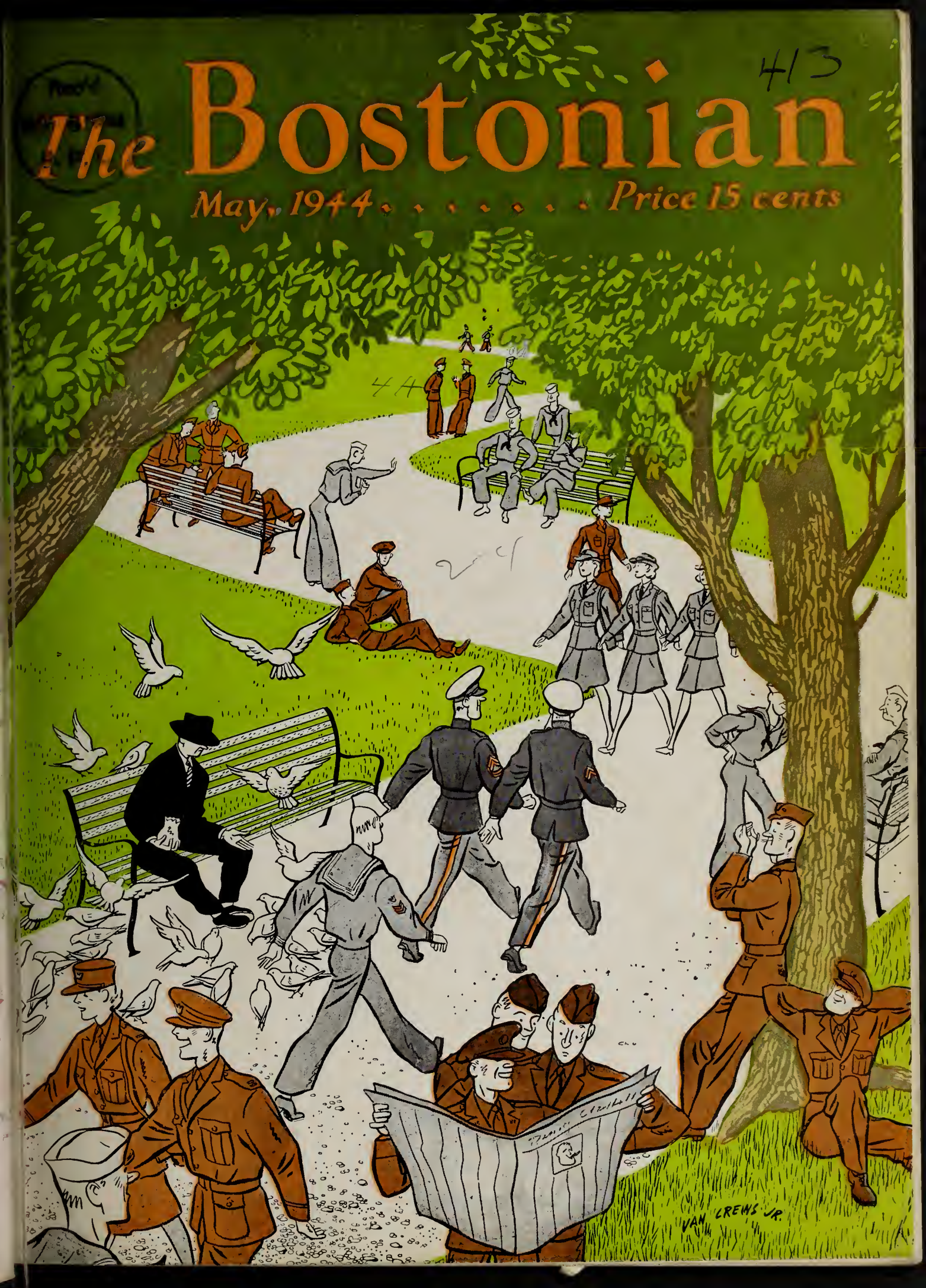
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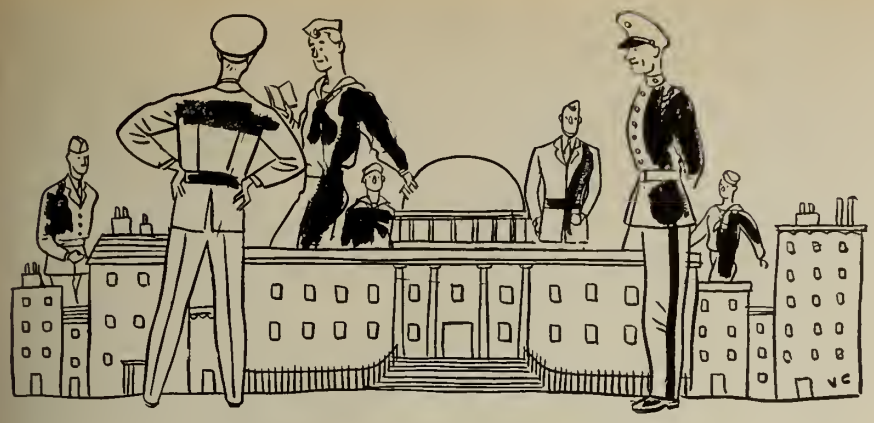




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Atlantic Service Club (near So. Sta.), 641 Atlantic Ave., Boston—Lib. 7794.
Bay State—Buddies Club, Boston Common. Tel. Information, Home Hospitality and Social Events. Ticket Office—Lib. 1381.
North Station Service Center, 149 Staniford Street, Boston—Laf. 1259.
South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.
Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.
Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.
Temple Place Service Center, 26 Temple Place—Lib. 8674.
Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.
Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.
Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.
Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.
Tremont Temple Service Center, 82 Tremont St.—Cap. 1305.
Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.
Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.
Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.
Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.
Christian Science Service Men's Center, 80 Boylston St., Boston—Dev. 8676.

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATIONS

All Boston Police Stations provide free bed and bath, Ken. 6700. Dormitory accommodations 50c or less, at these centers.
Army and Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Sq., Charlestown—Cha. 2660.
Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.
Boston Y.M.C. Union (Sat. only), 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.
Burroughs Newsboys Foundation (Sat. only) 10 Somerset St.—Laf. 5200.
Cambridge Y.M.C.A., 820 Mass. Ave. at Central Sq., Cambridge—Tro. 3860.
Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave.—Ken. 7800.
Sailor's Rest (for Seamen & Navy Men), 287 Hanover St., Boston—Cap. 6357.
The Argonne, 4 Bulfinch Place, Boston—Cap. 9494.
Lodging for Service Men's Families, Call Liberty 7715, 11 A.M.-11 P.M. Call Han. 0733 if unable to find lodgings
Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.
Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Socks Darned. Salv'n Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Soldiers and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

American Merchant Marine Library, 49 Atlantic Avenue, has the latest books on Navigation, Machinery, Seamanship, etc. available. Books loaned to Merchant Marine Men only. All others welcome to consult or read on premises.

Volume 2, Number 5 *May 1944*

THE BOSTONIAN is a New England monthly publication which aims impartially to record and interpret the significant and interesting events taking place in the field of entertainment, art, industry and literature. Any editorial or critical opinions expressed on these pages are those of their respective authors. Manuscripts and photographs submitted to the BOSTONIAN should be accompanied by self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage for their return. While all due care is taken of them, the publisher cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Published at 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass. Single copies 15 cents. By subscription $1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions $2.50 a year. EDWARD LEADER, Publisher and Managing Editor; BARBARA PEARSON, Editor; TRENTWELL. MASON WHITE, Executive Editor; VAN CREWS, JR., Art Editor; GEORGE COMEAU, Cartoon Editor; ELLIOT C. LOCKWOOD, Staff Photographer; ALAN REINHART, Advertising Manager. Copyright 1943, by Edward E. Leader. The BOSTONIAN assumes no financial responsibility for typographical errors in advertisements but will reprint that part of an advertisement in which the typographical error occurs.

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GOOD FOOD . . . GOOD FUN

FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB. 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanover Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Da-Way, Boylston Place (DEV. 9346). Slogan of "Boston's Nicest Eating Place" is backed up by fine food and good service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners, dancing to Pete Herman's orchestra. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

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Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Bradford Roof, Hotel Bradford, offers top name entertainment at all times. No cover in the beautiful room, Sammy Eisen's music for dancing. Attractive Sky Bar adjoining. Food is excellent here.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertain ment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen. Two floor shows enliven your visit here.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Renaissance Room at the Hotel Touraine (HAN. 3500) has scored a big click with guests. Here you will find dinner and supper dancing, a lively floor show, and congenial surroundings.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p.m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner

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PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury St. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Wednesday evenings, 7-10. Closed Sundays

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT-SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Gardens with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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COMMON TALK

Something New (?)

. . . How many times have you wondered who buys the novelty items advertised grimly and persistently in the "pulps." Take the "Sensational New Necktie that Glows in the Dark." The ad-writer says.

"Men, create a sensation wherever you go . . . everywhere you go, by day or by night, your Victory Necktie (also called Blackout) will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's . . . 'V' for Victory, in striking red and white on rich dark blue background! And at night the Victory Code in flaming beauty! . . . A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark!"

Sure, you enter a room, calmly turn out the light, and lookee, you're a sensation. You're also on the spot, mister.

Rugby

. . . On fair days, the sidewalk spectators are getting something new in the way of a sporting contest to watch. The British sailors are playing rugby where the youngsters also play sandlot baseball on the Common.

Standing around with a few spectator sporting bloods, we noticed that no one was saying a word, not even in criticism of the game. The player on the British team who held down a regular position near us kept glancing over at the spectators, hopeful of some kind of comment, even though bad. Each time he gave the ball a good boot, he'd turn and look at us.

Finally, when this had gone on for about ten minutes, he gave the ball a particularly fancy kick, turned around and eyed us coldly.

"Look," he said bitterly, "no hands!"

Data

. . . Those case history backgrounds which astute press agents and studios drape like togas about their star properties have much to recommend them for ingenuity and variety. Unlike the stars of the early 1900's, today's halos can be a bit on the rakish side. Yesterday's ditto had to be spotless as the kitchen of tomorrow.

What brings this up is the fact that stars who have reached the turn of the half-century in age and are still clicking with the American audiences often suffer from the credibility of another day. They have to drag along a load of "what-not" background stories which have become part of folklore.

•



Take Billie Burke, for example. What the newspapers and fan magazines printed regarding her life story never quite jibed with what residents of Suncook, New Hampshire, saw with their own eyes. More than a few summer vacations were spent by Billie Burke in Suncook, and childhood friendships made at the time have been maintained by her. But press releases tabbed her as being born of American parents in London, England. Never once, according to the legend, did she put her feet on American soil until she was a great star in the theatre.

Billie (Ethel) Burke *was* born in England, during the London engagement of a circus. Her father, William Burke, happened to be a very capable and successful circus clown, a fact somehow much more satisfactory than the hint of regal relatives in the offing.

Her first part in a play came when she was given a small role in an Edna Mae starring vehicle. Her own first starring break came with John Drew in "My Wife."

Cabby Whim

. . . What seems to rack up some new kind of a record for the day occurred recently. The hero in the story got into a big black taxi, smoking a cigarette. Sitting back comfortably, he was startled to see a neatly lettered sign up near the taxi identification card which read:



"No Smoking."

Equally startled, he realized that the driver had fixed him with a very cold glare.

"Can't you read, mister?" he asked.

The hero admitted that he could read, but what was the idea.

"I just don't want any smoking in my cab, so cut it out!" snapped the driver, turning around and starting the cab with a jerk.

On Guard

. . . On an upsurge of civic conscience, we went along to Boston's Museum of Fine Arts to find out how they guard against the threat of theft. Having just read that a small but precious painting was filched from under a New York museum's nose, it seemed like a good idea to examine the local hazards.

The electric-eye entrance gate is somehow guaranteed to curdle the potential thief's ambition. Acting like a suspicious character, we made as much of a beeline for the Chinese Paintings special exhibit as we could manage, getting lost on only one turn. The guards in the main rooms looked fairly benign and completely helpful even when we pointedly asked which was the most valuable piece in the exhibition, in point of dollars and cents. This, we were told, pleasantly, was rather relative. Some said that such-and-such was the rarest item; others claimed so-and-so had more value.

Apparently, to be a thief of objects d'art, you need plenty of specialized art knowledge. This fact alone curdles a whole lot of stealing plans. The racing form is much easier to read.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts, we discover, has set up some kind of a record by never having had any thefts nor attempted thefts. Captain of the Guards, James McLaughlin, a tall, grey-haired, alert individual, is quick to point out, however, that good luck plays a part in this as well as vigilance.

As captain of the Museum's 42 guards, Mr. McLaughlin has a big job on his hands. The Museum is a large place. It has plenty of valuable treasures. But in the thirteen years he has been employed there, nothing has been stolen. The worst hazard or epidemic occurred when a group of young girls took out lipsticks and put red lips where they didn't belong.

"I gave them a good talking to," Mr. McLaughlin says, eyes twinkling, "and it didn't happen again."

Most of the people who visit the Museum regularly are students, teachers, and artists. The strangers are also fairly easy to catalogue, either as out-of-towners or once-a-year visitors. A few "mental cases" drift in during each week, but these are closely watched and dealt with as gently and speedily as possible.

"It wouldn't be easy to steal anything from the Museum," Mr. McLaughlin points out, "because everything is nailed down or locked up. Most thieves who steal paintings are a little bit cracked, anyway. An art treasure is hard to get rid of. Only a crooked private collector would dare to buy this kind of stolen property."

Keeping the staff of guards on its toes is no easy job. Not that they get careless but that the place is so large and the visitors today are setting new highs in attendance. McLaughlin

gives his men frequent pep talks, illustrating them whenever possible with actual incidents occurring in other parts of the country.

On the whole, however, the Museum's record is an unique one. No thefts, no malicious damage done by visitors, no fires, and no trouble requiring police assistance have occurred. With luck and Mr. McLaughlin's firm guarding technique, the record looks good to continue.

Editorial Polygamy

. . . No better way to illustrate the difference between New York and Boston thinking than to quote the headline approach to a recent polygamy mix-up. The *New York Daily News* led off the story with a mixture of wonder and defiance:

"Happy Though Accused of Polygamy."

Boston, in turn, gave terse but vital statistics:

"Five Wives."

Well, anyway, it's a safe bet both editors were husbands.

May Flashbacks

. . . Scrambling around through the historical records of Boston from 1646 to 1879, we uncovered a few chunks of data on the month of May throughout the years. It turns out not to have been a merry month in many ways, but there were goings-on of note.

"But seventy cows" were permitted to pasture on the Common in May, 1646.

For the first time, a license to sell liquor was required in Boston in May, 1701.

What seems to have been the first local "showing" of the Aurora Borealis occurred in Boston May 15, 1719, causing "great alarm" among the townspeople.

Kine-pox inoculation was introduced locally by Zabdiel Boylston on May 21, 1721.

Two pirates were gibbeted at Bird Island May 3, 1724, and hung in chains for good measure.

A rather confusing item turns up relative to May 28, 1735. On this date, dancing on ropes was prohibited by law.

The British closed Boston as a port of entry on May 16, 1774. Six days before, the Blockade of the Harbor had been begun by British Men-of-War. On May 15, too, General Thomas Gage proclaimed Military Rule to cope with the situation.

What is known to historical records as the Dark Day took place on May 19, 1780, causing "great alarm" throughout New England. Very probably, this refers to an eclipse.

The stalls in Faneuil Hall were advertised to let for the first time on May 18, 1793.

An earthquake tremor occurred in Boston on May 16, 1793.

Boston inaugurated a City, Mayor, Aldermen and Council the first day of May, 1822.

And on the first day of May, 1823, a fifteen-dollar premium was offered for being first at a fire.

Bostoniana

. . . Two highlights from the local scene illustrate (a) how the typical Boston dowager is changing, and (b) how typical the Boston dowager remains. Take your choice.

Beatrice Kay, Gay Nineties star of stage and radio, had it happen to her at the flower show in March. An old lady was seated wearily on a chair, waiting for her chauffeur to bring her car. She was a lavender-and-old-lace lady, and while Beatrice waited for her own taxi, she started talking to the woman.

"Have you been at the Show very long?" Miss Kay asked.

The old lady sighed and said she had been there two hours, looking around and waiting for the celebrities. Her feet were just killing her, she added. Miss Kay looked at her feet and saw that they were very tiny.

"What dainty feet you have!" Miss Kay told her.

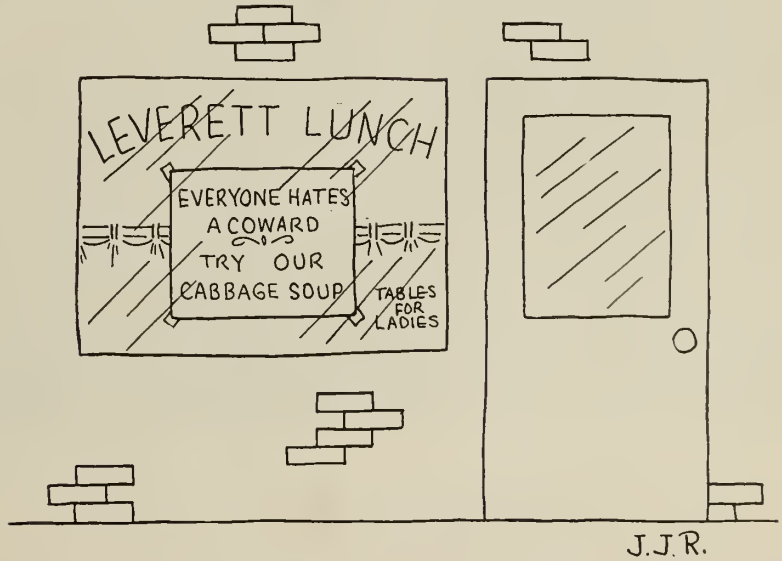
The old lady looked very pleased. Archly, she pointed at her left foot, which looked exactly as small as the right foot.

"I don't see how you could say this one is small. I was bitten on the heel by a spider last spring!"

. . . The second or Times-are-Changing episode occurred on Newbury street. A very chic, very aristocratic elderly lady stood on the curb and raised her arm to stop a cab. The cab paid no attention. The next cab paid no attention to her either even though she stepped into the street. Two more cabs wheeled past.

Suddenly, the elderly lady put two fingers in her mouth, and wham, the loudest whistle ever to split Newbury street silence cut the air. The cabbie faltered but did not stop.

Very disgusted, the dowager stepped back on the curb, opened her mouth, and let out one of the most pertinent, descriptive adjectives we've heard in years. It was a pearl of a word, spoken feelingly and with just the proper emphasis.





"You say he's been that way ever since the night the alarm clock stopped working?"

RENEGADE No. 1 [*Part II*]

. . . Simon Girty, most infamous of killers during colonial times, usually tried to blame his penchant for shuffling off someone else's mortal coil on his unfortunate background. And there is no denying that with a dissolute and thieving father and an easy-moralled mother, there did exist a bit of a basis for his argument. Lethal Simon quite literally took life easy—if you'll forgive the solecistic pun. Even those unsung heroes who help historians by sneaking onto battlefields and counting the dead, practically before rigor-mortis sets in, readily admitted that there just was no keeping up with Girty on a day that he had blood in his eye.

Now and again, however, he seemed to repent of his low-down ways and would link himself with some governmental enterprise or other — usually with the volunteer militia. It was on such an occasion that he joined up with Lord Dunmore's soldiery as it swept out of Virginia, hot on the trail of plundering redskins, and hastened toward Fort Pitt. Because Girty had a theatrical bent and could do some pretty amusing take-offs and impersonations which diverted his camp associates after business hours, Dunmore one evening promised Sime a second lieutenant's commission when they got to Pitt.

And, curiously enough, Girty did get to be a shave-tail, though when Dunmore left the Fort, he saw to it that Simon did not return with him but was stuck there as a member of Colonel Connolly's staff. Life was dull at Pitt and the following year when the Revolution began, Connolly's militia was withdrawn for service elsewhere and Girty looked about for more exciting work. He went to visit George Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs and in ten minutes sold himself to the chief as an interpreter. This was a good job because it permitted the incumbent to rove the countryside unmolested by British or savage. Girty made various trips through the Ohio territory and one special visit to the House of Burgesses in Virginia where he made a speech about racial intolerance which made Patrick Henry wonder whether he hadn't overlooked a good bet when he picked his famous taxation subject.

It was probably professional jealousy that shortly brought about Girty's discharge only three months after he had taken office with Morgan. And he was turned off abruptly without the hundred dollars backpay owed him. He rushed to Morgan and demanded his due, only to have that gentleman laugh coarsely in his face and call him a dirty son of the forest—or so say our euphemistic historians. This patent ingratitude so shook Girty's faith in human nature that he quite forgot himself and threatened to upbraid Morgan with the rooftree of his cabin. The Commissioner's reply was to have Girty jailed on the trumped-up charge of having conspired with Alexander McKee, the former Indian Agent, to murder all the whites on the border.

For three long days Girty repined in the clink. Then he arose, beat in the sheriff's sconce and went away from that place to spend several months with his old chums, the Senecas. On a trip to a nearby settlement, he heard that the Revolution wasn't doing so well and needed recruits. Though he was wanted on a flock of murder charges, Girty blithely went to the commandant of the local fort and asked permission to act as an enlistment officer. Not checking his record too carefully, Colonel Crawford, to whom he was applying, told him to go ahead. Girty thereupon started a recruiting campaign in the border towns that, if unconventional because it had all the ear-marks of shanghai-ing, quickly doubled the quota set by the authorities.

When he had finished his job, Girty reported to Crawford under the impression that he deserved at least a captaincy for his undeniable efficiency. Colonel Crawford looked him over, sneered at his semi-savage costume, and tossed him a second lieutenant's commission. Girty was beside himself, but he decided to give Crawford one more chance. He dropped in to see him a few weeks later and asked for the hand of the Colonel's daughter, Katharine. Crawford was so enfuriated that he beat Girty with a cane all over his office. Girty staggered to the doorway, braced himself against the frame and screamed: "By God, sir, your quarters shall swim in blood for this." Before Crawford could call to his men to seize him, Girty had disappeared.

Girty was fed up, by now, with Americans. He joined with the ex-Indian agent, McKee, and, with malcontents Arnold Higgins, Matthew Elliott, and Robert Surphlit, struck out on February 1, 1778 for Detroit where the group offered their services to General Henry Hamilton, Lt. Governor of Canada. Hereafter, Girty was to wear the dress and heart of an Indian. He led the redmen in bloody forays against the white frontier, for the next twenty years, and the stories of his savagery grew apace.

For example, in October, 1779, Girty, his brother George, and above a hundred Indians discovered that an American officer, David Rogers, had arrived at the mouth of the Little Miami en route from Louisiana with seventy men and several boatloads of supplies. Rogers foresaw trouble and hastily moored on the Kentucky shore, prepared for battle. Girty fell upon the Americans with such fierceness that forty-two of Rogers' men were killed in the first assault. Girty personally dealt with Rogers and proudly brought his scalp back to camp. He had lost but two

•

SPRING MAGIC

Spring is here with open arms,
Calling you to see her charms;
Her violets in a wooded grove,
Her lilacs in a cloud of mauve;
Her dandelions in open spaces,
Her lady slippers in wooded places;
Forget-me-nots by rivers running;
Buttercups in meadows sunning;
Robins pecking on the lawn,
Whippoorwills who call till dawn;
Rich the foliage on the trees,
Green the hills and green the leas;
This the time to fall in love,
Soaring thus to heights above.

—Mary W. Suttle

of his own command with three wounded. With that, Kentucky, Virginia, and Pennsylvania figured that enough was enough and an $800 reward was posted for Girty, dead or alive. Girty was amused. With his brothers James and George, he immediately launched a new series of offensives ranging the entire length of the Ohio Valley.

On August 16, 1781, he collected an especially unattractive gang of Indian cutthroats and attacked Bryan's Station, Kentucky, where his advices had it that his old enemy Colonel Crawford was in charge. Crawford happened not to be around. Also the garrison proved to have nearly twice the strength Girty had estimated; and when, as usual, he boldly rode out to demand the immediate surrender of the fort, the militia replied with a broadside that practically decimated Girty's myrmidons and broke his arm into the bargain.

He was now known as the "White Savage" and the Americans decided, once and for all, to turn the heat on him. Crawford was selected to do the job and late in the summer of 1782, he met Girty and his whiskey-crazed redmen in a terrific battle. The militia was beaten back and presently completely routed. Crawford was captured and brought eventually to the Wyandotte's village. Here he was stripped, beaten, and shaved of his ears. Girty sat watching nearby on a white horse. Crawford finally demanded to know whether he was to be burned at the stake. Girty folded his arms, grinned, and allowed pleasantly that that was the general idea. After being tortured nearly all day, Crawford screamed to Girty who was still sitting there comfortably: "Girty! Girty! Shoot me through the heart. Do not refuse me. Quick, quick!" To which Girty replied, "Don't you see I have no gun, Colonel?" and bursting into mocking laughter rode away.

Romance came to Sime in the Spring of 1783. It was then that he met and married Catherine Malott, a woman half his age who was once called "the prettiest girl in Detroit." She had been captured by and made an adopted daughter of the Delawares, though some say the Shawnees. The happy couple settled in the little village of Malden in Canada, and Sime retired on half pay from the British Indian Service to become a solid citizen and a good neighbor. He lasted in this avatar just a single year. Nagged by his wife and restless as a farmer, he got himself appointed one of three principal British agents whose job was to keep the Indians in the Ohio country at war-heat. This was an easy task and thoroughly pleasurable from Sime's point of view. It meant a chance to lead various tribes in bloody attacks on the frontier American settlements. It also meant new additions to the dado of scalps with which he had decorated his sitting room at Malden.

He became St. Clair's right-hand man in the pillaging and burning of American settlements, and almost single-handed captured and killed the defenders of Fort Jefferson, June 25, 1792. But when he tackled Mad Anthony Wayne in the Battle of Fallen Timber, he got his comeuppance. Mad Anthony was an old Indian fighter who knew every trick in the book. He walloped the savages so badly that their power in the Northwest was destroyed forever. Girty suddenly realized that he was an old man, and after Perry's victory on Lake Erie, he sadly followed the British Army in its retreat from Detroit. In 1816, two years after American newspapers had joyously announced his death in a battle where "the horsemen of Kentucky repeatedly rode their mounts over the broken body of the arch-traitor Girty," old Simon, crippled with rheumatism and sand-blind, returned snarlingly to his 160-acre farm at Malden to spent his last days.



His wife had got religion during his absence and she so annoyed him with her attempts to bring him into the church that he virtually took up residence in his old hangout, the Amherstburg Tavern nearby. When well-oiled at this fount, Girty would grab a club, crawl onto his horse, and race around the country-side screaming at everyone he passed and singing scatalogical Indian songs. From once being the town's most celebrated soldier of fortune, he soon turned into the community's biggest scandal and problem. Women began to discipline their children by threatening "I'll give you to Girty if you don't behave," and the Canadian government considered rescinding his pension. Catherine and the various children she had had left him several times, saying that he was the outstanding scoundrel in North America. To which he sourly replied that she was the "most Christbitten trollop that ever came out of Detroit."

On February 11, 1818, old Sime staggered home from the tavern with a skinfull of rum and a high fever. He got up the next day and tried to get back to the pub, but he collapsed and was brought in on a shutter by the neighbors. The following morning, still pretty drunk, still roaring an old Indian song and reviling the United States, he died. A deputation of soldiers arrived on February 14th, during a tremendous blizzard, picked up the hastily cobbled-together coffin containing the body of the late great traitor, stumbled out of the cabin and across the road through the snow. Unable to go farther, they disposed of their burden simply by dumping it over the fence into a big drift on the adjoining farm of W. C. Mickle. That spring, a hired hand finding the coffin roosting above the melting snow, scrabbled a hole there and buried it where it had fallen.

—Trentwell Mason White

(This is the second part of a two-part article)

SUN TIME

. . . The witness chair was too big for an eleven-year-old, and Teddy's feet, dangling a couple of inches above the floor, had gone pricklingly to sleep. He didn't look at his father, sitting straight and silent in the enclosure, because it was easier if he didn't see that brown, hard cheek and the little half smile on his father's lips. The big oak-framed clock on the wall said two o'clock.

"Your witness, Mr. Prosecutor." His father's lawyer, a lean, tired-looking man, sat down.

The face of the man they called the district attorney swam in a haze of heat and fatigue before Teddy's eyes. The heavy odor of close-packed bodies in the courtroom pressed down like a muffler, soft and suffocating.

Teddy balled his fists and stuck out his chin. But it wasn't any use. This was something you couldn't fight with fists. It — wasn't — any — use. Even if you knew your father hadn't killed old Mr. Gruber, the clock-maker. Because everybody else believed that he had. Except maybe that policeman who had brought you from the boarding house. He had seemed to understand. He was tall, like Teddy's father, but fatter. He was nice.

The district attorney's face seemed to get bigger, like a pink balloon being blown up. "Now, Teddy, tell us once more what happened."

Teddy rubbed moist palms on his hot, bare knees. "We were stopping in the tourist cabin. I was asleep, because we hadn't got in until late the night before, and it was hot, like today. It was just a year ago yesterday. My birthday—that's how I remember." He wriggled on the hard chair. He hadn't intended to remind his father that yesterday was his birthday. Birthdays used to be such fun.

"Yes, go on, Teddy," the district attorney prodded. He wasn't really so friendly as he acted.

"Well, I woke up when my father opened the door. I was scared for a minute, because there was a shadow like a blindfold across his eyes. Then a church clock struck three. He said it must be going to rain, because that clock was a quarter of a mile away and it had sounded so plain. He joked about my sleeping so long, and said I couldn't sleep until three o'clock at the school where I was going."

A whisper swept the courtroom, and Teddy wondered whether he had said anything wrong.

"Your father spoke particularly about the time—three o'clock?" asked the district attorney. There was a little note of triumph in his voice.

"Yes, sir," replied Teddy uneasily. He glanced at his father to be sure he was doing okay, but his father wasn't looking at him. There was a little line of worry between his eyes.

The big pink balloon that was the district attorney's face receded a little.

"How do you happen to remember all this a year later?" he asked suddenly.

"I remember everything that day," Teddy said unevenly. "That was the last day I was with my father. I—you see—I was trying to remember, because I wasn't going to see him for a long time. He went to Panama to work and I had to go to the school to stay. I didn't want to forget a single thing." He didn't like saying all this before that crowd of people.

"Did your father speak of Mr. Gruber?" the district attorney asked.

"Yes, sir. He said he went to see him. Mr. Gruber was grouching about the man that ran the bar across the street. He was always snooping around, and the bar was bad for business, Mr. Gruber said. He was awfully mad, so my father went over to see the man and tell him to stop bothering Mr. Gruber, because he was an old man."

"We've been into all that, Teddy." The district attorney sounded cross. "Mr. Sorensen, the barkeeper, and three men who were there at the time, testified that the clock said three forty when your father came in. Let's stick to the question."

"But it couldn't have been," Teddy insisted. "It was three o'clock when he got back to the cabin."

Teddy didn't like Mr. Sorensen. He had heard the woman who ran the boarding house say that if it hadn't been for those other men in the bar agreeing about the time, Sorensen wouldn't be so cocky. They had been



" . . and now, ladies, just inhale the 'Vigorating Vapors' of 'Satan's Sudden Sin'!"

there from three thirty to four. They had seen the old clockmaker standing at the door of his shop when they went in the bar. At four, he had been found dead. One dirty dollar bill was stuck in a crack of a grandfather's clock whose door had been pried open. The rest of Mr. Gruber's money was gone.

When Teddy's father had come back, months later, and gone to Mr. Gruber's shop, Mr. Sorensen had recognized him and told the cops. His father wouldn't have gone to Mr. Gruber's if he'd known he was dead, would he?.

The district attorney was leaning forward again. "You hadn't any watch or clock in the cabin?"

"No, sir." Teddy rubbed one foot against the other, trying to stop the prickling.

"And except for hearing the strike of a distant clock at the moment you woke up, you haven't any proof of the time your father returned?"

"N-no, sir." A defeated little sigh escaped him.

The judge told Teddy he could go then, and he slid from the chair. His friend, the policeman, gave him a hand as he stumbled off the witness stand.

He shut his jaws hard against the sob that was bursting his chest and crowding up into his throat. He glanced once at his father, then quickly away at the clock on the wall. It was twenty minutes of three. The sun, shining through the many-paned windows of the courtroom, made a hopscotch pattern of yellow squares on the dull gray paint. One strip of shadow was across the judge's eyes. Like a blindfold, Teddy thought. The policeman led him outside.

They stood together on the courthouse steps. The policeman mopped his brow, took a step forward. But Teddy was still seeing the old judge with the shadow like a blindfold across his eyes. And suddenly he let out a yell and grabbed the policeman's arm.

"It's almost three o'clock, isn't it? Could you take me out to the cabin where we stayed that night? Could you do it quick?"

The policeman shook his head. "It's no good, sonny. Besides, I'm supposed to take you back to the boarding house."



"Nix, Agnes, . . . Door Man!"

Teddy wriggled like a pleading puppy. "If the sun stays out—you're tall, like my father—"

"Sorry, kid. I'm off duty when I've took you home, and my wife is waiting—" He met Teddy's entreating eyes, shrugged and muttered, "What th' heck! We can make it in a cab in twenty minutes. I got kids of my own."

At three twenty a taxi screeched to a stop in front of the courthouse. Teddy, the policeman and the taxi driver raced up the steps.

The judge rapped sharply as all three marched up the aisle. "What is the meaning of this, officer?"

Before the panting policeman could reply, Teddy's brown arm shot into the air. "Please, sir, it was the sun!"

The judge silenced the protest of the district attorney, who had been speaking. "Come up here, Teddy."

Teddy scrambled to the witness stand and faced the judge. "When I woke up that day, sir, the sun was shining in a little window up high above the bed, and like I told you, the shadow of the cross-piece came right across my father's eyes. Like a blindfold. We've just been out there and—you tell him," he said to the policeman, his voice suddenly unmanageable.

"It's God's truth, your honor, like he says. I'm six feet, like his father. I stood in the door at three o'clock, and the shadow caught me right across the eyes."

No one tried to stop Teddy as he vaulted the railing that separated him from his father. And if he cried a little, after everything seemed to be all right again, no one blamed him.

His father's lawyer got up then, not looking tired any more, and asked that Mr. Sorensen be recalled. From the way the lawyer said it, Teddy guessed that Mr. Sorensen was going to have kind of a hard time explaining about that clock.

—Lois W. Ames

REHABILITATION

. . . NECESSARILY, MUCH serious thinking is being done about the problems of rehabilitation which will follow in the wake of war. Social service agencies and public alike are aware how much emotional, mental and physical readjustment will be needed by the armed forces and the civilian as well. And the social service agencies are preparing to cope realistically with these problems.

One of the Red Feather Services in Boston which has made an excellent record in the rehabilitation field is the Community Workshops group, operated by the Cooperative Workrooms Inc. at 36 Washington street. The tangible results which have been achieved by this relatively small service agency are vital signposts on the road to future treatment. Because of this, the Community Workshops, managed by Miss Hazel Newton, are worth careful attention from the community.

Started in 1877, with a charter purpose carefully clarified as "the amelioration moral and physical of the poor, by personal visiting, by teaching them habits of temperance and cleanliness, by giving sewing to poor women from a workroom and by finding employment for men," the Workshops have progressed far beyond the quaint phraseology of these aims. But the progress has been highly constructive, with no sacrifice of the basic purpose.

Today, the Community Workshops, under the wise and far-sighted guidance of Miss Newton, have extended the purpose "to open up industrial opportunities for physically, mentally, or socially handicapped persons; to train these persons on factory machines and otherwise fit them to earn in competitive industry; by means of individual attention at the Workshops assist them to overcome or become adjusted to their handicaps; to provide work for women whose industrial field is limited by home cares."

In itself, the clearly stated purpose above covers the far-reaching scope of our future needs. And exactly how this purpose works out is of definite interest to every thoughtful citizen.

The light, airy rooms of the Community Workshops are a pleasant place to visit. Within a fairly limited space, pre-vocational training on power stitching garment machines, in hand-finishing, in cutting and shipping finished articles, in pattern drafting and designing, and in clerical practises goes on without fuss or confusion.

Individuals whose handicaps are so serious that their chances in competitive employment are limited are busy working in the Sheltered Shop, making up thousands of yarn sample cards, assembling printed matter, making gros point rugs, needlepoint, and artificial flowers. Still another group of individuals are busy preparing work for the home-bound, under the supervision, of course, of an occupational therapist. The homebound, incidentally, are often provided with glasses, prosthenic appliances, clinic appointments, work contacts, and even with small sums of money in an emergency.

It is very easy, naturally, to see the extent of physical handicaps with which the crippled people work. It is less easy, but quite as real a handicap, to see the mental and emotional handicaps with which the others must work.

Strangely enough, the Community Workshops of today are the direct result of the interest, efforts, and money of a titled Englishman, the Earl of Camperdown. The blend of practicality in production and the high purpose of the group are due in great part to his plans, and to Hazel Newton's understanding execution of them.

In 1877, the Cooperative Workrooms were struggling along, finding occasional work for the poor, giving out sewing, and fighting to overcome desultory relief methods which did not meet the needs of the people who sought aid. Work, not money, was vitally needed. But within its limits, the group was doing a sincere job for the community.

The faint touch of romance which brightens the background canvas of the Workshops today was added by



Two clients busy at typical Community Workshops activities—making hospital uniforms

the Hon. George Duncan, second son of a titled English family, and the husband of a gracious American woman. Through his wife, he had many interests in America, and being a second son, he had been taught a trade—steam engineering. A number of years after his wife's death, he visited America. And on this visit, he met and became engaged to Miss Georgiana Eaton. Before they could marry, Miss Eaton died.

Rather than build costly memorials to his fiancee, the Hon. George Duncan had a much more touching tribute in mind. Going through her papers, with permission of her family, he sought out her interests, with the intention of perpetuating them in her name.

Among her papers, he discovered the fact that she had been secretary of the board of a small, idealistic social project known as the Cooperative Workrooms Inc. Mrs. James T. Fields, president of the group and plagued by illness, was the guiding spirit. Duncan promptly paid her a visit. He wanted, he told her, to do something about the Workrooms. They needed a complete and energetic overhauling. They needed a very practical hand guiding them. What did she think of the idea? Records show that Mrs. Fields thought the idea a fine one. The Hon. George Duncan could go ahead as fast as he liked if he would take the position of vice-president.

In 1911, Duncan took the position and set to work to apply engineering methods to the work problems and a high idealism to the task of rehabilitation.

In some ways it is amusing to realize that it took an Englishman to put the iron of practicality into the high purpose of the group. By 1914, when he had become president of the Workrooms, he had given improved machinery for pre-vocational training; he had put the organization on a businesslike basis, making it a miniature factory which turned out and sold goods on the market at market prices. The sense of self-sufficiency which this gave to the handicapped people, the tonic which being a part of a business enterprise gave them showed



"Gosh . . . imagine anyone building a fire in a pail!"

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amazing and tangible results in rehabilitation.

A few years later, in the course of her study of social service at Simmons, Hazel Newton arrived at the Workrooms to do field work. Miss Newton, herself, was something of a drastic variation on the then-accepted pattern of the social service worker. She had gone into the field because she had to earn a living, not because of a broken love-affair or a blind idealism. Her family had long been doing practical social service work as part of their own effective business methods. It seemed logical to her to turn to work that she knew well.

Today, the crisp common-sense, the brisk cheerfulness of Hazel Newton are reflected in the results which have been chalked up by the Community Workshops. But from the first, the business practicality of the Earl of Camperdown plus the unwillingness of a young social service worker to recognize the word "impossible" worked well together.

In 1917, the Earl of Camperdown asked Hazel Newton to accept the post of executive at the Workrooms. In 1933, when he died, many of the high goals which he had set for the group were a reality. In 1944, Miss Newton is going ahead under full sail, doing the sort of a job which the Earl had appreciated from the very beginning. It is work which will become even more important in the future.

The handicapped individual who comes to the Community Workshops arrives there both through accepted social service agencies and by pure chance. Hospitals, agencies, and private individuals send many of the "clients" to the Workshops. Still others come directly to Miss Newton for help. And out of the crowded files, from actual case histories, a fat book on practical rehabilitation results could be compiled. There have been failures, too, but there have been few by comparison.

A glance at the annual report for 1942 gives some clue to the scope of the work. Because war work and the general scarcity of help has definitely lightened the load of the group temporarily, the records for 1942 are a bet-

ter example of a typical twelve months at the Workshops than are the later years.

In 1942, applications from handicapped individuals numbered 545. After careful analysis and study, 209 were accepted for training and employment. The Sheltered Shop, a branch of the Workshops where employment is very limited, found work which resulted in sales amounting to $713.74. Placements in industry were accomplished for 92 individuals, and of this number, happily enough, 14 were from the Sheltered Shop. Sales from Workrooms' products amounted to $24,713.74.

Incidentally, every individual who is accepted for training receives $1 a day during the period of training. And although the group could be made a completely profit-producing unit, the primary purpose is to train and rehabilitate the individual rather than make a financial profit out of disability.

Best summary of the healthy attitude taken by the Community Workshops is given by Miss Newton when she explains that they work with "what's left, not with what's gone." This means, of course, forgetting about the individual disability and working with what remains. It is also a point worth remembering for everyone faced with a handicapped person in family or community group.

Since the adjustment of the person to his or her disability must be accomplished first before rehabilitation can be made a reality, an incident which occurred recently gives insight on the effective way the Community Workshops have dealt with the problem. A group of the disabled were taken to a class at Boston University to tell, in their own words, what had been done for them. They went willingly. During the course of the individual talks, one badly crippled girl stood up and explained how tiresome it was to meet so much well-meant sympathy from strangers. It was, she pointed out, not only tiresome but unfair to be stopped on the street and subjected to a stream of words regarding her "affliction."

One morning, after she had been stopped by a well-meaning person, she listened as politely as she could. When the one-way conversation led up to its inevitable peak of "how did it happen?" she answered briefly:

"I pricked my thumb!"

In all probability, the person who asked the question was left gaping like a fish out of water. The point is, however, that the girl did not want sympathy. She didn't need it. As a member of the usefully employed, she was filling a very definite part in community life. This sense of responsibility is vital. No one realizes it better than Hazel Newton. No one in social service work, where the problems are tremendously varied, denies this need. It is for the public to realize as well.

Too many times, the "whole" person, facing a disabled individual, is at a loss as to the proper way to handle the meeting. This is perfectly understandable. But avoiding the issue is senseless. Through the years, one of the more difficult problems with which the Community Workshops has had to cope is the attitude of the family of the handicapped person. Either they have babied the person too much or they have made him feel completely unnecessary. For this reason alone, a visit to this Red Feather Service group is worth anyone's time. It is a form of education which is solidly practical.

Within a small area, handicapped people are working happily. Not even the startled stares of the visitors trouble them. Nor do the visitors feel impelled to gush and gurgle over the work being turned out. Because of the able work of Miss Newton and the staff, it seems completely natural to see this specialized, miniature factory staffed with handicapped individuals.

It is very probable that what Boston needs now is a workshop where the "whole" members of the community can learn how to deal with the handicapped. And if any votes are being cast as to who should head this educational group, the BOSTONIAN nominates Miss Hazel Newton. The "clients" of the Community Workshops, of course, to be the teaching staff. That will take care of half the problems of the future. The agencies can do the rest.

—BARBARA PEARSON

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"My but doesn't this elevator start up fast!"



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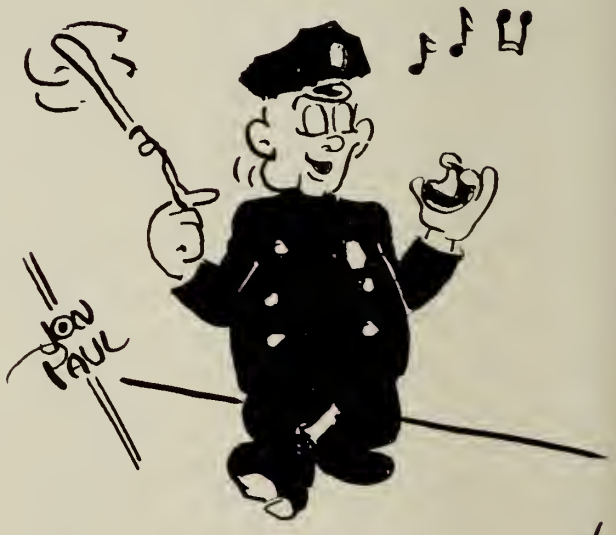


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LE TOIT ROUGE

. . . "Mais oui! The wholly valley knows me, Antoine. My vineyards are famous arounds Rheims. And this will be a vintage to remember, 1939. Ah! they will say, 1939! . . . And now I am rich. Antoine is always a smart man, non?" Antoine Renaud stood with one arm about the shoulders of Pierre Lejeune. His other arm he used to speak with. He was forty and stocky and his face was sunhued and flushed with the wine. He beamed at the small group gathered in the village wineshop.

"1939, you say? It *was* a good vintage but it doesn't make *me* rich," said Pierre.

"Ah, but Pierre is not Antoine. He is not so smart," said Antoine, merry as always.

"Antoine is so smart he must *tell* us," said Pierre, "and so rich he can buy us more wine!" Pierre was younger and suntinted, too, and he was not the blustery type at all, but maybe a little envious of Antoine.

"Parbleu!" said Antoine, "I am rich. Wine. More wine! . . . And now Antoine and Emilie will build the finest house in the village. We will build it high, so we can look out over the valley. We will build it large for our ten children. We will build it with a fine red roof so that all the folks of the valley can point to it and say, 'There lives the famous Antoine, his grapes are the finest in the land!"

"Alors," said Pierre, "when the Boche flies over from the other side of the valley he will see the red roof, too. It will stand out like the Great Cathedral!" Pierre emptied his wineglass and banged it hard on the table. "Your fine red roof will come tumbling down on your head, Antoine. It will bring destruction to the village."

"Hear! Hear!" The winegrowers shouted. "Pierre, he is sour like bad wine. He is always looking for trouble." And the winegrowers laughed together.

"The Boches may come, Pierre," said Antoine, "but they will not bother us. We are simple farmers. They could want nothing of us."

"Vive l'Antoine! He is right." They shouted. "Antoine, he is a wise man. We will make him our next mayor. Come, let us drink to our mayor!"

Before winter Antoine built his house, high, twice as high as any other in the village, and looking over the valley.

May, 1940. The Nazi blight was threatening the vineyards and all the rest of the country. France lay in coma on her sick bed. The Boche germs would soon devour her. But the vineyards had to be tended. The winegrowers in the valley stopped their pruning during the day to watch the huge vultures, the bombers, darken the sun. At night in the wineshop the talk would cease suddenly. The vultures were coming. Rheims, again? Or Paris, this time. Their questions were silent, but eyes lifted upward and eastward and fingers tense on the wineglass attested their unspoken terror. And then the droning was gone and accented the silence. It was long before somebody spoke.

"Do not worry," he said, "they will not harm *us*. Antoine has said so. Where's Antoine? Now he is rich he comes here less often."

"You are right," said another, "he comes here less often. It may be he fears the night bombings!"

"Antoine? Non! He is not afraid. He says the Boche will not harm us. But what keeps him away from the wineshop?"

"It is Emilie," said another. "Now he has such a big house he must fill it!" And the winegrowers laughed. . Antoine came in at that moment.

"See?" he greeted them, "Tonight they pass us again. I am right. They would not waste bombs on mere farmers, unarmed."

"Unarmed?" thought Pierre as he touched the gun near his heart, and aloud he spoke solemnly to Antoine, "They will come with their planes and their tanks. They can see your red roof miles away!"

In a gesture of friendship, reassuring, Antoine put his arm around the shoulders of Pierre.

"I tell you they will not harm us. Moi, Antoine, I am smart. Come. I will buy wine for us all." But Pierre withdrew and walked out of the wineshop while the villagers laughed. They were soothed.

It was June now and daily the bombers flew over but bombs did not drop on the village. France, the Impregnable Fortress, had cracked, and the Boche wheels were rolling toward Paris, but they never came near to the village. The winegrowers worked in the vineyards and when the vultures appeared in the sky they no longer sought shelter. Antoine had been right, as always. The Boches would leave them alone. Were they not simple winegrowers?

And then came the Treaty of Compiegne and the Nazi leaches began sucking the blood of France while the winegrowers tended their vineyards. Antoine assured them that they would be safe. They could live peacefully as before. Nothing would be changed. Ah, Antoine, there's a smart man. But Pierre! Pierre talks of death and destruction. Bah! He knows nothing. Remember what he said of Antoine's high red roof? Tiens! It still stands there proudly. It has not brought destruction.

Now came the occupation. The neatly uniformed S. S. official rode in the car with the captain. They stopped at the edge of the village and halted the winegrowers, Peirre.

"Are these the vineyards of Antoine Renaud? We want to see Antoine Renaud." The captain spoke French to the winegrower.

"His vineyards are the next beyond, but just now I have left him at his home. That house with the red roof, the highest house in the village!" And Pierre pointed upwards.

"Ach, ja! The house with the red roof. We know it well. He has done splendidly, this Antoine Renaud. By day his red roof has guided our Luftwaffe. At night he has flashed us a beacon. We will reward him. We will make him your mayor. Monsieur is a smart man, n'est-ce pas?" And the car moved forward.

"Mais oui," said Pierre, low, as his fingers crawled toward his heart. "Traitor! Pig!" He spat the words out and his fingers closed on the gun.

—Julie C. Lawless

MR. BEAR, MR. HARE, AND TIM

. . . TIM WAS his name and he was a soldier. They gave him a three-day pass and he left camp gratefully at three o'clock, looking smart in clean khakis, feeling smart, lugging his old leather suitcase. His home town was about ninety miles away, situated just inconveniently enough for the train to take four hours, so he was hitch-hiking. He knew that it was against regulations and the MP loved to pull soldiers in for it, but it shortened the trip by an hour and a half.

Tim usually slept most of the time he was hitching. He had a policy he followed rigidly. As soon as he hopped in a car he would say "How far you going?" If the driver said "Twenty miles," or a longer distance, Tim would talk to him politely for a short time and then grow silent. In a few minutes the driver would take the hint and drop his conversational efforts, and Tim would fall asleep until they came to the end of the ride. Occasionally he would be picked up by a garrulous person who wanted to know all about the Army, or one who wanted to be sure that Tim knew that he had a cousin in the Cavalry down to Kansas. In these cases Tim would simply fall asleep without waiting for the man to be quiet.

On the other hand, if the driver said, "Coupla miles up the road," Tim figured it wasn't worthwhile to go to sleep. He would then talk at some length, postponing his nap until the next ride. Sometimes he would hit nothing but short rides for a long distance, and this always distressed him. He felt cheated.

On his first ride this trip Tim slept for twenty-five miles, then again for ten, and after that he was deposited on a lonely sector of road where he stood for more than fifteen minutes before a car came along. When one finally appeared it was an old Dodge, struggling painfully toward him at a little less than twenty miles per hour. Tim wasn't even going to bother thumbing it, for he had learned from experience that old cars were slow, hard to sleep in, and always operated by highly talkative men. He made it a point to avoid them whenever possible.

Thus as the car came on he stood staring off into space, doing his best to pretend he didn't see it. If the car had been human it would have turned red from this studied snub; it wasn't, so it stopped right beside him.

An old man with white hair and tough, suntanned skin was driving. Tim saw that he was a farmer; he had heavy, rustic features, wore thick glasses, and spoke like one. "Git in, boy," he wheezed. "Ain't goin' far, but git in."

Tim knew it was useless to argue. He couldn't have said "Thanks, I'll wait for a ride right through to Harrisburg." The old man wouldn't have listened. With a crushed, defeated feeling he got in and threw his bag in the back seat.

Inside, the old car was as dusty as the man himself, the upholstery worn and the paint on the dashboard cracked and scarred. Its odor told Tim that chickens were fond of using it as a roost. When the old man's foot touched the accelerator every moving part of the car cried out in agonized protest. Tim was sure he had never heard a noisier vehicle.

"Hot day!" the old man said in a voice as harsh as the grinding motor as they started off.

"You bet!" said Tim, who always tried to sound like an eager young man when he was hitch-hiking. It made a good impression on civilians, who believed many things about soldiers. He responded quickly and heartily and showed his teeth when he smiled for some people; for others he spoke evenly, grim as a young public enemy, giving the impression that he was filled with hard anger and wanted nothing more than a chance at some of those Nazis.

"Travelin' long?"

"Camp Webb," said Tim automatically. It was an old Army gag, his standard line for all drivers, but he had always been disappointed because none had ever asked where Camp Webb was.

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"Certainly Joe sells his fish cheaper. But I wrap mine in later editions!"

"Where you goin'?" the old man asked.

"Harrisburg," responded Tim. "Good old Harris-burg, P-A."

The old man looked at Tim closely. "Live there in Harrisburg?"

"Yes, sir," nodded Tim. The Sir he always used with either voice. It was supposed to show that the Army had made a changed, respectful young man of him, fully cognizant of the reverence due elders. They went for it and maybe in a vague way it made them buy War Bonds or give to the USO, he thought.

Peering at Tim, the old man seemed to be thinking of something that had always been a source of wonder to him. He hesitated a moment, then asked, "Know a fellow named Bear up there in Harrisburg?"

Tim was always running into questions like this, and he had a special routine for them, too. He frowned and appeared to be thinking hard. "Bear?" he scratched his head. "Well, sir . . ." He paused..

"Well, he said his name was Bear," the old man said.

"Bear," Tim said thoughtfully. "Bear. I tell you sir, I know a lot of fellows named Bear. How does he spell it? Is it B-E-A-R, B-A-R-E, B-E-H-R, B-A-H-R, or B-A-E-R?"

The old man shook his head. "I couldn't tell you. He was down here about eight years ago. His car broke down outside my place. I think he said he was comin' down here somewhere to church, down the road somewhere. What I got out of it was he lived near the center of town in Harrisburg." He looked at Tim hopefully.

Tim said, cautiously, "Well, I know a guy named B-A-R-E. He lives about three blocks from the middle of town." He looked intently at the old man, an important part of his ritual. "What was his first name—was it Bob?"

"That I don't know," said the old man, shaking his head. Then suddenly he started to laugh. Tim looked at him curiously and waited, wondering why these things always happened to him.

"Funniest thing I ever heard of," the old man gasped between laughs. "This here Bear's car broke down in front of my house and I went out to see what I could do, maybe lend him a jack. I told him my name was Hare, and he said, 'Why, that's right funny . . . my name is Bear!' " The old man glanced at Tim. "Bear and Hare!"

Tim looked back at the old man and gave an answering shout of laughter, louder and more boisterous than any of the old man's. The latter looked at him in wonder. "That beats me!" Tim howled.

"What's that?" asked the old man. "You know him?"

Tim's laughs increased. "No," he said, "but get this! Boy, is this a coincidence! Get this now, sir . . . my name is . . . Mare!"

The old man's mouth popped open and he stared at Tim as though he was sure he had picked up a man from another planet. Then his hoarse laughs came again, fairly rattling the window panes in the discouraged old car.

"It beats me, too!" he shouted in delight. "Wait'll I tell the wife!"

They went on that way for more than a mile, alternately laughing, pausing to look at each other wonderingly, and laughing again. They kept it up until the old man clanked the car to a stop at a side road and said, "Well, son, this is where I turn off. Wisht I could take you to Harrisburg!"

Tim got his bag and stepped out. "Well, so long, Mr. Hare!" he cried.

The old man slapped his knee. " 'Bye, Mr. Mare!"

Tim had to get in one more. "I'll give your regards to Mr. Bear!"

The noise of the car pulling away drowned the old man's answering laugh, but Tim could see his shoulders shaking with mirth as he turned down the road. He had never seen a man laugh so hard.

Putting the old bag on the road, he lighted a cigarette and stood grinning after the car until it was out of sight. He knew that he had done something that would be remembered for a long time, and even though he was a little annoyed at losing his sleep, he felt pretty good. And his real name was Tim Harrison.

—Richard B. Cehman



"All right! All right! You can all go away to summer camp!"

Fredleys

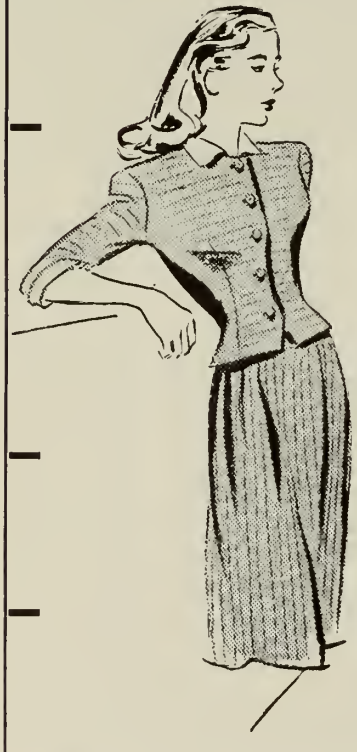
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PRINTS BY ALFRED HUTTY

. . . "ALFRED HUTTY holds a distinguished place among American etchers. His plates, imbued with originality and sensitive observation, are executed in an exceptional tonal and linear manner. In studying his vast *oeuvre,* one is impressed immediately by his high achievement in the interpretation of trees. Perhaps no other American etcher has drawn trees upon copper with more profound observation and conveyed the singularities of the various species — whether oak, willow, pine, birch, or sycamore — with truer character. However, his versatility is evident in other fields as well. He has many portraits and compositions in figures, architecture, and picturesque scenes of North and South.

The artist was born on September 16, 1878, at Grand Haven, Michigan, which at the time was a small logging and lumbering village. This would seem to indicate that his interest in trees, which asserted itself at an early age, was the result of natural instinct and association. While in his early teens, after a few years at Kansas City, he was taken by his parents to Leavenworth, Kansas; and although this was a frontier military post, provision was made by its public school for young students of talent. Hutty's ability was rewarded when but fifteen years of age with a scholarship to study at the nearest art center. After this preliminary training, circumstances made it necessary for him to find means of self-support, and the young artist was fortunate in finding a position in designing stained glass at Kansas City, and later at St. Louis. The latter city also afforded him the possibility for further study at the art school and for seeing important exhibitions at the Art Museum.

It was while attending one of these exhibitions of paintings by a well-known Eastern painter, and learning that the artist was to be an instructor in the newly organized landscape school of the Art Student's League at Woodstock, New York, that Hutty determined to attend the summer sessions and pursue art as a profession. This was in 1907. The study of drawing and painting under these stimulating conditions marked rapid progress in his development. The beautiful environs of Woodstock — with its paintable hills, lakes, rivers, woodlands, and skies — held Hutty with its rare opportunities for fifteen years; in fact, he still has a studio there.

During the first World War the artist served as a Marine camoufleur, and it was then that he had the chance to become acquainted with the picturesque old city of Charleston. At the close of the hostilities he was invited to establish an art school for the Carolina Art Association, Charleston, and soon afterwards his etchings made their first appearance. He did four plates in 1921. However, it is difficult to believe that Hutty had not made many experiments before that date, for these prints are by the hand of an already accomplished artist. It is worthy of notice also that his third plate, "St. Michael's Portico, Charleston," done on zinc, won an important prize at the Michigan State Fair.

The beauty and quaintness of Charleston has held Hutty's interest to this day. It was here that he found the inspiration for his first plate, "In Bedon's Alley," and the many fine prints that were to follow in the succeeding twenty-three years. It was at Charleston, with its many charming doorways, narrow streets, high walls, and vistas, that he found full expression, first with his responsive pencil and later with the etching needle. It is no wonder that, with all this material about him, Hutty took up residence in one of the town's mellowed brick houses. The studio, he tells us, was originally the old slave quarter. Dividing his time between Woodstock and Charleston, with time out for visits to England and Europe, he executed many notable plates that have found their way into the collections of museums, libraries, and private individuals. The long list of awards, too numerous to mention here, are a sure sign of the appreciation accorded him by museums and etching societies.



An Oak at Middleton ALFRED HUTTY

"Birches," 1924; "Sycamores," 1924; "Beverly Beeches," 1926; "Pines," 1928; and "Windblown Pines," 1929, are typical examples of a distinguished series of tree plates. They are drawn in a manner particularly suited to Hutty's temperament. The planes, perspective, and characteristics are carefully studied, and

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are free from mechanical precision. The foregrounds and middle distances are particularly successful in harmonizing with the main theme, giving the lines and masses perfect support and relationship. Other tree subjects demanding attention are "California Pines," "Trees Against the Sky," "Berkshire Willows," "Burnham Beeches," "Hill Country," and "Gossips." Still others are "Sea Island Trees," "Mountain Birches," "An Oak at Middleton," "Old Sycamores," "Thorn Trees, Nantucket," and "On the Maine Coast," with their well-grown straight and twisted branches and graceful, rounded leafage. The composition is always of the most careful selection, and the technique hides all evidences of effort. "Across the Valley," done in 1928 at Derby, England, is an excellent example of these attributes, and the Albert H. Wiggin Collection is fortunate in possessing this plate in eight states.

Charleston and its surroundings that furnished Hutty with his subjects and inspiration are etched with eloquence and authority in "Corner of the Huguenot Church," "In Old Charleston," "Cottage Row, Porgey's Home," "Court Activities," "Pirate Houses," "In A Southern City," and — perhaps most interesting of all to those who know Hutty — "My Charleston Studio."

Lithography is another medium in which Hutty's versatility has been brought to full fruition. A strong series of lithographs shown in the exhibition includes "Twin Beeches," "A Gate on Legare, Charleston," "Southern Live Oaks," "Rolling Hills," "In Noirmoutier."

A conventionalized snail along with his penciled signature symbolizes the artist's late decision to use the copper plate and needle as a means of his expression. Other artists of note who took up etching seriously after middle life were Seymour Haden, Jean-Louis Forain, Arthur Briscoe, and Frank W. Benson. There is no time element in artistic achievement; and it matters little whether recognition comes to one early or late. As with all distinguished work, Hutty's efforts have the spirit of youth and the feeling that each new undertaking is a fresh inspiration.

—ARTHUR W. HEINTZELMAN

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HOT JAZZ

. . . Sooner or later every reviewer of serious concerts becomes curious about music on the other side of the tracks where low-down boogie-woogie, Dixieland swing and hot jazz are played. So, during a weekend in New York recently, I made a brief investigation into these musical mysteries.

It all began with one of Eddie Condon's Jazz Concerts in the hush-hush atmosphere of Town Hall, the scene of most of Gotham's la-di-da recitals and serious concerts. After introducing his men, most of whom were nationally known jazz players, and shyly bantering a few jokes, Condon gave the beat by stamping his heel in swift, incisive rhythm, and the concert was on.

I heard some fresh and startling things. When Joe Bushkin, a sergeant in the Air Corps, currently playing in the orchestra of "Winged Victory," began to reel off some of his own piano sketches, with Cosy Cole beating out delicate rhythms on the drums, I felt the electric excitement which only real jazz can generate.

Throughout the concert the musicians played without music, improvising the most intricate and subtle figurations upon familiar tunes. Obviously there is nothing planned about their playing. It is all spontaneous, impulsive. And it is an honest sort of expression that many men have tried to fathom.

Condon introduced the players of each set and walked back and forth in front of the players, as they stood by the piano, pointing first to this one and then to that to take a solo. Seven men tossed the ball around in "Darktown Strutter's Ball," "Muskrat Ramble" and "Jada." A novel set presented three different soloists (two trumpeters and a clarinetist), each in a separate number accompanied by piano, drums and bass, the rhythmic foundation (sometimes with guitar) of all hot jazz. And we got a real dose of the blues when Hot Lips Page began crying through his trumpet.

Eddie Condon, it should be explained, is a guitarist (one of the best) who came out of Chicago some years ago. Most any night you can find him at Nick's, down in Greenwich Village, directing and playing in the jam sessions which have made that saloon a byword among hot jazz enthusiasts. Like many of the special pleaders for America's contribution to musical art, Condon has long felt that hot jazz should take a rightful place alongside serious music. It remained for him to guide it from Nick's to Town Hall where starry-eyed devotees, a scattering of long-haired musicians and a few of the bobby sock brigade gathered in respectful admiration.



Typical Eddie Condon Jazz Concert at New York's Town Hall

In putting on their best bib and tucker for this concert, the boys made an odd contrast of the formal and the informale. They seemed stiff and diffident. Yet their names were enough to indicate that this really was a joke. Listed in the program were Miff Mole, Cosy Cole, Cliff Jackson, Pee Wee Russell, Hot Lips Page, Kansas Dave Touch (if we can find him). The latter meant that Touch had been celebrating his recent release from the Navy by a prolonged bout with the bottle, and had disappeared from sight for a few days.

In contrast to the relaxed, shirt-sleeve atmosphere which prevails at Nick's, the boys seemed like fish out of water at Town Hall. As they ambled on stage to get in a few licks in this number or that, they cast lowered, side-long glances at the audience. Their discomfort was evident. And when they finished a set, a couple would wander off, leaving Condon to introduce the next players.

The concert ended with a spectacular impromptu ensemble of all players present. Contrary to the popular impression, they do not always play loud. Things started off with a tinkling piano, pealing clarinet, thumping bass and pounding drums. Soon a cornetist wandered in and began screaming through his instrument; then a trombonist added his groaning notes. As the jam session got into full swing, there were two each of pianos, drums, bass, clarinets and trombones plus four trumpets, all going at once. And they produced some pretty exciting stuff. Wonderful, how they'd all work around to a cadence, seem to halt, and then pick up and continue on.

Later that evening, over dinner at Barney Gallant's famous Greenwich Village restaurant, I became the willing pupil of Earl Ferris, noted New York publicist, and Paul Ross, night club editor of the amusement trade paper, *The Billboard*. Both are serious followers and amateur experts on hot jazz, whose recorded classics they collect. A long and informed discourse on the history of the popular art led to the suggestion "let's go down to Nick's."

Nick's looks more like an age-stained English pub, than a Greenwich Village saloon. We met the

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proprietor whose land office business, attracted by jam sessions, is reflected by a happy, broad smile in a seamed face. Here in a smoke-laden, vaporous and buzzing atmosphere, hot jazz players are in their element. There is no dancing — that would be sacrilegious. The customers stand four deep at the bar, sit jammed at tiny tables or crowd around the dimly-lit band stand.

Here Eddie Condon really holds forth. He sits to one side, hunched over his guitar, directing the proceedings rather indifferently. Four or five other players sit around, gaze dreamily at the customers and play whatever their impulses dictate. Some come in from radio broadcasts, or from playing at the big uptown clubs. They play a few sets and then relinquish their place to some other musician. Occasionally their performances reach a high pitch of musical excitement and the atmosphere becomes charged with the close attention the customers give.

Nearby, at Cafe Society Downtown, we heard a Negro band turning out sizzling tunes. And Mary Lou Williams, one of three famous female jazz piano players (the others are Hazel Scott at Cafe Society Uptown, and Dorothy Donegan in Chicago), played some of the neatest piano I've ever heard. Swift, clean and articulate, it makes your pulses jump.

But even here and at Nick's the boys, all famous jazz players, are conscious of their fame. It was at a little joint, deeper in the Village, that we heard what Paul Ross called "jazz at its purist." George's Dine, Dance and Bar was a tiny place whose 20-foot bar, the length of a narrow room, led to a backroom where small tables, a handkerchief-sized dance floor and a bandstand the size of the desk I'm writing at, were crowded together.

The room was dimly lit and thick with smoke and fumes. But from a four-piece band of Negro players there emanated original and exciting improvisations. They would tear away at a piece, whose outlines had long since been lost. Intermittently, one player would stop and indulge in some mournful coon shouting, while the others quieted a bit. Then they all took up those intricate convolutions again. Nobody ever heard of the players. We didn't even bother to inquire their names. Yet here was the music, in its real habitat, which has become a part of our folklore. Uninhibited, nervous, excited, it expresses something of this country's young culture.

Let's add one comment upon the most important aspect of hot jazz. Have you observed that it is the most democratic of all the arts? All are welcome to its fold and the only criterion is that of excellence, for Negro and white, Jew, Christian and infidel all appear together at the places we have named.

—John William Riley



"Smythe-Morgan disagrees with us I gather!"

BASE INGRATITUDE

. . . Rob Boynton squatted at the open door of a huge boiler, listening to the scraping within. This was his job,—listening. The man inside was cleaning carbon from great, sooty coils, while fumes crept constantly toward him from the other part of the boiler, to stop his work forever if he overstayed a few minutes inside those iron bowels.

"Can't they put the fire out, so the monoxide won't bother the mechanic?" Rob asked the furnace man who was sweeping the enormous floor of the hotel cellar.

"Well, they could, but they won't. Artmore's guests might pack up and leave if they had to go unwashed. That boiler heats water for all the baths."

Boynton shrugged. Hard job, this. He was glad that he was not inside of the poisonous boiler. Subconsciously, he was glad that the other man was, — Lindsey Brown over whom Lula made so much fuss, ever since he came to board with her brothers, in the little house on Oleander street.

The methodical scraping grew fainter . . . The man within sounded tired.

"You better come out for air!" Boynton shouted, "Or you'll croak!"

Lindsey's long, lanky body appeared, legs first, crawling from under the coils. He shook himself like a dog out of water, rising a cloud of soot. His eyes were intensely blue in his darkened face smeared with dirty sweat. Two black cowlicks were sticking up like horns over his baldish forehead.

"You look like the devil!" Boynton laughed with malice.

"I feel like . . ." a paroxysm of coughing interrupted him.

"This job will kill you," Boynton stated with unconscious satisfaction.

"Oh, stop your croaking! So long, I've to crawl back into my cave. Tomorrow—your turn."

Tired after a sleepless night rifled with jealousy, Boynton leaned against the boiler and dozed off. He saw Lindsey in Lula's spotless kitchen, occupying the best rocker, being served biggest helpings. Well the fellow was likeable,—they were real friends until that sooty devil grew too friendly with his girl. He saw those two, in the light of full moon, under a frangippani tree. . . . Ever since, the smell of frangippani made him clench his fists.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and rapped on the steel wall. There came the reassuring rap from within. The scraping continued.

"I may fall asleep, and that will be the end of him," Boynton thought, nervously passing his mobile fingers through his soft, straight hair. The thought took on an aspect of malicious longing.

Why shouldn't he fall asleep? It would be the most natural thing in the world. . . .

That live bait Lula! It was not that she liked him any less after the new boarder came. She still went



with him to dance halls and let him love her. Only that she liked that scrawny milepost better. . . . And she saying "I'm one man woman." And he believing in that apple sauce! Well, what could you expect from a redhead with red-hot mouth? They were all tramps, always after new men. . . .

Yes, sure, he was too sleepy to open his eyes. . . . Let the lanky devil stop working. He was just shamming, anyhow, resting under those big coils.

He rapped on the wall. No answer. The prolonged silence was like thunder.

He jumped to his feet and dived inside the boiler. The choking soot made him gasp. As he crawled farther, holding his nostrils with his fingers, he felt strange lassitude seeping through him. He no longer minded the heat, he seemed to be melting into it painlessly, dizzily. . . . His mouth opened. His fingers relaxed. . . . monoxide!

With one last effort, he grabbed at the protruding legs. They were inert. He clung to them like a drowning man to a life belt, until he dragged the limp body out of the boiler.

As men slapped him on the back and called him a hero saving his friend's life, he stared at them, appalled by the hairbreadth divide between a criminal and a hero.

Lula was there, in her brand new green rayon, lipstick smeared thickly on her luscious mouth. She made a complete turnabout. She was all his, hell or high water! She set the marriage date.

And then, that devil Lindsey, who was to be the best man. . . . Rob grit his teeth when he found them again, on the night before the wedding, in his friend's car, its lights out, under the very same frangippani tree, now void of blossoms, and thick with worm chewed leaves. He would have recognized anywhere Lula's delicious, provocative giggle.

Next day he took an odd job, driving a truck out of the state. When he came back, Lula was Mrs. Brown.

Bitterness ate into his heart, numbing like monoxide fumes from which he had saved his friend. All the neighbors who knew them both with the terrible intimacy of people in a small town, sympathized with him loudly, making the hurt worse. "Base ingratitude," said the minister's wife, and hers was the mildest of opinion.

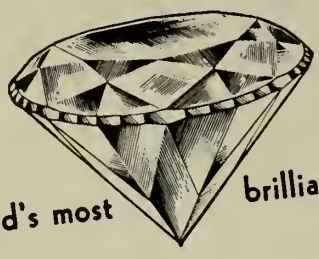
"It won't last!" croaked Artmore's waitresses.

It did last, for nearly a year. Then, just after the army took the hotel over, Lula eloped with its retired owner.

Boynton, now a serviceman on a furlough, remembered the ties of past friendship. "Girls are like minnows, but rough weather friends are rare," he thought. Lindsey used to be a real friend, before that red headed termagent came along. After all, they may never meet again. . . . He would be going overseas after the furlough. He sighed deeply, pocketed his pride, and went to Lindsey's house.

Lindsey was not surprised, only glad. His cowlicks were in place, his

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suit spruced. The house was in a far better order than Lula ever kept it, during those stormy months full of family brawls to which the unwilling neighbors had to listen almost every pay day, when she got tipsy.

"Sit down, Rob old man. Mighty happy to see you. Thought you'd never blow in this way."

After a split moment of hesitation, Rob took the proffered hand.

"Sorry she ditched you," he managed the gruff consolation.

"Sorry,—nothing! I guess you know she made my life one sweet hell! I'm waiting for that draft-board invitation with pleasure. You see, she wants to come back."

Rob nodded sympathetically.

"I knew she would, too. . . ." Lindsey added.

"You knew? And folks say love is blind!" Rob shook his head.

"Sure I knew. I jumped into it with my eyes wide open. Love, says you!" he smiled scornfully. "Why I even did not like the dame after that trick she played on you. Yes, I know; you thought it was me who started that necking party in the car. . . ."

Rob was stunned. A light of understanding began to dawn on him. He made a tentative step toward Lindsey, about to slap his shoulder in the old-time intimacy.

"You didn't? Then why the heck did you marry her?" he asked, just to make sure.

His friend glanced at Rob's brand new uniform.

"Well, I will tell you. She won't follow you overseas, I guess. . . . You're safe now. You see, if I didn't marry the wench, she might have married you. I couldn't allow that," he added sheepishly. "Not after you dragged me out of the boiler."

—Maria Moravsky

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out of Washington on the street car today. I wanted to say to her 'Why don't you go? We shan't miss yah! It's all right for me to cuss out Washington but I don't want anyone else doin' it." I knew what she meant. You must love Washington before you have a right to cuss it out.

There is my Italian cobbler, too—a goggle-eyed little man who says he'll keep my shoes for me. He does and he has. I shall miss him. He tells me frequently "Thank God I am able to work. The Doctors tol' me I wouldn't ever work three years ago and here I am working—Thank God, Thank God!"

And as for the colored people in Washington, I know many whose lovely qualities of affection and loyalty have made my days happier. Some have worked for me, others have just been picturesque meetings. But the colored people are unique in their loyalties and aptitudes. They are a race yet to come—and they must come. Like the Negro spiritual "All God's Chillun Got Wings"—their wings are being born.

I heard Senator Truman of Missouri say this evening to a group of very patriotic women that Lend-Lease has been a tremendous factor in saving the lives of our American boys. It had made plenty of mistakes but the planes and the tanks and material which had been shipped to Russia, Britain and China and around the world, had saved countless lives of America's sons.

He said we must prepare after this war to be a leader in the World of Nations sending out the product of our great aviation industries and other materials all over the world, and he was sure that what America had accomplished so magnificently in such a short space of time, in getting ready for war, could be turned after the war into a great instrument for Commerce and Peace.

And now this is goodnight to Washington, its dewey evenings, and golden moons. Its springs and autumns are delicious, and its torments, national or international, the birthroes of a great Nation, constantly reborn.

Best wishes to you on land and sea.

—Claire Morton Prince

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BEAUTY . . . PREMATURE GRAYNESS

. . . Does gray hair make you look older . . . or does it add softness to your appearance? Here we go again, with the two schools of thought on that vitally important question. We love the way the survey was handled by a picture magazine not so long ago. They decided to get the male viewpoint plus information on exactly how a man judges a woman's age. In fact the whole thing was handled in a rather scientific manner, and they emerged with percentages, fractions and decimal points . . . which have always impressed us as being irrefutable.

A famous eye-camera was used for this test, which records people's eye movements very accurately. The camera was perfected by Dr. Brandt of Drake University, who most likely never dreamt it would be used for a test such as this. The woman who was used as a subject was actually 35 years and 7 months old. Her hair was 50% gray sprinkled throughout the brown. Fifty men, who had never seen the woman before were asked to judge the woman's age. The camera recorded exactly how much time each man spent looking at her hair, face, neck, hands, etc., in search for age clues. The scientific importance of the test was stressed, and gallantry was shelved completely. The camera revealed that most of the time was spent scrutinizing her hair, and next her face . . . and very little time on any other part of the subject's person. (We have the exact percentages in our files, and they really do come down to decimal points!) In any case, 32 of the 50 men guessed the lady to be from 35 to 45 years of age!

Then the subject's gray hair was tinted to match the natural brown. Fifty other men were then called in and asked to participate in the age guessing. Again the camera revealed that every man spent most time looking at the lady's hair for age clues. And the results? 45 of the 50 men guessed the lady to be from 23 to 33 years old . . . as much as 12 years younger than she really was! For our money, that proves quite conclusively that gray hair DOES make mi-

lady look years older than is necessary.

The really smart woman will start tinting her hair as soon as the first gray hairs become noticeable. She of course, will never have to explain to her family or friends just *why* she was interfering with good old Mother Nature. However, if your hair is beyond that stage, and you wish to start coloring it, you'll find that people won't be quite as shocked as you expect. What would your own reaction be if one of your friends appeared at the bridge club meeting with her hair



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colored attractively, to a rich but natural-looking shade? Would you consider it wicked, or would you admit she was far more attractive? To be sure, some women begrudge compliments, but for the most part you can be pretty sure that lovely hair is envied by every woman, whether it's natural or tinted.

Of course a shampoo oil tint can rival nature's own coloring so closely that it is hard to tell a tinted head from a natural one. Old fashioned dyes should not be confused with modern tinting, as they are two distinct products that produce entirely different results. These dyes often leave a painted dull finish. Those are the heads you can "spot" immediately as artificially colored. The coloring is so solid that it doesn't resemble natural hair in the least. In naturally pigmented hair, no two hairs are exactly alike. Each single hair can have several gradations of a color. That is what accounts for the sheen and highlight in pigmented hair. An excellent shampoo oil tint with a priceless formula is so made that it also deposits coloring in the manner of pigment, so that although every hair is perfectly colored, the gradations of color leave exquisite highlights. Besides, the oil contained in the shampoo oil tint actually conditions the hair as it colors. The finest shampoo tint contains no liquid peroxide developer. Instead the oxidizer comes in the form of tablets, which of course are non drying. If you intend to tint your hair, by all means use the best.



Comb-out of the same hair style created by Julyan

White hair, however, has a beauty all of its own. That is, when it is evenly and "cleanly" white. True, white hair does require a great deal of care and grooming, and there is a beautiful silver white treatment to enhance it. Blue and purple are somewhat passe, and snowy hair we're pleased to note, is the current vogue.

But don't think because you have two or three gray wisps, that your hair will turn completely, evenly white at an early age. A few gray hairs start to show, and within a few years white streaks generally at the temples. The rest of your hair retains its pigmentation and remains a nondescript shade for decades. The pigmented hair appears duller and drabber than ever before because the white hairs take away any depth of color from your general appearance. If you yearn for white hair and your hair is starting to turn, wait a few

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months. Then if you see no great change whiteward, you'll know you are one of the millions of women whose hair will go through the various stages of gray, and very likely you will turn white when you reach the age of 70. If that is the case, the lesser of two evils would be to start tinting your hair to an attractive rich shade, and forget about the possibility of being prematurely white.

If you decide to color your hair, go to a good Beauty Salon . . . budget permitting. It can be done at home, and we've seen some pretty nice jobs, but personally, we prefer the expert touch of a good hair colorist. Then it's really imperceptible. The coloring doesn't wash off . . . it is permanent. However, new hair continues to grow and you will require a retouch on the new growth every four or six weeks, depending on how fast your hair grows. It sounds like a lot of bother but it really isn't. Most women spend an hour and a half in a Beauty Salon once a week or every ten days for a Shampoo and Set. Many have a scalp treatment almost every time they visit their Salon. Hair coloring treatments, reputation to the contrary, take no longer than a good scalp treatment . . . so you'll find it isn't a major operation after all.

Those of you who have hair coloring treatments should own one of those grand retouch Crayons. When the white hairs start to show around the hairline, and if you can't get to your Salon for a treatment, you can color the gray temporarily with the Crayon. It comes in a clever little case, as easy to carry as a lipstick. Just wet the Crayon, apply it to the stray gray hairs, and presto! They are colored. Twelve shades, too.

If you are gray around the temples and still can't decide whether or not to start coloring your hair, try one of these crayons for a temporary effect. Wet the Crayon and hold a strand of the gray hair away from your scalp. With long strokes, color the gray and you'll find that it blends easily with your pigmented hair. If you like the effect of no visible gray, rush to your nearest Beauty Salon and have more permanent coloring applied. You'll love it!

—Lillian Munroe



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SHOP TALK

. . . JUNE BRIDES, bless their pretty hearts, are all over town, keeping the shops agog with their plans and whims and fancies and bringing a breath of romance with them that infects everyone from the hard-boiled errand boys on up. To the wedding counsellors and stylists, their word is law.

. . . MIMOSA, the ethereal feathery yellow-green flowers, and forgetmenots inspired *Jordan's* Bridal Salon to design a mimosa and blue wedding for a bride who loves tiny dainty flowers. Half the bridesmaids will be gowned in mimosa yellow and half in forgetmenot blue. The gowns are of chiffon, with shirred bodices and wide picturesque skirts; the necklines are low with a bow shape of puffed and shirred chiffon giving a wide line across the bust. Waistlines are smoothed away to hand-span size, and sleeves are elbow length. $29.95 is the tariff.

Picture hats, wide brimmed and shallow crowned, of transparent horsehair, with ribbon streamers down the back, should make the bridesmaids happy, for they're so very flattering, and there will be adorable fresh flower muffs, too, mimosa muffs with the forgetmenot dresses and forgetmenot muffs with the mimosa dresses. Won't that make an unusual and lovely wedding picture? The bride will wear white chiffon with a young, square neck framed in picot edged ruffles and more ruffles around the wrists of the long sheer sleeves, fitted bodice to play up the bride's slender figure, a wide skirt to float into a tiny train. To carry out the small flower motif, and just because she loves 'em, the bride will wear a circlet of white lilac around the back of her dark hair, ending in a tiny bouquet of flowers at each temple, with her luxuriously voluminous veil stemming from the circlet. She will carry a small muff of fragrant fresh white lilac.

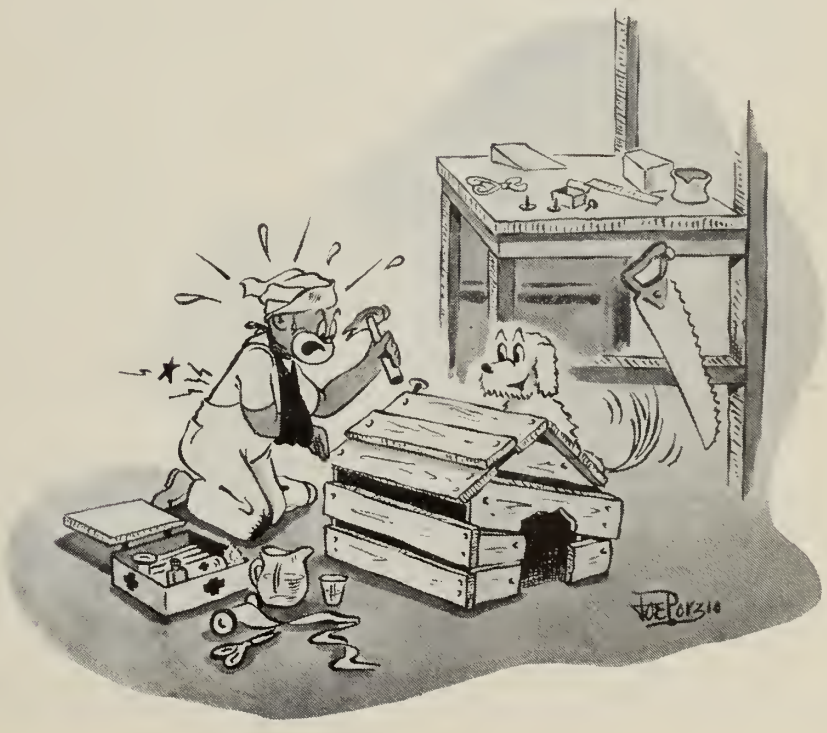
The bride's mother's gown is pearl grey, with deep neckline filled in with starched white lace and white lace short sleeves. The skirt is floor length and very slim, and her tiny tilted hat is of starched white lace with a black velvet bow.

. . . AT *R. H. Stearns* we found the Wedding Embassy busy, but serene, with the prettiest young customers flitting about in ruffly frocks and picture hats. They let us look on while they dreamed up a wedding for a vivacious blonde deb—a tulip wedding—to be held in a garden in June. For the bridesmaids, petal pink marquisette gowns, with billowing bouffant skirts, very fitted as to bodice, with tiny peter pan collars and two inch wide ruffles cascading round the shoulders, down the bodice, narrowing at the waist, and rippling to the hem. Just the dress to show off a young figure and hide its faults. These, they said, would be $29.95 each. Pink horsehair frills mounted on combs with white pearl buds sticking up among the ruffles made pretty bridesmaid head-dresses. Two brunette bridesmaids will carry sheafs of pink tulips, two blondes will carry mauve tulips, and two brownettes are to carry georgeous deep purple flowers, while the maid of honor, wearing the same gown in petal pink, will have a larger sheaf of purple, pink and mauve tulips.

The bride will wear marquisette, too, a pure white gown with a real hoop skirt to contrast with its nipped in waist and fitted bodice. A beautiful garland of hand embroidery joins a six-inch wide bertha to the sheer material which fills in the high neck. The bertha is set rather low and makes a wide line all around the shoulders, giving the dress a very demure air. A short halo veil flaring from a simple satin band completes the picture, and the bride will carry white tulips.

The Wedding Embassy, you know, takes over all the bride's worries from invitations to going-away luggage, and even sees to it, through their Bride's Preferences Plan, that well-meaning friends give the very china, glass, and linens that the bride is dreaming of.

Lamson and Hubbard have the informal or furlough bride in mind. Simple dresses that can be worn again and again after the wedding are their forte. Pride of the collection is a forgetmenot blue dress with its own bolero. This comes in a very fine crepe with a slightly rippled texture, the bolero cut very short, with long sleeves and a high round neck, and it is the very best fitting bolero we've seen. The dress has a square neck and the shortest of cap sleeves, so that the dress, sans bolero, would be perfect with long gloves. There's a plain belt at the cinched-in waist and the buckle is hung with tiny self-cov-



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ered fringe balls—a very dainty effect. A gorgeous corsage of giant blue forgetmenots completes the costume. The dress is $55.00 and the bolero $10.00.

Another informal bride's frock featured the new princess line, and there's nothing like it to flatter young slenderness. It takes a beautiful figure to carry it off, as the dress is utterly simple, with all the fullness there is stemming from a few gathers set in on the side seams at the waistline, but it gives a lovely sweeping line from neck to hem, and from any angle. The V-neck and cap sleeves are edged with scallops and a half-inch border of sheer net, and a big pink silk rose at the neck gives a splash of color. This comes in blue, violet or grey crepe, for $22.95.

Lamson and Hubbard have not forgotten the bride's mother, either, and for her they've a slimming crepe dress with a low rounded neck bordered with a deep ruffle of Alencon pattern lace, three-quarter sleeves, and fullness released over the hips through unpressed pleats. Very queenly in green, beige, or aqua. $45.00.

. . . At *Fredleys* we found an Army bride in a dilemma: the wedding was to be in a Southern camp, and should she or shouldn't she trek across country with a long white gown or should she choose a short dress? Fredleys made the decision difficult by bringing out a dream of a short dress in pale blue pure silk shantung, very simply cut, with a bow at the low neckline, short sleeves, and three trills of ruffles on either hip, at $69.95. Then they dazzled the gal with a long gown with satin bodice and sweeping skirt of organdy, the neckline cut in a charming scalloped design and outlined with organdy ruffles. And to top it all, their Miss Sage trotted out a heavenly little satin cap with a tiny organdy ruffle around the edge, and a billowing organdy veil. All of which made our young lady look like an angel, so her fond mamma insisted she be married in the white and take the blue along for special occasions.

Fredleys put her in a demure grey bolero suit with a ruffly white blouse for traveling, and spiced the costume

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with an apple-green pancake hat from John Frederics, made with an open crocheted top, and designed to pin on with giant hatpins and tilt at will. A green pouch bag matched the hat, and short white gloves gave a fresh touch.

Every bride dreams of owning Lenox china, and pictures herself at the head of a "company" table complete in every detail with beautiful china and glass. *Jones McDuffee & Stratton* know all about that kind of hostess dream, and they've collected lovely Lenox china in ever so many patterns. There are the classic band designs, with wide borders of gold leaf or glowing color all around the plates, and Grecian designs of a wreath of wheat sheaves in gold, twisted bands of color touched with gold, and a Ming pattern of flowers, butterflies and exotic birds that's as colorful as can be. It's the gorgeous colors shining against the clear delicate white of the china that make Lenox so famous, this, and the distinctive designs. When you see this collection you find yourself planning tables—say, the green bordered Lenox with gold stripes with a pale green linen cloth and jonquils—inspirations come from just looking at the china. You can choose your glassware to harmonize on the spot, too, for at the huge Jones McDuffee & Stratton store at 640 Commonwealth Avenue there's a whole room full of crystal to choose from.

. . . If you're at all interested in diamonds—even if you're "just looking"—go in and see the new multi-facet diamonds at *Smith Patterson,* at the corner of Summer and Arch streets. Something really new in

•



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jewel cutting, this multi-facet cut puts an extra 40 light reflecting surfaces right where they'll do the most good for the brilliance of the stone, that is, right around the edge or "girdle." These extra facets pick up light and reflect it both outward and back into the heart of the diamond where it is caught and mirrored by other facets and broken up into dazzling rainbow colored shafts of light. Not only is the new edge beautiful in itself, but it actually helps protect the stone against chipping. Diamonds cut this way are more brilliant and more colorful, and Smith Patterson prove it by showing you two large glass "diamonds," one cut the ordinary way and the other with the multi-facet cut —and once you've seen these, you're convinced. This new idea does a lot for small solitaires, especially those in the $100 to $250 class, but if you're in the money you can have a fabulous $4000 multi-cut stone that glows and sparkles like a miniature sun.

. . . At *Peter Flynn,* on Tremont Street, there are especially crisp and fresh white blouses, chosen for the career girl with caviar taste and cheese-and-cracker budget. A white spun rayon, for instance, prettied up with a ruffle up-and-down the front, short sleeves, and a little bow at the neck, costs just $2.95, and we've never seen such good tailoring at this price. The ruffle is edged with stitching in several colors, or all-white, as you wish. There's one they call "Matinee," in rayon crepe, with a double ruffle inch shirred on all around the convertible neck, obviously planned to go from the office to dinner date, at $3.95. There's a whole collection of those high round necklines that show off jewelry so well from $2.25 up, in crepes, cottons and sheers.

One pretty model had a pleated bosom with a tatting-like edge running up each pleat; others were tucked or pleated with touches of colored stitching. Organdies were handled in a new way: tucked into a striped effect in front, the double thickness of the tuck making a pleasing contrast with the sheer material, and a bow at the high neck. Very fluffy circular ruffles, at either side of the neck dressed up a dotted swiss blouse with short sleeves and a cool look. For the ingenue, there are jacquard silk blouses with wide peasant necklines run with black velvet ribbon and edged in lace, and more lacy frills at the short puffed sleeves.



"Daddy must be growing taller, Mommy—his head is poking through his hair."

. . . This is for you ladies who love luxury: at *Lane's,* 150 Boylston Street, there are a few of those wonderful chaises longues that fairly invite you to kick off your shoes, stretch out comfortably, sink into the deep cushions and relax in a big way. Nothing like it after a hard day at the office or a strenuous afternoon's shopping. And what an air of luxury they give a modest bedroom! The Louis XV one, for example, is finished in bone white with gold, and upholstered in silk damask in a wine and white stripe. It has a deep rounded back, generous length, and down-and-feather cushions, soft as a cloud to lean back on. There's a lovely pale pink one covered in damask with a deeper pink wavy design, with nicely carved walnut legs, and the back and arms upholstered like a big cushion, very plump and inviting. And there's a somewhat smaller three-quarters chaise done in delicate blue damask with the frame in the French walnut finish. These are $149.00.

. . . Take your darlings in to Miss Westgate's and see how sweet the little demons look in her pretty summer frocks. Of course, you'll want to buy them cottons, mud puddles being plentiful wherever there are spic and span children. If you've two little girls, they'll love the "sister act" dresses that come in sizes 2 to 6 and 7 to 14. There's a sister set in woven stripe chambray, the sturdy kind that stands a lot of washing, with scrolls of white pique around the neck and waistband, and full skirts; and a chambray set in bonbon colors with several contrasting tones of ric rac at the neck and waist; and a printed set in tones of blue with solid color bands for trim. Try matching hair ribbons with these, and watch Dad reach for the camera and Kodachrome. For school and all around wear, Miss Westgate has dark plaids and ginghams with the bright bits of applique and embroidery that children love. There's one especially attractive striped gingham in green and white with a pink primrose embroidered at the neck and waistline.

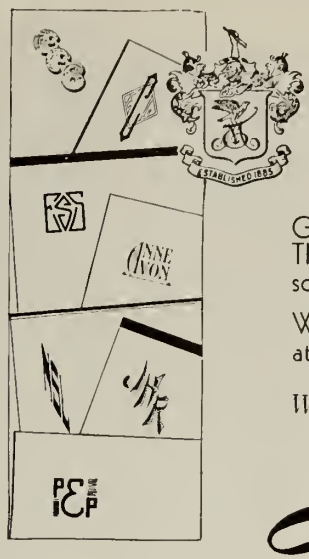
For Sunday best, there are very fine silky smooth piques, some with

eyelet and lace bands set in through the bodice or other dress-up touches. These come in delicate pastels. For a young lady of ten or twelve, there's a fine pink pique with a simulated bolero front and lace-trimmed organdy collar, gilet, and cuffs, as elegant as can be. And if you want to see your six-year-old looking angelic, put her into Miss Westgate's grey linen jumper dress with pink and blue and lime flowers embroidered on the bodice, a pink cord lacing up the front, and a white peasant blouse. You'll find Miss Westgate at 141 Newbury Street.

. . . When it comes to wedding invitations, *M. T. Bird & Co.* have been "requesting the pleasure" for more than fifty years, and they've got the reproductions so streamlined by now that they can take pride in getting invitations out in just about the shortest time possible. Having the whole plant under one roof helps speed things up, for instance, and then Bird's has the whole intricate etiquette of weddings, military and religious, right at their finger tips. Many a flustered bride-to-be rushes in with what she thinks is a knotty problem, and finds to her relief that Bird's have the situation well in hand. There's the matter of choosing a style of reproduction to fit the bride's budget—Bird's have several different ways of engraving at different prices. The style of lettering must be picked out—Bird's personnel are specially trained to help the client choose an appropriate letter and harmonize it with the proper paper and panelling. Then, if you've a family crest that you'd like to use, Bird's is equipped to take care of this, too, and it gives a very rich look to the invitation. The skilled craftsmen who do the engraving take a real pride in their work, and the finished job is looked over with an eagle eye before it goes to you, so that you can mail out your invitations with the assurance that they're perfect in every tiny detail—and on time, too.

And they have 2 convenient stores in Boston at 39 West just in from Tremont and in Brookline, at 1286 Beacon Street at Coolidge Corner.

—Carol



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"He was running after the bus, then all of a sudden, it stopped!"

MUSIC

. . . The year's at the Spring now, and the music season is quickly skidding toward its end. But in the town upon the Charles, we luckily have activity and variety right up to the finish. This is especially true of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Within the month we have listened to a pair of guest conductors and some unfamiliar music. The first of the guests was Andre Kostelanetz, the noted if stout and balding maestro of the airwaves, who took over a pair of concerts with his Metropolitan Opera soprano wife, Lily Pons, as soloist.

Mr. Kostelanetz is said to have made a very pleasant impression upon the orchestra, who liked his command of technical routine and his business-like way of getting things done. Indeed, he showed himself a well-routined gentleman of the baton.

An orchestra so sensitive as the Boston Symphony is quickly changed in tone by a guest upon the stand. Mr. Kostelanetz drew from the players a tone dominated by that mixture of slick and shrill which is characteristic of so much radio and film music. He also re-arranged the orchestra with the 'cellos at the front on the right, the violas to the left of them, and behind them all, the double-basses. The harp and percussion were switched from the right to the left side of the stage, which upset to some extent the sound one ordinarily gets from an aisle seat in the left of the orchestra.

Mr. Kostelanetz favored us with the first Boston performances of *Dmitri* Kabalevsky's champagne-bubbling overture "Colas Breugnon," taken from an opera the Soviet composer wrote in 1937 upon the Burgundian novel of Romain Rolland. Also new to Boston was Paul Creston's "Frontiers," another of those wide-open-spaces-in-music that labors in a somewhat *Coplandesque* fashion without getting anywhere. The other purely orchestral pieces were "The Fire Bird" Suite by Stravinsky and Arbos' transcription of three of the piano pieces by Albeniz called "Iberia."

Miss Pons, looking very cute and operatic in a pastel blue period gown (that's about as close as a male can come in describing it) sang in a fresh and accurately pitched voice an aria from Gretry's "Zemire et Azor," four lovely Songs of Ronsard written for her by Darius Milhaud, the Vocalise of Rachmaninoff (which demands a bigger tone) and Frank LaForge's unnecessary vocal arrangement of the piano Variations by Mozart upon "Ah, vous dirai-je maman" (K. 265).

The second guest was Mr. G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor of the Harvard Glee Club, who has prepared so many choral scores with the club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, for Boston Symphony performance. His program, which followed Mr. Kostelanetz' by two weeks during which the orchestra made its last trip of the 35 Bostonian 8186 Hill A 14 jp1 season to New York, was a far different and much better integrated list.

Mr. Woodworth contented himself with an unfamiliar Haydn Symphony in D minor, No. 80; the Second Symphony by Prof. Walter Piston of Harvard, and Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, with Rudolf Serkin as piano soloist. Though primarily a choral conductor, Mr. Woodworth gave a very good account of himself with orchestra. All his readings had competence, dignity, poise and feeling. He did it all very modestly, too, and never once (if I remember correctly) took a bow without asking the orchestra to share the applause.

Mr. Woodworth made the orchestra sound more nearly like the Boston Symphony than any other guest I have heard this year. When it came to the Concerto, which requires a quick-trigger accompaniment, there were slips of precision and unanimity between soloist and orchestra. In fact, the Friday performance was nervous and a little on the rough side. But it did reveal an accumulative dynamic effect, like static electricity on a sultry day that finally bursts in a thrilling storm.

This work of Haydn is one of five put together from parts reposing in the British Museum, by Alfred Einstein, the truly great musicologist now on the faculty of Smith College. It is an Eisenstadt work, composed about 1783, of great melodic, rhythmic and structural beauty. Though Mr. Woodworth had conducted it in Cambridge and Boston at a concert in the orchestra's chamber series, last Summer, it had never been heard before at a "regular" BSO concert.

Mr. Piston has been known through his previous symphonic music as a rather dry and academic composer. The Second Symphony, new to Boston, shows a side of him comparatively rare, though it came to the fore in his humorous ballet "The Incredible Flutist." Of course the Symphony is not humorous, but it is rather light in some respects and it contains an extraordinary amount of melodic juice. So agreeable is the style that this is no doubt the most easily absorbed of all Piston's serious music. The first movement has a strong flavor of Hindemith and there are suggestions of other composers. Mr. Piston got a warm demonstration when he appeared on the stage.

Among the visitors-of-the-month were Alec Templeton who packed Symphony Hall for another of his delightful programs of serious pieces, improvisations and comic interludes; young pianist Hilda Banks, whose great talents are flawed by mannerisms; Louis Kaufman, the movie violinist; fiddler Efrem Zimbalist, and Witold Malcuzynski.

The last is a Polish pianist and the last pupil of Paderewski, which makes a pretty alliterative peroration. He has an enormous technic that flames and consumes, and he can play very fast and loud. Some in the Jordan Hall audience for his Boston debut found his account of Chopin, Bach and other composers virile and satisfying, but I, apart from certain poetizing moments, found it merely fast.

Negro tenor Roland Hayes, his voice fresh and of extraordinary beauty, gave a masterful recital at Symphony Hall wherein the art of singing was revealed at its glorious best. The Trapp Family have also returned, along with that promising pianist, William Kapell. The Handel and Haydn Society, Dr. Thompson Stone conducting, finished their season with a performance, good but by no means brilliant, of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion."

—Cyrus W. Durgin

THEATRE

. . . One of the most enjoyable examples of good theatre, great acting, and superlative direction to take place during the 1943-44 theatre season was Somerset Maugham's Sheppey, directed by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and starring Edmund Gwenn.

Sheppey was notable for more than one reason. It was a play with brilliant lines, a timeless idea, a faint overtone of social and political cynicism, and superb acting down to the most minor part. The important thing, however, was its reception, from the critics' point of view.

It is completely understandable that Boston critics should consider the play fine theatre but a doubtful commercial success. Looking over the record books, plays and musicals which were sloppily thrown together, without the spark of brilliant lines, and with only an occasional outstanding bit of acting have skyrocketed to smash success in New York. There is good reason to suspect that the level of audience intelligence is movie-bound and restricted to eye-appeal. If this is so, however, it is an unpleasant state of affairs. If this is not so, then Sheppey should be delighting New York audiences as this is written. We hope so.

It is true that there were holes in the play as it appeared in Boston. The second act sagged badly. Death, in the guise of an attractive young woman, needed to be kept in character—otherworldly rather than human. But for the final effect, the play had great interest and appeal.

Briefly, Sheppey dealt with the efforts of a barber in a swank London shop trying to do good for humanity. Luck, in the form of a sweepstakes prize, brought him a large sum of money. At the same time, a stroke, brought on by excitement, turned his attention to the less fortunate members of the human race—the tarts, the petty thieves, the poor.

Sheppey, played by Edmund Gwenn, was, of course, considered "balmy" by his daughter, her schoolteacher fiancé, and the world in general. Only his wife agreed that the money was his to do with as he saw fit.

Before Sheppey's efforts to do good had the chance to operate fully, Death, in the form of a young woman, came to call for him.

As simple as this, as rich as only the superlative acting of Gwenn, Barbara Everest, and all the others of the cast could make it, is the plot of Sheppey. It is more than enough, however, to have broad appeal. It is more than enough to rate SRO signs before any theatre. The question is, will it do so? Check on it for yourselves.

. . . Several excellent bits of theatre fare arrive in Boston on April 24 for a two week turn. The first, by way of certainty and definite foreknowledge, is Katharine Cornell's and John C. Wilson's play *Lovers and Friends*. This is Dodie Smith's quadrangular romantic complication, as staged by Guthrie McClintoc, and including such top acting talent as Katharine Cornell, Henry Daniell, Arthur Margetson, Anne Burr, Carol Goodner and Katherine Hynes. While no critical or public hand-springs were turned in acclaim of the production and play, the Boston audiences are assured of fine acting, outstanding direction, and effective production. The Plymouth will house this play.



Also back for another two-week stanza on April 24 is R. H. Burnside's Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire. The cast includes such well-known names as Florenz Ames, Robert Pitkin, Kathleen Roche, Catherine Judah, Robert Ecles, and others not listed as we go to press. Your favorites are, as usual, prominently spotted in evening and matinee positions to assure you of what you want. And incidentally, at least one Sunday matinee and evening can be counted upon during the two weeks. The Opera House is the place for the Gilbert and Sullivan engagement.

. . . Indefinite as to date, but probably due around May 18 is Stovepipe Hat, a musical to be produced by Irving Gaumont. Ray Heatherton is mentioned as a starring possibility, and an Eva Jessye choir will be in it. No theatre has been announced as yet.

. . . On May 11, 12 and 13, the Harvard Dramatic Club announces an important event—J. M. Synge's Playboy of the Western World. This will be given at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, in conjunction with the Radcliffe Idler.

It is true, as the press release states, that it is strange that one of the great masterpieces of the Irish theatre should be played so infrequently in Boston. According to the records in the Harvard Theatre Collection, this comedy has been shown in Boston only three times, and then when the Abbey Players presented it.

Additional information tells us that Mrs. Mark DeWolfe Howe will direct. Mrs. Howe, by way of further enlightenment, has played all of the women's parts in the Playboy of the Western World at various times in Ireland.

—Keller

The
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A TRUE STORY

. . . MANY YEARS ago if you happened to be walking down a tree-bordered Main street of one of Maine's lovely villages you might have met a young girl of striking beauty who was one day destined to be famous.

This young girl's name was Lillian Norton and she came from parents who besides tilling the soil were very musical and were known as the "singing Nortons." Thus Lillian inherited a rare voice of sweetness and power and was in great demand in the church choirs and at entertainments far and wide.

On one particular evening Dickens' Oliver Twist was being given by the then famous Excelsior Literary association just over the line but some distant in New Hampshire. Lillian was to sing between acts as was the custom in those days. She arrived late over the snow laden roads and also supperless. The play went on and Little Oliver in a state of starvation was supposed to be nibbling on a ham bone which had been brought by the leading lady for that distinct purpose. Alas, when the time came the bone was nowhere to be found. The search began and finally at the last moment Lilliam Norton was seen in one of the wings, bone in hand, busily engaged in eating on its juicy fragments. Needless to say she lost her bone and Oliver got what remained and the play went on.

Lillian Norton in later years became Mme. Lillian Nordica, one of the greatest prima donnas of all time, a star of the Metropolitan Opera Co.

—CHRISTINE ROLF



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An EXCITING REVIEW
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The Show? ohhhh
The Music? ahhhh
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AN INSTITUTION OF ARTISTRY
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Reservations - Adolph KEN. 4460

ART NEWS

. . . THE FIRST exhibition to be held at the new Stuart Art Gallery at 455 Stuart street in Boston is set for four weeks, starting April 24. In keeping with the modern spirit of the gallery, the exhibition is centered around the Psycho-Symbolic Art.

The exhibition includes more than fifty paintings, among which are famous canvasses by Salvador Dali, Eugene Berman, Yves Tanguy, Max Ernest, and Karl Zerbe, well-known Boston artist who teaches at the Museum School.

The idea behind the Psycho-Symbolic Art is to depict the sensitive mind of the modern artist and his intense pictorial expression of a world of nerves. According to information from those well acquainted with the purposes of the artists in this group, the exhibition hinges around the expression of the "turmoil and struggle of war which brings conflict and confusion to the mind of the modern artist. The morbidity and hate, the sickness and health, the beauty and ugliness of the world in which he is living and the world that is about to come."

From a more proletarian angle, the exhibition is well worth while because of its intense individuality and its departure from the more familiar art forms of expression.

The exhibition will be open to the public from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily, except Sunday. On Wednesday, the hours will be from 1 to 9 p.m., to allow those who work days to see the paintings at their leisure.

Incidentally, Miss Deering, the director of the Gallery, extends a special invitation to groups of students or those interested in art to make special appointments at their convenience to visit the exhibition.

Frank Vining Smith

. . . AN EXHIBITION of this artist's paintings depicting Ships and the Sea, and other sporting subjects is current at the Robert C. Vose Galleries at 559 Boylston street until May 6.

The work of Frank Vining Smith is well known to art collectors and to students of art.

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NO COVER--NO MINIMUM
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Opp. South Station

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through May twenty-fourth



Paintings by :

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★ EUGENE BERMAN

★ YUES TANGUY

★ MAX ERNST

★ KARL ZERBE

and many other outstanding artists in the field of Psycho-Symbolic Art

" . . . Depicts the sensitive mind of the modern artist and his intense pictorial expression of a world of nerves."

" . . . A highly individual collection of modern art."

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455 STUART STREET

BOSTON 16, MASSACHUSETTS

Hours : 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. weekdays except Wednesday. Open Wednesday from 1 to 9 p. m.

Telephone
COMmonwealth 4469

MAY ENTERTAINMENT

. . . Clouds of uncertainty as to the exact dates and famous-name stars who will be in Boston during the month of May spoils any crystal-gazing into the future that the Bostonian might be able to do at this time. It seems sensible, therefore, to go into the little matter of what you will or won't get for an evening out under the new tax tariff.

The plain fact is that the cocktail lounges are getting a bigger nightly play from the nighthawks than ever before. The check is not subject to the new 30% tax, providing live talent doesn't entertain you. This means that those who get around more than one night a week are giving the cocktail lounges more attention.

But for the most part, night club and hotel room guests are not "regulars" in the sense that they make the place their home-away-from-home. They are transients and people who go out perhaps one or two nights a week. And the new tax has done nothing to keep them away. Which is, of course, as it should be. The tax is nothing dreamed up by the management. It is something the government has added on for definite financial reasons.

Suppose you are out for a few nights of visiting the bright spots. You want good entertainment. You want good dancing. You want good food. Most of Boston's better clubs and hotels see to it that you get all three in an attractive package.

. . . Take the Statler Hotel, for example. The Terrace Room there is a handsome place. The talent entertaining is strictly in the top bracket and possibly more varied than at any other place around town. Although the definite bookings for May are not set, take a look at the names they have had in the past—from Annamary Dickey, the Met Opera star, the Harmonica Rascals, Chandra Kaly and his dancers, Phil Regan, to Russell Swann, and a whole handful of other bright names in the entertainment world. The future for May will be as good as the months past. And when you add to these top names the smooth music which is always current in the Terrace Room, you've got your money's worth.

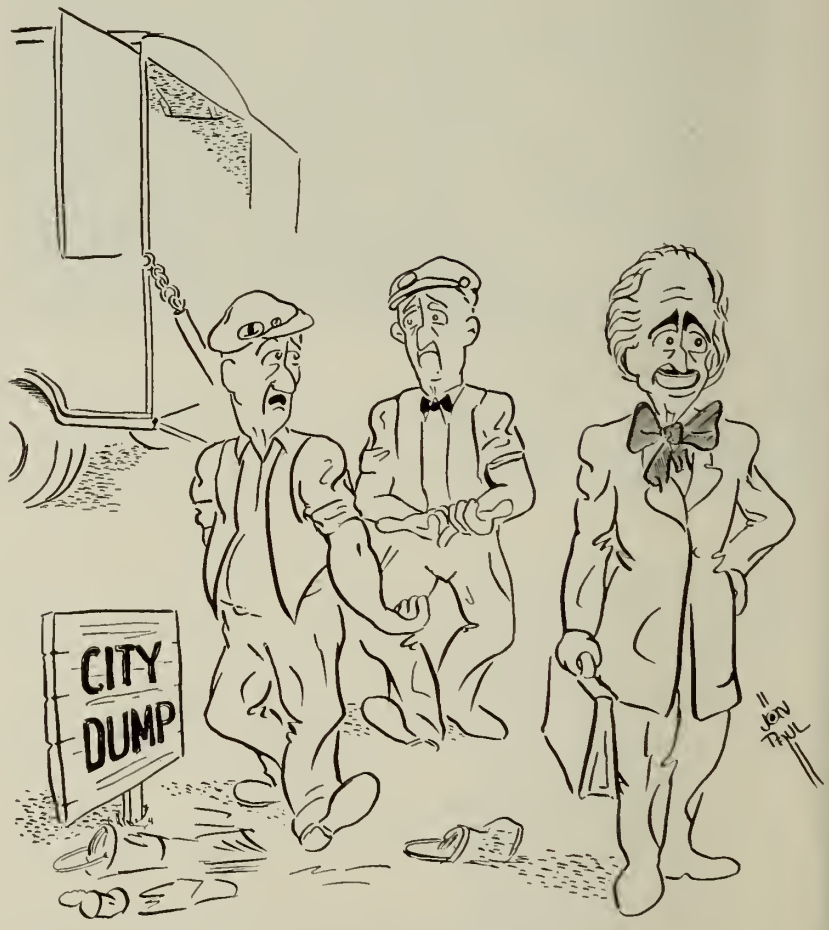
Then there is the Verandah, the smooth cocktail lounge overlooking the Terrace Room. Here is a place where, tax or not, the public has been finding plenty attractive for a quiet hour or two.

. . . Switching over to the night club field, the Mayfair rates prompt attention. This attractive, intimate club has an excellent chef, smooth music for dancing under Harry Greene's guidance, and always a top name or two to head the floor show. Incidentally, Marva Louis, Joe Louis' wife, arrived at the club on April 19 for a two or three week stay. Those in the know claim that she has all the plus features of Lena Horne and then some of her own. Because the magazine closes early, we'll have to take the word of Michael Redstone in the matter. This seems like a safe-enough proposition, however, since he hasn't offered a bad show in years. The Mills Brothers, too, look probable for a May booking.

The cocktail lounge here has been closed off from the main room to keep the tax away from those who are interested only in a quiet drink. This is worth remembering if you are looking for same.

. . . Strapping on the roller skates and moving up Tremont street, the Bradford Roof makes a pleasant stopping point for a visit. This sky-high room is a good bet for your tour, since the view from the windows is really something, and the floor show always a stock success. Once again, we were plagued by the dearth of definite information as to bookings, but the rumors have it that Artie Dann may arrive back for another marathon stay. In any event, the star names glitter here. Sammy Eisen's music for dancing is well-liked. By the way, there is nothing doing here on Sunday any longer, so don't plan on it.

• •



"Put down this guy's invisible piano, Horace. I am beginning to think he's a little soft upstairs!"

. . . THE PERSONALITY of the Latin Quarter is such that it has been almost completely untroubled by a falling off of business. This would seem to mean one of two things—that the regulars here are ardent fans or that the excellent food, entertainment, and music for dancing are known far afield. Both could well be true.

Although few famous names enliven the floor shows (with the exceptional of Beatrice Kay, of course, who is a tremendous favorite at the Latin Quarter) the entertainment is outstanding. As the *Bostonian* has probably pounded home to you by this time, Don Arden's productions at this club are eye-filling and completely satisfactory. The variety of the acts, too, is ditto.

It might be well to mention, at this point, that Michael Harmon, an emcee with a rich baritone voice, looks good to equal the popularity record of the other Boston favorites. He is a sure thing in the May picture at this club, and being a very able person, the other acts are certain of the proper kind of a presentation at his hands.

Tony Bruno's good music for dancing here has many followers. While we are on the subject of Sunday nights, however, remember this club. Sunday is Guest Star Night, and the Latin Quarter is THE place to go.

. . . WAY UP on Beacon street, at 534, Arki Yavensonne makes his small, smart Satire Room a bright spot in the entertainment sector. Located as it is in the Fensgate Hotel, the room starts off with a different atmosphere from any of the others around town. But when you add to that Arki's shrewd showmanship, his indefatigable search for talent that is different, talent that is right for his little room, you get a plus that is hard to equal. The cost, however, tends to run slightly high.

Exactly who will be on tap during the month of May is difficult to say right now. Neal Phillips, of course, will be winning friends at the piano, but what names will be spotlighted is uncertain. Forgetting that, however, you can be sure that you will get your money's worth at the Satire Room.

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For dinners that we take
pride in serving from $1.50
Pat Sands Orchestra
and
Rhumba Band
Supper & Dinner Dancing
The
Hotel Touraine
Hancock 3500

. . . THE PARTICULAR specialty of the Touraine's Renaissance Room is, as always, superlative food and good dancing. As we hop onto the presses, we can give you no positive information whether name acts will be the new rule here or not. For a time, name acts and floor shows were dropped out. Now, we are told, names will get the spotlight.

At any rate, it will be worth your while to check with this room when you go out for the evening. The renovations which have taken place are eye-appealing and pleasant.



HARRY GREENE
his piano and orchestra at the Mayfair

. . . DEVIATING FOR a moment from the entertainment angle, as turning to the cocktail lounges, the Kenmore Hotel has the attractive Mural Lounge and the Sportsmen's Hangout, both of which are nice places to go.

. . . AND AT the Hotel Gardner the Grill Room is a perfect answer to the cocktail-good food question. The combination is a fairly rare one—to find food and cocktails adjacent. But it is worth noting for your special attention when you are near Massachusetts avenue.

. . . PERMANENTLY A bright spot on Boylston street is Shangri La. This is one club that has a highly individual set-up in that the balcony, the terraced main floor, and the nearby bar are exactly right for every need. As a matter of fact, the balcony holds a lot of charm for those who enjoy a measure of privacy.

—BKP

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21 CORNING ST.
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Liberty 9744

The entertainment here is always of high calibre, with at least one star name glittering in the line-up of top acts. And for your information, Thursday night is Guest Star Night at the club. Tommy Maren is seeing to it that the Guest Stars have as much fun as the cash customers who are enjoying their work.

. . . Although we always seem to get to the Essex Hotel last in the listing, it is not because of any lack of sparkling entertainment and good food. It is merely because we link the Essex with our regular visits before catching a train from the South Station.

The main room features three floor shows nightly, three nicely-balanced shows with a lively presentation. The music is pleasantly danceable, the food very good, and the fun for your money well worth while. There are also two attractive cocktail lounges handy in case your stay is a brief one. Prices are completely reasonable.

. . . The general impression that you will get from a round of the night spots under the new tax tariffs is that everyone is having a bang-up good time. Why not? As we said when we started this tour, the managements of the clubs aren't doing us wrong. The government needs the money, and let the fun go on.

—BKP



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Delicious food . . . moderate prices . . . convenient location. Just the place you've been looking for!

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• delicious food
• open from 4 p.m.
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Music Box
47 HUNTINGTON AVENUE

A MODERN IN PROVINCIAL BOSTON

. . . She has left no name, no portrait, no description. We are told neither her fortune nor her place of residence, but we do know a great deal about her by inference. We are sure that she was elegant in manner and in speech, that she was not without brains and courage, that she was pagan in spirit, quite unmoved by the prospect of hell, and as for maidenly modesty, so highly esteemed in her day, there was a void where that might have been. She was twenty at the time of her valiant quest for love, and we don't know whom she subsequently married, but even in a city overflowing with maids and likely widows as Boston was at that early date, it is certain that she got her man. She almost got the great Cotton Mather.

Cotton Mather's wife had died in 1702, greatly lamented. Mather was then just under forty, a striking figure, abounding in magnetism, tireless, moody, mystical, aggressive, yet always with a disarming spirit of friendliness. He gave himself up entirely to whatever he was doing at the moment, and he possessed a courage, that, when smallpox was raging in Boston, was ready to make on his own son the first trial of inoculation in the New World. His portrait, with its high forehead, and full, sensitive mouth suggests the contradictions he often displayed. To him life was a constant battle, often joyous and victorious, yet sometimes shadowed by bitter tragedy. The nameless young lady brought him almost to the point of suicide.

One evening in February Cotton Mather was working quietly in his study. He was somewhat pale from recent vigils and fasting for he was still under a heavy sense of grief for the loss of his wife. The fire burned dully in the fireplace, the candles spluttered, the room, which had been the scene of so many inward struggles, seemed an especially dreary field of war. Then there came a vision, no, a live flesh and blood visitor, and the fire perked up, and the candles burned less fitfully as if they, too, wanted to see what astonishing brightness had come into the gloom. For the caller was a young woman, some one practically unknown to Mather, and one whose appearance would not suggest that she had come to ask about things of the spirit.

Nor had she. As soon as she was comfortably seated in the best nook by the fire she looked her host straight in the eye, arranged her satin skirts, threw back her hood to show her shiny tresses, and told him her errand, to wit, that she had long been entranced by his sermons, but that now she was desperately enamored of his person and she begged that he would marry her. Probably Cotton Mather, with all his susceptibility to flattery, did not wholly believe the part about the sermons, but she made the last part of her message perfectly plain.

It took even a great and brainy Puritan time to get his wits together, but he finally did summon enough common sense to tell her as tactfully as he could that her proposal was quite out of order. He described his life, a good part of which was made up of vigils and of fastings, a procedure in which she could have no part and but scant interest. Such obstacles the maiden passed over lightly, yet she knew how to accept the first set-back, and soon withdrew, suggesting that he would see her again before long. No doubt she understood that in spite of wise words he was more shaken than he would admit, and she was not one to let pass her first advantage.

From then on began a fiery trial for the great man that recalls the temptation of Saint Anthony as set forth by the French realist, Flaubert. Cotton Mather was by no means insensible to charm, and he wrote that she was more elegant, refined, and delightful in her speech than any woman in the colony. Perhaps in so doing, he had to eat his own words for he had once thundered from the pulpit, "Will not the haughty daughters of Zion refrain from their pride in apparel? Will they lay out their hair and wear false locks, their borders and towers about their heads?"

He admits, a bit regretfully, that the company which frequented her father's house were not all that could be desired, and even her own reputation somewhat questionable. Yet he adds, "She could not but break in upon me with most importunate requests that I would make her mine," until he



"Look, Mommy! I'm barefoot all over!"

was fain "to beg as for my life that it be desisted from."

But quite undaunted, this "aery person" continued to call at the Mather house on Hanover Street, and presumably to frequent the stern, uncompromising church in North Square, until, seeing that her suit was making no great progress, she decided on desperate measures. She implored Mather to do his duty and to save her soul. That was a trump card, for Cotton Mather had a passion for souls. Thieves, witches, Indians, pirates, inmates of the pest house, all were grist for his mill, and he acknowledged frankly that he would fain to be the chosen instrument in such a cause.

Perhaps he was a little too ready for the task she set him, for gossip found the situation delectable. In his diary he wrote, "The devil has a spite against me and inspires the people in this town to whisper impertinent stories," and even more bitterly, "Where is the man that the female sex has spit more of their venom against?" When he attempted to withdraw, even admitting defeat, the lady threatened she "would be a thorn in my side and contrive all ways to vex me, affront me, and disgrace me."

So that was Cotton Mather, humbled and distressed in spirit. What the vicissitudes of extraordinarily active years had never accomplished, a pert young woman brought about in scarce two months' time. The great man's friends were seriously concerned for his welfare, and gave him sound advice. Thereupon, one March evening he composed a letter, a final one, to the girl's mother. There was some storming and raging, but, after all, both she and her mother were soldiers of fortune, able to accept defeat as well as victory, and when gossip whispered that he had mercilessly jilted her, they both loyally insisted that his conduct had been entirely honorable.

Here is the record from his Journal: "And now, being after all due Deliberation, fully satisfied, that my Countenancing the Proposals of coming one Day to a Marriage, with the Gentlewoman so often mentioned in these Papers, will not be consistent with my public Serviceableness; but that the Prejudices in the Minds of the People of God against it, are insuperable, and little short of universal: I set myself to make unto the Lord Jesus Christ, a Sacrifice of a Person, who for many charming accomplishments, has not many equals in the English America.

"I struck my Knife into the Heart of my Sacrifice, by a Letter to her Mother."



In a very few days after the storm had subsided, Cotton Mather made his first call on a comfortable widow, Mistress Elizabeth Hubbard, who lived near by, and in August they were married. That night he writes in his diary that he had become the husband of "the most agreeable Consort (all things considered) that all America could afforded me."

—May Whiting

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"Do you think we ought to report this, or shall we keep it our own little secret?"

LOUISIANA LEGEND

Will Hitler Follow Napoleon To An Unknown Grave? Louisiana Bayou Folk Have a Legend That Napoleon Escaped St. Helena and Is Buried at Barataria, Haunt of Lafitte Pirates.

. . . TODAY WITH Berlin in ruins, with German soldiers slaughtered by thousands in Russia, with other German armies retreating in Italy, the empire the house painter built is crumbling about his ears. What he will do when his empire is reduced to the final square mile and when that mile is conquered is today an important question. Whether he will attempt to escape and where he would or could go is subject for rife speculation.

No would-be world conqueror has yet met the justice he had coming. Alexander's empire lasted during his lifetime. Hannibal died by his own hand rather than surrender to the Romans. The Kaiser escaped retribution by fleeing to Doorn. And Napoleon was exiled to the island of St. Helena in the South Atlantic, where he died.

Or did he?

The careers of Hitler and Napoleon have run remarkably similar courses. Both conquered Europe only to lose it. Both made the great mistake of invading Russia. But whether Hitler's end will follow his predecessor's no man will ever know, because Napoleon's final fate is still shrouded in mystery.

Down in Louisiana, the bayou folk descended from Jean Lafitte's pirates tell a tale that Napoleon's remains do not rest in his grand sepulchre in Paris, that he was spirited away from St. Helena by Lafitte's ships and lies buried today in an unmarked grave at Barataria, the pirate headquarters. And they may be right. Many historical facts serve as circumstantial evidence to support their legend.

When the little Corsican's escape from Elba was announced, all New Orleans rejoiced, for the city, although officially American, was still French in descent and sympathy. After Waterloo and Napoleon's second abdication, after his exile to St. Helena, after his career of conquest was finished, over and done with, friends in New Orleans still supported the Emperor and planned to help him escape.

Nicholas Girod, mayor of the city, is known to have publically proclaimed that his home was open to Napoleon as a refuge should he succeed in again escaping. Girod is said to have been the leader of the Bonapartist group that liberated the Little Corporal. He, with Dominique You, right hand man of the Lafitte brothers, and a mysterious Captain Bossier met with other sympathizers at the old Cabildo one night soon after the exile to St. Helena. There the plot was hatched.

Details of the actual execution were left to Girod, You and Bossier. First Girod's home was prepared to receive the Emperor and communication was established in some manner, possible by one of Lafitte's ships acting as an innocent fishing vessel, with St. Helena. All accounts agree that Napoleon knew of the plot and was ready. Then Girod, armed with sacks of gold, approached Jean Lafitte. For a sum, the pirate leader was quite ready to lend his help, in the form of three ships with crews.

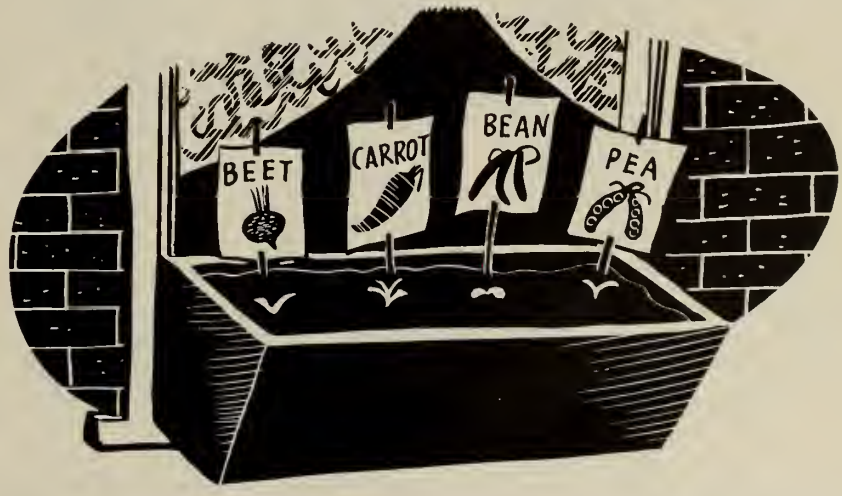
Two large vessels and a sea-going schooner were fitted out. According to one account, the schooner was loaded to the gunwales with rum, the finest obtainable. This was not for the crew; Dominique You had quite another use for it. About a hundred hand-picked pirates formed the crews, and one fine spring the ships sailed from Barataria for St. Helena.

Some accounts say they were under the command of the mysterious Captain Bossier, with Dominique You second in command. But most of the bayou folk agreed that You, Lafitte's most trusted man, led the expedition.

Just before the ships sailed, news was received in New Orleans of Napoleon's death. That is why many people will point out the Napoleon House to you in old New Orleans and tell what a pity it was the Emperor died before he could have been brought to it. But others say this was a dodge; the heady Creoles boasted too much of their plan; Girod feared the English might get wind and made the announcement for what military men today call security reasons.

Six months later the ships reached St. Helena, and for months more they cruised off the southern tip of the island, waiting until the two English sloops of war that guarded it should both be at one end. Dominique's plans called for a fast one, not a fight. Finally one day they were sighted off the island's southern tip, together, and the two larger vessels closed with them, the schooner and its precious cargo staying out of sight to meet them later at a rendezvous. The pirates' guns were kept hidden; the ships met the English, insulted them, called them fresh water sailors, and the British lit out in pursuit.

The pirates easily outdistanced the slower sloops of war. When dark came, one ship extended two lights on either side, and the British, thinking they were chasing both ships, continued after it. The other, Domini-

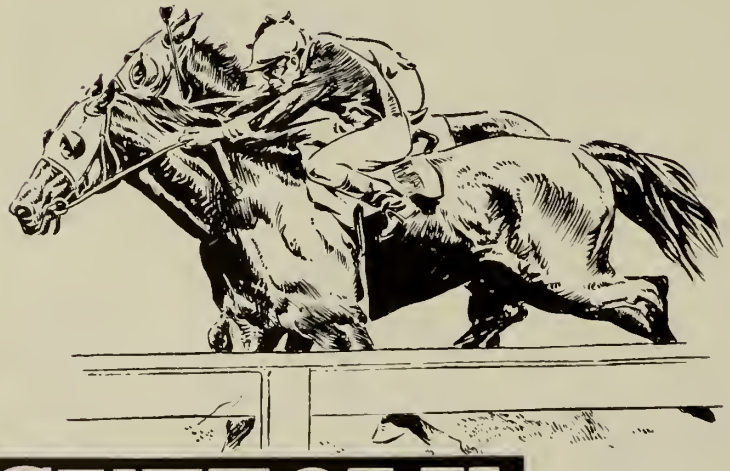


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1st Race 2:30 — 8th Race 6:00

que You's, turned back to rendezvous with the schooner.

All but six of the schooner's crew came aboard the larger ship, and the schooner with its cargo of rum was deliberately beached on the island. The six who stayed told their cock and bull story of drifting off course to the English, offered to trade them the rum for passage home. Dominique You's plan was working.

An hour later, with the island's guards drunk and its sloops giving a wild goose chase, Dominique You's larger ship stole inshore. A landing party reached the Emperor's palace without a fight and without being discovered, rushed him away to the ship. Two days later the two ships met at an agreed spot and the long voyage home began.

So far everything had gone smoothly. But Dame Providence, tired of flinging naturals for Dominique You, threw snake-eyes once and the whole plot failed. Napoleon Bonaparte never set foot in Nicholas Girod's home. The little Emperor, who had written history as no man before him since Charlemagne, died aboard a pirate vessel in the Carribbean sea.

The famous death mask of Napoleon which is on exhibit today at the Cabildo in New Orleans was made, say the bayou people, by Doctor Antomarchi on board Dominique You's ship. And Napoleon Bonaparte lies buried in a grave no man can identify near Lafitte, Louisiana, in the heart of the Barataria country where the pirates of Jean and Pierre Lafitte held sway.

Will Hitler too lie one day in an unmarked grave in a land he never saw?

—David Markstein



WITH THE THOROUGHBREDS

"Until you go to Kentucky and with your own eyes behold the Derby, 'you ain't never been nowheres and you ain't seen nuthin.'"

—Irvin S. Cobb

. . . About this time three years ago local followers of The Sport of Kings were waxing enthusiastic over the winning chances of a Boston-owned candidate for Kentucky Derby honors. The colt, owned by Rocco Palladino, however, finished fifth in that event, which was captured by the mighty Whirlaway, who galloped to an easy victory by eight lengths. Little Beans went to the post only a few times after the "Run for the Roses" and was retired from racing last year and is now at a breeding farm at Clarksville, Maryland.

In the present list of Derby entrants (there are one hundred and forty-eight in all) is a colt owned by a local patron of the sport, that may prove to be a "Dark Horse." Valdina Craft, purchased near the end of the racing season last year, from Glenn Felkner, will carry the colors of Mr. James E. Mahoney, Jr., of Waban. Mr. Mahoney has wintered his stable at Columbia, South Carolina, and expects to ship to Narragansett Park around April first. At the New York and Kentucky sales last summer, Mr. Mahoney purchased a number of high class youngsters with attractive pedigrees, which form the nucleus of his growing racing string.

Valdina Craft, whose record of three firsts, three seconds, and one third out of eighteen starts, won his first race last June at Suffolk Downs, defeating Allan T. Simmons' Chuck, the favorite, and other smart ones. His other two victories were achieved at Narragansett Park, where in August, he was victorious in The Springfield Purse, scoring over Evelyn Rolls, the winner of The Jeanne D'Arc Stakes. Later on, in September, our hero galloped to an easy win over Mac's Quest owned by Mr. Allan J. Wilson, prominent horseman of Boston and Dover, Mass.

As viewed by pedigree experts, Valdina Craft's blood-lines indicate his ability to negotiate a distance of ground. The Derby distance of a mile and a quarter should be to his liking. His sire, Questionnaire, won The Brooklyn Handicap, Metropolitan Handicap and many other stakes. Valdina Craft's male line traces back to Plaudit winner of The Kentucky Derby in 1898. The distaff side of his pedigree leaves nothing to be desired, his dam Furtive being a daughter of the imported Sir Galahad III, who was the leading broodmare sire in the United States for 1943.

Probably the best known son of Questionnaire to be seen at the New England tracks was Mrs. Payne Whitney's Hash, winner of the Narragansett Special in 1940. That genial First Lady of the Turf furnished the winners of the two principal stakes at Hialeah Park this season, The Flamingo Stakes and The Widener Handicap, namely Stir Up and Four Freedoms. Returning Bostonians of the "horsey set" who witnessed the victory of Four Freedoms in Florida on March 4th, declare that it was a very thrilling race, Jockey Arcaro's ride was something to marvel at, considering that he broke a stirrup a short distance from the finish.

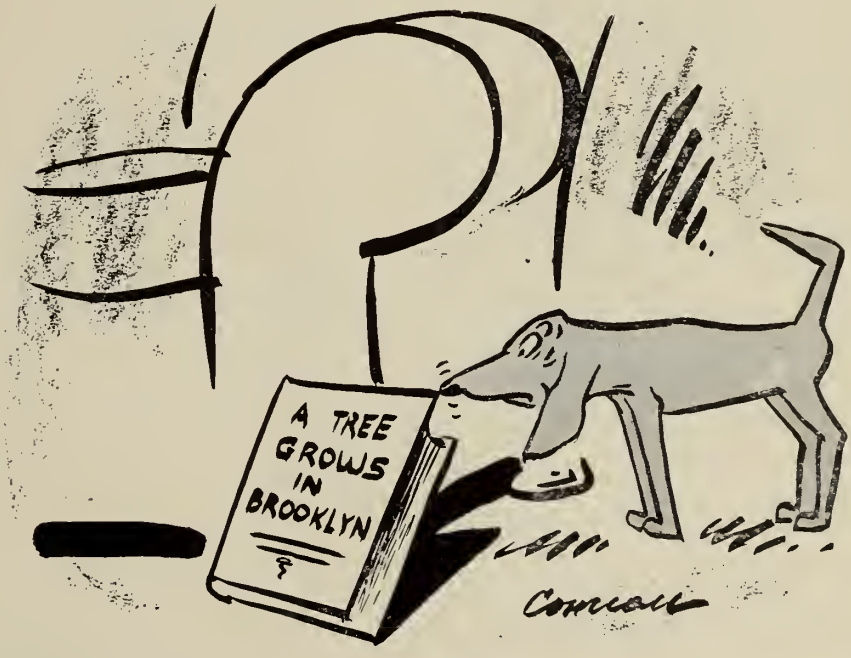
So reports of Valdina Craft's preparation for the coming Derby will be eagerly watched for and if the colt gets to the post in that event on May 6th the locally-owned horse will have plenty of folks around Boston a-rooting for him.

The stable of Mrs. Weston W. Adams of Boston and Framingham that raced in Florida during the winter months will have a number of smart two-year-olds racing this coming season. Mrs. Adams' husband is at present serving Uncle Sam as a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve. Mr. Charles F. Adams, director of racing at Suffolk Downs and father of Lt. Adams, purchased twelve yearlings at the Keeneland, Kentucky, sales last fall, and reports that they are training smartly in the Blue Grass State.

These two-year-olds will make their first appearances at the Churchill Downs track early in April. Among the lot is a son of War Admiral called Son Admiral whose purchase price of $4,600 was the highest of any in the group. The buying of yearlings is the greatest speculation connected with the turf and therefore one of the lesser priced ones may turn out to be the star performer. Roman Soldier, a great favorite with New England race-goers a few seasons ago and who won close to $100,000 in purses, cost but a $100 as a yearling.

Indications point to another good season coming up and when the royally-bred Kings and Queens of the Turf make their appearance at Narragansett Park on April 12, lovers of the sport will be happy.

—Ed Cushing



MISS MILITARY—MISS FASHION

. . . Fashions in the past year have been as down to earth as a well-run machine. I might say, an alchemy. One part fashion, one part person, plus a new magic– something new added!

The one question of "what to wear" has always been a bug-a-boo to women. The moment a gal takes off those front teeth braces and dons her first fluffy, frail party dress she begins to worry over the time-old feminine problem. What to wear!

Down through the ages she trots—still worrying, still wondering, with fashions changing like laws and politicians. The worry is a clutching idea like a hand around the throat. Gruesome.

Some women have found a solution to the time-worn question. Some have ceased worrying. More important problems have loomed on the horizon. War torn problems. Every American woman-patriot can quell her fashion anxiety and be beauty wise. Yes, this year fashions are down to earth. Something new added.

You probably want to know how this world-rocking phenomenon can happen—how to become Miss Beauty-Wise America 1944. This past year has been a hard one, you weakly admit, what with the folds of skirts becoming skimpier, hats reaching grotesque shapes, shoe rationing and no nylons! You would like to know how some women have quelled their worries. You are tired of being a shop-hound. Costumes have had to be amoeba-like and become two. Some of your clothes have a nostalgic awareness of having lived before and they just don't seem to do. You have incessantly thumbed through fashion books which feature that "pillar of the community suit" and which boast of the wizardry of wool jersey. You have been oogly-eyed trying to picture yourself in each outfit and wondered if the wizardry of wool jersey would do justice to the golden tints in your hair. And once in a while the trim uniform of the service women has appeared on the page, making you pause momentarily, then hurriedly pass to the next page which featured a tweed suit going-to-the-country-with-a-jersey-blouse.

And we might add here, just casually, that you commenced worrying all over again. Ah yes, worry, wonder. But Miss America 1944 isn't doing any worrying.

You see, Miss America 1944 is Miss Military—a member of the Women's Army Corps, Army of the United States of America. Her trim, jaunty military costume solves her whole problem and is the same figure you momentarily glanced at as you searched for your clothes-utopia. Miss Military has a one-design outfit as her magic answer—her passport to a purpose. She stands inspection, she does her tremendous vital war job, she attends the latest Broadway smash hit, she dances to the smoothest music of her favorite maestro and during all this, she wears that neatly pressed, smartly fashioned uniform. The old adage that clothes make the woman is all right. Miss Military is smart enough to take a hand in the matter herself, and sees to it that her outfit meets the approving eye of all.

The metamorphosis from civilian life to military life is accomplished easily. The sudden absence of frills and flowers, true is startling. Very startling. One of the biggest moments in the life of an enlistee is the time when her uniform is fitted, pressed and she gets into it for the first time. What a revaluation. But she quickly quotes to herself that fashion was never completely in the laps of the gods. Now she has taken the situation in her own hands. Frills seem petty. The thought of wearing the same outfit to different occasions doesn't bother her in the least because she knows it's suitable for any occasion and appropriate according to the War Fashion Book 1944. It's a convertible costume in essence—born of necessity. The necessity that she must help out in this struggle in which her husband, brother or sweetheart is participating.

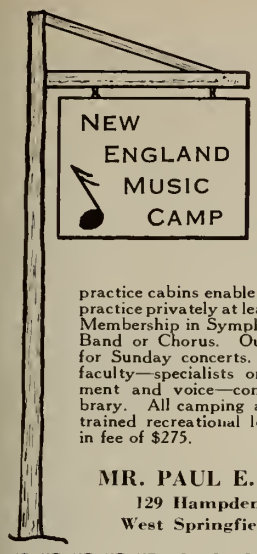


She matures to a deep purpose and efficiently resumes her war work with a new fashion note added to her heart—the uniform of service. She walks free and unafraid of others' glances; she sees the great need for her participation in the world's goings-on. She sets the pace and spirit and is excitingly brought to life in her olive drab or navy; she possesses a rushing gaiety—rushing to Victory in her uniform: she works with her fellow patriots. and this working-togetherness is no cosmic mist but an earthly brew of self appraisal, in her olive drab. She never frets about what she should wear. She knows. The question's already solved before it's asked. She never worries, she hasn't time. Bigger things are at stake.

Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, the director of the Women's Army Corps, said, during one of her speeches to a group of WACs: "You have a date with Destiny and a debt to Democracy." A WAC keeps this date in her olive drab suit.

Yes, clothes problem is down to earth this year. An alchemy. One part fashion, one part person plus new magic note—the uniform of service. It's THE new fashion note of '44. That is how some women have become the best dressed gals of the year wearing the uniform of service. But excuse me. I've a date . . . with Destiny!

—Lt. Helen Louise Corl



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BOOK NEWS

GOLD RUSH, edited by Georgia Willis Read and Ruth Gaines, with a foreword by F. W. Hodge. The Journals, Drawings, and Other Paper of J. Goldsborough Bruff, Captain, Washington City and California Mining Association, April 2, 1849-July 20, 1851.

A day-to-day record of the overland journey to California. Captain Bruff, who in 1849 left his position as draftsman to the United States Bureau of Topographical Engineers to lead the Washington City and California Gold Mining Association, was gifted with crayon and pen.

He was keenly observant, interested in everything about him, and a tireless note-taker. His journals, drawings, and other papers provide the most comprehensive firsthand account ever published of life on the overland trail.

Historians will recognize this book as invaluable source material. Bruff knew that it was a record of permanent worth, and later expanded his notes with a view to publication, but the work never appeared. The editors spent ten years transcribing and editing the early notebooks and collating them with later manuscript; they made two trips to California to visit the scenes of Bruff's adventures. The result is a work that is a monument in the literature of the West.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, pages: v. 1, lxxxvii, 630 p.; v. 2, viii, 631-1404 p.; illus., maps, diagrams, $15.00, boxed.

Book News from Macmillan

. . . WHEN HE had completed the manuscript of MR. TOMPKINS EXPLORES THE ATOM, George Gamow was much perturbed to realize that it would be practically impossible to get in touch with Mr. John Hookham, the illustrator who had created Mr. Tompkins' facial features, since the artist was busy in England with more important matters. Therefore, difficult as it was, the author decided to illustrate the book with his own hand. Not being an artist, he borrowed freely from every source available, running the gamut from Botticelli to the comic sections of the Sunday papers. The pictures that have resulted from this bold effort may look slightly crazy, but after all, the stories they illustrate are slightly crazy, too. Macmillan published MR. TOMPKINS EXPLORES THE ATOM on April 4.

. . . WHATEVER WILLIAM HAZLITT did, he did with passion, and this makes the great English essayist an extremely good subject for a biography. Catherine Macdonald Maclean, a scholar of the first water who happens to be able to make whatever she writes about fascinating to the reader, has written a new biography of Hazlitt called BORN UNDER SATURN. Macmillan published it on April 11.

Item from Appleton-Century

SEVENTY THOUSAND MILES OF WAR Being One Man's Odyssey on Many Fronts by W. W. Chaplin. 8 vo.

For ten years Bill Chaplin was an ace reporter of the International News Service. Now he is one of NBC's top commentators who "Round up" the news from England. He has known civilians in the war areas from Delhi to Dunkirk, from the Himalayas to Moscow—talked with them, worked with them, helped them. This book is his absorbing, deep-felt Odyssey—an eloquent human chronicle.

Chaplin says his one test of material to be included was "Is it interesting?" If it wasn't interesting, he left it out, no matter how important it might be, politically or internationally. The result is a fascinating anecdotal account of the present war showing the daily behavior of men, women and children who never make the headlines, but who give you a true understanding of life in Europe, India, and Russia today.

Charles A. Wagner in the *N. Y. Mirror* writes: "Bill Chaplin, on his INS assignments over there, always kept clear and shining the thoughts of the Yank foot soldier. His book 'Seventy Thousand Miles of War,' shoots from that high level—the common foot trooper.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

. . . Most of the kids were asleep in the ward cars that were dark except for the dim lights a few inches off the floor. There was little sound but the roar of the wheels as the wounded soldiers were hurried through the night to some hinterland destination. Joe Watkins, low in spirit, stretched his injured leg gingerly before him and watched the dark land escaping past his window and wondered what the next hospital would be like.

On the seat beside Joe, his arm in a sling and a bandage around his head, sat Milt Leeper. A funny name, Joe had always said.

"Joe, it's good gettin' home, ain't it?" Milt said, as if he had been thinking about it a long time.

"In a way," Joe said.

"What the hell you mean, 'in a way'?" Milt said, as if Joe had committed sacrilege.

"What's the difference?" Joe said. "We et in Africa, didn't we? And we slept in Africa, didn't we? So what? We come home and do the same damn thing. And if we're not being shot at with bullets we're being shot at by some big clabber-mouth tellin' us how good we are, and then when it's all over they'll let us root for ourselves."

Milt said, "Goddammit, Joe, you ain't got the right spirit!"

"I ain't got no spirit at all," Joe said.

"That's what I mean," Milt said.

"Well," Joe said, easing his leg with the bullet hole in it, "I ain't gettin' no spirit until I find out what to get spirit for. Maybe I'll join a labor union."

Milt was pontifical. "You can't have your cake and eat it, too."

"Cake," Joe said, reminiscently. "Ma used to make damn good cake, Milt. Melt in your mouth. I ain't had cake like that in so goddam long I forgot how it tastes."

"That's what I mean, Joe," Milt said.

"What the hell about cake?" Joe said.

"Just cake, fer instance," Milt said. "You didn't get any over there. No cake like your ma cooked. You're comin' home to cake."

"No cake like your ma cooked," Joe said.

He looked out the window and felt funny on the inside. Dawn slipped across the tall Texas sky. It was getting red and purple all at once. Joe remembered the Plains for the first time in months, where ma lived —the cold red skies in autumn and the sound of a wagon clucking a mile away.

He grinned.

"Cake," he said.

The train rocked on and the sun swept up. The mesquite trees hung their long, dried beans in the listless morning air. Joe listened to the *click-clack* of the wheels on the rails and they sounded like the cluck of a loose-hubbed wagon.

"Cake," he said. "By god, Milt, it's good to get home, ain't it?"

—Clyde B. Ragsdale



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WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Mickey Alpert's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves. $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days.

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hotel Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East and Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service men only $1 for dinner and show; no cov., no min.).

Green Room, Hotel Edison, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min. $2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Chatterbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily. Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent cuisine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain. Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.



Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.

Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 P.M. weekdays; other days $4.

Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever. Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and Hols.

Number One Bar, 1 Fifth Ave. Dinner and on thru the evening. Ent. and an attractive crowd.

Old Roumanian, 169 Allen St. GR. 3-9595. Famous for Mushk Steak and a big International Revue. Din. $1.65.

One, Two, Three, E. 54th St. Soft lights. Distinguished cuisine.

Penthouse, 30 Central Pk. So. See for yourself this lovely dining spot. Luncheon from $1. Din. from $2.

Radio Frank's, 70 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-9258). Continuous fun.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Barn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Bar, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd that's fun to be with.

AMERICAN MENU

Bryant Transportation Room, 54th & B'way. For luncheon and dinner and top notch drinks.

Chesapeake, Madison Ave., bet. 34th & 35th. Outstanding cuisine and delightful atmosphere.

Oyster Bar, Grand Central Terminal. (MU. 9-5430). The Oyster Bar is famous 'round the world for its excellent cuisine and of course, seafood is tops there. The service is speedy.

Olney Inn, 12 E. 49th St. Clara May Downey's famous food. Luncheon from 85c; Dinner from $1.50; Cocktail Lounge. Half block from Radio City.

Skipper, Really Home Cooked Food. Famous for Filet Mignon, Fried Chicken and Lobster Dinners. 7 East 44th St.; 56 West 47th St.; 160 E. 48th St. Open 1 A.M. daily, Sun. Din. from 1 P.M.—$1.35. Cocktails.

Town & Country, 284 Park Ave. Manhattan's newest and definitely the place to dine. Famed Drury Lane food. Country dining room for men only. Drury Lane branch at 47 East 49th St.

CONTINENTAL

English Grill, in the lower Plaza Rockefeller Center. Typical English Menus a la carte. Luncheon entrees from 60c. Open 11 to 1 A.M. incl. Sun.

DUTCH

Holland House Taverne, 10 Rockefeller Plaza at 48th Street. Recommended for its Dutch Cuisine and the many and interesting authentic Dutch antiques used in the decoration. Luncheon Specials from 60c. Dinner from $1.75.

FRENCH

Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 P.M. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

INTERNATIONAL

Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb food. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

ITALIAN

Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185). Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

Vesuvio, 163 W. 48th St. Authentic Italian food, including time honored favorites. Bar, Luncheons and Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

SWEDISH

Castleholm, 344 W. 57th St. (CI. 7-0873). Smorgasbord as prelude to hearty dining. Dancing to the music of the Norsemen.

Wivel, 254 W. 54th St. (CI. 7-9056). Famous for its Swedish Smorgasbord. Dinner from $1.85. No minimum except Sat.

SWISS

Swiss Pavilion, 38 E. 50th St. (EL. 5-8680). Superb Swiss and Continental food. Paul Burger, Mgr. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.00. Closed Sunday.

Mrs. Bowie invites you to the newest Skipper Restaurant at 7 E. 44th St.

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red coral ... vivid. outdoor red

cochinelle ... exotic, American Bea

apple red ... gay, bright, true-red

red velvet ... deep. royal red

red raspberry ... conservative re

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The Bostonian

June, 1944 . . . . . Price 15 cents

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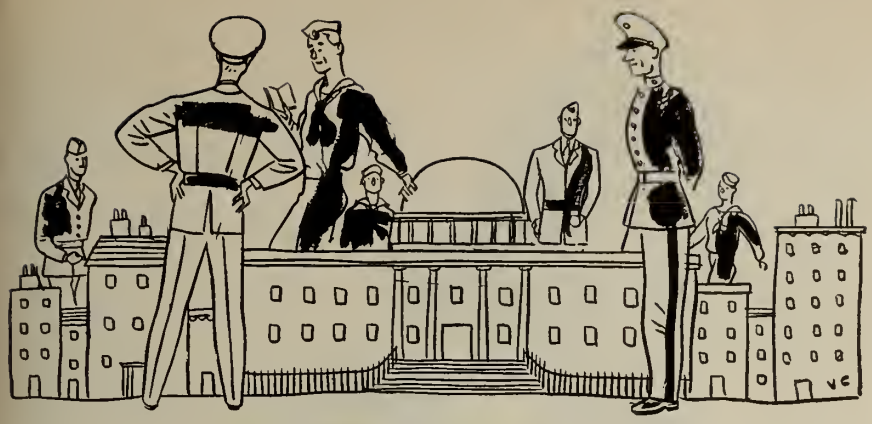


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North Station Service Center, 149 Staniford Street, Boston—Laf. 1259.

South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.

Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.

Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.

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PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.

Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Socks Darned. Salv'n Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Soldiers and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

American Merchant Marine Library, 49 Atlantic Avenue, has the latest books on Navigation, Machinery, Seamanship, etc. available. Books loaned to Merchant Marine Men only. All others welcome to consult or read on premises.

Volume 2, Number 6 *June 1944*

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FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB. 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanover Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Da-Way, Boylston Place (DEV. 9346). Slogan of "Boston's Nicest Eating Place" is backed up by fine food and good service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners, dancing to Pete Herman's orchestra. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

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Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Bradford Roof, Hotel Bradford, offers top name entertainment at all times. No cover in the beautiful room, Sammy Eisen's music for dancing. Attractive Sky Bar adjoining. Food is excellent here.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen. Two floor shows enliven your visit here.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Renaissance Room at the Hotel Touraine (HAN. 3500) has scored a big click with guests. Here you will find dinner and supper dancing, a lively floor show, and congenial surroundings.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p.m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

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Your bath becomes a regal beauty ritual
when you use Prince Matchabelli's ABANO Bath Oil.
Just a few glistening drops will soften
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REFLECTIONS OF LUXURY . . . The exotic fragrance of ABANO has now been given to a complete sequence of matched bath luxuries . . . newly, beautifully packaged . . . Abano Bath Oil, 3.75 to 12.00 . . . Bath Soap, 2.00 . . . Toilet Water, 5.00 . . . Cologne, 2.50 . . . Dusting Powder, 2.50 . . . also Abano Perfume, 3.50 to 35.00. Plus Tax. *At leading department stores and specialty shops.*

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PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury St. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sundays

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT-SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Garden with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

APARTMENTS

Back Bay and Brookline . . .

Furnished Apartments for Army and Navy Officers.

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New beauty . . . glamorous beauty . . . in Doraldina Compact Make-up designed for young skins. Made with an emulsified lanolin base your make-up stays on hour after hour without need of re-powdering . . . as it imparts a soft, satiny finish and helps conceal minor skin imperfections. Six fashion-right colors to choose from. $1.50

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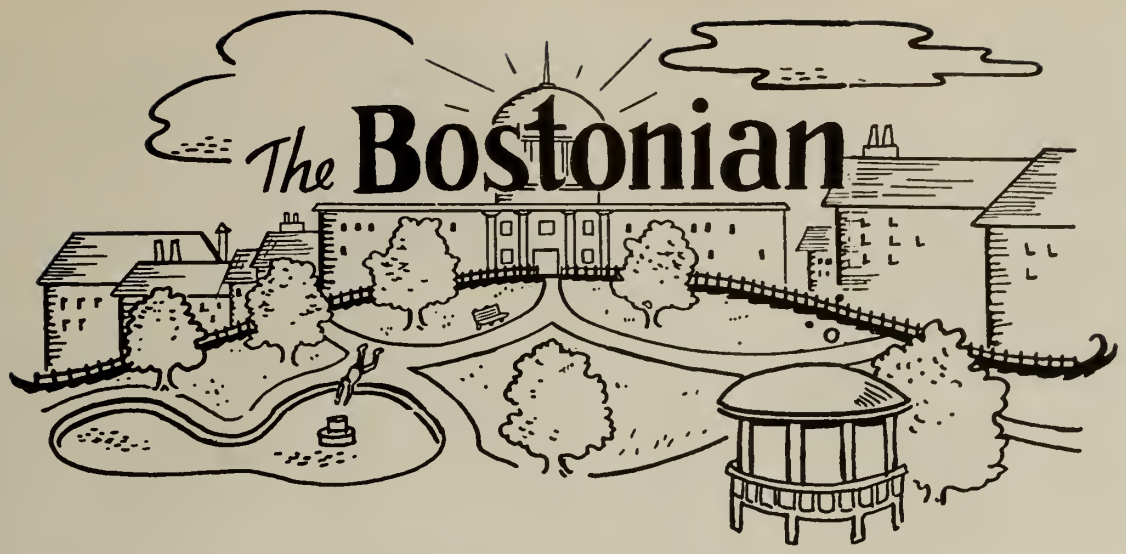
R. H. STEARNS CO.



Lily of the Valley BY ANN HAVILAND

Fragrant with romance, dewy as the traditional bride's bouquet, captured by this genius parfumeur. . . . . Stearns street floor.

Talcum, $2.50 Body Powder, $5 Sachet, $2.50 Perfume, $3.50 to $11.50 Grecian Bath Oil, $3.50 to $12.50 Prices plus 20% Fed. Tax.



COMMON TALK

Education

. . . MAYBE you've wondered, too, what you would do if set down in a strange country with only four words to your name. The sign language is fine stuff, especially as exercise, but a stranger on our shores would probably be lugged off to a quiet padded cell for using it exclusively.

. The way out taken by a Miss Odette Hector, young Costa Rican student at Penn State, looks good to us. While she was busy wangling enough English to order her food in restaurants, she lived on ice cream and cake, her allotment of four words.

Ice cream and cake for breakfast is a thought which gives us the shudders. But even at that, some alert ad agency with an ice cream account could do wonders with the sparkling-eyed lassie who did so well with our national dessert dish. She could endorse an "I-learned-English-with-ice-cream" campaign.

Personals

. . . THE habit of reading Personals is an odd form of disease with us. Give us the *Saturday Review of Literature* and we're off, frothing at the mouth with delight. The world unfolds, characters bloom, and courage filters back. Here we go:

"LONELY LADY, fiftyish, radically inclined, wishes to correspond with personable friendly gentleman claiming sense of humor. . . ."

Play around with that word "claiming."

"GENTLEMAN SEEKS a feminine correspondence in vicinity of Pennsylvania. . . ."

"COSMOPOLITAN MISS with dimples wants mail from men who have lived or are living outside U. S. A. . . ."

"MAN, fiftyish, rather in the dumps for want of something more substantial than imaginative outlet, would welcome feminine correspondence, intimate or otherwise; former New Yorker, now located in Florida, although not entirely from choice. . . ."

We're rapidly catching on to the idea that "ish" is a new mathematical term for a 5 to 9 year span. It is not adaptable for the teen-agers, however. "Sixteenish," "seventeenish," etc., are terms for states of mind, not age.

Movie Problems

. . . SHEILA BARRETT passes this one along after a session at a Boston movie emporium in early afternoon. The bobby-sox brigade was out in full bloom, whipping up and down the aisles, getting in shape to swoon over the swing band next on the list. An elderly couple sat beside Sheila, grimly trying to concentrate on the picture. After one particularly loud blast from the bobby-brigade, the woman turned to her husband and said:

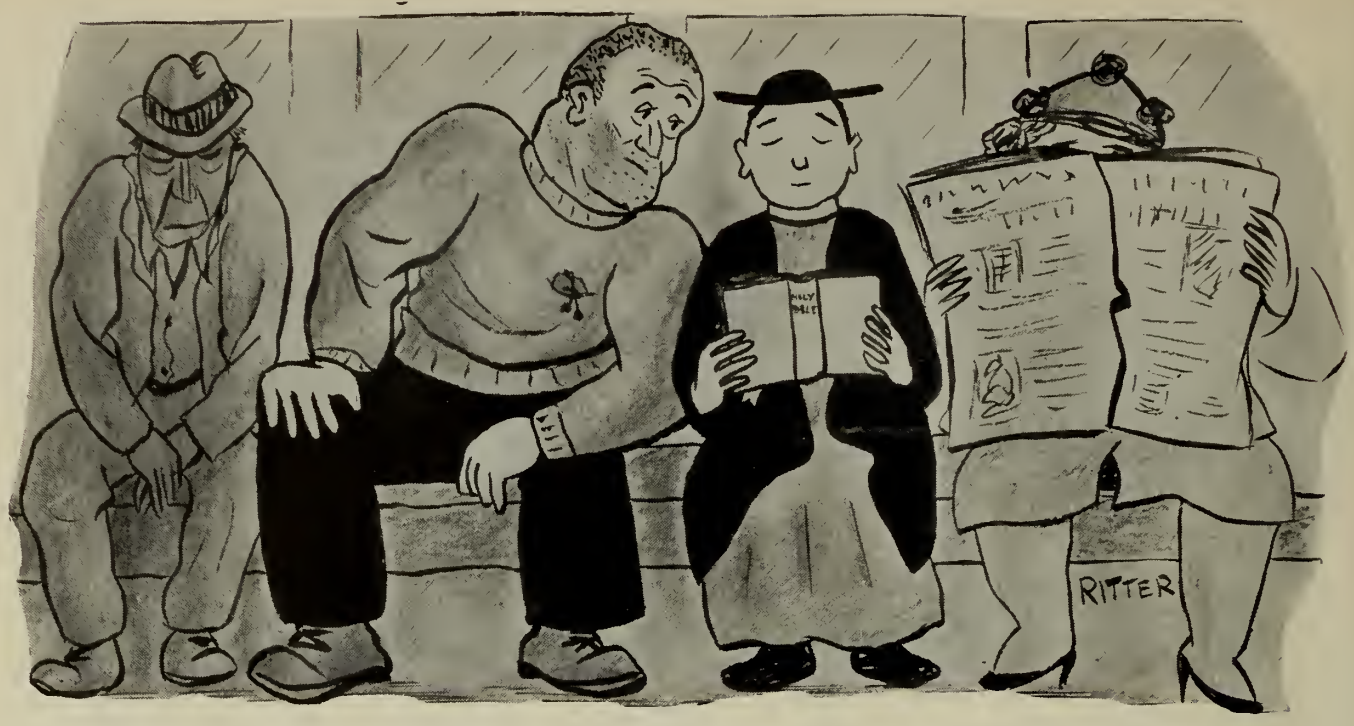
"Dear, we simply must come back and see the picture sometime. I had no idea the floor show started this early in the day."



Data on China

. . . OUR crashing ignorance of the Far East is something rare in its completeness. That is, it was until we met Mrs. Welthy Honsinger Fisher, widow of the Bishop of India, through the courtesy of Evelyn Howe and her excellent *Five O'Clock Follies* program over station WEEI.

Mrs. Fisher is an author, lecturer, and recognized authority on China, India, Mexico, and more recently on South America. Tall, aristocratic, and crisp in manner, Mrs. Fisher manages to build immediate confidence in her knowledge of her subject without creating the impression that she is excluding all of the other authorities in the book. And, as one person who was in Chunking during the four years of worst bombings, when she says she admires the courage and dignity of the Chinese, she is in the best position to make a flat statement of anyone we know.



An intelligent admirer of China, and one who lived there for ten years, Mrs. Fisher has seen the historic and crowded panorama of the nation change before her eyes. She was there during the "last dying embers of the Manchu dynasty." When the old Empress Dowager died, she spent forty-nine days in mourning for her with the rest of the Chinese. When the Republic was born, she became well-acquainted with Sun Yat Sen; the Father of it.

The manner in which people become authorities on any subject is always interesting. Mrs. Fisher is no exception. She was trained in youth to be a concert singer, but the neat boundaries of that world seemed mildly restrictive to her, and she decided to find out something about our neighbors of the world.

There was a teaching opening in a small American-run Chinese school, and when she was offered the post of Head Mistress, she packed her bags and went along. Once there, she took a deep and intelligent dive into the culture and customs of the Orient.

Her teacher of the Chinese language was a famous scholar with the three silver-tipped fingernails which indicated his scholarly rank. He was under the impression that Mrs. Fisher knew something about the language, but after a few lessons during which the only method of communication was by picking up articles off the desk and identifying them to each other, the scholar was all set to give her back to the kindergarten division.

During her ten years in China, she put her concert training to good use, giving "sacred" song recitals, and slipping in a few American or "non-sacred" numbers for good measure. She learned the language with thoroughness, made her social calls in the accepted sedan chair, used a long red calling card as her Chinese etiquette demanded, and got to know many people and things of which foreigners are left in ignorance.

Briefing a long and interesting story, two opinions stand out in Mrs. Fisher's mind. One is that since we expect and want the Orient to take our machinery and production methods for their own good, we must offer understanding and intelligent interest in the centuries-old wisdom of the East. Their way of doing things, their social customs, and their qualities of wisdom and reflection have endured through the years. It will be worth while for us not to dismiss them as "dated" or archaic.

The second opinion on which Mrs. Fisher stands firm is that the good manners of the East are revival material for America. We were taught manners a few decades ago. A revival of same would be timely.

In the proceses of eating an authentic Chinese dinner, with Mrs. Fisher wielding the chopsticks skillfully while we managed to scratch up a chunk of rice every now and then, we were given a clear idea of what "saving and losing face" means to the Chinese. Unfortunately, we lost same trying to make the chopsticks behave, the idea and "face" as well.

An incident which demonstrates her theory that Chinese and American humor are closely akin occurred in New Delphi fairly recently. Several young American Navy men came out of their hotel, hopped into rickshas, and urged the "boys" to make it snappy. The "boys" started off at a relatively fast pace but didn't go fast enough. Suddenly, the men called a halt, got out of the rickshas, motioned the "boys" to climb in, got between the "shafts" or whatever they are, and went racing through the streets to their destination. The ricksha boys howled with excited laughter, the passersby grinned, and everyone had a fine time, thank you.

Needless to say, the Americans *did not* lose face. The Chinese know how to accept such things with genuine pleasure.

Definition Division

. . . KNOW what a fox is? A wolf that sends flowers.

Bond Salesman

. . . PRESS releases from Victor Records explain that Charlie Spivak, bandleader, has a new scheme for pushing up the sale of bonds. He fills all requests at niteries where he is working provided the person making the request will buy a war bond.

Not too long ago, the evening's haul was over $8,000 worth of bonds. The largest single bond sold was for $1,000, for the tune *Hands Across the Table*. The purchaser was a waiter. And you carve the social significance out of that one.

Victory Garden

. . . THERE'S a shoe-shine parlor in Park Square which seems to have more than a finger on the pulse of the times. Outside, on the curbstone edge, is a small flower pot with two green shoots poking up. The shoots, by the way, will become radishes sometime this spring. They will if the crowds of gaping people who shut off the sun from the flower pot will please step aside every now and then.

Situation

. . . EMBARRASSING incidents are not uncommon. The one which happened to Susan Miller, the young and talented singer who was recently at the Statler's Terrace Room, rates high in the shudder department, however.

A few years ago, when Earl Carroll was just opening his theatre-restaurant in Hollywood, Susan was signed to sing there. On opening night, with the place packed to the hatches with celebrities, Susan got ready to do her first song.

Mr. Carroll had really gone all out with the place. There were circular stages, disappearing platforms, spotlights, and gadgets calculated to amaze the public. Susan's gown, especially designed for the occasion, was of gold lamé studded with pearls. A gown like this weighs plenty, and as she stepped between the curtains and onto her small circular platform, she found that she was having a little trouble walking. This was all right. She climbed on her platform, smiled, and started singing.

The idea of the number was that she would sing it, then step on a small button, and the platform would gradually disappear below stage level, taking her with it.

It was a good idea, but halfway through her number, the platform began to sink slowly and surely. The gown, weighing enough for the needed pressure, had tripped the circuit, and down dropped Susan. When she had disappeared from sight, to the accompaniment of laughter, Zanuck, the producer, rushed over to the edge, stuck his head down, and urged her to come back soon.

The second opening night situation occurred about half-way through the show. Susan was singing on one circular platform, and her pianist was located on a larger circular platform behind her. Again halfway through the number, she heard laughter. Turning around, she saw to her chagrin, that her pianist and piano were slowly circling behind her, round and round.

More Whistles

. . . THE Bostonian dowager who startled all of Newbury street by letting out a two-finger whistle to stop a cab has brought to light another versatile dowager who was also hunting a cab on Beacon street.

This second dowager, quaintly dressed, stood on the curb. Our informant, the taxi driver, turned the corner and heard a loud whistle. Looking around, he saw no one but the old lady. So much volume couldn't have come from her, he thought, and he was about to go on when another whistle stopped him. The old lady came over and climbed in.



As he drove ahead, he asked the "fare" if she had heard a whistle, too. Of course, she said. It was she who had whistled.

"What's more, young man," she went on, "I can whistle plain or fancy. You want to hear my fancy whistle?"

Leaning back, the old lady settled down to an assortment of whistles, bird calls, "birds," and bits from light opera.

Flowers

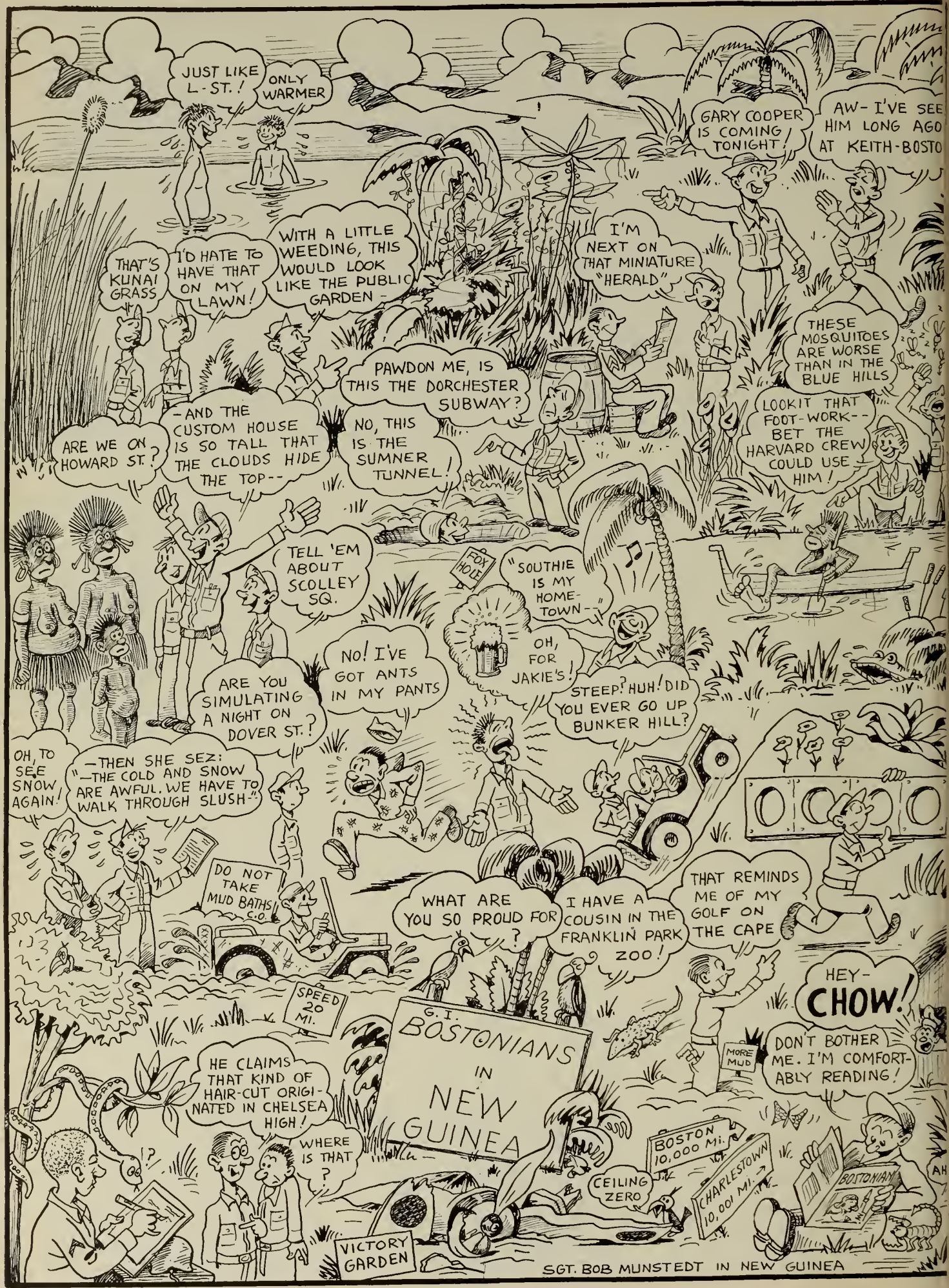
. . . SID HOFFMAN passes on a human-interest angle to the year-old plan which the American Florists Telegraph service inaugurated—that of taking orders from front-line PX.

This service enables men on the far-flung battle fronts to wire flowers to their parents and loved ones back home. By check-up, it has been found that more than 300,000 orders were sent back at Easter, and Mother's Day orders already total 400,000.

Delivering these flowers is a heart-warming and vaguely sad experience for a florist. It is also a reassuring one for the skeptic who expects the American home to crumble to dust. One order received here in Boston was for a fifteen-dollar bouquet of flowers. The address was completely unknown to the florist. Looking it up in the city directory, he started out with the box. The district was where the recent clean-up campaign found its worst conditions.

After getting in the general vicinity of the address, the florist got out and started asking for the woman who was to receive them. He was directed down an alley and to a dingy apartment house. There were no name plates, no bells, and very little light in the halls. Knocking at the first door, he asked for the woman by name. She lived, he was told, on the top floor. Climbing there, he knocked again.

The woman who came to the door was old and care-worn. She was afraid, at first, that the box of flowers meant only one thing. But when she was told that her son had sent them, she took the box, opened it, and buried her face in the flowers. There were no tears, no sobbing. Only a very great and silent happiness. Fifteen dollars worth of flowers.


JUST LIKE L-ST.!
ONLY WARMER
GARY COOPER IS COMING TONIGHT!
AW- I'VE SEE HIM LONG AGO AT KEITH-BOSTO
THAT'S KUNAI GRASS
I'D HATE TO HAVE THAT ON MY LAWN!
WITH A LITTLE WEEDING, THIS WOULD LOOK LIKE THE PUBLIC GARDEN -
I'M NEXT ON THAT MINIATURE "HERALD"
THESE MOSQUITOES ARE WORSE THAN IN THE BLUE HILLS
LOOKIT THAT FOOT-WORK-- BET THE HARVARD CREW COULD USE HIM!
PAWDON ME, IS THIS THE DORCHESTER SUBWAY?
ARE WE ON HOWARD ST.?
-AND THE CUSTOM HOUSE IS SO TALL THAT THE CLOUDS HIDE THE TOP--
NO, THIS IS THE SUMNER TUNNEL!
TELL 'EM ABOUT SCOLLEY SQ.
FOX HOLE
"SOUTHIE IS MY HOME-TOWN--"
OH, FOR JAKIE'S!
NO! I'VE GOT ANTS IN MY PANTS
ARE YOU SIMULATING A NIGHT ON DOVER ST.?
STEEP? HUH! DID YOU EVER GO UP BUNKER HILL?
OH, TO SEE SNOW AGAIN!
-THEN SHE SEZ: "-THE COLD AND SNOW ARE AWFUL. WE HAVE TO WALK THROUGH SLUSH-"
DO NOT TAKE MUD BATHS! C.O.
WHAT ARE YOU SO PROUD FOR?
I HAVE A COUSIN IN THE FRANKLIN PARK ZOO!
THAT REMINDS ME OF MY GOLF ON THE CAPE
HEY- CHOW!
DON'T BOTHER ME. I'M COMFORTABLY READING!
SPEED 20 MI.
G.I. BOSTONIANS IN NEW GUINEA
MORE MUD
HE CLAIMS THAT KIND OF HAIR-CUT ORIGINATED IN CHELSEA HIGH!
WHERE IS THAT?
BOSTON 10,000 Mi.
CHARLESTOWN 10,001 Mi.
CEILING ZERO
BOSTONIAN
VICTORY GARDEN
SGT. BOB MUNSTEDT IN NEW GUINEA

THE DEVIL IN MASSACHUSETTS

. . . OUR Puritan ancestors, who came to settle the shores of Massachusetts, were distinguished by their fear and respect for the Devil. And why not? He was all over the place, and there is plenty of evidence to prove it.

He ranged all over Massachusetts before the early settlers arrived to contest his ownership. In Ipswich, near the spot where the Congregational Church now stands, a cloven hoofprint may be seen in a rock. Is not that the mark of the Devil?

His footprints in Upton show that he was a huge fellow of frightening proportions, for the two prints of his feet are two miles apart. They are about five feet long and two feet wide, so judge for yourself. How he must have bellowed as he stood there with his feet planted wide apart! Lightning flashed from his angry eyes, and the thunder of his voice could be heard for miles. He did not like the newcomers who defied his authority. Why, as soon as they had built log houses to shelter their families, they went right to work and built a church in every town!

Then crafty old Satan decided to have a church of his own. He found in the Berkshires a most impressive spot, from which he could look down upon the valley and the distant mountains. A beautiful formation of white marble, the Devil's Pulpit, but who would climb the dangerous trail? Satan was alone on his summit, while all over Massachusetts he could see the people flocking to the churches they had built.

In a terrible rage, the Devil came down from the mountain. He was going to sulk in his hideaway, the Devil's Garden at Amherst Notch, when suddenly he saw right in his path a huge boulder of about three hundred tons. Raising his mighty foot, he gave the rock a kick. Up into the air it went, the Devil's Football, and when it came down some miles away, it bounced a few times, then rolled until it lost its mementum and finally came to a stop in South Hadley.

Frustrated, the Devil had to nurse a sore toe, and that kept him out of mischief for a while. He had found out that blustering didn't get him anywhere, so he decided to try beguilement.

In the little town of Topsfield, Parson Capen had settled himself in a very pleasant home with a huge fireplace and casement windows. A young maid servant worked in the kitchen, baking her bread in a brick oven inside the fireplace. She had the faults of youth, however, in spite of the parson's guiding hand, and one Sabbath Day she read a book that was not meant for the Sabbath.

The poor girl thereby lost her soul. Satan came at once to claim her. The frightened girl wept, and begged the parson to save her, but alas, it was too late. Then the parson decided to beat the Devil at his own game, and knowing that Satan could never resist a wager, the parson brought out half a bushel of flaxseed.

"If you can pick up the flaxseed from the floor before I can read this much of the Bible backwards," he said, indicating some pages of the big volume, "you may take the girl away, but if I finish first, you lose the girl."

The Devil hesitated. That word "backwards" decided the question. He was sure the parson's tongue would trip, and the delay would give him a chance to pick up every tiny seed from the kitchen floor. He nodded his horned head and the contest began. You can imagine the state the poor girl was in as she watched the Devil scrambling about on the floor, picking up the flaxseed, at the same time listening to the parson's voice as he read rapidly. She couldn't tell how well the parson was doing, because the words sounded so queer when he read backwards.

The parson's voice rang out as he finished the last word, and he clapped the covers of the Bible closed. There was still some seed scattered about the floor.

In rage, the Devil vanished through a rat hole, and there was the smell of brimstone in the air. This is a true story, and the rat hole is still there in the Parson Capen House as evidence.

It is not on record that anybody actually saw the Devil for some time, but he drove a hard bargain with a Major George Leonard, who sold himself to the Devil for gold. In 1716 the Major died, and Satan was waiting. He whistled the Major's soul out of his body, and then decided to take the body too. With the corpse on his back, the Devil went up through the roof and jumped, landing on a rock. And there you may see the Devil's footprints, and when you have seen them, you won't doubt the truth of this story. There was a log of wood in the coffin, and nobody saw any corpse at the funeral.

This seems to have been Satan's last actual appearance in Massachusetts. There is a cave out in Wilmington called the Devil's Den, but he was never seen to enter or leave it.

Satan may have used this den while traveling, but isn't home where you sleep? The Devil's Bed and Pillow are on a tiny rocky island off the coast of Martha's Vineyard. It would seem that in deep disgust and disappointment at his loss of prestige, the Devil left the mainland of Massachusetts and betook himself to the little island, what might be called neutral territory today, for curiously enough, it bears the name of No Man's Land.

—MADELINE CORSE



Do your part. Give your blood to save a Serviceman.

NOTHING WILL BE CHANGED

. . . BOB heard them laughing as he approached the door. He rang the bell.

"Come in," Tom's voice shouted.

The first thing Bob saw as he entered was Myra, in the kitchen. She was wearing a house-coat and her hair was done up over her ears. She wore little red earrings; it reminded you of an apple, Bob thought, something you wanted to bite.

"Hello," she said. "Be right in with you two soon as I finish the dishes."

"Want me to dry?" Tom asked and winked to Bob.

"And break?" she said, laughing. "No, thanks. But talk loudly, so I can hear."

The men sat down in the parlor.

"Sorry I can't offer you anything," Tom said. "Not a drop in the house. Everything's packed. I mean, we didn't replenish anything, once I found out about the army. We've just kept going from day to day."

"That's okay," Bob said.

"Two more days and then—it's khaki and mud for me. You're a lucky bastard."

"Such language," Myra called. "Pull-eeze."

"Well, he is," Tom said, louder this time. "His heart condition can't really be so serious, if he goes along the way he has been doing. And the army won't bother him because of it. If that isn't being a lucky bastard—."

"You've already said that, darling," Myra said, coming to the parlor door, a towel and plate in her hands. "Don't repeat yourself."

"Army standards change," Bob said, lighting a cigarette. He did not really want to smoke then, but he felt he had to do something. "A reject today, a soldier tomorrow."

Tom shook his head.

"Hell, I'll swap hearts with you right now."

From the kitchen came the hiss of the water running in the sink and the irregular click of Myra's low-heeled shoes.

"You'll take care of the place all right, won't you?" Tom asked.

"I won't burn cigarette holes into anything or get whiskey stains anywhere. Don't worry about that," Bob said.

Tom pounded the divan he was sitting on.

"This furniture is good stuff. The old man—Myra's father—he used to be in the furniture line. He helped us pick it out. Solid stuff, all the way through."

He got up and went over to the radio-phonograph in the corner.

"You'll have a field day with this. Just listen."

He clicked the set on; there was a sudden blast of music and he lowered the volume.

"The record-player sounds just as good. Here, listen."

Bing Crosby began singing "Mexicali Rose" and Tom let it play for a few moments before shutting it off.

"Not bad, eh?"

"I'll hardly ever use it," Bob said, though he wondered why he had said that; it was such an obvious lie and Tom knew he was a bug about music.

The water stopped running in the kitchen and the pantry door clicked shut and Myra came in. She was humming and went to Tom and kissed him on the cheek.

"Sandpaper," she said. "But I love it."

She turned to Bob.

"Have you two made all the arrangements?"

"Everything's already settled," Tom said. "I asked Bob over to have him meet Mr. Johnson, and explain a few things about the apartment."

Tom looked at the rug and smiled, as though to himself.

"Everything's settled, see. I go into the army, my wife goes to live with friends and a guy takes over the apartment. As easy as pie."

Tom walked over to the window and fingered the draperies, stroking them as if they were something warm and alive.

"Good stuff," he crumpled them in his hands and released them. "My sister gave these to us. Edith always did buy the best of everything."

He turned to Bob.

"You will take care of everything, won't you? I mean, you'll get someone in here to clean the place and so on."

"You'll get the place back just as it is now. Nothing will be disturbed, nothing will be changed. I promise."

"Yes, of course. I know, I know," Tom said. "You see—hell, this was the first place Myra and I went to after our wedding. Hell, you know."

Myra went to him and put her arm through his.

There was a heavy silence and Bob stood up quickly.

"Let's go down for a drink," he said.

"Fine," Myra said. "I'll put on some paint."

"No, thanks," Tom said. "I'm not going."

"But darling, why not? Besides, we've got to go down and get Mr. Johnson," Myra said.

She turned to Bob.

"He's the superintendent here."

"No, thanks," Tom said. "You can go, if you like. I'm staying here."

"You're being stubborn," she said.

"Let's not go," Bob said. "I don't particularly care for a drink."

"Well I do," Myra said. "It will be a little going away party, Tom. Come along with us."

"You two go," Tom said. "I don't want any of that Auld Lang Syne stuff."

"Well, come on then, Bob," Myra said. "You're buying, aren't you? I'll take you in to Mr. Johnson on the way down."

She went to the door and opened it and waited for Bob. He stood awkwardly between both of them, in the middle of the room.

"Good luck, Tom," he held out his hand. "Don't forget to write."

They shook hands.

"Sure you don't want to come with us?" Myra asked, as she was closing the door.

"No," Tom said, shaking his head.

Even after the door was closed and he heard them walking down the corridor, he kept shaking his head.

—A. H. BERZEX

RED SIGNAL

. . . THEY say there's no such thing as a perfect crime, but that's a lot of baloney. The perfect crime is the one that isn't recognized as a crime at all, but is passed off as an accident. Only, the guy that's done it doesn't talk about it.

Jerry Carter had been my best pal once. But that was before he started painting Faith Harkness' portrait. And before that night Faith told me she was going to marry him. I admit I went completely off the beam, and that's how come I'd driven my car over an embankment at fifty miles an hour. Damned lucky to come out alive, too. The scar on my forehead hardly showed. I intended to make my luck stick now.

Our town goes to bed at ten o'clock at night. Nobody saw me go out to Jerry's camp on the island at 2 a.m., and nobody saw me come back. If a murder ever looked like an accident, Jerry's did, I thought as I crawled into bed before daylight. The alibi angle cinched it. I was sorry it had to be a kid that found him, but everything hinged on that.

Main Street was dead as last week's paper that hot June morning. I grinned when I thought of what Bill Murphy, my editor, had said only the day before. "Get to work and find some copy in this Godforsaken hole or—or else." One blow with the good old "blunt instrument" had fixed Jerry and my job at the same time. There were no hairs or blood left on the fire tongs, either. I'd taken care of everything.

I was in the drugstore having a cup of coffee, when young Pete Duffy rattled up in his paintless jalopy and stopped in front of the sheriff's office across the street. I got a glimpse of his face, and it was the color of the gray marble counter before me.

My hand shook a little, and some of the coffee sloshed onto the counter. My head throbbed, too. But any guy's nerves are apt to be shot, after two months in the hospital. Still, I thought, I'd have to watch it.

I had another cup of coffee before I strolled across the street. Pete was just leaving, and the freckles stood out on his cheekbones like shoe buttons. He didn't even recognize me.

The sheriff was putting on his gray, sweat-stained hat when I went in.

"Morning, Sheriff," I said, trying to sound casual. "Got anything I can work into a headline? There hasn't been even a dog fight in town, and the boss is getting the idea I'm expendable."

Sheriff Hardy was as gnarled as an old crabapple tree. He looked at me with his usual expression, as if I were sour whiskey. "Pete Duffy's just found Jerry Carter dead out at the island. Tripped on his bathrobe cord, fell downstairs and bashed in his head, according to Pete."

"Good God!" The sheriff couldn't know that it wasn't surprise that made me clutch at the door jamb to steady myself. For a minute the old dizziness that I'd had in the hospital after my smash-up returned. My heart pounded against my stomach until I thought the coffee inside me would curdle. "I wanted news, not a kick in the teeth!" I muttered, shaking my head a little to clear it. "Mind if I go along?"

"No, guess not. We'll pick up Doc Carmichael." The sheriff's thin mouth was a gray slit. He'd liked Jerry, I remembered. Everybody'd liked Jerry, damn him!

We went downstairs and out into the hot, bright sunlight. The sheriff's car was at the curb.

Doc Carmichael was practicing euthanasia on the rosebugs in his garden. He's a bluff, bushy-haired old tyrant with eyes as sharp as one of his own scalpels. Most people in town swear by him, but he'd always made me wonder what he had on me that he wasn't telling.

When Sheriff Hardy told him about Jerry, Doc's stiff white eyebrows went into a huddle. He got into the back seat. I imagined for a minute I could feel his eyes boring holes in the back of my head.

"You feeling fit again after that crash, Ned?" he asked.

"I'm okay," I said gruffly. I didn't want to be reminded of the accident, nor what led up to it. Doc has a way of making a guy say more than he means to.

Faith was coming out her gate



"Really, young man, the front row is close enough!"

when we passed the house. She waved, and Doc said, "They tell me Jerry's painted her portrait, and it's a humdinger. You seen it, Ned?"

I tried to keep the edge out of my voice. "Yeah. I was out at Jerry's studio the day I got back. I don't go for this modernistic stuff myself. He painted her in that green dress she has. Makes her look as sallow as a piece of boiled tripe. It's crazy, but they call it art."

The sheriff steered with one hand while he nursed a match at the bowl of his pipe. "Faith always looks all right to me."

My hand was shaking so I could hardly light my cigaret. The vibration of the sheriff's old car, I guess. "Oh, sure," I said. "Me, too. I mean in the picture."

We didn't talk much after that. The air was soft and smelled of leaf mold. It was good to be alive. The rutty woods road ended at the shore of the lake, where the light breeze kicked up little shirrings of waves. The Duffy house squatted like a watchful old gray cat among tall grass and weeds. Jerry's camp was a clean white rectangle on the point of the island.

"Pete said we could take his boat," the sheriff said.

The only sound as we rowed across was the slap of water and the creak of oarlocks. That creaking reminded me of something I read once about a gibbet. Silly, of course. But even Doc seemed subdued and didn't talk. The boat beached with a soft, grinding noise.

This was my cue. I pointed to the little window in the peak of the camp. "Look! Jerry must have been alive this morning. He hung out his signal for Pete. I suppose that's how the kid happened to find him. Jerry always hung out that red silk handkerchief when he wanted Pete to bring him milk and eggs."

The bit of colored silk I'd hung there dropped motionless below the window.

We went inside. Jerry was just as I'd left him, at the farther end of the big room. A heap of gray flannel, a head twisted unnaturally, and one arm stuck through the broken canvas that had stood on an easel near the bottom of the stairs. That portrait wouldn't



"I dunno, les'n it's some sort of Sheep Dip!"

• •

get any Academy award now. It was ruined, and even Doc Carmichael's presence couldn't suppress the wild exultation that swept through me. I didn't feel nervous any more. I wanted to laugh. I felt swell.

I pointed to the picture. "That's Faith's portrait. See what I mean? The color of her hair, her skin—it's all wrong. It may be modernism, but it's a mess!"

Doc Carmichael, sucking his pipe, scowled at the painting. The sheriff started to speak, but Doc butted in. "We all see things differently, I suppose. That's probably the way she looked to Jerry. Too bad he happened to fall through the picture." His eyes were sharp under twin peaks of tented eyebrows.

Doc and the sheriff went up to the loft. I stayed below, staring down at Jerry. He'd got the better of me before. Now it was my turn. Faith would get over this, and I'd be there to help her forget. Funny, that gray bathrobe, I thought. Jerry'd always liked bright colors.

I could hear the rumble of voices up in the loft. When the others came down, the sheriff had four or five faded silk handkerchiefs in his hands.

"There's quite a collection here. What did he do with them?" he asked.

I jerked my mind back with an effort. "Oh, he went arty once in a while. Used to tie them around his neck when he went fishing. Said he had better luck—the fish got curious."

The sheriff cleared his throat. "But he always used the same one to signal Pete?" His voice was soft, with hidden sharpness, like a cat's paw.

"Oh, sure," I said easily. "Jerry always used the same color for Pete. That red one we saw hanging at the window."

The sheriff nodded slowly. "Yes, that's what Pete said. That settles it, then. I guess you're right, Doc."

I looked at Doc, and suddenly a black whirlpool of dizziness gripped me in icy fingers, sucking me down into a swirling, gyrating vortex. Doc Carmichael's brusque voice broke through the roaring in my ears.

"You see, Ned, there's nothing wrong with Jerry's painting. I guess the doctors didn't tell you that an accident like yours can make a person colorblind. That's a green handkerchief you hung out the window there. You told us yourself that Jerry always used red."

Well, as I said at the beginning, if it really had been the perfect crime, I wouldn't be talking now. But I guess a guy gets a little garrulous when he knows he hasn't much time left to talk.

—Lois Ames

KEEP TALKING, LADY

Louise Morgan on the Air

. . . THE road to radio fame for a woman radio commentator is as fraught with hazards as the old-fashioned obstacle race on a very dark night. It is almost impossible to avoid the classification of cooking expert or guiding light for advertisers of feminine products. Quaintly enough, radio has put more women back in the kitchen via the air than the anti-suffragette movement ever dreamed of doing.

Thus far, Boston has been fortunate in having the mostest of the bestest in the way of women radio personalities. The soupy gush, the vocal yoohoo mannerisms, and the perpetual sunshine outlook have been neatly strained out of the porridge. A lot of entertainment and good sense rides the airways out of the Hub city. And only the memory of the "old days" rises up on gloomy mornings to haunt the feminine commentator and listener as well.

Notably in the front line of the excellent local women commentators is Louise Morgan, WNAC and the Yankee Network's early morning radio personality. Within the rather rigid format of her program (news and information relating exclusively to women) she manages to breathe life and charm. The quality of liking people and being able to laugh at herself gets across so effectively that her fan mail regularly includes epistles of praise from the gents who listen. Or maybe the best way to describe the effectiveness of her voice is to quote the private-first-class who was eating breakfast in one of Boston's better beaneries.

Miss Morgan was working her way through her commercials and dealing out assorted feminine information when the soldier cut in, staring morosely at the radio:

"A guy could fall in love with a voice like that. I bet she looks like a prune!"

It so happens that Louise Morgan bears no resemblance to a prune. She is young, attractive, well-poised, and she knows her way around the choice places in New York, Hollywood, pre-war Paris and London. She manages to be a lady without shoving that fact in your face. And above all, she knows how to laugh. She is also one woman who has made talking pay-off for herself without the usual amount of effort.

Louise Morgan was born Louise Woolley in Salem, Massachusetts. Her father was English and her mother, Swedish. As a youngster, she plowed a perfectly normal way through school, and ended up at La-Salle studying to be a secretary. Her father, incidentally, believed that



Louise Morgan at work

every child should have some commercial training against the time when a living might have to be earned. This was perfectly all right with Louise, and she went at her pothooks and typing with the usual thoroughness she brings to anything she does.

Although dramatics had always played a part in her extra-curricular activities, she had no great desire to become an actress. Circumstances, in the guise of the head of the Drama Department, pushed her into that line of activity.

If you believe, as Louise Morgan does, that your life follows a pattern of destiny, it will be easy to see how great a part casual conversation has played in her life. It was while she was reading aloud, for her own amusement, a scene in a play that the head of the Drama Department heard her, took her aside, and urged her to concentrate on dramatics.

To concentrate on anything other than her secretarial course required the consent of her father, and she wrote home asking if this additional course should be managed by the family budget. Her father, his sense of humor working nicely, wrote back that he supposed the budget would have to stand the strain, especially if it meant enough to her to write an extra letter home.

It was at Leland Powers that her connection with the theatre and drama solidified. Her work there was outstanding, and when graduation rolled around, the school recommended her for a teaching position at Southern Seminary, in Buena Vista, Virginia. At the end of the year, she returned home to Salem and promptly suffered a complicated attack of appendicitis. By the time she was nearly well, the teaching post at Southern Seminary was filled, and Mrs. Powers was on the telephone urging her to take a similar job at select National Park in Washington, D.C. The school wanted her for an interview the next day. Would she go?

Louise was not completely recovered from the appendectomy, but Mrs. Powers put a lot of persuasion into her conversation, and almost literally pushed Louise on the train for Washington that same night.

"It was at National Park that I achieved my one small claim to fame," she says laughingly. "Margaret Lindsay, now so well-known as a stage and screen star, was a pupil of mine. I coached her intensively in class and out for the two years I was there.

"And speaking of that, an amusing thing happened a short time ago. Margaret was in Boston in a new play. I invited her on the air for an interview, and we were sitting before the mike talking when I saw the engineer staring out in complete bewilderment. We sounded so much alike that he thought I was doing some sort of a double-take, double-talk interview. He had an awful time sorting out our voices."

Returning to Boston, Louise Woolley married and became Louise Morgan. But even while she was married, she kept her connection with the theatre. She taught part time at

Junior College. She coached Alice O'Leary, already an outstanding Boston radio personality, in stage presence, and did such an excellent job that Alice has always credited her for a great part in her success.

When the time came, after eight years, to decide whether an active life in theatre and radio was what had to be or whether the role of smart young matron was "it," there was only one answer. Louise went to New York. There she appeared on plenty of radio programs, took an active part in the American Women's Volunteer Service, and incidentally, sold $80,000 worth of War Bonds.

Once again, two things happened to influence her life. She was sitting in a restaurant in New York trying to sort out the complicated bookkeeping required in selling war bonds, when she noticed that two men were watching her closely. Finally, one man came over to her table. He asked what was wrong, and she explained. The figures and records were too confusing for anyone less than Einstein. The man laughed and said that she should tell Mr. Morganthau that, Mr. Morganthau being at the next table.

As usual, she did tell him just that, and promptly received an invitation to come to Washington and work for him. She told him she would think it over, but would he please autograph something for her so that the people in the office would believe her story. This was the first and only autograph for which Louise Morgan has ever asked. When she got back to the office, the staff speedily took it away from her and had it framed.

The second thing, beside this offer of a job, occured on the heels of the first incident. Her mother phoned and asked her to come home to help sell the house in Salem. Since her father's death, her mother had been living alone in a house too large for her needs, and something had to be done about it. Louise, of course, came home.

Negotiations took quite a while, and one day Louise came to Boston to lunch with Ruth Moss who was then a well-known WNAC radio personality. They sat chinning happily when Linus Travers, executive vice-president of the Yankee Network dropped by their table. He asked Louise what she was doing in Boston. Typically, Louise opened her mouth and made with a joke.

"I'm looking for a job at WNAC!" she said, kidding.

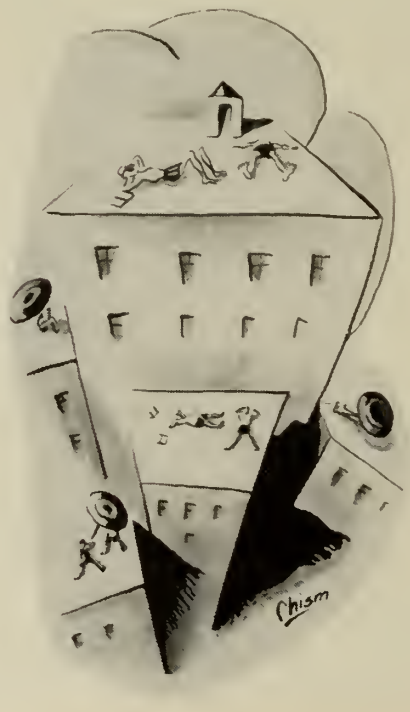
"I'll be in my office at 2 o'clock. I'll see you then," Travers replied briskly.

Still not thinking much of the matter, she kept the 2 o'clock appointment, was auditioned, and told that she would be hearing from WNAC soon.

On Friday, the station called up, explained that she was to report for work on Monday, and to prepare a script.

People speak freely of mike fright. Louise got it, but good. Over the weekend, she lapsed into what she calls a "coma of fear." On Monday, she wobbled up to the studio, handed in her script, went on the air. and was informed that she had done right well.

Things kept happening to Louise Morgan. Some of them shouldn't happen to anyone. Others are real tributes to her friendliness and love of people. The very first day on the air, she urged that listeners buy Bonds. When she got off, the phone rang. A woman was calling in to buy a $100 Bond, just to give her a good start.



Because she wants to give listeners exactly what they want to hear, not what she thinks they should hear, she gets a lot of fan mail from near and far. For this, she is humbly grateful and permanently excited. Few feminine commentators go to such trouble to search out what listeners want to hear as does Louise. And she does it with the same sincerity and thoroughness that she puts into her daily air stints.

As for the things which shouldn't happen to anyone but which further typify Louise Morgan's desire to please, one occurred during her first week on the air. She is not a cooking expert. Not, that is, in the sense that she has all the answers to the tremendously complicated problems of canning, etc.

A few minutes before broadcast time, the phone rang. A woman with a problem was on the line.

"Miss Morgan, can you tell me what to do with a jar of mincemeat which has spoiled?" the voice inquired.

Stifling the natural desire to tell her the logical thing to do—toss it out—Louise put down her name and phone number. and promised to call back. Then, feverishly, she dashed upstairs to consult WNAC's cooking expert, Imogene Wolcott.

"Tell her," said Imogene, "to throw it out!"

All through her broadcast. Louise kept thinking about the phone call. and at the first free minute, she dashed to the phone.

"My dear Mrs. X," Louise said with authority, "there is nothing you can do except throw the mincemeat away!"

"Can't I boil it or something?" asked the woman, hopefully.

"No," Louise answered firmly. "Throw it away."

"That's just what my husband said, Miss Morgan," said the voice with a sigh. "I guess that settles it."

And that settles this thumb-nail opus on one very excellent woman radio commentator, Louise Morgan. Let her keep talking. Something more is bound to happen.

—Barbara Pearson



" . . . if there be anyone who can give just reason why these two should not be joined in Holy Wedlock, let him speak now or forever hold his peace."

A LETTER TO THE DOCTOR

. . . DEAR Doctor Andrews: I cannot feel that you have given sufficient attention to my wife's pitiable condition. No one but me seems to realize that she is mentally ill. But I was forced to watch with anguish the development of that illness from its beginnings, and while it is painful for me to go over it all, I believe that a resume might help you in your diagnosis.

I think I have always been a thoughtful, even an indulgent husband. When we were first married, except for those small pin-pricks of adjustment, we were very happy together. Lois was somewhat spoiled as all pretty girls are apt to be, but it wasn't long before she adjusted herself to my ways, and we got along very well.

It was only after little Dick was born that her strangeness began to appear, and it grew worse after the baby came. She seemed to have so little time for me, and was so unappreciative of all I did for her. I not only provided a comfortable home, but I helped her all I could with the care of the children. Still, more and more, she came to disregard my feelings, devoting all her time and energies to the children. I could see that they were being spoiled from their earliest years.

Then she actually began to avoid me. When I was in the livingroom, she would be in the kitchen, and when I went out there to be with her, she manufactured some excuse to go upstairs. When I taxed her with it, she would only laugh and deny it. But even when we sat in the same room of an evening, I would catch her looking at me in the strangest way—with a kind of hostility in her eyes.

These are not symptoms of insanity you will say, and quite rightly, but these were only the beginnings. Little Dickie and I had always been good chums. Every night he would come and sit on my knee for a wrestling match before bedtime. But now, because the child cried when I got the best of him, Lois began to say that I was too rough—not realizing it was my method of teaching him. Dickie got so he ran away from me. I could see that she had, perhaps unconsciously, set him against me.

If it had been only Dickie I could have borne it, but she began to talk about me to outsiders. I could tell by the way they looked at me. She became very argumentative, especially in public, and people would turn to look at us on the street. She even complained about me to my employer and the rest of them in the office. I could feel their hostility—I even heard them discussing us. A man has no defence against this sort of thing. I have always been a good salesman, but the boss started riding me. Nothing I did was right. Perhaps I was edgy myself with things so bad at home. Anyway the upshot of it all was that I quit.

Now it isn't as if I had to work. I have an independent fortune and, although I have always lived simply, I am one of the wealthiest men in town. I could buy the big Shafer mansion on Elm Street and live in style if I wanted to. But my wife chose to pretend we would starve if I didn't work. She seized the opportunity to break up our home, sending the children to her mother, and getting a job for herself. She did it to prove that the lies she was spreading about me were true. She would never admit that I had always given her everything she wanted. Not that I mind her working. I rather like being in the house alone. But how she has managed to hold a job when she acts so strangely, is more than I can see.

It won't be long now before she will go too far and people will realize that all the terrible lies she has told about me are false. I am afraid this dementia will grow so that she will have to be put away in the big institution on the hill back of the town. I feel dreadfully about this, but realize that this is the inevitable outcome.

But what I do not understand as I sit here at my window and look down over the city, is why my door is kept locked, and why there are bars on these windows.

—EDITH ADDISON THOMAS



"Best bouncer in the business!"

THE HARA-KARI KNIFE

. . . IT lies on a bookcase shelf, in my New England home. One does not see the sharply tempered steel, inside the gold crested scabbard, nor the rusted red stains on the sinister curve of the blade.

For thirty years, I have seen that devilish knife. The first time was in far away Japan, before Pearl Harbor. But the distance seems lessened, now.

I was sitting in the office of the American Consulate in Yokohama, waiting for my father, and watching our Chinese "No. 1," house boy, salvaging the discarded letters, from the bamboo basket. They were always burned over the charcoal stove, in our small back garden. "Can't be too careful," my father had often warned my mother, "there are too many Japs hanging around here, always with relatives in the States, from whom they want news."

Chin Lu, the "No. 1," was intensely disliked by the inquiring Japanese who came to my father's Consulate, with questions which were listened to but never answered by the expressionless Chinese. Their equal dislike of my father was carefully veiled, for they sensed his distrust of their scrupulously worded queries. I have never forgotten a phrase of his. "They have too much manner, too few manners; too much curiosity, too little knowledge. I give them twenty years." Well, he was not far wrong.

Our ricksha runners were squatting by the compound gate, for we were going to the British club for tennis. As I was turning the pages of a month old *Illustrated London News,* the door bell rang. Chin Lu ushered in a particularly servile type of Japanese in a second-hand cutaway and trousers which were much too baggy. His derby, though, was far too small.

"Good afternoon, Missie American Consul," he greeted me with the hissing smile of his race. "I have fortune to bring very fine present to your Honorable father." He placed on the desk a carved sandalwood box.

"Honorable Master absent." Chin Lu spoke in Japanese, of which I understood a few phrases.

"Can wait!" The visitor produced a toothpick, which he applied with noise and vigor to his gold crowned teeth, his narrow eyes scanning the maps hanging on the office walls.

"Missie going to Ball for American Princess, tonight?" he continued. I nodded with what I hoped was a sophisticated air. At seventeen, I was not officially "out," and to attend a Ball for the American Colony was a great event. This one had been planned by the Japanese Foreign Office, for Alice Roosevelt and her fiance, Nicholas Longworth. She was indeed an "American Princess," and typified the glamour and beauty of all American girls to the expatriated daughters of the Far Eastern Diplomatic Service.

"I also will be at the Ball," grinned the Japanese. "My name, Mr. Sen, coming from Foreign Office to bring very rich present for Honorable Consul."

The "Honorable Consul," was coming up the front steps at that moment, and Chin Lu opened the door with what would have been an expression of relief on any other face.

Mr. Sen placed his toothpick in a gold case, removed his derby for the first time, and hissed repeatedly, "Honorable Consul, will you please to accept present, ancient, rare, fine knife, of Samuri dynasty?" He pointed to the sandalwood box, and father lifted the lid carefully. "This is a fine specimen of Damascene work, Mr. Sen, surely too valuable a gift, for one who gives none in return."

Mr. Sen bowed twice. "You, Mr. American Consul, make large presents to Japanese people in your country. You help many not educated like me to write letters to families in United States. Maybe this be remembrance of me, sometimes, Sayonara," and he backed out, hissing and bowing, until the door closed on his dumpy figure.

Father frowned, as he turned to Chin Lu. "How long was he here?"

"Master, the person, Mr. Sen, maybe half hour, very sorry Sir, he bringing box. I think maybe you give order for same." The boy's English was halting, and his voice apologetic; but his bearing was that of the dignified, Peking-bred Chinese.

My father turned to me. "Bad egg, Sen, a hanger on of the Foreign Office, now what did he really want here?" He glanced at the old fashioned wall safe, the maps, and official papers on his desk, then turned the knife in his hands. "Shogun Period, the real thing."

I was bored. "Oh, Dad," I protested, "everyone gives you presents. You didn't worry about the teakwood elephant from the German Ambassador, or the bronze incense burner, from the Chinese Minister, nor the water pipe from Prince Yogo."

"O. K.," he laughed. "Well let's see who wins today." He took up his racquet, and turned to Chin Lu. "Lock up everything, leave the keys at the house. Don't worry, boy." And smiling at the chagrined Chinese, he followed me to the waiting rickshas.

At nine o'clock that evening, my father, mother and I, arrived at the old Grand Hotel, later to be destroyed in the great earthquake. Our runners wore fresh white uniforms, and the painted Eagles on the rickshas gleamed under the gas lamps. The Hotel steps were covered with a Brussels carpet which almost outshone the gold braid of the Police who stood at attention. My entrance was not as impressive as I had hoped for, as my French heels caught in my first long train, and only the grasp of my runner saved me from pitching headlong.

There were many Nations represented in that foyer, and many International reputations had been made and unmade under the Hotel roof. A brass band was playing The Stars and Stripes Forever, in a rendition which would not have been recognized by Sousa, while above the chrysanthemum lined double staircase, the Rising Sun floated beside Old Glory.

By the sudden crescendo of bows and hisses, we knew that the Guest of Honor had started down the marble stairs. As we turned toward them, the band struck up an evil version of *The Dollar Princess.* To Nipponese mentality, the tune no doubt seemed a compliment to a highly bred American girl.

Alice Roosevelt was only slightly older than I, but her poise and dignity were ageless. She, too, wore a

high pompadour over a wire "rat," long white gloves and train. But her Paris gown and sophistication were a sharp contrast to my home-made dress and school-girl manners.

Nicholas Longworth stood beside her, while court dignitaries who represented by proxy, "The Sons of Heaven" flashed gold-toothed smiles and sabres, in the background.

The German Ambassador, whom I particularly disliked for his thinly veiled insolence and opium tainted cigarettes, asked me for a waltz. As he swung me about in the old Viennese manner, my train wound itself around the scabbard of his sword. He stopped and clicked his heels. "Fraulein, perhaps a glass of champagne, the heat is great, Nein?" I was not allowed champagne, but I chokingly sipped the glass he brought me, while he tossed off one after another.

His red face became purple and his sneer more pronounced as his eyes watched the beautiful figure of the French Consul's wife who was dancing with my father. As the waltz ended in a blare of discords the German bowed stiffly. "Pardon Fraulein," he snapped and disappeared in search of the French woman.

I sat by the wall, feeling forlorn. I had looked in vain for the young First Secretary of the English Embassy, whom I secretly thought much handsomer than Rudolph Valentino. But the only familiar face was that of Mr. Sen, who stood by the refreshment table, gobbling cakes. He swallowed hastily and started toward me. Dance with him, I would not, and I hurried to a French door which led into the garden, and ran down the terrace steps to the gate by which our rickshas waited. I would go home where I should have stayed anyway.

Aisan opened the door as the runner pulled up before our house. She was a sweet faced girl of my own age who took it for granted that she and her mother, the cook, should work night and day, in order that the only son of the family should take their wages for his education. "He go to America, to study 'The Engines,' Aisan had told me proudly. Yes, he was to become an engineer, trained by our colleges, to return to his people with that deadly knowledge.

I thought I would read for a while, but the magazines were months old. Suddenly I remembered the *Illustrated London News* at the Consulate. I had my own key, and telling Aisan to rouse the dozing coolie, I climbed in the ricksha, and started for my father's office. As we neared the building, I was surprised to see a light in the back room. A faint gleam in the front office showed through the bamboo window blinds. Chin Lu was off duty, for it was the night of his English class, and my father had the third key.

The front door was locked from the inside and I did not like the thought of the unlit path which led to the back door. The runner's "I Q" was low, but he nodded as I sent him on a run to the Grand Hotel. How he would be admitted to the lobby of that famous place never occurred to my own boarding school mentality.

The usual night watchman's lantern was not visible in the narrow road, and the suffocating darkness of the Asian night seemed to smother me in its opaque folds. Perhaps the few sips of champagne gave me a synthetic courage, for I took off my slippers and tiptoed to the back door. Few knew there was one because it was concealed on the outside by a bamboo blind, and on the inside, by a Persian wall hanging. It was unlocked and I crept into the tiny hall. The door which led into the front office was ajar, and no light shone in the room as I pushed my way carefully toward the gas bracket.

As the bright yellow glow flared, I saw the wall safe. It was open, and beside it crouched Mr. Sen, his hands full of papers, and on his face a look of hatred. His expression turned to contemptuous relief when he realized that only a weak girl had surprised him. He came swiftly toward me.

"Missie much better keep quiet, this lonely place," he hissed, as I screamed. From his pocket, he drew a revolver.

To this day, I don't know whether I was more frightened than angry, but on the desk, between us, lay the Hara-Kiri knife. I had never fainted, but I knew that the distressed heroine in East Lynne reeled, clutched the furniture, and sank gracefully on a conveniently soft rug when menaced by the villian.

I put my hand to my forehead and swayed toward the desk chair. "I'm going to faint." My voice was weak from fright, and sounded convincing, even to me. Mr. Sen's grasp of the revolver loosened, as I slumped in the desk chair, with my head on the desk. Then my heart almost stopped beating, for he dropped the gun and began feverishly sorting the papers he had taken from the safe. Slowly, my hand found the knife, and as it slipped from the scabbard, I jumped to my feet. At the same moment, the Japanese sprang toward me. As he turned his foot caught in the dragon carved foot of the Chinese ebony desk, and the pistol fell to the floor.

I am afraid that I did not create an heroic impression. The knife wobbled crazily in my shaking hand, but the man faltered, and as I stood there trembling, he suddenly wheeled, ran to the door and out of the house.

I really fainted then, and the next thing I knew was that Si Yu, the runner, was wiping my face with his unwashed towel, and my father was swearing in the best old American style. Si Yu had stood his ground with the Major-Domos of the Grand Hotel, and had brought my bewildered father in time to see the feet of Mr. Sen vanishing down the road.

My father's search revealed that the back door had been forced and the safe jimmied, but no papers of value had been taken because my wise father had never placed any there. Si Yu's new uniform, his reward for his part in the affair, was made of Fuji silk, and I was not scolded for my ripped gloves and torn train. Neither did father laugh when he discovered that the revolver was not loaded.

The affair was not made public. From such meagre material, "International Incidents" can be created. Mr. Sen, however, left shortly for Korea to "visit relatives," and a "Time Limit" was put on his return.

And the knife? No, it has not been used for thirty years, but I know the feel of it in my hands. If the need ever comes, I can use it again.

—Marcia Loring

EXHIBIT AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

. . . THE Albert H. Wiggin Collection was inaugurated on June 14, 1941, with an exhibition of religious prints by Jean Louis-Forain, one of the foremost French engravers, and this third anniversary is honored by an exhibition of the work of another great Frenchman, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec.

A great debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Wiggin for the gift of his magnificent collection, which has solved many problems in the educational and research fields; and the beautiful gallery of the Print Department, considered by many experts as one of the best in the country, is meeting the needs of the collection in a most satisfactory manner.

Henri-Marie-Raymond de Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa, a descendant of one of the highest noble families of France that ruled over the Albigeois region, was born at Albi on November 24, 1864. Being a delicate child, his education was attended to by private tutors and his mother. His first interest in drawing was manifested in the farmyard, where he watched the draught oxen, dogs, and horses, noting every line and curve. He had a remarkable sense of form for a boy of his age. Such early drawings may be found on the margins of his school books, together with caricatures of his fellow students done during the three yeare he irregularly attended the Lycée Fontanes.

The short and intensely active life of the artist itself is recorded in his work depicting the dance halls, café-concerts, theaters, circuses, and racecourses in the colorful 'nineties. Deformed and brilliant, Lautrec renounced the life of a country gentleman for Montmartre, for a life of gaiety and dissipation, which brought about his premature death at the age of thirty-seven. Yet in spite of his mode of living, he was a sensitive painter, a superb draughtsman, and a lithographer of great attainment.

If Lautrec's art had no deep roots in the tradition of the past, it did draw upon his profound source of human impulse. Because he was an artist of his time, he was most successful in choosing material and ideas from the Bohemian world about him. He learned much from the work of Jules Chéret, his predecessor in the poster field, as also from Japanese prints, of which he possessed a splendid collection. Lautrec was a pioneer in raising the poster to the level of a fine art, and he devoted much of his masterly talent toward that end, along with the production of announcements and advertisements. He made no distinction between commercial and pure art.

In this exhibition we are primarily interested in his lithographs and posters, in which he developed an original style as entertaining as the music hall and as profound as the shallow culture of his subjects would permit. Perhaps Lautrec's physical condition and early background had much to do with his art, and led to the abandonment of his conventional behavior. However, the early discipline shows in his work, whatever the later influences were. His attitude seen through his art was that of the gay cavalier, but a study of his work will reveal the governed conduct based on aristocracy rather than morality.

Lautrec had all the qualities of the master, and he expressed them with freedom and refinement. He used the greased crayon with admirable ease and force, tempered with restrained severity. His aims seemed few, his choice instinctively right, and his command of the medium so thorough that his success was at once complete. He cared little for the tricks of lithography, for he depended upon his power of drawing and the symmetrical arrangement of line and mass. Preoccupied with the effect he wished to produce, by the simplest of means he created compositions that were free from rules and stilted technique.

Although Lautrec did many notable paintings, the lithographic stone and the crayon were his most natural vehicles. His method is well described by Maurice Joyant in his *Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec*, Paris 1927:

"Lautrec proceeded in the same manner for his prints as for his paintings: first he made notes, then tenta-



Toulouse-Lautrec

Miss May Belforte

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tive sketches, then preliminary studies in oil on cardboard; only after these did he begin the actual execution of the poster. On a huge sheet of paper backed with canvas he drew the outline in charcoal; this was transferred to the stone; over his charcoal drawing, which he often reinforced with oil paint, he placed a large tracing on which he tried out colors. Thus when he started to work on the stone itself, as little as possible of the design remained to be determined by chance."

Lautrec's ability to penetrate into the character of his subjects is brought out in his many stage portraits. An extraordinary variety of expression is captured in the sixteen lithographs devoted to Yvette Guilbert; even her black gloves have personality. The superb series of lithographs of May Belfort, Jane Avril, and Sarah Bernhardt have a dramatic appeal, although they are done with a lightness of touch and a sense of Parisian atmosphere. But the many prints of Marcelle Lender represent perhaps the most spontaneous expression of Lautrec's temperament and his attitude toward the life and society of his day. Then there are the light yet intensely sensitive portraits of Leloir, Morena, and Ida Heath. A number of other likenesses echo his restless visions of the gay and fantastic.

In the composition of posters the pursuit of area cutting and beautiful design were Lautrec's guiding principles. The manner, which is entirely his own, is used with undisputable anthority. The "Divan Japonais" and "La Clownesse Assise" from the portfolio entitled "Elles" as well as "Aristide Bruant," "Jane Avril," "Caudieux," and "La Revue Blanche" are among the best examples. Lithographed programs and song covers add distinction to his immense *œuvre*, but lack of space does not permit their display at this time.

Lautrec lived in the glitter of the world of make-believe. These pictures of the stage and its people have a real historical value and provide an unequalled record of Parisian life during the last decade of the nineteenth century.

—Arthur W. Heintzelman

BEST GIRL

. . . WHERE to?" asked the young soldier. "Trian's?"

"Of course," answered Margaret. "Where but Trian's for our last date."

Margaret clung to the arm of her soldier boy and tried to match her steps to his. But the high heels of her absurd little shoes were not meant for speed.

"Slow down, Darling," she gasped. "I can't keep up."

"Sorry," Tony smiled down at her. "We're in no hurry, are we? We have the whole afternoon."

Yes—the whole afternoon—just the two of us. The thought warmed Margaret. She felt absurdly grateful to Tony for giving her this whole afternoon. Tony would be angry if he knew she felt grateful. But, after all, his leave was so short, and with his marriage tomorrow, there would be many of his friends that he wouldn't have a chance to see.

She caught a glimpse of herself in a store window, her head just even with Tony's shoulder. Tony's height was a constant source of surprise to her.

And I do look smart, she thought. The new hat was worth the disastrous price she'd paid for it. It made her look gay. And she wanted more than anything to look gay. Margaret wondered if Tony had noticed it. She looked shyly up at him from beneath the stiff brim.

Tony read her mind as he usually did. "Some bonnet," he grinned. "But on you it looks good."

They arrived at Trian's and went in. Rex hurried toward them with a smile slitting his broad face.

"Ah, Mister Arnett—pardon—Captain Arnett. It is good to see you after so long. I have a good table for you right over here."

He led them to a corner table and got them settled. Tony ordered two Martinis and lit cigarettes for himself and Margaret.

A flood of memory swept over Margaret as she watched him. It was she who had first introduced Tony to Trian's. What a boy he had been then—so anxious to appear a man of the world and so embarrassed at his little mistakes. Well, he didn't need her help any more. And I should be glad, thought Margaret, miserable at the sudden ache that squeezed her heart.

She blew out a cloud of smoke and smiled across the table at Tony. "Well, how does tomorrow's bridegroom feel?"

An embarrassed grin crossed his face. "All right, I guess. Kind of quivery in the middle."



"You could try a cold wave permanent, my dear!"

BOSTONIANS
of five generations

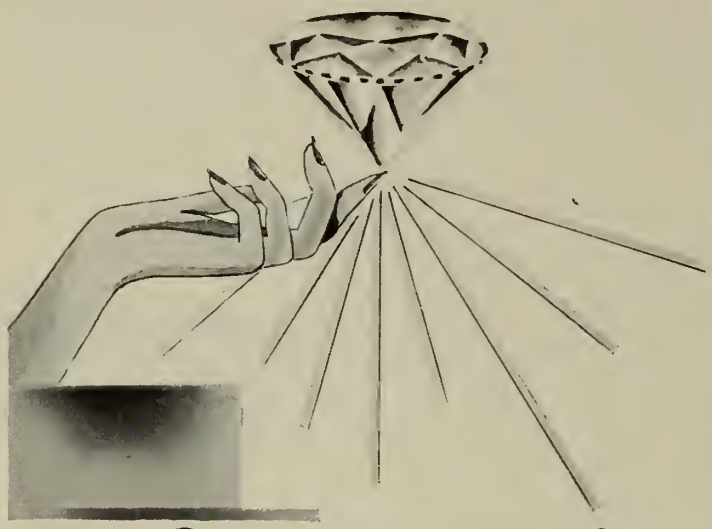
have turned to Jones McDuffee for their most highly prized possessions—their lovely china and glassware. And now the sixth generation is finding both pleasure and profit in observing this ancient and honorable custom.

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If you are just starting to turn gray, we can easily blend it to match your own natural shade. We take the precaution of using Clairol only as directed on the label.

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Margaret watched him through the smoke as he sat tearing a paper napkin to bits. She wondered if she had been very bright to come here and spend this last afternoon alone with him. Certainly the pain of losing him was enough without turning the knife. But she was being silly. She had already lost him months ago when his country had decided it needed him more than she did. His marriage was but one more gulf between them. Funny though, thought Margaret, he has never seemed closer than at this moment.

Their drinks were served and Tony lifted his with a smile. "Well, come on. This is my wedding we're celebrating—not my funeral."

Margaret's eyes shone at him over the edge of her glass. "Here's to you, my dear," she responded. "And to Alyse."

Tony finished his drink and grinned at her. "Do you think I'll make a very good husband? Do you think Alyse will be able to stand me?"

Margaret made a face at him. "You'll make a very poor husband. But from the letters you wrote me from camp you should make a very good wife."

Margaret knew she wasn't doing very well. It was all too forced. But Tony laughed. Then suddenly he was serious. He reached across the table and covered her hand with his. "I just want to say this—and then no more serious talk. You've been a swell sport about everything, and I love you."

Margaret felt quick tears rising. She blinked quickly and got to her feet. "Come on, Tony. Dance with me."

Tony guided her out to the floor and put his arm around her. "Anyway," he smiled at her, "You'll always be my very best girl, Mom."

—Dorothy Swayne



For those intent upon the finer things!



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VICTOR BORGE

HUMORIST EXTRAORDINARY

. . . WHEN the linguistic authorities of the nations sit down at the peace table to do something about an international language, they'd better keep Victor Borge away. What he could do to the best Basic shouldn't happen. Although, at that, the laughter his innovations would cause might be worth the scramble. Danish-born Borge, learning his American jargon from concentrated doses of our movies, has come out with more priceless humor, more hilarious language scrambling than any other adopted son of the United States has achieved to date.

Victor Borge, before going any further, is one of the skyrocket stars on the American entertainment horizon. An accomplished pianist, a brand new comedian whose wit is unlike any other, and a master of parody, Borge is the favorite of millions of radio listeners, the tops in night club work, and the future — well, the movies are sure to snaffle him in short order, making him the visual pet of more millions of people.

Getting back to Borge on Basic English, or whatever you care to call it, the reason he would have to be restrained from linguistic conferences is plain. In the process of learning the American language, he made so many startling discoveries about our manner of speaking that audiences have been rolling in the aisles with laughter ever since.

"You have many words that have numbers in them," he explains with a smile. "Take wonderful, create, and tenderloin. Add one to each, and what do you get? Twoderful, crenine, elevenderloin. Behalf becomes be-one-and-a-half. The simple sentence 'I ate a tenderloin with my fork' becomes 'I nine an elevenderloin with my fived'."

Put that way, it's twoderful.

His ideas on phonetic punctuation which are deftly included in his act, are equally funny and original.

"You punctuate everything you write," he points out. "Punctuation makes a great difference in the meaning you wish to convey. You end a sentence with a question mark and it means one thing. Use an exclamation mark, and it means yet another thing. So why not do that in the spoken language?"

By identifying each punctuation mark with a special sound — like "click-click" for a comma, "pssft" for a period, and similar rib-tickling sounds for exclamation points, question marks, etc. — Borge manages to reduce Shakespeare to something that sounds like a car backing out of a garage on a cold night. Explosions and clatter run rampant. So does the audience laughter.

Borge, whose name is produced with a hard "g", is a dapper, wiry young man who just misses being a collar-ad hero. Born in Copenhagen, Victor began studying music when he was five. His father, Bernard Borge, played violin in the orchestra of the Royal Opera. Victor was sent to study at the Conservatory of Copenhagen, then to Vienna and Berlin. For ten years he followed this serious profession until he was induced by a friend who appreciated his wit as well as his piano playing to take a part in an annual amateur revue staged by a famous club in his home town.

The result of this foray into the theatre had far-reaching effects. The critics raved about Borge the comedian. Managers offered him theatre-engagements by the carload. In short order Borge became a Danish Noel Coward, writing, producing and starring in his own musical shows, becoming Denmark's leading comedian and a movie star as well.

After a highly successful though brief period of delighting European audiences, Victor sailed for America. As he puts it, "When Hitler came to Denmark, one of us had to leave. So, I came to America."

He landed on our shores without a word of English at his command. Fortunately, his wife was American. She had lived abroad for many years and spoke perfect Danish. But Borge was faced with the immediate need to learn the American variation of the English language in order to talk to someone other than his wife.

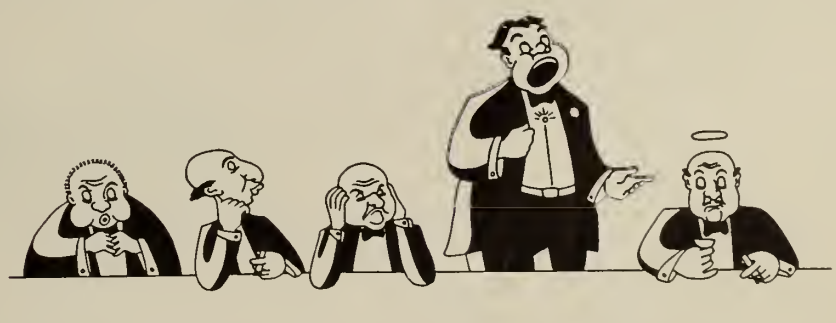
His way of doing this is not what the teachers would urge on new pupils. But it worked for Victor. He literally lived in the movies, learning the lingo of American speech. He was so successful that within a year he had become the most individual comedian-pianist in the United States. Bing Crosby put him in a guest spot on his radio show, and when the listeners clamored for more, he was given a permanent place on the show.

Night spot engagements followed, with a touch of the movies and stage thrown in, and almost before he could turn around he had achieved a high spot in the American entertainment picture. He was as much of a success in the United States as he had been in Europe.

His humor, his handling of the American language, is not confined, however, to his nightly shows. Or perhaps it should be said that his unconscious humor is not confined. On a recent train trip from Hollywood to New York, the only space he could get was an upper berth. In New Mexico, he gave it away, and presently acquired a roomette. In Albuquerque, he decided to wire his wife. It read:

"Everything is all right. Have been sitting up all night. Gave berth to an old lady."

And he wondered why the telegraph girl laughed!



. . . DESIGNERS always let themselves go on beachwear, and why not? The gayer and more fanciful it is, the better. You don't want it durable, or overly practical, so long as it's decorative and flattering. But flattering it must be, above all else, and the designers have used every wile known to woman to make it so. Not for nothing did they invent those gathered bras and short flaring skirts. But what's cute and curvacious on Betty Grable is just plain poison on plain Janes, so take a good look in the triple mirrors, gals, before you brave the boardwalk in that gay and fanciful little something.

Always an exciting spot this time of year, *Fredleys'* Cabana Shop is livelier than ever, with its clever yellow and white cabanas newly painted and brimming over with colorful play togs. A casual look around takes in a dozen things you immediately yearn for, like the two-piece swim suit in a wonderful foreign-looking linen, striped in glowing colors and bound in blue. This was made with that new and utterly fascinating one-strap arrangement on the bra. Then, there's a short set that's knockout . . . plain classic shorts with a separate long-sleeved striped crepe top that has a discreet collar and covered-up back, but knots in a most daring fashion in front, leaving a bare midriff. And a faille swim suit that's not only a shiny jet black, but strapless, and definitely something for the boys. A nice firm drawstring is concealed around the top, or you can use the strap provided, but the slimming effect of the princess cut is not to be overlooked. The same suit comes in a demure blue and white striped madras, too. Plus a flock of pretty chintz and cotton suits, from $6.95, and some stunning white sharkskin bra suits with flaring skirts and ric-rac and ruffle trim.

Somebody who knew his business cut Fredleys' prize playsuit with separate skirt. These have a well-tailored blouse top with club collar and buttons down to the set-in belt, and from the waist down a neat fly front. There are generous pleats in the wide leg shorts, which makes for a smooth derriere and lots more poise on the tennis court. The skirt has a fly front. This honey of a set comes in checked seersucker at $10.95, or in white-piped shantung, if you're lucky enough to get there while there are some left. But since playclothes are a major interest here, there are simply scads of others to choose from.

. . . A MINIATURE boardwalk guides you through *Jordan's* to the Mermode Shop, where things are humming already in preparation for seaside vacations. Right off, we fell in love with a yellow and brown cotton plaid bra-and-shorts suit. The bra had those flattering gathers, in front and nice narrow straps, and the shorts were the close-fitting kind that give such a sleek look. The suit was lined in white jersey and cost $10.95.

A white sharkskin suit had fluffy ruffled sea-blue lace around the top and the straps of the bra and at the waist of the separate flared skirt. Modest jersey shorts go with this, for $8.95. A princess style suit in a pink flowered cotton had double string straps and a ruffle around the top, and a rippling skirt. A bold printed jersey bra suit had a very full hula-hula skirt gathered to a tight-fitting waistband over jersey shorts. Something new: a pair of printed jersey shorts with a brief sarong attached to them at one side, meant to drape across the front and tie at the hip. Most effective, with its tie-front bra, for $10.95.

Besides these gala dressmaker suits, Jordan's has a good stock of the staple Jantzens, those wonderful suits that you never tire of. Both the classic one-piece and the bra-and-shorts kind are here. $7.95 nets you a surplice style one-piece suit with built-in uplift bra, and for $8.95 you can choose from several white cord trimmed two-piece styles.

Jordan's also has some very good suits for women, in sizes 36 to 46, for about $7.95, in cottons and jerseys.



"Oh, my dear, I'm so happy for you!"

. . . STUARTS goes in for real elegance in their summer collection, with the emphasis on lovely dressy clothes to wear when you want to look most feminine and most fascinating. They've lots of those sheer blacks and navys for sunset dining, and have all the lush wide-brimmed hats and fragile looking Frank Brothers shoes to wear with them. But we were taken by a suit of pale pink linen with black polka dots that would make a proud costume for a wedding guest, or a dream of a going-away suit for the bride herself. The jacket is cut cardigan style, with black bound buttonholes and buttons marching neatly up the front, long sleeves, and flap pockets of the inconspicuous variety at either hip. The skirt has shirring and a bit of fullness in the front; otherwise it's plain and narrow. The black silk blouse has a beautifully detailed round neckline and short sleeves, and the whole ensemble is so simple, so distinguished and so painstakingly tailored that you're not surprised to find a Carnegie label in it. The linen has a delightfully crisp flower-petal texture, and is wiltproof. With this, Stuarts shows a wide brimmed p i n k hat concocted of starched embroidered organdy poised lightly on bands of pink straw, with a black velvet ribbon around the shallow crown and velvet bow-knots peeping out from under the organdy all around the brim. One of those hats that can be regal as a duchess, or sheer dynamite, depending on the wearer. *Frank Brothers* pumps of gleaming patent complete the costume; open toed pumps with sling backs, very plain except for small all-over pin-dot perforations that carry out the polka dot motif of the suit in an unobtrusive way. Frank Brothers' big squashy black patent pouch would be the perfect bag to touch off this perfect costume.

. . . LAMSON & HUBBARD have turned their sport shop into a refreshingly gay summertime spot. Lemon yellow and green decor, cheery and sunny as can be, makes a grand background for their sportswear and casual dresses. The casual dresses, by the by, have none of that careless sloppy look, but are crisp and trim as can be, and planned to stay that way through lots of heat waves. Their pet dress, for instance, is nicely tailored of non-wrinkling color-fast rayon shantung, with white eyelet ruffles frosting the small collar, short sleeves, and running down the front. For $14.95 you can take your choice of melon, turf tan, jungle green, or bright rose coral. You'll see quite a few of this type of dress around town, and no wonder, for they're practical and becoming AND easy-to-wear, but Lamson's collection boasts especially careful tailoring and fastidious details. The striped jersey frock by Rosenfeld that's been getting such a lot of attention in all the magazines is here, too. You've seen it—long sleeves, tie neck, pearl ball buttons, and a shouting red or kelly green canvas belt for contrast. Quite sophisticated, and ready to go from the office to Pops at a moment's notice. Have it in navy, green, or brown with white stripes, for $14.95.

Along with an extensive collection of classic skirts, jackets, sweaters and blouses, Lamson's sport shop have scooped the town on the slickest slack set of the season. It's white shetland wool, all white, and just waiting for you to add a brilliant kerchief or your loudest belt. The slacks are narrowed and tapered to give the slimmest possible line, and it goes without saying that they're tailored to a "T". The jacket is boxy, meant to be worn outside, and has long full button-cuff sleeves, a convertible club collar, big patch pockets, and sizable pearl buttons down the front. Little tailored vents, too, in the hem of the jacket. $10.95 each for the jacket and slacks, and what could be more perfect for Sunday brunch at the country club or patio dining?

. . . JUNE means weddings, and weddings mean jewelry, and yes, there's something new here, too. At *Jewel Crest,* 376 Boylston Street, you'll find an original and fresh design in earrings. Thought you'd seen just about everything that could be hung on an ear? Well, ask to see the sketches on this brand new design. It's exclusive with Jewel Crest and hard to describe, but there's a delicately shaped little piece that fits

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right under the lobe, and the rest of the earring curves upward from it in a series of gently diminishing petal shapes. This covers the upper two-thirds of the lobe only, giving a most unusual effect. On the lowest golden swirl there's a sparkling motif that can be made of diamonds and rubies or whatever stones you prefer, for these are custom made. If you like to be first with the new, better see these soon.

Jewel Crest have some out of the ordinary gifts for ushers and bridesmaids, all with the personal touch that monogramming gives. Sterling key rings, for instance, make a fine useful gift for ushers, at $4.50. And there are sterling ear clips to be monogrammed for bridesmaids at $5.50. For the bride herself there's a sterling silver compact that takes a monogram or the whole new name in flowing script.

. . . KATHERINE HENICK of the Roman Art Shop, long known to antique lovers and connoisseurs of furniture around town, has opened a shop at 451 Boylston Street to show and sell her delightfully original redecorated furniture and antiques. Mrs. Henick has a most unusual talent for doing over commonplace pieces and making them charming and distinctive. She specializes in Swedish Provincial, Pennsylvania Dutch, and Victorian decor, and every piece we saw was a gem of its kind. For instance, she has cut down an antique round Victorian card table and made a low coffee table of it, painted it jet black and glamourized it with a gorgeous big red rose and emerald leaves splashed across the top in a carefree manner. More roses twine around the base, and the result is fresh and enchanting. A white Victorian dressing table has small glowing red roses rambling over its top, and a white stool with a rose cushion goes with it. An early American spool bedroom set is painted in tones of pale blue, with knobs and stripes of soft yellow, and sprays of flowers are scattered here and there in Mrs. Henick's typical light-hearted manner. The set is of genuine antiques, and the bureau, bed, an unusual lift-top commode, a night table and a chair sell for $298.00.



"Oh, look, Mabel, here's that Stilson wrench I thought I lost at the shipyard!"

• •

Especially timely is the garden or porch set in Swedish Provincial style, with benches to match. This is gaily done in wide bands of gold and white, with hearts and flowers and peasant motifs in brilliant color hand-painted over it. The set has been treated for resistance to weather, and sells for $85.00. There's a little wheelbarrow, too, done in the same style, and beautifully made. It's decorative enough to hold your potted plants in winter and sturdy enough to be really useful in the garden in summer, at $39.50.

Mrs. Henick has a genuinely new approach to decorating problems, so when you need some new ideas, look her up.

. . . SHOPPING for thoroughly grown up young ladies who just happen to be still in their early teens has always been a ticklish business. That's why *R. H. Stearns* started their "Talk of the Teens" shop some years ago—a cosy nook devoted to those just-grown-up-enough clothes that are cut to suit and fit a very young figure. There's everything here for the saddle-shoe set: bathing suits, shorts, playsuits that can take an occasional tree-climb in stride, sturdy striped denim slacks. A sun-back dress with matching bolero, trimmed with white ruffly eyelet at the neck and peg pockets will even tempt big sis at $8.95 for the dress and $2.00 for the bolero.

But what makes the younger set really happy is the collection of evening dresses. A plaid taffeta at $14.95 is trimmed with bands of velvet on a full swishing skirt, and its modestly cut bodice and wide set-in belt makes it a dress to please mother, too. A checked taffeta, very gay, with a basque waist, was $16.95, and could be worn the year around. A white organdy with puff sleeves, sweetheart neck, and full gathered skirt would be just the thing for graduation and also glamourous at the summer dances. And a white dotted swiss with red or blue dots, ruffled puff sleeves and a low round neck had a touch of sophistication in its slim skirt with low-placed ruffle-topped flounce, at $16.95.

Naturally, the Teen Shop has taken the matter of what to wear for graduation quite seriously, and from $5.95 up there are short white dresses in crepe, cottons, pique, and shantung, some very tailored, but most of them made festive with lace or ruffles, and

Cotton eyecatchers

a gala collection of cool charming summer frocks

Peter Flynn
164 TREMONT

all able to do double duty as sport frocks all summer.

. . . PETER FLYNN, on Tremont Street, have given their Second Floor over to inexpensive dresses for hot days in town. This particular spot is a mecca for business girls on a budget, for they find plenty of variety here at their pet prices. For instance, $5.95 buys a pretty cotton printed with softly colored flowers and butterflies, made with a square neck which is outlined by fagotting and a ruffle, with another ruffle fluttering at the bottom of the four-inch waistband, and a skirt as full as the law allows. A Mexican border in bright red and green livens a tan frock with a deep hem of dancing senoritas and caballeros with guitars. The neck and sleeves are edged in red cord loops. There's a pastel-and-white check gingham with a set-in waistband and eyelet ruffles down the front, around the neck and on the short sleeves. And there are plenty of cool practical dark cotton two-piece dresses, some with plain jackets and checked skirts and collars and cuffs of the check. A rayon seersucker suit has bold frogs around its three big buttons on the bodice, otherwise it is very classic. A cotton seersucker with short sleeves comes in cool blue or grey, with red buttons and a red embroidered boutonniere with the flower petals cut out for plenty of ventilation. A black cotton frock is frosted with white embroidery on its black ruffle trim, and buttons down front. A rayon butcher linen two-piecer in soft yellow is trimmed with self "spaghetti" flowers on the pockets. And lots of others arriving every day.

—CAROL

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BEAUTY . . . LEG MAKE-UP

. . . WITH all the excitement over leg make-up this season, we're quite certain that millions of women will continue using it even when nylons will be available for $1.65. That is, for the summer months anyway. Three years ago, only the very brave and the very young dared venture forth with painted legs. But those who looked at them askance are themselves enjoying the comfort of stockingless gams these warm days.

Cosmetic manufacturers have really outdone themselves this year, as the leg paint seems better than ever. Most of them can be applied quickly and evenly with nary a tell-tale streak. And to think we used to spend an hour applying, washing and reapplying the make-up until it was even! Many of them have been improved to such an extent that they are truly splatter-proof, yet wash off easily with soap and water. These no longer soil your slips, nor come off on your bed clothes. And so if you are disgusted with the product you used last year, try another this year, for you're sure to find one that's pretty easy to use. You may choose from a range of colors varying from the lightest beige to a deep summer brown. You also have a choice of lotions in every consistency, creams, leg sticks, or cake form colorings.

If you choose a lotion, apply it with an upward sweeping stroke. Pour some lotion into your left hand, and dip the whole of your four right fingers into it. This will give you enough lotion to spread over most of your leg. Try to get it on as quickly as you can with as few strokes as possible. Make sure you get some lotion in the two dimples behind your knee (that you probably never knew you had). We so often see two little white dots there. Then spread some from your ankle downward. By all means read the directions on the bottle, for each make may vary slightly in its application.

There are also some grand non-sticky creams on the market if you prefer that. One product comes in a two-jar set. The first cream used is a colorless protective film, which makes it easier to apply the second. That contains the coloring, which is soluble in water when the cream begins to harden in the jar. However protective creams are really unnecessary as leg cosmetics are non-injurious and non-drying. There's also that grand creamy leg stick that you might like.

And for something quite new in leg paint, we tried a successful mit. The coloring is inside the mit in cake form. If you've been catching the dickens for messing up the bathroom, that's for you. You merely wet the mit, and spread on the creamy bronze film. With the aid of the mit the color-



Permanent Curl—a smart Charles of the Ritz idea for summer coiffures

ing goes on evenly, and you can work very neatly with it, as even your hands remain clean.

It's really hard to be partial to any one of these wonderful leg cosmetics as so many of them are good. Of course most of us have become a little more adept at applying them and of course that helps too. It's a grand cool, comfortable feeling to go through the summer months sans hose, yet feeling perfectly dressed up in your very best clothes.

If your figure requires more support than a pantie girdle, you can still wear your regular garment without hose. There is a wonderful article just for you that looks like cut off stocking tops, on which to attach your garters. They're especially made for good support, and all the stores have them. So hie yourself off to the notions counter and have as comfortable a summer as the ungarmented gals.

As we wander through the toiletries department, we see hundreds of leg make-up displays. Gorgeous statuettes of legs adorn counters and we can't help hoping our legs will take on that shape as well as the color. If your legs are too thin, use the lighter shades of coloring. If they are large, the darker tones are more slenderizing. There is a very clever gadget for drawing seams too. Stout legs look slimmer with the seam, if you feel up to the trouble.

Of course your legs should be smooth, which means free of hair. You can remove it with a depilatory



Side Spree—a sleek coiffure by Charles of the Ritz—is smooth and easy to manage

or even a razor, but it should be done. There has been a lot of controversy over whether the hair grows back thicker than before. Personally, we think not. If we were sure it did, we'd use depilatories on the pates of our hairless male friends in hopes that the fine fuzz would blossom out into wirier hairs. So don't have too many qualms about hair removing. It's cleaner looking and an absolute must for good grooming.

And if you're worried about foot comfort, there's peds and other foot socks that cover only your feet and won't show over the edge of your shoes . . . if they have backs and toes. For toeless and backless shoes we have been using extra inner soles, which we wear upside down, with the soft felt next the foot. We'd love to see a foot sock that could be worn with open shoes. Or better still, summer shoes all lined like a stocking.

—LILLIAN MUNROE

BEAUTY BEACON

Symbol of Love

. . . YOUNG love is seldom free these days to wander dreamily through the woods and gardens picking flowers. But the essence of tiny, pearl-like bells, evocative of true love everywhere, has been caught by Coty in its Muguet des Bois perfume, toilet water, dusting powder and talc. Muguet des Bois (lily-of-the-valley) has a tender, indescribable freshness that is laden with promise for the wearer as well as the passer-by. Its lovely scent is not only for the June bride, but for those of us who tossed our bridal bouquets some time ago. It is suitable and delightful for our simple, workaday existence. Coty has captured the scent in a delicate crystal glass bottle beaded with a design suggestive of muguet sprays and presents it in three sizes of perfume. The supply of toilet water is limited because of war shortages but the provocative fragrance can be made to go farther with a luxurious round box of dusting powder with a soft pink puff, and a four-ounce cylinder of talc.

Leg Glamour

. . . HELENA RUBENSTEIN boasts a new technique of application with her "Minute Stocking Film." This is a new type of leg make-up. It is a smooth *cream* in consistency, in a deep beige shade. Squeezed from its convenient tube as easily as tooth paste, it flows on your leg and produces a soft, silken finish. Water-resistant, it should not streak or run. Application of Minute Stocking Film is made while the surface of the legs is wet. Starting at the instep, smooth the preparation upwards on the leg with quick, long sweeping strokes. Smooth and blend it evenly over the legs and well up over the knee. Be sure to let it dry thoroughly before buffing with soft cloth or chamois. It is easy to remove. Simply stand in your tub, and using soap and water, rub it away with a rough cloth. It is advisable to remove all make-up from the skin before retiring.

Leg make-up is going to be an important accessory this summer. Even those women who have always felt they could not go without stockings will become ardent users once they try it and find how simple and effective it is to use. The important things to remember for a successful leg make-up are, first, absolutely hair-free limbs, and second, follow carefully the directions outlined by the manufacturer.



Aristocrat of perfumedom by Matchabelli—Stradivari

Perfume Parade

. . . THESE are the days to cherish beauty. And what is more likely to create and hold that illusion of beauty than an inspiring, exciting perfume? Great music's most thrilling emotions have been captured in the golden drops of Prince Matchabelli's Stradivari, a fragrance rich and mellow as a note from the heart of a throbbing violin. Stradivari is a perfume that women wear because they love it. It gives them elegance and glamour like their priceless furs and jewels. Stradivari is a perfume women wear because men admire it—a siren scent if ever there was one!

It was not a heavy perfume that made Eve attractive—and Cobra is not a heavy perfume—quite to the contrary. Cobra is so dry and so light as to be unbelievably unreal. The fragrance may be unreal, but the memory of the woman wearing it will be very real to the man who remembers! The woman who wears Cobra stands out alone in all her beauty, exasperatingly attractive to men.

A new perfume is always news, and it is especially good news when it happens to be a companion to Renoir's first perfume creation, Chichi. The new number is intriguingly called "My Alibi," a feminine, provocative note in perfume held in a slender, faceted column of frosted glass with a black stopper. It is presented in four sizes or you may get acquainted with it by simply purchasing a dram of My Alibi.

If . . . by Parfums Moneau is another new and interesting addition to the realm of perfume. If . . . is a heady, sophisticated fragrance. The handsome flacon stands in a crystal clear plastic base which makes an attractive dressing table accessory. If. . . . holds promise for that furlough date!

Color Rampant

. . . COLOR is rampant in fashions this season. How come? Simply because a fashion trend in any one color would cause a shortage of the particular dye. In order to avoid this, dyes were distributed and a little



Rubenstein's "Minute Stocking Film" for summer legs

of each color used. Our old standbys are all with us—red, navy blue, beige, black, and some bright ones—fuchsia, purple, yellow, green, pink and others. Do you look longingly at some of these colors but refrain from purchasing because you feel they are not for your particular coloring? Elizabeth Arden maintains that any woman can wear any color—if she selects her make-up to complement the color she is wearing. As an example, with the combination of light blue and black, Miss Arden suggests her Mille Fleurs color harmony; with navy

and brilliant green, the Victory Red color harmony; with black and white check and a red accent, the Stop Red color harmony. Remember, however, that a beautiful ensemble can be destroyed by an imperfect or careless make-up. If care is the keynote, serene poise will be the result. It takes a clean skin to look lovely in make-up. Before applying make-up, cleanse, refresh and soothe the skin. Make-up can only be successful if a foundation preparation is used as a basis for it. Elizabeth Arden suggests her All Day or Featherlight foundation blended evenly and carefully over the entire face. Powder should make you prettier. Choose the color carefully. The two-powder technique advanced by Elizabeth Arden is an interesting one.

New Beauty

. . . SOMETHING new comes to us right from our home town in the form of Sweet of the Hay beauty preparations—a cleanser, beauty cream and beauty base. The preparations boast real buttermilk as a basic ingredient. The Sweet of the Hay beauty cream spreads on easily and helps provide moisture to dry, taut complexions. The very name of the product, Sweet of the Hay Cream with buttermilk, is reminiscent of a cool country meadow far from the rush and tension of the city's pace. The creams are perfumed with a soft fragrance of new mown hay and the package is designed to capture a vision of blue skies and golden grasses.



Montezuma Red Lipstick Kit in forestry green, by Elizabeth Arden, trimmed with the insignia of the U. S. Marine Corps

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Under the Sun

. . . ONE factor necessary to good health is sunshine. With the curtailment of car travel, we may have to take our sun baths in the back yard, on the roof or in public parks, but we must absorb our normal quota of sunshine one way or another in order to maintain our health and resistance. The sun's rays can blister just as painfully on a roof as at the seashore, and it is just as important to use a preparation to filter out the burning rays. Charles of the Ritz "Smoothtan Oil" applied before exposure to the sun, will help avoid blistering, and its use before and during exposure to the sun will insure an even, smooth tan. Charles of the Ritz "Smoothtan Cream" is a liquid preparation for those women who like sunshine but prefer to keep their skin coloring fair.

Furlough Red

. . . THAT is the name of Mary Dunhill's new lipstick shade. Furlough Red is a captivating color, a soft, clear red that imparts a warm sparkle to the lips, a youthful brightness to the face. Furlough Red is a happy accent for such brilliant fashion colors as red, grey, vivid blue, bright green, yellow, and of course, white and pastels. It comes in a lovely new shell motif case. The younger crowd seems to have been clamoring for a deep-dyed lipstick shade. Especially for them Mary Dunhill has just introduced Black Lustre, a perfect accent for summer tan faces.

Glamorous Legs!

. . . ONE of the smoothest and smart ideas on leg make-up for the summer we've seen is *R. H. Stearns* Kasha Leg Stain. Here's a liquid tint that is not powdery . . . you can tan right through it, too! It simulates those long-ago, beautifully sheer stockings in sun-kissed shades that you used to buy. Easy to apply with cotton . . . impervious to water, but easily washed off with soap and water. By the way, the convenient 4-ounce bottle contains about twenty applications, and the price is, oh, so, moderate!

—CAROL THOMAS

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EYE FASHIONS

. . . DOROTHY PARKER was wrong, of course, when she commented, "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses" because, all of a sudden a spec-tacular fad has become "the thing" around town.

Starting as something which doctors call endemic, the eyeglass vogue has become epidemic. Fact is that girls who don't need 'em at all are appearing on subways and in offices with the fanciest look-pieces this side of Hollywood.

So far no girls have appeared with lorgnettes. After a little research, there may be a report on this matter next week. Nor has anyone seen a monocle, except on a British officer who appeared briefly at a USO party one Saturday night.

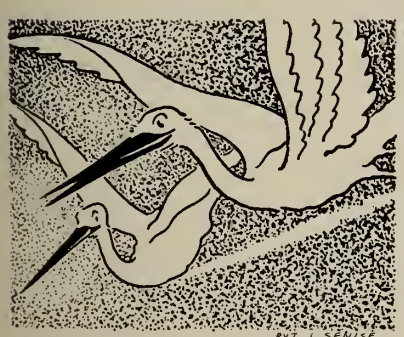
Outside of that—everything goes.

The current Hub favorite in specs are things with high temples. Anyone who wears glasses, the temples of which run from the center of the lens to the ears is simply not a la mode, my deah.

If you notice a lot of harlequin specs, you are wide awake. What brought on this rage, man knoweth not. Just the same, Boston girls in vast numbers are appearing with these "China-eyes." More than that they come in multi-colored frames and some girls have different pairs to match their costumes. Harlequins, according to report, are alleged to emphasize the lustrous qualities of the eyes and to give beholders an impression of the rare enchantment of the wearers. Sometimes this is so. At other times, the Harlequin girls look funny. But don't tell 'em.

The reason for putting plate glass

•



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40 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

in front of the windows of wisdom is, of course, "high style." The definition of that term is in the title of an old, before our time song, "Everybody's Doin' It." No blame can ever be attached to any individual because "high style" is one of those spontaneous combustion propositions.

Next in popularity to the harlequin specs are the squared types, according to a prominent optometrist's salesgirl whose baby-blues stared hypnotically through dark violet rims.

These can be worn with almost any kind of face that has two eyes on opposite sides of the nose. But they are most flattering to the typical Boston long face, sort of a squeeze-play to give it a cherubic appearance. This eliminates the too intelligent look that frightens the male.

Only a few timid Bostonians have chosen the round glasses. A bit on the owlish side, the authority interviewed said, although they're favored by the men.

These various shaped lenses are framed in laminated plastic rims and bows that run the whole range of the spectrum. If your eyes are honey you can get just the right shade of rim to set them off. Pink, at the present writing, is the most popular color with light blue running a close second.

The rule seems to be: wear blue rims if you have pink eyes and pink rims with blue eyes. Red goes well with green eyes and if you have those eyes that make a fresh water fisherman think of beautiful brown trout and a world without women, wear the speckled amber.

The trout season is open and it's time to get out the tapered line, oil it carefully and adjust the reel. There's a placid little pond in Andover under big oak trees where the silver and brown trout flash in and out among the reeds. Imagine a dozen of those lying snugly in the bottom of your creek the same color of some girl's speckled eyes behind the harlequin speckled rims. Imagine that or go on fishing; take your pick.

Speaking of fishing, some college girls have gone in for round glasses with thick rims which gives them that innocent mackerel-eyed look. The compleat get-up is something like



this:

Item; Owlish black rimmed glasses with a ribbon.

Item; Pigtails with two ribbons (one for each).

Item; Pleated, plaid skirt, just a little too short.

Item; Boxy, nubby knit sweater with the sleeves pulled partway up to the elbow.

Item; flat heeled shoes, not too well cleaned.

That's strictly campus of course. For the date down town, they switch to the pink rims set neatly on a well powdered nose.

According to our expert, the fad of painting eyeglass rims with fingernail polish is not strictly comme il faut. If you must have scientific reasons, it's this way: reason number one, the rims are made of porous plastic and the polish closes the pores as it dries, making the frames very brittle. Brittle frames break. New frames cost money. Reason number two: if you try to take the paint off with a nail polish remover, it will turn the frames a dirty green color or else a weird orange shade.

Otherwise, our expert says, you can kick them all over the place and the frames won't break. She cited one breathless instance in which a pair of glasses in plastic frames were kicked all the way across the floor and recovered unscathed. Imagine that!

Don't get the idea that this style is something brand new. The plastic, made from milk, wood, weeds, and a lot of other stuff you wouldn't be interested in, is a newcomer. But the round owlish rims were popular during the last World War, the one Dad likes to talk about when the boyfriend calls. Then they were made of tortoise shell and amber (imitation).

For those who really have to wear glasses there are rimless types, the kind you handle like fragile chinaware, pince-nez that can be hung around the neck and lorgnettes for looking at specimens—but why go into that.

As for Dorothy Parker's worrisome little couplet in dactyllic dimeter, keep in mind the terse comment of the private first class:

"They can always take them off."

—Betty Murray

WINGS OVER DETROIT

. . . DEAR Boston:

"Lift their sights," were the last words I heard on leaving Boston. The engineer who was talking to me over the telephone then said, "Good-bye," after making a date to meet us in New York. My husband and I boarded the Wolverine, bound for the great meeting in Detroit of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences.

They have engaged the auditorium which packs one thousand or more. The makers of light airplanes will discuss the post-war problems of their craft. My husband is speaking on his own project "Flight Strips," the last day, in the evening session.

This is my fourth trip to Detroit. My first was in May, 1927, when Lindbergh flew out across the Atlantic. Then I was researching aviation, Financial Research was my field,—Aviation was then at a low ebb. Since then I have flown to Detroit but now we must get there and priorities might ground us if we went by air—so off we go by train.

"Off we go into the wild blue yonder,"—the Army Air Force song sings in my ears. What a blue it is,—a "blue" that has no limits if you know how to lift your "sights." But you must also know how to shoot straight, up and out. With the new jet propulsion ships there is no telling what we will do or where we will go.

Our train got to Detroit in the early morning. Detroit is an enormous city. Planned by Judge Augustus B. Woodward, who went to Washington to confer with the engineer, Captain Pierre l'Enfant. l'Enfant planned our capital, the city of Washington. Judge Woodward borrowed the plan and made an adaptation of the plan for Detroit, but Detroit broke away from the pattern of the wheel, its original design, and now spreads out for miles. It's the freest city imaginable.

We saw the movie "Within Our Time" one evening. It's the rape of Poland. Suddenly I realized that if it hadn't been for Detroit, Dearborn, River Rouge, Willow Run, Flint, in short the state of Michigan,—the fate of America might have been that of Poland. We owe Detroit an enormous debt for its part in the war effort.

The Institute held their meeting at the Horace H. Rackham Educational Memorial, a great and beautiful building. Built of white Georgian marble in 1942, it was presented to the Society of Engineers of Detroit and the University of Michigan. The last word in art, sculpture and engineering design, it is a masterpiece of modern civilization.

The sound waves in the auditorium are so perfect that one need make no effort to hear. The sound envelopes you—you do not have to reach for it. The air is simply delicious, preferable to the out-of-doors. The screen on which pictures are shown has a peculiar live quality I have never seen anywhere else. Of course the lighting is perfect. Listening to scientific speeches, and geometric equations in such a meeting is an experience in itself.

The subject of the meeting was titled "National Light Aircraft Meeting." The subjects were all related to the handling of the technical requirements of Light Aircraft. The planes that you and I will fly ourselves as soon as the war stops. Dr. H. P. Liepman of the University of Cincinnati, read a brilliant paper entitled "Prediction of Longitudinal Dynamic Stability." A quite young man who has found the stable equalizer within the design of the plane. He proves it by geometry on the blackboard, and graphs shown on the screen.

My husband, Colonel Stedman Shumway Hanks, read his paper "Flight Strips for Civilian Use." He established an "all-time high," in making this treatise a scientific development of ground facilities. Up until now it has been a problem of trial and error.

The science of Aerodynamics, which we know as the science of the airplane, self-evidently must unite with the science of ground engineering and get married. Otherwise there will always be a deficiency between landing, take-off, and flight.

My husband is the first to recognize the solution of this problem and to treat is as a science. The engineers to make the union complete must unite the pattern of the plane and the pattern of the ground.

My husband showed pictures on the screen of Flight Strips and Air Strips, in America, Sardinia, Germany, the Marshall Islands, and the Solomons in the Pacific,—photographed and captured by our Armed Forces. He showed diagrams of 5,000 foot runways of single, double, and dual, Flight Strips.

Bill Stout, one of the leading designers of forward-looking airplanes, was Chairman for the afternoon session of the 28th. When I first met him in '27 he was with Ford. He is a most genial person. He is now with the Stout Research Division of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation and his new book just out is called "Tomorrow We Fly." He is the designer of the first all-metal plane. I learned that he lunches each business day at the Dearborn Inn, and drives in his novel motorcar, a modernistic type automobile, to the door.

Arthur M. Young of the Bell Aircraft Corporation, showed lovely colored pictures on the "Recent Progress on the Bell Helicopter"; also pictures of the experiments in a dummy model helicopter. He has a great sense of humor and talks with a half laugh. His audience is right with him all of the time.

After the meeting we visited the Ford Museum. The curator, Mr. Fred Smith, took us around. There we saw the progress of the airplane. The Bleriot, which flew the English Channel on July 25, 1909 in 37 minutes. The Standard J-1 Airplane of the U. S. Army, 1916-1918, used for the Primary Training Service. Types of monoplanes and biplanes were on exhibition, some of them famous

●

OH PHOBIA

The urge to laugh
is strongest
When the urge to laugh
is wrongest.

—JEAN CARLYLE

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planes.

The Laird Biplane, in which Mr. and Mrs. Laird gave one of the early exhibitions of "loop the loop." The first "loop the loop" was made in 1916. This biplane was also used by Katherine Stinson in a series of exhibition flights in the U. S. A. in 1916-1917. This plane is so light and small and the engine so little that I can't see why it ever held together in a loop. It has two bicycle wheels no larger than an ordinary bicycle.

The earliest Austin steamer, 1863, made by William Austin in Lowell, Massachusetts, was on exhibition. Mr. Smith told us the principle of the motor car had never changed, it had only been amplified. This is true of the airplane,—but—the design must be simplified and changed. A Hummingbird is the acme of flight, with the fastest revolution per minute of the wings, can take off backwards or forwards, and is the simplest and most efficient principle of aerodynamics. I have seen these birds do just this.

We left Detroit with regret. But we shall return!

On the train a young troupe of actors had just finished a show at the Romulus Air-Base, Detroit, under the auspices of the U. S. O. The men were mostly all young pilots who had been wounded or injured in the service. They were full of fun!

Louis O'Hearn and Miss Blue were with them and sat with us at luncheon. Miss Blue is a wonderful girl and her feeling for the hospitals and wounded she had played for was profound. She said to me, "You know we went to the camps where the boys are being taught reading, writing and arithmetic. It doesn't seem possible, I know, but it is so! They simply don't know how to read or write and the government is teaching them." She explained that the men make their mark and the officer in charge writes in their names on their papers.

"Another thing," she told us, "when we play at camps the boys say to us, 'Are you flat actors or round actors?' At first we didn't understand, but we learned by questioning them that the boys have grown up knowing only the actors of the moving pictures. The boys say, 'Flat actors are those in the pictures and the round ones are like you and everybody.'"

Her cousin had died of seven bayonet wounds in the stomach given by the Japs as a means of torture.

A youngster with a lovely tenor kept chanting in the train. I heard him say to one of the boys who was still feeling badly, he had just left the hospital, "Come up to my house, won't you, and get a dinner any time You know how it is if you're short!"

The Kid as I like to think of him, who had crashed in his P-47 airplane, sang the Army Air Force song for me, with all the joy and relish of art I heard him say again as he left, "If you want to find me you'll hear me singing as I walk down Broadway." The boys were always kidding him because he wouldn't stop singing. He was right!

May 1st, 1944, the army lifted the veil of secrecy. 500 crossings of the Atlantic by the Air Transport Command,— 4,000 passengers, 2,500,000 pounds of cargo. The days of Lindbergh, 33 hours and 32 minutes to fly to Paris—Bleriot 37 minutes to cross the Channel, are gone. Eric Johnstone writes, "America Unlimited." The Army Air Force sings—

"Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em, boys, Give 'er the gun!

America is Unlimited!
Best wishes to you on land and overseas,

—Claire Morton Prince

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THE DUELING SCHOOL OF PARIS

. . . IT is singular that in Paris there existed up to the disturbance of the present war about the only form of organized pistol shooting which resembled our revolver shooting of the Old West. The opportunity to perfect one's self in this skill was offered in the ancient dueling school of Gastinne Renette where you shot at the iron image of an antagonist in a given limit of time.

If in pleasanter days you had walked into the exclusive club-like atmosphere of Renette's at the foot of the Champs-Élysées you would have had presented to you the director of your coming "duel," a jovial gentleman in a green gun-maker's apron which is a badge of his craft. He would have led you to one of the galleries down which 25 metres away (almost 28 yards) stood the black silhouette of a full-sized man facing as about to fire at you. Your director then produced a pair of dueling pistols so lovely in decoration and graceful in lines you caught your breath; even the plainest costing $125 a brace. The manager of your duel now sat on a stool beside you and scooped up with a tiny dipper a charge of smokeless powder from a wooden bowl, dumped it into one of the long, slim, tapering pistol barrels beautifully engraved at both muzzle and breech. After it he rammed in a deadly round .40 cal. dueling ball, put a percussion cap on the nipple, placed his thumb over the cap and handed the weapon to you at half-cock. He now explained he was acting for you just as he would in a real duel. When he shouted "Attention!" you were to point the muzzle, not up in the air, as you often see in pictures, but just ahead of your toe. When he cried, "Feu!" you were free to raise the muzzle, and you must shoot by the time he counted up to three in French. If you shot afterward the shot would not count, and in a real duel, if you killed your man, you would be tried for murder. Also, you would be tried for murder if you killed your man and used any other firearm save a muzzle-loading dueling pistol.

The dueling pistol at half-cock looks like an American revolver at full-cock, so you drew back the graceful hammer, seemingly, only the width of a cat's whisker from half-cock to full-cock. You delivered your shots first with one pistol of the pair, then the other; the director loading the odd one and directing the "duel" at the same time. Your target, the iron silhouette of a man's body, was marked in numbered sections, the head counting 3, the heart 5, the areas each side 4, upper legs 2, lower legs 1.



In the Rennette Gallery, Paris

When you hit, a miniature image of the man-target—beside you on the wall—registered electrically the section your bullet found. After you shot your string of 12 shots, if you were an experienced revolver shot in America, it is likely you achieved something like seven 5's, three 4's and two 3's. And afterward it must have crept over you that there was the same similarity in the shooting as there was in the Old West, and you sort of wondered if Wild Bill Hickock or Billy the Kid would have got all 5's.

—FRED COPELAND



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THEATRE

. . . A QUICK glance into the crystal ball for the month of June promises a sizeable bit of activity for Boston theatres. It is, of course, very difficult to be accurate about dates and titles three weeks ahead of time, but it isn't too hard to sort things out for yourself when the time rolls around.

First on the list, via a date-rating is *For Keeps,* due at the Plymouth on Monday, May 29. This is a new comedy by F. Hugh Herbert who wrote *Kiss and Tell.* Information is very scanty as to the subject and theme, but there's every reason to expect that Herbert will come up with an evening filled with laughter. The play is being produced and staged by Gilbert Miller. Patricia Kirkland, Frank Conroy and Donald Murphy are set for the leads. Unless plans are changed, *For Keeps* will stay two weeks in Boston prior to its New York opening.

. . . THE second event for June is the Boston opening of Mike Todd's latest chunk of genius. For a long time now, the whispers have been casting Mae West in a new play. And for a long time now, the play has been pretty definitely titled *Catherine Was Great.* This switch on the more familiar book title Catherine the Great is one which seems thoroughly Mae West-ish. Anyway, Mae West *is* coming to Boston, Mike Todd *is* opening the show some time early in June, and this *will* be a mildly epochal theatre event.

. . . THE summer theatre situation is still rather confused as far as New England is concerned. And once again, the confusion is due in part to the early date at which the Bostonian is closing.

Very definite, however, is the fact that the Cambridge Summer Theatre will be open and doing the usual excellent job of presenting name stars and name vehicles for same. As a matter of fact, the opening has been set for June 5 at Brattle Hall.

This is the fifth season for the Cambridge Theatre, and the first play here will be *Tonight or Never,* starring Ethel Barrymore Colt. Lee Nugent is announced as the ingenue this season, and Robert E. Perry will return as the director.

. . . IN case you missed reading this incidental information, two plays which appeared in Boston during the month of April gave up the ghost after a brief New York engagement. *Pretty Little Parlor,* starring Stella Adler, couldn't stand the gaff of mediocrity and unevenness of interest. It was the consensus of Boston drama critics that the play had little to recommend it except brilliant acting in spots and a soggy similarity to the vixen in *Little Foxes,* as done to a fare-thee-well by Tallulah Bankhead.



The second play which opened in Boston and died young in New York was *Mrs. January and Mr. Ex,* with Billie Burke and Frank Craven trying hard to keep things afloat.

If you check back in your record book, you will find that Boston drama critics have an extremely high rating for being able to pick the winners and losers in legitimate plays. Almost none which were tagged for failure here have clicked in New York. And the explanation seems relatively simple. A play, after all, without the poultices of music, pretty girls, and gags, has to stand on the sense it makes plus the merits of the cast. It is there, in front of you, to judge.

In the musical comedy division, however, the record is slightly cloudy. *Allah Be Praised* received very reserved notices, although the beauty of the scenes and the magnificence of the costumes rated loud huzzahs. When it hit New York, the blasts from the critics could be heard in Boston. *Allah Be Praised* became *Allah Be Damned.* Nevertheless, at this writing, the public seems to be taking the musical to its fevered bosom and making it a minor sort of a hit.

At this writing, too, *Dream With Music* is currently in its last week before plunging into the Broadway rapids. Those who have seen it since its opening feel that it is whipping nicely into shape, with new material in and out as fast as you can say Zorina. It is highly probable that this lavish musical, presented by Richard Kollmar and starring Vera Zorina, will make the grade very nicely. Exactly who will take the June Knight part (she handed in her notice early in May) has not been announced as yet.

. . . A PRESS release has hit the desk just now, informing us that Guy Palmerton is opening a season of summer stock at the Playhouse in Worcester on May 30th.

. . . EDDIE CANTOR is due to turn producer next season by presenting a comedy called *Brown Derby* based on the famed Hollywood eatery of the same name. According to announcement, it will open in Boston in the early fall.

—KELLER

MUSIC

. . . THE Pops are with us again, and as usual are drawing just about capacity audiences to Summer-decorated Symphony Hall these evenings. They began of a Tuesday, May 2, when tanned Arthur Fiedler bowed from his gladioli-banked stand and launched into Elgar's "Pomp and *Circumstance*" March, that popular item which the typesetter likes to call "Pomp and *Circumstances*."

This is the 59th season of the Pops and Mr. Fiedler's 15th as conductor. It does no harm to repeat the pleasant and thoroughly familiar truth that under Mr. Fiedler the Pops have prospered as never before. At the outset of his 15th year his popularity is high as ever and public enthusiasm for the Pops just as intense.

The first Sunday Pops of the season found Leonard Bernstein, the talented young conductor giving Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3 and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" characteristically super-energetic performances. They went fast as blazes, hot as blazes and in some spots loud as blazes. (How loud is blazes, anyway)? For Ravel's Piano Concerto (the two-handed one, not the left-handed one Ravel wrote for Paul Wittgenstein), Mr. Bernstein passed the baton to Louis Speyer, and seated himself at the keyboard. As soloist he gave as good an account of himself as he had as conductor. The concert was a benefit for the South End Music School, and the floor of Symphony Hall glinted with a smartly social audience. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was an interested listener.

But two days before, Mr. Koussevitzky had wound up the Symphony season with a superb performance, for the orchestra's pension fund, of Bach's B minor Mass. The choruses were the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, beautifully trained as always by G. Wallace Woodworth. Rose Dirman, soprano; Hertha *Glaz,* contralto; William Hain, tenor, and Robert Hall Collins, bass-baritone, were the four soloists.

Earlier in the month the Metropolitan Opera Association resumed its Boston visits after the lapse of a season. For opening night was chosen "A Masked Ball," that less familiar Verdian piece that doesn't begin to warm up musically until the second act. Zinka Milanov, Kerstin Thorborg, Jan Peerce and Leonard Warren sang the leads, and very well. But the marvelously tender and dramatic conducting of Bruno Walter was the outshining virtue of the performance.

The night following Mr. Walter was the hero of that Mozartian sublimity "The Magic Flute," and two evenings after that he dominated that other Mozartian sublimity, "The Marriage of Figaro." Charles Kullman was the able Tamino of "The Magic Flute," with John Brownlee as an amusing and decidedly Anglo-Saxon Papageno, Nadine Conner the Pamina, and Ezio Pinza a nobly sung Sarastro.

To the present generation of Metropolitan opera-goers, "The Marriage of Figaro" means the presence of Mr. Pinza as the nimble-witted valet of Count Almaviva. Once again he triumphed. There was a most pleasant surprise in the admirably phrased and styled singing of Eleanor Steber as the Countess. A former New England Conservatory student, Miss Steber had appeared here before with the Metropolitan, but this was her first major role with the company in Boston.

"Carmen" was distinguished mainly by Sir Thomas Beecham's mannered conducting and the robust, dramatically effective Escamillo of Martial *Singher,* French baritone who was new to the town. Raoul Jobin's Don Jose and the Carmen of Lily Djanel were competent though tame. Licia Albanese did well with that Iberian homebody, Micaela, who might have caught her death of cold wandering up into the mountains with all those dreadful people who smuggled things and fought with knives.

For the first time in years, the Metropolitan offered us no Wagner; the remainder of the repertory was thrice-familiar: "La Boheme," "Aida," "Faust" and "La Traviata" with Miss Steber singing nicely the title role in place of the originally announced Miss Novotna.

Joseph Wagner said goodbye on May 7 to the Boston Civic Symphony Orchestra which he founded in 1926 and has conducted ever since. It was an occasion for speeches, and these were made by Mr. Percy Grainger and Mr. Wagner, the latter aiming some barbed words at the critics.

Mr. Grainger was piano soloist in Morton Gould's "American Concertette No. 1," a lively piece, and he was represented as composer by his setting of "Green Bushes," and "To a Nordic Princess," which he wrote for his wife as a wedding present.

The program was all-American and included Paul Creston's "Chant of 1942," "For the Fallen" by Bernard Herrman, and some of the symphonic excerpts from Howard Hanson's opera "Merrymount." After the concert there was a reception for Mr. Wagner, who is going to do radio work in New York.

—CYRUS W. DURGIN





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JUNE ENTERTAINMENT

. . . THE picture for the month of June is about as confusing as a cross-eyed cat. At this writing, more clubs have fallen off the entertainment standard than were ever felled by the worst depression years. Cocktail lounges with typical no-tax entertainment flourish like the green bay tree, and even the public is wondering what goes.

If it were not for the particular stand the Statler Hotel, the Touraine Hotel, and Michael Redstone, as owner of the two top night clubs in Boston, have taken in the matter, things would be plenty difficult of an evening for those who like to dance and enjoy a floor show.

In the case of Michael Redstone and the *Mayfair* and *Latin Quarter,* the results of his policy have been excellent. Instead of running screaming into a panic, he has gone right ahead bringing the best talent available, pocketing the additional increase in cost for talent, and giving everyone the most for their money.

It is his theory, and a sensible one, that people who must pay so much more for an evening's entertainment deserve to have the best. It is also his theory that people think twice about who and what they want to see before they go out. In other words, they shop around a bit.

What Michael Redstone has done is to bring a parade of top name stars to the *Mayfair,* glittering names which include such great favorites as Maxine Sullivan, Jerri and Turk (a sky-rocketing young dance-comedy team), the Mills Brothers, and a flock of others due soon. The increased cost of such stellar entertainment has been absorbed by Redstone, but the public reaction has been completely favorable. At his beautiful theatre-restaurant, the *Latin Quarter,* he has thrown out the no-name policy and substituted great stars like Harry Richman and a lavish bill of big names and entertainment specialists. Once again, Michael Redstone's astuteness looks good to pay off in good will and cash.

. . . BY way of proving the above points, May 31st sees one of the cleverest and funniest dance teams in the country booked into the Mayfair. Harris and Shore, with their satirical innovations of the dance are hilariously funny. And in case these two are not enough, Dolly Dawn, well-known for her song-styling and prior to that for her own orchestra of top dance musicians, is holding a prominent spot in the show.

As a final touch of good measure, Ray Stiles completes the all-star show due at the club for two weeks starting May 31.

Incidentally, Harry Greene's music for dancing is excellent, and the rhumba band alternating provides the right kind of contrast. The food has always been highly regarded by diners in the Mayfair, so you might take that into consideration when you plan a gala evening out.

. . . AT the Latin Quarter, starting May 28 is a particularly star-packed show. The Rimac Revue, Ben Dover, the Worth Dancers, Norma Krey, Sonny Fontaine, the typical handsome production by Don Arden, and fine dance music by Tony Bruno.

. . . CONTINUING their famous-name policy, the Statler brings Victor Borge to the Terrace Room on May 22nd for a three week stay. This "reformed" concert pianist first came to fame in the United States via the Crosby radio program, and since that time has been clicking very well with the guests in the big hotel night spots. His humor and his piano playing are appreciated by all who hear him.

Bowing in as the music maestro at the Terrace Room is a Boston favorite, Leo Reisman. His music-making is tops, his versatility notable, and the promise of fine dance music a sure-thing.

. . . ALTHOUGH details are lacking as we go to press, the Hotel Touraine's newly redecorated Renaissance Room is scheduled to have an Ice Show as the June attraction. Since ice shows are dearly appreciated by a wide public, the booking at the Renaissance Room bids fair to be a highly successful one.

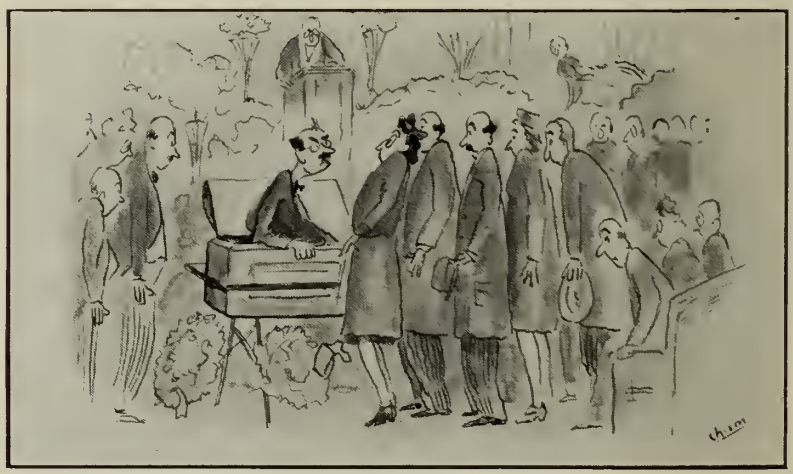
Since installing such famous names as Sheila Barrett, Maxine, and such super-attractions at this room, the Touraine seems to be holding up its corner very nicely.

For the rest of the city, the situation is vague. Worth remembering, however, is that the entertainment in the cocktail lounges is of the best that is available minus tax.

New Lounge Bar

. . . NO NAME has been set as yet, but it's definite that the new cocktail lounge and bar at the Myles Standish Hotel will open May 30th, according to an announcement by Gil Johnson, Manager. The lounge will feature intimate entertainment of the better sort through the cocktail and supper hours. Judging from indications, it promises to be one of the smart spots in town. We'll be waiting for further word from this quarter.

—BKP



"I've got to have a larger casket!"

GUIDE TO RAPID WEALTH

. . . If you can believe what you read, the best training for a young professional fire-eater is not, as you might think, continual use of present-day gins and whiskies. A method just as good and probably more palatable is simply to rinse the throat with diluted sulphuric acid "until the part becomes sufficiently calloused." At least that is the advice offered by the *Compendium of Cookery and Reliable Recipes,* probably the greatest testimonial to the ingenuity and charlatanry of the "Nineties" ever published.

Prepared in 1890 by the Misses Blakeslee and Leslie of Chicago and Philadelphia and a Dr. Hughes, chemist of Boston, the 412-page tome is subtitled *Book of Knowledge or 1000 Ways of Getting Rich.* It might just as well have been called *1000 Ways of Landing in Jail,* especially if the "Boy interested in business experiments," to whom the book is partly dedicated, started messing around with the "fictitious gold" scheme, the stuff being fuzed of seven parts platina, 16 parts copper, one part zinc.

On the other hand, the Boy might make a tidy little fortune and have trouble with no one but the Bureau of Internal Revenue were he to mix up and sell Stoughton's Elixer which is compounded of a few ounces of gentian, serpentary, dried orange peel, calamus aromaticus and "rectified spirit, six gallons, old measure." (Good old measure!)

Other items for the Boy to shun but which would make any gentle grafter happy, include a baldness cure which guarantees to grow hair on any smooth surface. Take half a pint of water, half an ounce of pearl-ash, one gill of onion juice and rub morning and night with a rough towel dipped in the mixture.

A dainty little dish called "Poudre Subtile" will work opposite wonders from the baldness cure. To become less hirsute, "take two parts powdered quick-lime, one part sulphuret of arsenic, one part starch; mix into a fine powder and keep in a close corked bottle." (For God's Sake, keep it close corked.) "When required for

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use, take a small quantity, add three drops of water and apply on the part you desire to remove the hair from—let it remain about one minute or until it becomes red, then wash off."

Beauty preparations are given a prominent place such as one to make the hair curl as if an hour spent reading the *Compendium* itself wouldn't. "At any time you may make your hair curl the more easily by rubbing it with the beaten yolk of an egg." (Issh!)

Wrinkles are easily removed but to avoid any possibility of litigation, the following is a true copy: "Wrinkles in the Skin — white wax, one ounce; strained honey, two ounces; juice of lily bulbs, two ounces. The foregoing melted and stirred together will remove wrinkles."

If face paint is scarce in your neighborhood, you might try some Vinegar Rouge, obviously the contribution of Dr. Hughes, the Boston chemist: "cochineal, carmine lake, alcohol (always the alcohol) are mixed, then put into a pint of vinegar and perfumed with lavender. Let stand a fortnight and strain for use." Or perhaps you'd prefer some Complexion Pomatum which is mixed from mutton grease, oxide of bismuth and powdered French chalk.

Are you without that toothpaste smile? A good way to whiten brown teeth according to this "reliable recipe" is to "apply carefully over the teeth, a stick dipped in strong acetic or nitric acid and immediately wash out the mouth with cold water." (If you catch the teeth as they come out with the cold water, notice how white they are.)

One more complexion note: If anyone wants an artificial Bear's Grease, it may be mixed of prepared veal suet and beef marrow.



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Anyone planning to throw a party two or three nights hence who cannot find any Scotch in town, might take 40 gallons of proof spirits, 60 drops of creosote dissolved in a pint of alcohol, two ounces of acetic acid, one pound of loaf sugar, mix and let stand for 48 hours. He will then have a perfectly good (and fast) Scotch or Irish Whiskey, whichever he chooses to call it and the added satisfaction of being able to call the distillers of Scotland a bunch of decadent dawdlers.

For those who prefer something unique there is English Gin which is concocted of a mere 100 gallons of plain malt spirit, one pint spirits of turpentine, seven pounds bay salt. "Mix and distill," says the book. "Difference in flavor may be produced by varying the proportion of turpentine (We'll bet it may!) and by occasionally adding a small quantity of juniper berries."

Perfectly good Jamaica Rum can be made from "45 gallons of New England Rum to which is added five gallons Jamaica Rum, butyric ether, acetic ether, oil of caraway cut with alcohol 95 per cent, the whole to be colored with sugar coloring." Presumably if the rum doesn't get you the butyric ether will.

All aspects of the case are covered including A Certain Cure for Drunkenness which combines sulphate of iron, magnesia, peppermint water and spirits of nutmeg. "This preparation," we are told, "taken twice daily acts as a tonic and stimulant and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows the sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks."

Much space is given to secret information on hunting and fishing which should be quite welcome in the face of present shortages. Practically infallible is the "Chinese Art of Catching Fish." Take cocculus indicus (if you can find any), pulverize and mix with dough, "then scatter it broadcast over the water as you would sow seed. The fish will seize it with great avidity and will instantly become so intoxicated that they will turn belly up on top of the water by dozens, hundreds or thousands as the case may be."

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ing instincts there are other methods offered, among them "The Secret Art of Catching Fish" and "To Catch Abundance of Eels, Fish, &c." The first has the sportsman "take the juice of smallage or lovage and mix with any kind of bait. As long as there remains any fish within many yards of your hook, you will find yourself busy pulling them out." The other is in the same vein: "Get over the water after dark with a light and a dead fish that has been smeared with the juice of stinking glawdin—the fish will gather round you in large quantities and can be easily scooped up."

If in the midst of putting on the stinking glawdin, a bee or wasp should suddenly fly down your throat, "It may be killed before it can do any harm by taking a teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in water. It kills the insect and cures the sting," a sting of bee or wasp in the aesophagus evidently not being considered harmful by the authors.

Aptly enough, the final note and climax is a recipe for making your own embalming fluid. We are told that the "New Method of Embalming" had "superceded the old and revolting mode by 1890 and had been introduced into the great anatomical schools of Paris. Just mix together five pounds dry sulphate of alumine, one quart of warm water and 100 grains of arsenious acid. Inject three or four quarts into all the vessels of the human body." Presumably taking great care to pick a good dead one. Simple enough, what?

—Phillip Hopkins



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"I bless the hoss from hoof to head
From head to hoof and tail to mane
I bless the hoss, as I have said,
From head to hoof and back again."

"I love my God, the first of all
And Him who perished on the Cross
And next my wife — and then I fall
Down on my knees and love the hoss."

—James Whitcomb Riley

. . . THE manner in which local turf followers have flocked to Narragansett Park and Suffolk Downs, since the opening of the racing season, shows the increasing popularity of the sport, with the multitude in agreement with the beloved Hoosier poet.

Another fact that gives evidence of the accepted stability of the sport in New England is the number of new owners in and around Boston. It is highly gratifying to have your own horse capture a race and the greater the stakes, the greater the thrill. Thoroughbreds owned by Greater Boston residents walked off with a couple of stakes at the meeting in Rhode Island: namely, *Loveday* and *Goober Lad*. Naturally, if you have bred a horse, each time it wins a race even though it may be owned by someone else, the feeling is one of elation. During the first week of the meeting at the Rhode Island track, two horses that were bred by that sterling sportsman Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., of Hamilton and Westport, entered the winners' circle: *Bus Girl* and *Black Africa*.

The latter won twice within the six days. Mr. Tuckerman is a member of the Massachusetts State Racing Commission and Joint Master of the Quansett Hounds at South Westport. He breeds a few of his mares each season. His two-year-olds this season have been very promising. Racing in the familiar colors of Mr. Tuckerman, cerise, yellow sleeves and black cap, are the juveniles, *Rhodes Corner, Nancy's Corner* and *Westport Point*. The last named is sired by *Battleship*, son of the mighty *Man O' War* and *Quarantaine*. *Battleship* was the first American-bred and owned horse to win the greatest steeplechase in the world, The Grand National at Aintree, outside Liverpool, England. This was in March, 1938, when he was eleven years old. Boston followers of "the sport between the flags" remember this handsome chestnut winning The National Hunt Cup at The Country Club in Brookline in June, 1933, in the colors of Mrs. Marion Du Pont Scott. Mr. Tuckerman, who is an excellent horseman, took part in the sport at Clyde Park and was a skillful and daring rider. His judgment and advice is often sought by his friends who make purchases at yearling sales at Saratoga and Kentucky.

Nomenclature of the turf has always been and will continue to be an interesting and fascinating branch of the sport. Many owners devote a lot of time and study to the selection of fitting and euphonious names for their thoroughbreds. The sons and daughters of *Man O' War*, as a rule, are good examples. Some of the best ones were: *American Flag, Crusader, Mars, War Admiral, Blockade, War Hazard* and *War Relic*. In this season's crop of two-year-olds are some real catchy cognomens which have been suggested by the present hostilities. To mention a few: Col. C. V. Whitney's *Jeep*, John C. Clark's *Yankee Raider*, Mrs. Ogden Phipps' *Truk*, Brookfield Farms' *Sea Bees* and Geo. D. Widener's *Selectee*.

A stable that is going to be heard from as the season advances is the Maine Chance Farm, owned by Mrs. Michael Evlanoff (Elizabeth Arden). She was one of the extensive purchasers at the Kneeland, Ky., and Meadowbrook, N. Y., yearling sales last season. The famous dispenser of charm and beauty has selected a number of clever names for her juveniles, among which are: *Toy Bomb*, who is a chestnut son of *Chance Shot* and *Shell Hole; War Date*, a brown filly by *War Admiral* and *Late Date*, also *War Jeep* by *War Admiral* and *Alyearn*. The feminine touch is noticeably present in the names of some of the other fillies, such as *Model Beauty*, by *Blenheim II* and *Lady Wisdom; Merry Fairy*, a daughter of *Jack High* and *Proud Heart;* and *Always Shy*, a chestnut filly by *Blen-*



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heim II and *Refine*. The last named was a $11,600 purchase. Bostonians will probably see some of the Maine Chance Farms' two-year-olds perform in the Betsy Ross, Myles Standish and Mayflower stakes at Suffolk Downs. Turf fans in this sector will remember a chestnut colt *Pagliacci* from the stable of this fair owner, then Mrs. E. Graham Lewis. *Pagliacci* won the Newport and Governor's Handicap at Narragansett Park and finished second to *Clodion* in the Bunker Hill Handicap at Suffolk Downs in '39. Later he was shipped to California and met his death by stepping on an electric wire.

Attracting the attention of those turfites interested in names are those given to the juveniles in the stable of Mrs. Weston W. Adams. These youngsters, who began a highly successful campaign at Pimlico, Maryland, have a genuine naval smack to their names. Weston is a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve. *Flying Bridge,* son of *Admiral* and *Kewee Dee,* was victorious at the races in Baltimore. The last-named colt is the spelling out of the geometrical term Q E D (Quod erat demonstrandum) which is to be demonstrated. Rather clever name, eh? Rather clever colt, I hear.

Colonel Edward Riley Bradley, the famous Kentucky owner and breeder whose horses' names always begin with "B" will race a good number of two-year-olds this season among whom are: *Bymeabond, Bond Buyer* and *Blood Bank,* which sound quite patriotic.

A pretty good story is told by Colonel Bradley, who stops at the New Ocean House when his horses are racing at Suffolk Downs. Some years ago, he had all but one of his yearlings named and was stumped for a name for that little fellow. He decided to consult Mrs. Bradley, who asked "Is it a fast colt?" "Yes it is," answered the Colonel; "in fact, it is the fastest one of the lot." "Well," replied the good woman, "call it *Bad News,* because bad news travels fast." So the colt carried that name and the Bradley colors to many victories.

—ED CUSHING



"Goin' my way, Buddy?"

WOMEN AND THE WAR

. . . PRESENTING the outstanding woman for May, Honorable Mary H. Ward, New England Representative of Educational Services for the Department of Immigration, U. S. Department of Justice.

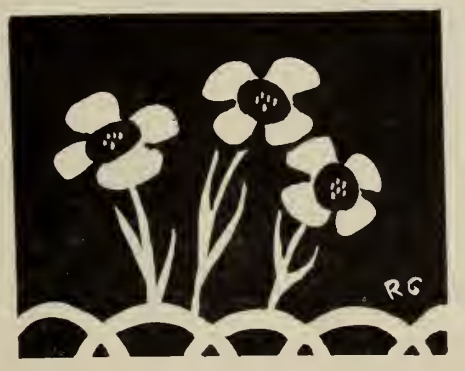
"This scroll is affectionately presented as a token of the esteem of the people of New England for this beloved and faithful public servant whose applied ideals have enabled her to administer a humane and kindly justice to those who have sought our shores and whose inspiring encouragement to our newer citizens has kindled and strengthened in them those qualities which have "made and preserved us a nation." What more could any woman ask of life, than to be worthy of such words from her associates during her lifetime? These words are inscribed on a scroll presented to May Ward as a testimonial of her seven years of service as District Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization when she retired due to the abolishment of that office in April 1940. This was one of the most important positions ever intrusted to a woman and the sincere words inscribed testify to her honest stewardship in the six New England states, two counties in New York, and Nova Scotia.

Now, in her present position of spreading information concerning citizenship education and the services available in the department of immigration and because of her wealth of knowledge and her ability to give of it unstintingly, she has become a liaison between the alien and his chosen country. She loves her work, she loves the people with whom she is in daily contact, and she thrills with satisfaction that she has something to offer them which will add much to their lives and create in them the desire to become responsible citizens of our country.

With a sympathetic glow on her face and a quickening of tone, she said: "Every day you see hundreds of aliens who are potential Abraham Lincolns. I like them. They are like children in that they try to copy us . . . this is a responsibility, for whatever we are, so the alien will be." Then again . . . "I really don't like the term alien for we cannot blanket these people with such a term. They are individuals even as you and I."

She uttered these convictions to me as we sat in her large office atop the Colonial building on Boylston Street and gazed out through a massive, triple-window over Boston Common, full of the memories of what men through the years have fought and lived for, toward the blacked-out dome of the State House, grim reminder that once more our American men, born of every race in the world, are struggling for something which democracy means to them individually; perhaps tolerance, or the freedom to worship; to work for a home or to share in good living. Chatting informally of her early life, we looked out over this panorama of historic Boston picturing as it does the edifice which houses the legislative bodies of our state; the impressive Federal Court Building where justice reigns; church spires characteristic of religious freedom and tolerance; Boston Common reminiscent of free gatherings of anti-groups since 1630 . . . all this parallel to the thinking and accomplishments of this democratic public servant.

With a sparkle of humor so typical of her pure Irish ancestry, she boasted of always living in Boston. "I guess," she said, "you'd call me a self-made woman, as my education was most informal." Brought up with four brothers who taught her, the hard way, how to handle people, her family, especially her mother and father, have been her first consideration throughout their lives. Her care of them in their later years was deemed a privilege and an opportunity far beyond the fame and success which might have been hers if willing to leave home. Her gratefulness of a home where love and consideration of others abounded, was early shown in her interest in unfortunate children, whose broken homes or delinquent parents, made them unwanted members of society and so she organized the Proparvulis Club which has grown since 1926 from a membership of 12 to a membership of 6000.

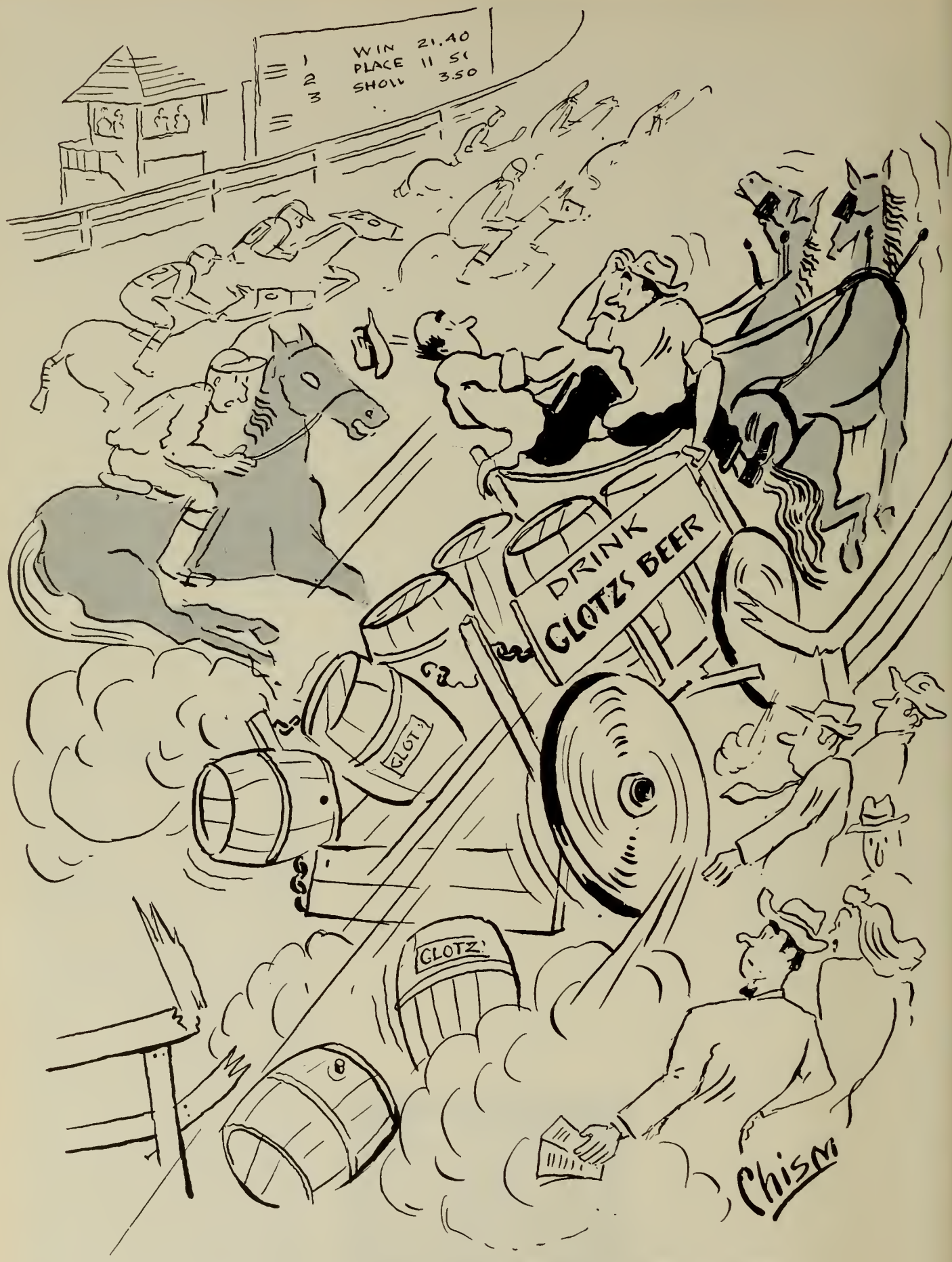


In 1932-33 May Ward represented Massachusetts on the Democratic National Committee and during that time organized the Democratic Woman's Party. Always active in the American Red Cross, she captained a Boston group until 1943 when Governor Saltonstall appointed her Colonel and Commandant of the Massachusetts Women's Defense Corps from which position she retired this year when the Massachusetts State Guard took over. A member of the New England Woman's Press Association, Business and Professional Women's Club, the Women's City Club, Massachusetts chairman of the Infantile Paralysis Foundation and member of the National Board of the Golden Rule Foundation.

May Ward has a sure conviction that women are the equal of men but must prove themselves, especially in fields dominated by men for years . . . that on a woman executive's shoulders alone and on her conduct of herself in the problems presented to her, rests the responsibility of proving that there is justification for giving women equal opportunity with men.

In short, this fairminded public servant, as she travels about the country, talking for War Bond Drives, recruiting for the Women's Army Corps or helping newcomers to New England fit themselves for responsible citizenship, is certain that the women of our country must and will fight this great battle of the home front with intelligence, with high spirit and with forward looking vision.

—DOROTHY KRAUS



"Keep Tillie and Mac away from that starting bell! They're both old-timers!"

MR. FRANKEN SUCCEEDS

. . . ON the sixteenth floor of the forty-two story National-State Building the American Advertising Agency occupied a suite comprising twelve adjoining rooms—there were twenty-one hundred units in the building fed by twelve passenger and three freight elevators.

Just to the right, as you entered the reception room of A.A.A., there was a corridor with five glass-front offices on one side and five glass-front offices on the other. The corridor terminated at a door where a building maintenance man was finishing the last letters on the name:

GEORGE S. FRANKEN

He stepped back, screwed up his mouth critically as he stared at his work; then evidently satisfied, walked off.

Standing in the reception-end of the corridor, Mr. Bigelow, the first Vice-President, could see Mr. Franken sitting at his desk staring fixedly into a part of his office—now and then writing something on a large pad of yellow paper.

Mr. Bigelow smiled complacently—but with deserved complacency, for hadn't he suggested Mr. Franken as the most likely man to handle the Gould's Silk Hosiery advertising campaign. How well he had succeeded. His own private office now. Mr. Bigelow remembered, with almost personal pride, Mr. Franken's advertising slogan:

"Walk with Confidence
in
Gould's Silk Hosiery"

Only this morning, Mr. Bigelow had turned the "Youth-Bra" campaign over to Mr. Franken. "Walk with Confidence." How clever, he thought, as he walked, smiling again, into his office. His attractive secretary, Doris, noticed the smile and felt more at ease.

Mr. George S. Franken, however, felt irritably uncomfortable; he should have felt just the other way, he told himself. He scribbled something listlessly on the yellow pad of paper. Raising his eyes to the far corner of the room, he winced slightly at a large cardboard advertisement displaying a young woman walking in full stride, the wind whisking her skirt deliciously above her smooth knees. Across the top was printed in red and yellow letters:

"Walk with Confidence
in
Gould's Silk Hosiery"

The young lady looked supremely confident. Mr. Franken turned to scribbling on his pad where—he seemed to notice this for the first time—the name "Doris" was written in several styles about a hundred times. He tore the sheet off, crumbled it and threw it angrily in the waste-paper-basket. Starting another sheet, he wrote "Youth-Bra" at the top; and, then, settled back in his chair. He would straighten up to write something like: "The Form that Satisfies," . . . "The Form that Pleases," or "For that Youthful Contour" . . . "I wonder what kind Doris wears," he thought; with this thought he slammed his pencil down and bolted from the office, seeing out of the corner of his eye the young lady with the supremely confident look.

On the ground floor of the National-State Building, in the drug store, Mr. Franken sat in a back booth with his office friend, Mr. Forbes. They had finished lunch and were now smoking cigarettes over their coffee.

Mr. Forbes finally said: "Some girl, eh?"

Mr. Franken turning saw the object of the remark sitting at the counter—Doris. He winced imperceptibly when he thought of the supremely confident girl upstairs in his office.

"I had lunch with her yesterday," Mr. Forbes continued, "and you know: I think she kind of likes you." "And you know I'm married." "Yes, I know it . . . your wife's away, isn't she?" Mr. Forbes said this blandly—there didn't seem to be a hidden inference. "She should be home today . . . I'm expecting a call." "And, of course, you won't be glad to see her." Mr. Forbes smiled archly when saying this and Mr. Franken's eyes twinkled with his answer: "Now what do you think?"

Both men, laughing heartily, got up, paid their checks and started for the elevators. Doris came along, too, and rode up with them.

• •



"He wants to trade it in for one of our new models!"

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FAMOUS
FOR
FINE FOOD!

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Service Weddings

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FLORIST
HOTEL KENMORE
490 Commonwealth Ave.
Telephone KENmore 8875

OPEN EVENINGS

Flowers Telegraphed

In the crowded elevator Mr. Franken was irritatingly conscious of her closeness. "She is wonderfully formed," he thought. The elevator lurched and she was pushed against him. She laughed meaninglessly at this and said, "Sorry." He replied in mock gallantry, "Always a pleasure." Their eyes hung together a moment until he looked shyly away.

In the office they separated; Mr. Forbes' parting remark was: "Take it easy tonight, George."

Back in his office, Mr. Franken returned to the yellow pad of paper, He tried to concentrate on "Youth-Bra" but his mind clung to the supremely confident girl in the corner who, somehow, began to take on the features of Doris. Getting up, running his hands through his hair, he went over to the cardboard poster and turned it face-to-the-wall. "It'll be wonderful seeing Jean after a whole month." He sighed with the thought. At this moment the telephone rang. Snapping it up, he heard a voice say: "George, this is Jean. . . . How are you dear?" "Fine and how are you? I've missed you. . . . You're home, aren't you?" "Yes, and mother's with me—she's going to stay a couple of weeks." "What! Well, where am I going to sleep?" "On the couch—it'll be quite comfortable . . . It's all right, isn't it, dear?" "Yes. . ." He didn't give much attention to the rest of the conversation. Laying the phone down, he returned to his yellow pad.

Mr. Franken worked a little late that night, hoping to get an idea about "Youth-Bra"—but nothing seemed to come. He felt mixed up inside: "Uncomfortable" was his description of the feeling. As he walked down the hallway into the reception room, he noticed a light in Mr. Bigelow's office. Doris was typing. They saw each other simultaneously. She called, "Hello," and was getting up, but Mr. Franken rushed out.

Down on the street Mr. Franken paused and looked back through the archway of the National-State Building. He started into the building, then turned and came back on the street. At this moment he became conscious of a neon sign blinking off and on across the street. The sign spelled out:

"Walk with Confidence
in
Gould's Silk Hosiery"

In the blinking, yellow light Mr. Franken appeared a dejected, beaten figure as he started home.

—Jack Klett Massard



"Mrs. Tromeye, will you be my mother-in-law?"

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1.


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V MAN
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L' FLIGHT

2.


JRKISH BATHS
MAKE
YOU FEEL LIKE
A NEW MAN
LET US TAKE
CARE OF YOU
UP ONE FLIGHT

3.


SH BATHS
MAKE
TAKE
JOE PORZIO

4.

. . . WITH a long distinguished list of novels, plays and short stories to his credit, Somerset Maugham, once more proves that he is a master story teller.

The Razor's Edge, which treats of a similar theme, as his last play *Sheppy* (recently in Boston) namely, that of a man who would forsake wordly possessions to follow in the footsteps of God.

Whereas in *Sheppy,* the author's hero is never quite able to fulfill his ideals, the central character of *The Razor's Edge* manages to surrender materialism for sanctity.

Larry Darrell, an American flyer returned from World War I gives up his income and love for a girl to seek "calmness, forbearance, compassion, selflessness, and continence."

His search takes him to Paris, then to India (where he finds the answers to many of his questions in the mysticism of the Indian saintliness), and finally back to Paris again and New York, where stripped of all worldly possessions, he hopes to become a garage mechanic or a taxi driver and be able to pass on to his fellow brethren what he has learned.

Mr. Maugham intrudes upon the story every once in awhile and is the means by which Larry meets Elliot Templeton (a shallow, worthless snob), Gray Maturin (a financier), Isabel Bradley and Suzanne Rounier (who are in love with Darrell) and finally Sophie MacDonald.

The author's forte, of course, is when he is describing the Paris scene or the colour of the Riviera.

He can portray manners and character with his usual characteristic deftness and his knowledge and understanding of Society and snobbery is a penetrating study that gives flavor to a story that is at once moving and sweeping in its appeal.

. . . PROBABLY no book this past year has caused such excitement among the literary world as Bernard DeVoto's *The Literary Fallacy* in which he "examines certain ideas, dogmas and conclusions which appear and reappear in much American literature of the 1920's." This particularly in the work of writers who were then widely held to be most characteristic of the time and most expressive of its spirit.

Mr. DeVoto impresses the reader with the fact that his examination of these ideas, dogmas and conclusions are neither complete, comprehensive or a detailed analysis of any writer or book. What the author does claim to do in his 175 pages is to point out that it is a "literary fallacy" for writers and critics to judge a society solely in terms of its literature. Mr. DeVoto believes this way of thinking leads not only to historical inaccuracy but also to pessimism and all the evils that naturally follow such as fascism and defeatism.

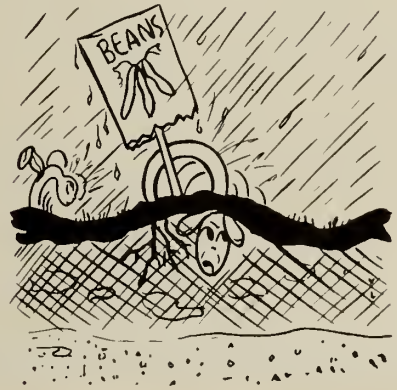
Much of the space in *The Literary Fallacy* is taken up with the author's attack on the criticism of Van Wyck Brooks in which he (De Voto) tries to prove that Brooks' ideas were based on a profound ignorance not only of history but of American literature itself.

Then DeVoto goes on to blast some of the leading writers of the twenties, such as Hemingway, Lewis Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis, one of the writers accused of "the literary fallacy," took issue with DeVoto and wrote such a scathing personal reply in *The Saturday Review of Literature* that it had to be censored and rewritten.

Since then, book readers have been heaping letters on the editor's desk either pro Lewis or pro DeVoto.

It is unfortunate that such feuding should be waged under the banner of literature.

•



My sympathies go out to the average book reader who would try to understand the books and the writers of the twenties in this name calling, hair pulling contest between two men who, if they really want to further the understanding of American Literature, had better put away their knives and stop wasting valuable paper.

Mr. DeVoto started out with good intentions to discuss an interesting point, but he allowed his dislike for Mr. Brooks to get in the way.

Mr. Lewis, as one accused, could offer defense and argumentation but he let his bitter dislike of Mr. DeVoto blind him.

Mystery

. . . JEFFERSON FARJEON has written of strange adventure in a castle in the mountains of Wales, where he discovers two murders.

Green Mask is a finely told tale of ghosts and of people who are not quite what they seem to be. The author has added a touch of Romance to make the story all the more readable and entertaining.

Dead Ernest is a rather confusing tale (to say the least) by Alice Tilton in which Leonidas Witherall meets a little girl who wants goldfish; a blonde who says—even insists that she is his birthday present, and a corpse.

Two drunken truckmen leave a super-refrigerator in Witherall's kitchen; then the mystery really begins, but eventually our hero clears up the murder (there is one, you know) and everything is again in "dead ernest"—(sorry).

Murder at Sunset Rock, by Deta P. Neeley takes place in the Valley overlooked by Sunset Rock, which is owned by a family named Kent with Grandma Kent as its guiding spirit. Her grandson has died and Sheriff Jackson wants to make sure that his death was not just an accident. The sheriff places Paula Dean in the Kent Household to determine this and then the reader is off on an adventure that at times seems too incredible although it is better than the average mystery.

—GEORGE MOONEY

WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Mickey Alpert's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves. $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days.

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hote Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East and Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service ca n only $1 for dinner and show; no co , no min.).

Green Room, Hotel E son, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Di er from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min 2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Cha erbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily. Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent cuisine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain. Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.

Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.



HILDEGARDE

Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 P.M. weekdays; other days $4.

Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever. Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and Hols.

Number One Bar, 1 Fifth Ave. Dinner and on thru the evening. Ent. and an attractive crowd.

Old Roumanian, 169 Allen St. GR. 3-9595. Famous for Mushk Steak and a big International Revue. Din. $1.65.

One, Two, Three, E. 54th St. Soft lights. Distinguished cuisine.

Penthouse, 30 Central Pk. So. See for yourself this lovely dining spot. Luncheon from $1. Din. from $2.

Radio Frank's, 70 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-9258). Continuous fun.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Earn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Par, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd that's fun to be with.

AMERICAN MENU

Bryant Transportation Room, 54th & B'way. For luncheon and dinner and top notch drinks.

Chesapeake, Madison Ave., bet. 34th & 35th. Outstanding cuisine and delightful atmosphere.

Oyster Bar, Grand Central Terminal. (MU. 9-5430). The Oyster Bar is famous 'round the world for its excellent cuisine and of course, seafood is tops there. The service is speedy.

Skipper, Really Home Cooked Food. Famous for Filet Mignon, Fried Chicken and Lobster Dinners. 7 East 44th St.; 56 West 47th St.; 160 E. 48th St. Open 1 A.M. daily, Sun. Din. from 1 P.M.—$1.35. Cocktails.

Town & Country, 284 Park Ave. Manhattan's newest and definitely the place to dine. Famed Drury Lane food. Country dining room for men only. Drury Lane branch at 47 East 49th St.

CONTINENTAL

English Grill, in the lower Plaza Rockefeller Center. Typical English Menus a la carte. Luncheon entrees from 60c. Open 11 to 1 A.M. incl. Sun.

DUTCH

Holland House Taverne, 10 Rockefeller Plaza at 48th Street. Recommended for its Dutch Cuisine and the many and interesting authentic Dutch antiques used in the decoration. Luncheon Specials from 60c. Dinner from $1.75.

FRENCH

Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 P.M. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

INTERNATIONAL

Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb food. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

ITALIAN

Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185). Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

Vesuvio, 163 W. 48th St. Authentic Italian food, including time honored favorites. Bar, Luncheons and Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

SWEDISH

Castleholm, 344 W. 57th St. (CI. 7-0873). Smorgasbord as prelude to hearty dining. Dancing to the music of the Norsemen.

Wivel, 254 W. 54th St. (CI. 7-9056). Famous for its Swedish Smorgasbord. Dinner from $1.85. No minimum except Sat.

SWISS

Swiss Pavilion, 38 E. 50th St. (EL. 5-8680). Superb Swiss and Continental food. Paul Burger, Mgr. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.00. Closed Sunday.

Mrs. Bowie invites you to the newest Skipper Restaurant at 7 E. 44th St.

The CONTINENTAL

CORNER OF BOYLSTON and WASHINGTON

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MADE OF CRUSH RESISTANT SPUN RAYON

Unlike the ordinary summer suit, this amazing new fabric, called "Coolite" has an incredible resistance to wrinkling. It looks, feels and wears like a fine wool tropical worsted.

Introduced last year by Stein Bloch, it set a record of performance that firmly established its place in the sun.

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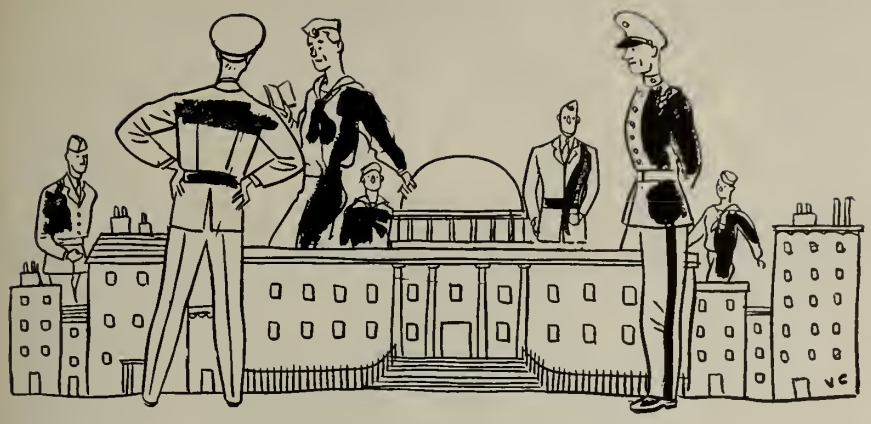
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American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen of Boston, B. Y. M. C. Union Bldg., 48 Boylston St., Boston. Open nightly, 6 P. M. to midnight. Stage entertainment, free refreshments, dancing. Dev. 8845.

Atlantic Service Club (near So. Sta.), 641 Atlantic Ave., Boston—Lib. 7794.

Bay State—Buddies Club, Boston Common. Tel. Information, Home Hospitality and Social Events. Ticket Office—Lib. 1381.

North Station Service Center, 149 Staniford Street, Boston—Laf. 1259.

South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.

Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.

Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.

Christian Science Service Men's Center, 80 Boylston St., Boston—Dev. 8676.

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All Boston Police Stations provide free bed and bath, Ken. 6700. Dormitory accommodations 50c or less, at these centers.

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Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union (Sat. only), 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Burroughs Newsboys Foundation (Sat. only) 10 Somerset St.—Laf. 5200.

Cambridge Y.M.C.A., 820 Mass. Ave. at Central Sq., Cambridge—Tro. 3860.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave.—Ken. 7800.

Sailor's Rest (for Seamen & Navy Men), 287 Hanover St., Boston—Cap. 6357.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

The Argonne, 4 Bulfinch Place, Boston—Cap. 9494.

Lodging for Service Men's Families, Call Liberty 7715, 11 A.M.-11 P.M. Call Han. 0733 if unable to find lodgings.

Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.

Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Socks Darned. Salv'n Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Soldiers and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

Ocean Cruise to Provincetown. Special rates for servicemen. S.S. Steel Pier sails at 9.30 A.M. week days and Sundays from Foster's Wharf—9 hour ocean cruise—1½ hours in historic Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod. Dancing, refreshments, games and other recreation on board. Call Hub. 2650.

Volume 2, Number 5 *July 1944*

THE BOSTONIAN is a New England monthly publication which aims impartially to record and interpret the significant and interesting events taking place in the field of entertainment, art, industry and literature. Any editorial or critical opinions expressed on these pages are those of their respective authors. Manuscripts and photographs submitted to the BOSTONIAN should be accompanied by self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage for their return. While all due care is taken of them, the publisher cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Published at 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass. Single copies 15 cents. By subscription $1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions $2.50 a year. EDWARD LEADER, Publisher and Managing Editor; BARBARA PEARSON, Editor; TRENTWELL MASON WHITE, Executive Editor; GEORGE COMEAU, Cartoon Editor; ELLIOT C. LOCKWOOD, Staff Photographer; ALAN REINHART, Advertising Manager. Copyright 1943, by Edward E. Leader. The BOSTONIAN assumes no financial responsibility for typographical errors in advertisements but will reprint that part of an advertisement in which the typographical error occurs.

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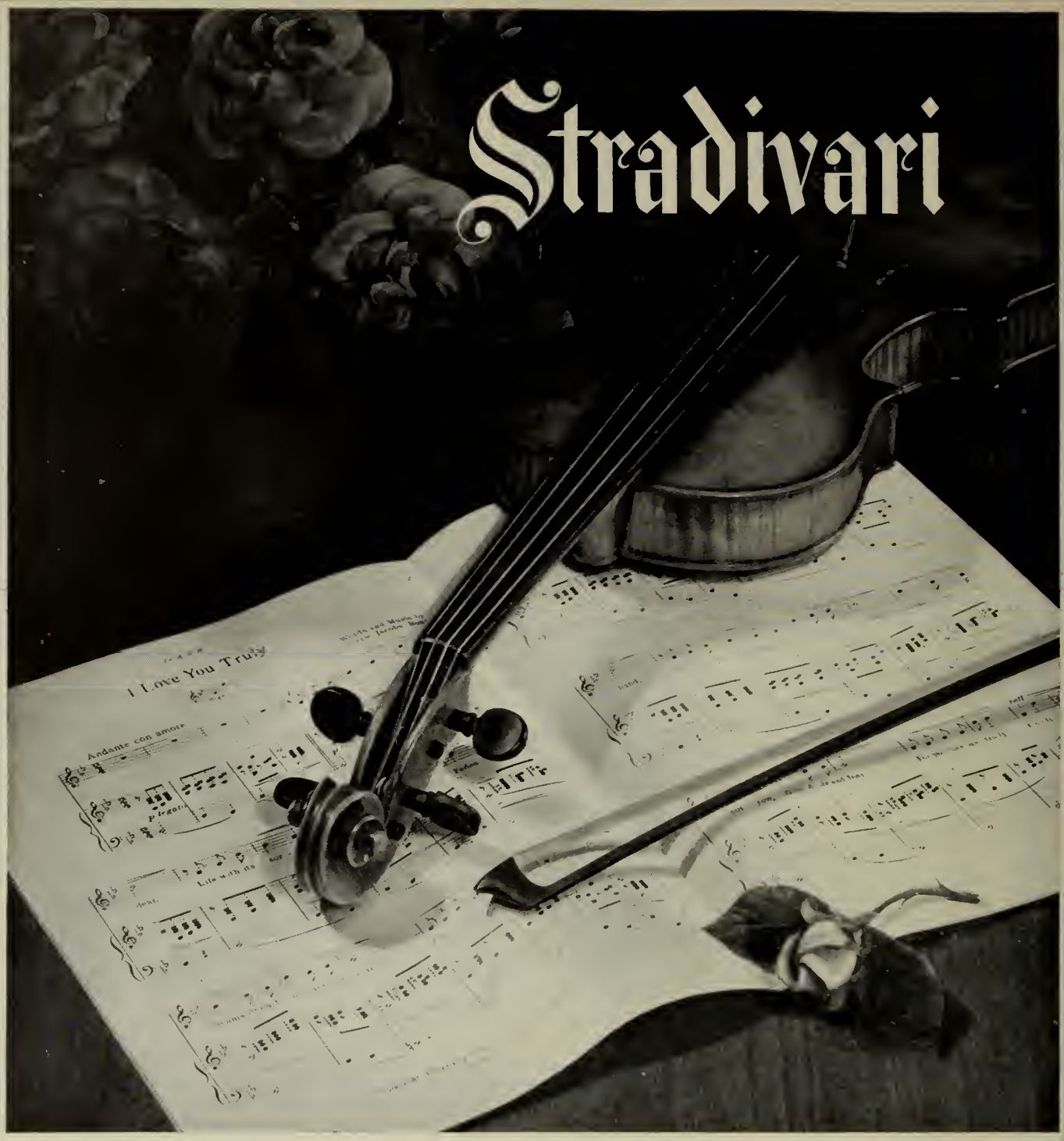
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GOOD FOOD . . . GOOD FUN

FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB. 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Poston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Durgin-Park, 30 North Market Street (CAP. 2038). Nationally famous dining rooms. Cood substantial food, served the way you like it. Located in the heart of Poston's market district, and plenty of market men eat here, too.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanove Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Poston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners. No 30% tax anytime here. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise.

Locke Ober Co., 3 Winter Place (LIB. 1340). Patronized by lovers of fine food that's prepared by chefs who know their business. Always superlative food.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

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Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served. $1 cover charge after 10 p. m.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen. Two floor shows enliven your visit here.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Renaissance Room at the Hotel Touraine (HAN. 3500) has scored a big click with guests. Here you will find dinner and supper dancing, a lively floor show, and congenial surroundings.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Peacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p. m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.


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VELO-DERMA LOTION. Only 7 drops doily to impart that needed moisture . . . nature's most treasured element for a younger-looking skin. $10.00, 25.00
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PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury St. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sundays.

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Garden with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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COMMON TALK

Snake in the Grass

. . . THE ORIGINS of expressions in popular use today are matters of dispute, debate, and a dash of mayhem. In the case of the above descriptive words, a friend of ours passes along some of the more authentic data.

What is believed by historians of American journalism to have been the first American newspaper cartoon, the "join or die" snake symbol, was used during the Revolution in connection with several Boston newspaper headings, notably that of *The Massachusetts Spy*. A satirist of James Rivington, most hated of all Tory editors, wrote:

"Ye Sons of Sedition, how comes it to pass,
That America's typ'd by a SNAKE —in the grass?"

Superstition had it that a snake which had been cut in two would come to life if the pieces were joined before sunset. The snake, in eight pieces as used then, represented the eight Colonial governments.

Geographical Description

. . . A BIT OF startling descriptive data culled from the newspapers recently gave us a lot to think about. It happened to be a seven-line item on the show current at one of the burlesque houses:

"Miss X, whose exoticness is famed throughout the civilized world and even much of the uncivilized world, is the star this week."

Maestro on Horseback

. . . SOURCE OF brightness in an otherwisely dull day is the Victor-Bluebird press release. It informs us that Tommy Dorsey has always felt that the horse will never replace the automobile.

Not too long ago, however, friends sold the band leader the idea of going for a horseback ride. At the stables, Tommy asked the groom for a horse.

"How long?" asked the groom, eyeing his time chart.

"The longest one you have," replied Dorsey, patiently. "There are six of us."

Billing

. . . THINGS ARE really crowding up on the animals in the circus these days. The ads and full-sheet descriptions still admit that the animals take part in the main event, but the billing emphasizes the fact that "The Greatest Performance in History" . . . is "produced by Robert Ringling, Aubrey Haley, Mrs. Chas. Ringling and Staged by Robert Ringling." The whole was, to find on looking back, a "Magnificent NEW Super Spectacle, Fabulous Features and Amazingly Accomplished Acts and Artists in Amplitudinous Abundance!"



And get a load of Gargantua, too.

Protegee?

. . . AN UNUSUAL and mystery-surrounded character has been brightening the night club scene lately. A frail character known as "Parker," complete with bow tie, sporty cap, baggy suit, and the earnest conviction that he can sing better than Sinatra could, even if Sinatra were twins and did duets with himself.

Of a late evening in one of the minor emporiums of fun, the emcee let the eager Parker do a number before the mike. The result of hearing "Bombadier's Song" done with vim, feeling, gestures, and as bad a voice as we have heard in too many years was something to panic the customers. And with a "comradely" feeling, several people present invited Parker to be the Guest Star on the special evenings held in two of the smart clubs in Boston. They insisted that Parker hold out for at least $500 a week.

As usual, with such stories, Parker was so horrible that the listeners at both clubs nearly collapsed with



laughter. His "manager" urged Parker not to sign anything unless he was offered $5000 a week, with a fifty per-cent cut for the manager.

This went on for another week, when, uninvited but determined, Parker arrived for another Guest spot. At the end of his first song, someone heaved a roll. It was a fair hit, though a mean one. Parker dashed off the floor, rushed to one of Boston's well-known columnists, and with fury informed him that the Sinatra Gang were after him.

"Look!" shouted Parker excitedly, "I never threw nothing when Sinatra was singing. You got to make them leave me alone! A thing like this could ruin my career!"

Street Scenes

. . . One of Boston's large fur stores regularly features a revolving circular display platform with five mannequins and one live model. The idea being that the public gathers around trying to figure out which are the dummies and which one is alive.

The other afternoon, three sailors stood on the sidewalk, jumped up and down, tapped on the glass, made faces, gave out birdcalls, and did everything but break the glass in an effort to win a smile from the living model.

She, imbued with a high purpose and vocational seriousness, never cracked a smile. Only when they turned to leave did she permit herself a slight, understanding grin as the platform circled her out of sight.

History in Hand

. . . When you pick up so commonplace a legislative prop as a gavel, only the most imaginative spirits spend time wondering what important national affairs have been influenced by the bang of the wood on wood. In the case of the gavel which was presented to Mrs. Wermuth, mother of Captain Arthur Wermuth, the One-Man Army and great hero of the Philippines, by Speaker Sam Rayburn, it is the piece of wood which marked our declaration of war on Germany and Japan. Holding it in hand, and knowing its historical importance, for once in our life we had no desire to see what kind of a knock it would make.

The gavel, a plain piece of maple, is autographed by the Speaker. It was given to Mrs. Wermuth during a visit to Washington which she made with her talented dancing daughter, Talia. And in time, she says, it will be given to a museum.

Captain Wermuth, incidentally, has been able to send three postcards home from his prison camp in Japan. A familiar family identification mark which he always adds proves its authenticity to his mother and sister.

In one of his early letters from the Philippines, after the Jap attack, he asked his mother to save a clipping from a Chicago newspaper about the Philippine campaign, ". . . so that when I come back, Mother, I can find out what this is all about." Saving clippings has since become a major job for Mrs. Wermuth. Huge scrapbooks, at least four books published with chapters on Captain Wermuth, photos, and several big boxes of clippings not yet pasted in the scrapbooks give some idea of the tremendous task it is to be the mother of a hero.

Autographiana

. . . Not too long ago, Gene Krupa received a request for an autographed photo of himself. This wasn't an unusual request in itself. The way it was put is, however.

"Dear Mr. Krupa, I would like an autographed photo of you. Because I go to a boarding school, we are not

permitted by Miss X to have Pin-Up boys, only relatives, would you please sign the photo 'Best regards, Uncle Gene'?"

War Effort

. . . PASSING BY one of the city's exclusive masculine bars, we noted a small blue sign, lettered in white, in the window. On the sign were the words:

"Do your part! Join the SPARS!"

Wood-Survey Questionnaire

. . . THE NEW ENGLAND COUNCIL has a good sense of humor. At least, Miss Thomas who sent along this prize has our kind of funny-bone. In answer to a wood-survey questionnaire sent out by the Council, this reply came back:

"Dear Sirs,
Received your letter,
there is no Sawmills in Goshen,
Newton & Thompson Co in Brandon, use
Steam & Electric Power
They have a Sawmill & have a Novelty Shop,
Burn most of their waist,
A.H.Churchill — Sawmill, Does all kind of custom sawing—Sells the Sawdust for Bedding, the shavings for Hen Bedding, Slab wood for Fuel
F,O,Dutton, Saw Mill & Flooring Shop, Burns most of waist,
R-Kimberly, Brandon, has Saw Mill water power, Selles his waist,
A—Mr. Lathrope, Has a Small Mill at Forestdale, Brandon, Vt,
Does a Small Amount of Costom Sawing,—Sells his waist for Fuel
That is All the mills in this Vacinity,
None of these Mills have used or sold the Rubish for Chemical Use,
There used to be 2 Distileries in the Town—Back in 1840-To 1865,
Made Wintergreen Oil,
&—in 1865—did Make a Little Sider Brandy,"

More Street Scenes

. . . A MOTHER WAS tugging along a very irritable little boy of four who persisted in getting under everyone's feet, staring fixedly at passers-by, and howling for a few seconds at a time. Strictly tired small-fry activities. His mother, worn out, finally, by the noise and confusion, stopped short, shook the youngster crossly, and snapped:

"Don't you know you shouldn't do this sort of thing in Boston?"

. . . THE SECOND street scene is typical of the times. On the steps of the Public Library, a young couple (the husband an Army Air Corps member) stood, surrounded by one old and heavily stuffed suitcase and one brand, shiny new empty suitcase.

"Look," said the husband, "we'd better get this straight right now. You leave as much as you can in the old bag. We'll use the new one between us!"

So saying, he opened both bags on the Library steps and started hauling out his wife's most personal belongings for transfer to the new bag. This very quickly attracted a sizeable crowd, all peering to see what was going on. It would have been all right, too, except that with each intimate item, the harrowing part was that the husband would carefully unfold it and say:

"Look, dear, are you sure you need this?"

After a few minutes of such a public spotlight, the blushing bride turned to the girl standing beside her.

"Isn't there some more private place where we can unpack than right here?"

When last seen, they were headed for the privacy of the Library's courtyard, leaving a regretful audience behind them.

More Whistles

. . . THE CUSTOM of the charming old ladies-about-town who catch cabs by whistling is bringing us a lot of enjoyable correspondence. Another cab driver reports that his most unusual "stopper" was a middle-aged lady who stood on the curb with a perfectly composed, benign face. As the cabbie rounded the corner, she let fly with a horrible scream. It was so shattering that the cabbie stopped, thinking he had run over some one. The lady promptly opened the door and got in.

"Lady," the cabbie asked, "do you always scream like that?"

"Only when I want a taxi," the

• •



"No, no, after you, old man. No, no, I insist, after you!"

good dowager snapped, closing the conversation permanently.

Results Reported

. . . A FEW MONTHLY stanzas ago, we passed along the glowing advertising verbiage designed to sell $1 V-for-Victory Neckties that Glow in the Dark. One of our readers called us on the phone. Where, she asked, could she buy one of same. She wanted to give it as a gag to a friend. When the address was passed along, she thanked us and hung up.

Two weeks later, the phone rang again. It was our friend. The necktie had arrived. It was a sad looking object, but a dollar's worth of something. With it came the following directions and additional promotional material:

"Secrets of Ancient Forbidden Mysteries", in which the vow of silence has been broken.

"Amazing New Discovery that Straightens, Beautifies, Colors Hair" as it grows.

"If the glowing V - - - on the tie needs replenishing, simply hold over a hot electric light bulb."

The future looks good for more of everything, in the way of promotional "puffs."

Wrong Hat

. . . THERE MUST be some sort of poetic justice in what happened to a Nazi war prisoner who tried to escape from his American prison camp. After long and careful preparation, the prisoner managed to make his way, unobserved and safely, to the supply building.

Once inside, he spent a lot of time selecting just the right, perfect-fitting uniform. He was equally careful in his selection of a cap. Then, striding purposefully from the building, he was shocked to be picked up pronto as an escaped prisoner.

The reason? He topped the uniform off with a jaunty WAC hat.

That ought to give the Nazi some idea of the power of American womanhood!

News from England

. . . FROM BOSTON UNIVERSITY'S alert press department, these human-interest, on-the-spot, pre-invasion data arrives at our desk. Mr. Harold Whitehead, a professor at B.U.'s college of business administration for twenty-five years and now a business man in London, writes of the production versatility necessitated over there by the tremendous birthrate rise.

". . . with the arrival of many new babies, there developed recently a great scarcity of prams or baby carriages so the Board of Trade authorized production of certain quantities of them and wanted the work spread in parts of the country where labor could be spared the easiest.

"One locality was a West Country town whre a client was asked to undertake to make the prams and to do it in a hurry. When he reported that there was absolutely no factory space available, he was told to 'find something'.

"After scouring the town, the manufacturer thought of an old theatre which had been hit and burned out in a blitz. He decided that it could be used and rented it 'as is', had the roof patched, the burned orchestra stalls removed, and the whole place cleaned up.

"The stage was turned into the frame making section, runways from the stage to the orchestra let the bodies go to the floor of the theatre for assembly. Part of the floor was used for making the linings and covers, and the completed 'prams' flowed back to the stage for dispatch.

"The galleries were used for storage, while the old bar became the canteen.

"Obviously, it is only a small show, but the staff was 95 per cent young girls, and all quite new to factory life. No one in the firm had had experience in perambulator making.

"A production engineer was released from one of the other factories, and he soon got things moving. The first 'prams' were ready for dispatch five weeks from the day the old theatre was acquired. Not bad going!"



It is also one answer to old movie houses, maybe. Or harness the bobby-soxs brigade before the stage show and you'll get production plus on something or other.

Air-WAC

. . . PROBABLY PLENTY of Bostonians recall Elizabeth Germain. Certainly Hovey's and White's advertising departments must remember her. She turned out good copy for both stores. Anyway, we receive, with fair regularity, *Takeoff*, the official publication at Hamilton Field, California. And Sgt. Elizabeth Germain of the WAC edits it.

Except for a few personal confusions as to the correct interpretation of GI Jargon, the BOSTONIAN gets almost as much of a boot from *Takeoff* headlines as from those *Variety* kicks off regularly. Samples? Cast your eyes on these:

"Liquid Dive Open to HF Swimmers Around May 15" . . . or the field pool gets started after remodeling.

"Bands, Buses and Bambergers Make Order in Orderly Room" . . . one member of trio handling Orderly Room once played in a girl band, second used to work for Greyhound Bus Lines, and third dealt with Adjustments at Bamberger's.

"WAC Altar-ations Numerous. Weddings All Strictly GI Except Kochan-Schmitz Nuptials" . . . meaning that new directives let the bride wear white instead of her uniform.

"Fumbling in Uniform or the Dog Tag Dangle" . . . an opus on assorted methods of wearing the identification item.

"Coming in on a Wing and a Chair" . . being the caption of picture in which civilian aircraft inspector is awarded wings for never okaying a bad plane in his two years as the Sub Depot Shops.

Anyway, everyone reading the Hamilton Field *Takeoff* gets a new view of the part the WACs are playing. It's a topnotch weekly.



"Don't be silly! He's our escort—Dr. Cyclops. The scientist let me borrow him for the evening!"

THE DARK, BRIGHT VALLEY OF PEACE

. . . The old brown bag that Joe and Mary Slauek had bought from the aged, fat Greek on the ragged end of Fort Worth's Fourteenth Street sat deflated beside them. Joe picked it up and sat it behind him, as if by removing it all the dirty, callous memories that clung to it were wiped clean.

"Mary?" he said.

"Yes, Joe?" Mary said.

"I'm not sick any more."

"I know," she said. "Neither am I."

They gazed across the valley sprawled in the Indian summer haze below. They had a wistfulness and a distant look of acute wisdom on their faces. Behind them now and then on the highway they had left was the sound of cars.

"Remember the poem we studied in school, Mary, that said, 'I shall go back again to the bleak shore . . .?'" Joe said.

"Yes," Mary whispered, her head on his shoulder.

"I feel that way."

"But you've never been here before," she protested.

"You don't understand," Joe said.

"No," Mary said, tired. "I don't understand why there are no jobs, not enough food, why I can't have a white bed with cool sheets to have my baby in."

Joe swallowed. His eyes were too old for his face. The moment of the old brown bag came sharply back to him, the sagging indifference on the fat Greek's face when he accepted the three crumpled bills. Joe had wondered if the Greek could see in his eyes what had happened to him. A lost job. No home. He and Mary starting the long way to nowhere.

"It's not my fault," he said, wearily. "I tried. I walked my feet off! I've been so hungry I'd put my hand over my nose to keep out the smell of food when I passed a restaurant."

"I'm not blaming you, Joe," Mary said quietly, her flushed face feeling the rough warmth of his worn tweed coat. "You're all I have. And the dream we had. It was a pretty dream, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Joe said softly. "That's all it was. A dream."

Darkness crept over the valley and a cool wind came up from the river. Joe slipped his tattered coat over Mary's thin shoulders. Far below lights from the farm houses began to prick the night. But the rough mountain top was still in a half light, and it was as if Mary and Joe were suspended between two worlds awaiting some obscure destiny.

"Mary?" Joe said as the dark came.

"Yes?" Mary said.

"Remember when I walked the streets after I lost my job? I tried to be confident, and you played confident, and our lives were britttle as dry grass."

Mary did not answer and Joe felt something slipping away from him he could not name. It was dark and formless, and he had never known it before. He wanted suddenly to laugh insanely, because in this moment all he could do was keep talking. But he kept his voice even.

"I had a dream that put me to sleep each night," he said. "It was a dream of a great white house with tall columns going up and up. Overhead there were always stars. There was a sweet, wide valley below. Like this. Like the stars now. I always felt very small in front of the house, yet as tall as the stars. My spirit went out to all that valley, those stars, with a great longing. I was all of it. It was all of me. A dark, bright valley of peace. And I slept."

Mary was quiet. Her beautiful young face was mask-like. Joe knew she would be unable to go farther. Her lips moved.

"But it's a good dream to go to sleep by, Joe," she said. "A dark, bright valley of peace." Her voice was sweet with a sweetness that cut his breath into small pieces.

"Yes," Joe said. "A good dream to go to sleep by. . . ."

Captain Joseph Slauek roused himself from his memories. Mary, his wife, sat with her head against his shoulder.

"We had better go," he said. "The air is becoming chill."

She smiled and he helped her to her feet. He scooped up the battered old bag and they went up the trail toward the great white house with the tall columns rising up and up. The lights inside were bright and there was the sound of children's laughter.

Captain Slauek stopped on the trail. He held his flight cap in his hand, and his hair was graying. He said the word as if it were a prayer:

"America."

—Clyde B. Ragsdale



"Go ahead and break me! See if I care! Make me a civilian!"

FROGS LEGS

. . . O'MARA smiled, shut himself in to the drugstore phone booth and dialed Stella's number.

"Hello," she said.

"Honey," O'Mara asked eagerly, "I've just had an idea. How would you like some frog legs?"

"Who is this?" Stella asked, sleepily.

"Who is this!" O'Mara repeated in disgust.

"That's what *I* said."

"I know that's what you said. It's me."

Stella sounded as if she were yawning.

"Who?"

"Who what?" O'Mara said desperately.

"Who's me?"

O'Mara let out a long, low whistle.

"Let's start over," he said. "This is Pretty Boy O'Mara. How would you like some frogs legs?"

Stella's voice became a caress.

"Darling . . ." she murmured. "Frogs legs? What time is it?"

"It isn't *any* time. What difference does it make what time it is? This is your beloved Pretty Boy O'Mara, christened Harcourt, in spite of his protests. Hurry!"

"Hurry where?"

O'Mara said: "To the Weymouth. 8th Street. It made me think of you. I mean frogs legs made me think of New Orleans and New Orleans made me think of you. The sign says "Frogs Legs Our Specialty."

"You're gullible," Stella laughed. "And sentimental."

"And vulnerable. I expect you in ten minutes so be there in half an hour."

He hung up and went out and breathed big pieces of the spring air.

"This is a glorious day!" he said to himself, very loudly, frightening a uniformed nursemaid who was wheeling a small baby up Fifth Avenue. O'Mara doffed his hat and turned down 8th Street.

He stopped into the first bar he came to to see if there was possibly a bottle of Amer Picon left in America. There was, and he had one.

When he got outside again, it seemed that the brightness of the day was as intense as it could possibly be without exploding.

He looked at the buds on the trees and afterwards at some of the small leaves which had appeared. He almost fancied he could hear them "pop" every now and then.

As he neared the Weymouth he was attracted to a violinist playing on the curb. In front of the artist was a large and ancient black velour hat into which, the musician hoped, one would be inclined to drop coins.

O'Mara tapped the fiddler on the shoulder.

"How would you like to meet the most beautiful girl south of Westchester County?"

"I have to make a living and Sunday is my best day. Spring is also my best season. On the other hand do I get a chance to meet a beautiful girl every day?"

"I can also promise you a large platter of exquisite frogs legs," O'Mara noted.

The violinist took up his hat and retrieved from it two half-dollars. "Decoys," he admitted.

He put the hat on his head at a rakish angle and then carefully placed the fiddle in the case.

"Beautiful women are scarce indeed in my life. But frogs legs are even more scarce."

O'Mara placed his arm around the shoulder of the troubadour.

"There is one condition. Can you play 'Way Down Yonder In New Orleans?'"

"I never tried," the musician said.

"It goes like this," O'Mara said and he began to hum.

The violinist listened a moment in bewilderment.

"It doesn't sound like 'Way Down Yonder in New Orleans,'" he said, dubiously.

"What does it sound like?"

"It sounds like an original composition, making a great thing of dissonance."

"I'll try it again," O'Mara said. He took a deep breath and whistled.

"*That* I know—and can play . . . only with me it sounds more like a Viennese waltz."

"*That,*" said O'Mara, "is all to the good, under the circumstances."

By now they had reached the entrance to the Weymouth. O'Mara looked around but he could not see Stella. He opened the door and followed the violinist in.

They had only been seated in a corner booth but a few seconds when Stella walked in looking like practically all the beautiful women anyone has ever thought about.

"I don't know if I'm going to be able to stand this," the violinist said, wiping his brow.

Stella came, smiling, to the table and sat down.

"Hello, angel," she said, kissing O'Mara.

The waiter, the proprietor, the violinist and the bartender all gulped and clenched their hands. O'Mara only blinked.

"Hello," he said. "I brought a friend. A musician."

"My name is Vladimir Potch."

"Potch?" asked Stella.

"Potch," repeated Potch.

"Who cuts your hair?" Stella asked.

"I do it myself, with two mirrors. How do you like it?"

"I like it fine. That's why I wondered. Barbers always leave Harcourt looking like a withered hedge."

"I think he's pretty," Vladimir said.

"Thank you," O'Mara stated. He looked up at the waiter. "Three Vermouth Cassis, for no good reason."

The waiter went away and O'Mara turned to Stella.

"Stella," he said, "If spring forgot to happen one year, I would never know the difference if I could sit in a quiet café with you until winter became summer."

"He has quite a gift for rhetoric," Vladimir observed.

"Would you rather have vodka than a Cassis?" O'Mara said.

"What *you* drink, I will. What *you* love, I will."

"Good," Stella laughed.

Vladimir reached for his violin.

Points in Favor of a Scout Knife:
It'll
Whittle.

—JEAN CARLYLE

"Shall I play something now to celebrate the fact that we are all happy for a few minutes?"

"Not yet," O'Mara said.

They all drank their Vermouth Cassis and then the waiter appeared for the order.

"Three frogs legs," O'Mara said cheerfully.

The waiter smiled sadly.

"No frogs legs," he murmured.

O'Mara lay back against the leather upholstery of his seat.

"No frogs legs?" he repeated.

"No frogs legs," the waiter said again.

"No frogs legs," O'Mara said to Vladimir.

"Shall I play something sad? Chopin's Funeral March, perhaps?" Vladimir requested dolefully.

"Not now," O'Mara replied.

"There is 'frogs legs' on the menu," Stella said firmly.

"We keep them there for sentimental reasons. There are no frogs legs available. The war," the waiter replied.

"There must be frogs legs somewhere," O'Mara insisted.

"If there *were* frogs legs, they would be the very large ones. They cross them with rabbits, one understands. They taste like filet of cod," the waiter explained.

"Are those the ones on the menu?" Stella asked.

"The ones on the menu are the most delicate, the most exquisite, the most subtle, the most fragrant frogs legs in America. They come from a very special section of New Orleans. . . . only we haven't got any," the waiter intoned.

"Let me talk to the proprietor," O'Mara said.

"Shall I cheer us up with a Caprice?" Vladimir asked.

"Not yet," O'Mara said.

In a few seconds the rotund, bemoustached proprietor came to the table, his red face beaming when he looked on the beauty of Stella.

He twisted his moustaches until they pointed starward and said:

"Any service I can be to such a beautiful creature?"

Stella smiled at him so brightly he held on to the edge of O'Mara's chair.

"We wanted some frogs legs," she said. "I told my friends that if anyone in the world could get us frogs legs it would be a man of your resources, your intelligence, your taste."

"That is true," the proprietor agreed solemnly.

"Ah!" O'Mara exclaimed.

"Ha!" said Vladimir.

"Unfortunately there are none. The frogs have been a disappointment this year."

Stella looked very sad and began to hold her handkerchief to her eyes.

"This is a very special day," Stella said.

O'Mara noted wistfully, "This is the day!"

"Oh," the proprietor exclaimed. "Well, in that case . . ." he stopped a moment and pointed delicately at Stella.

"You mean," he went on, "her . . . she . . . this is . . . that is to say, it only requires frogs legs? We all are moved by many strange things. . . . some by music . . . some by color. . . . with her . . ?"

"Frogs legs," said Vladimir and O'Mara together.

The proprietor smiled like a good parish priest and touched the end of his red nose reflectively.

"In that case . . ." he murmured, and he walked away, and upstairs to where he lived. In about a quarter of an hour, which was spent by the trio consuming a fine dry wine, the waiter emerged suddenly from the kitchen, in his arms a great platter steaming with frogs legs.

"Amen!" said Vladimir in a hushed tone.

"Like 'stout Cortez,' " Stella noted.

" 'Life,' " quoted O'Mara, " 'I cannot hold you close enough!' "



The proprietor soon joined them, bringing with him a plate.

"After we shall have the last of the final bottle of Martel in the house!"

It is useless to attempt to describe the effect of the frogs legs. One would have to take the essence of guinea hen; the final, triumphant suggestion of squab; the faint, dreamy odor of brook trout being cooked across the street . . . and so forth.

When they were all finished and the pile of white, fine bones mounted toward the sky, the proprietor produced the Martel. They inhaled it in silence for a long time, eyes glowing.

"Now?" said Vladimir weakly.

"Now," O'Mara agreed.

Vladimir took his violin carefully from his case. He dusted off the instrument carefully with a white silk scarf. Then he placed it firmly under his strong chin and began to play: Way Down Yonder In New Orleans.

Except it was not the way this selection has ever been played before. In it, Vladimir managed to inject all the lush, dreamy color and taste of the bayous, all the golden brown dreams of Basin Street; and all the hushed, starry, smouldering beauty of Louisiana nights, interspersed, here and there, with the faint croaking of small frogs, far away on the delta.

When Vladimir had concluded there were tears in the eyes of the proprietor.

"Any time," he said to Vladimir, "you wish to eat here, it is free to an artist of such sensibilities."

"Thank you," said Vladimir. "It was, of course, the way the frogs legs were prepared."

He glanced at Stella and Harcourt O'Mara, who were looking in each other's eyes as if they had been suddenly lifted above the earth to a very private cloud.

Vladimir said softly to the proprietor: "I think we had better leave them alone a while."

"Yes," said the proprietor, "this is, undoubtedly, *the* day."

They tiptoed quietly to the bar, hearing only one word murmured in a throaty feminine voice. And that word was "yes."

—Robert Fontaine

A "FIRST" FOR BOSTON

. . . On Monday morning, August 2nd, 1858, a man living on Beacon Hill in Boston—William we will call him—started for his downtown office. His wife, Sophia, had given him some letters to post and he had started early because it was a long walk to the post office in the Merchant's Exchange Building on State Street.

As he reached the corner of Beacon and Joy Streets he met an acquaintance who was looking sceptically at an iron box fastened to a building. As he greeted William he said, "That must be the new contraption to put letters in. I saw a notice in the *Boston Advertiser,* Saturday, that street letter boxes were to be ready for use today. I clipped it—got it right here in my pocket."

William shook his head. "They're an experiment, John. They have never been tried anywhere in the United States before. Why should we in Boston be the ones to experiment on? Our mail is just as valuable as that in any other place. What is to hinder someone from ripping that box right off and walking away with it? Don't look right to me; dropping letters in a box on the open street, even if it is an iron box."

"Well, I don't know," said John, meditatively. "Anthony Trollope has been writing about how well pillar boxes work in London. I 'spose they're about the same things as this. This is what Postmaster Capen says about them, and he read from the notice:

"These boxes will be visited daily by Sworn Collectors at 9 A.M., 1, 3½, and 7 o'clock P.M. and all mailable matter found therein will be taken forthwith to the Post Office—and that without charge."

It was then 8 o'clock. The first collection would be in about an hour, if the notice were correct. John was not in a hurry and offered to stay around and see if there really was a collection.

Something more in the notice sounded pretty official: "The Streets of Boston have been declared Post Routes by the Postmaster General, to the exclusion of all unauthorized Letter Carriers."

Here was a delicate question, would William be an unauthorized letter carrier if he took Sophia's letters to the post office? Hesitatingly he lifted the little cover on the iron box and dropped them inside, feeling very venturesome indeed.

Later in the day John reported to him that a uniformed man had unlocked the box shortly after nine o'clock, taken out the few letters that were in it, and started immediately toward the post office. William felt better.

The following morning the *Boston Post* said: "The new system of reception boxes for letters in different portions of the city went into effect yesterday. The first package of letters received at the post office from these boxes numbered five hundred.

Honest William told Sophia of the method he had used in posting her letters. She waited anxiously to get replies from some of them. When these replies began to come Sophia saw at once how street letter boxes might solve two of the problems confronting herself and several of her friends.

She invited a number of her literary and socially prominent friends to her home on a certain afternoon for tea and, ostensibly, "to discuss the latest fashion and embroidery notes in *Godey's Ladies' Book.*"

Deftly Sophia steered the conversation to poems and stories which members of the group submitted occasionally to that publication. They were rather coy about their literary efforts. It was out of the question to give these manuscripts to their husbands to post; there would be altogether too many questions asked.

It was not convenient for the women to get to the post office and, besides, did they remember the dis-



cussion that had ensued when Postmaster Capen had asked for expressions of preference as to the new location of the post office? That brought up their second problem. When someone had written that the convenience of the women of Boston should be considered a reply had been printed which stated, "*Ladies* do not visit a post office."

One of the women present said that she knew "for a fact" that Postmaster Capen had resented that statement and had written to Postmaster General Caleb Stetson saying that a very large portion of the women who have occasion to visit the Post Office in Boston were "worthy and respectable persons. Some of them belong to the best families in Boston."

Unanimously they expressed appreciation of the high opinion of Postmaster Capen—but yet there was a faint shadow of doubt. It would be better to be absolutely certain of maintaining their status as "Ladies" by walking sedately to a letter box and depositing letters therein. After all, one did, sometimes meet undesirable persons in the post office.

Street letter boxes brought about problems other than those of "ladylike" females. One day a highly indignant young man stamped his way into the office of the Boston Postmaster and shouted that he had invented a "Check-the-liar-letter-box," for, said he, "The present United States mail system is responsible for one-half of the lies that are told."

He elucidated, "When a man neglects to write to his dear lady, or a husband to his dear wife, or an impecunious young man to his dear tailor, it is the custom for him to picture himself the pink of punctuality and lay all the blame upon the mails."

Then he turned on letter boxes and placed plenty of blame on them. "No wonder I am upset," he cried, "A letter box failure has been the cause of my losing a good fat share of $5,000,000."

He explained that a business man with a golden opportunity had wanted him to become a partner in his scheme. He considered it and finally wrote a letter accepting the proposition. He posted the letter in a box early Tuesday morning. It should have been delivered that afternoon. The man sailed for Europe Wednesday and did not receive the letter until his return. In the meantime he had made arrangements with another partner. Together they had made the sum he mentioned. The cause of his loss had been in the letter box, and he had no way of proving that he had posted the letter early because the "dumb letter box" did not register time.



"I don't care how you took 'em at Blank's studio. That's not the way we take 'em here!"

His invention was similar to a nickel-in-the-slot machine, with a clock guaranteed to keep perfect time and so placed in the box as to check the day, hour and even minute of the posting of each letter dropped into it. He said that his letter box would stand five feet six inches in height and would be two feet in diameter. He intended that it should be "meant to stand without the aid of a lamp post."

The Postmaster said that the box was cumbersome, perhaps useless, but that he felt that the day would come when the time of the posting of all mail matter would be recorded, so that "more and more, all through the service, the exact responsibility for delays may be laid."

After letter boxes had been universally accepted a young lover in Indianapolis vented his spite on one of these inanimate objects. He had been rejected by his sweetheart and felt sure that she was putting notes to his rival into a certain letter box, so he set fire to it in a futile attempt to destroy the contents.

Even today, when street letter boxes are a part of our daily encounters the habit of dropping pennies into a box along with a letter which does not have a stamp is common. A Washington, D. C., carrier once collected about six dollars in a short time from this habit.

Boston, the city of "firsts," can remember with pride August 2nd, 1858, and can reckon the progeny of the first letter boxes in millions. No remote section of the United States is without their service. Rows on rows they stand at the entrances to camps, mining towns, farm sections. "Sworn Carriers" make their daily rounds through all kinds of weather and over all sorts of roads. The words that Herodotus wrote over 2,000 years ago, and which are carved over the entrance of the main post office in New York City have a personal meaning for everyone today:

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor hail, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

—Irene H. Burnham

END OF A DAY

. . . I SHOULDN'T HAVE gone over to Elaine's house that night after what happened in the afternoon. Maybe a punctured ear drum isn't the worst thing a fellow could have, but when the sergeant scribbled on my papers and snapped, "You're out, bud," I felt queer and sort of hollow inside. It was just as if everybody was boring me through with his eyes, and thinking of my elder brother Harvey being three months in the hospital after Tarawa didn't make me feel any better.

I should have stayed home and had a good talk with Mother and Dad and gone to bed. But Elaine and I had gone together a lot in high school, and she was my best girl friend in a way. I thought she would understand how I felt about it. But if I had stayed home, with the folks and Brownie and Harvey's picture, I wouldn't have done the kiddish thing I did.

Elaine wasn't quite as friendly as usual when she came to the door, and then I noticed an army cap on the hall table. She gave me a funny look when she saw I was staring at it, but she took me in to the living room and introduced me to the guy who owned the cap. He was a sergeant named Fisher, and he was a good-looking soldier, all right, tall and sunburned and tough-looking in a nice way. I could see why Elaine might be interested in him. She chattered on about some U.S.O. dance they had been to, while I sat there without saying anything, feeling like a second-story man that some polite householder had asked to join the family circle. Suddenly Elaine said to me, "I suppose you're in the army now, too."

I said, "Sure," sort of feebly, knowing that they could tell it was a lie.

The sergeant stopped looking at Elaine for a minute and said "4-F, huh?" with the voice he probably uses on the guys who leave a piece of lint on the blanket.

I didn't say anything. I just put my right foot over my left knee and fingered the sole of my shoe, wishing I could make a snappy comeback. Elaine tried to pass it off with a remark about a lot of the local boys being home on furlough, but the sergeant didn't take any notice of her. He kept looking at me with an expression like he had caught a rat in his duffle bag. Only a rat wouldn't be 4-F.

Then he spoke so suddenly he startled me a bit. "I suppose you'll be getting a swell job in a war plant at eighty a week."

"No, I won't," I replied.

"Why not? You'll be a hell of a lot safer than the guys in the foxholes."

I wanted to reply, but a feeling of being mad choked me. When I did speak, my voice came thick and strained. "I don't want to be safe," I said.

"No?" he sneered.

We looked at each other hard. I had met him only minutes before, but I hated him more than I had ever hated anyone.

"No," I said.

None of us said anything for a few minutes. Elaine looked down at the floor and rubbed her shoe on the carpet. I tried to ignore the sergeant, but he kept glaring at me as if he wanted to poke me in the nose. I began to wonder when he would leap up and start fighting me. I wished I was home, but I wasn't going to leave just because he wanted to be nasty, even if he was big enough to lick me.

Finally I couldn't stand it any longer. I jumped up and ran into the hall, paying no attention to the sergeant's "Leaving us, 4-F?" But instead of going out the front door I turned like a darn fool and ran upstairs. Elaine's father had made a library out of a big front bedroom, and there I had read and studied with Elaine quite a bit in high school days. Just then the room seemed like a sort of quiet sanctuary to me. By the upper hall light I found my way across the dark room to the window, and there I stood, thinking. I thought of Harvey and what it must be like to lie with your leg shattered in four places for weeks and weeks, of the noncom who had handed me my reject papers that afternoon, of Elaine and me bending over a physics problem that had bothered us, but mostly of Harvey. The darkness helped to bring to my mind lots of memories—Harvey home on furlough in his green uniform, the look on mother's face when he stepped on the train the last time we saw him, a letter he had sent me dated two days before he was wounded, the little tool shop where he worked in his spare moments at home. I felt sad and angry at the same time, mostly angry at what I would have to face from people who didn't understand anything at all about it, and sad for Harvey, too.



I must have stood there thinking for half an hour almost. Then I heard footsteps and voices from the room just below. It was Elaine and the sergeant opening the French doors that led from the dining room to the garden. I leaned out the window and saw him standing below me. He was waiting for Elaine; I could hear her talking to him from indoors. He took out a cigarette and wet it between his lips, standing quiet right beneath me. Then I did the kiddish thing I've regretted ever since. There was a heavy vase of flowers standing on a low bookcase just on a level with the window sill. I picked the vase up and dropped it out the window. It fell silently, the flowers tumbling out of it in midair; it grazed the sergeant's shoulder, and shattered on the flagstones.

Then I did the second kiddish thing that night. I leaned against the side of the window and cried.

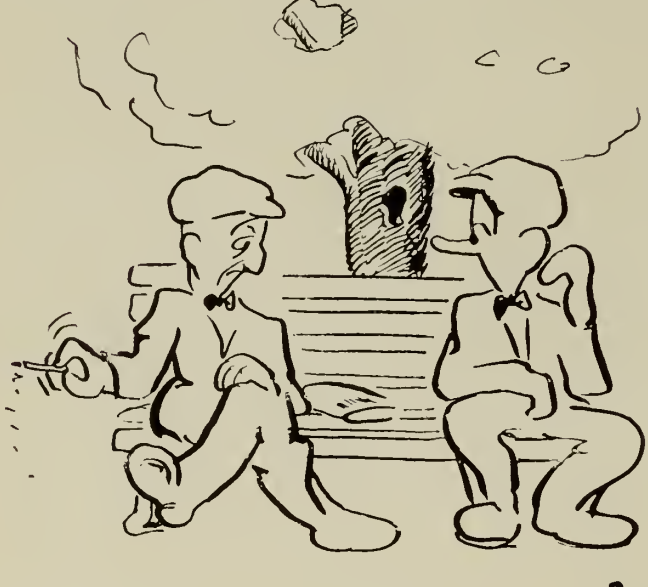
—PAUL E. REYNOLDS



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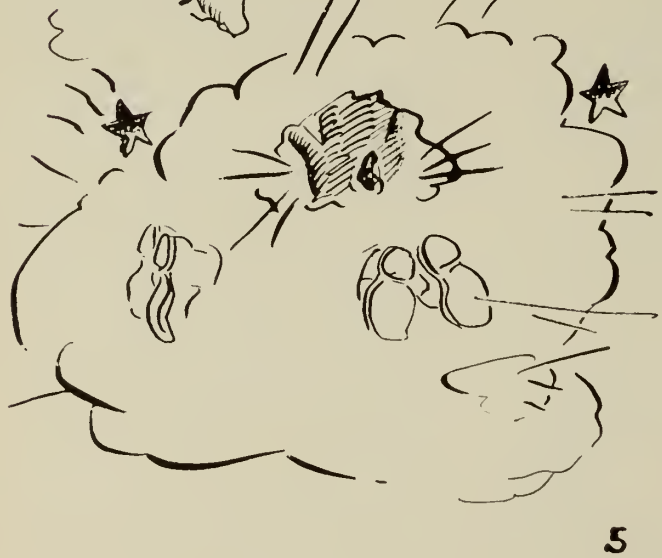
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Boston Common

700 SONS A DAY

Mrs. Osgood Perkins — Executive Director of the Stage Door Canteen

. . . PROBABLY few of the American Theatre Wing's eight Stage Door Canteens located strategically throughout the country have had to cope with as many problems as Boston's Canteen. Being a large, coastal city, the demands on volunteers and staff alike have been heavy since the first opening on Stuart Street. Now, in spacious quarters, brightly decorated with circus murals, at the Young Men's Christian Union on Boylston Street, Boston's Stage Door Canteen is doing a superlative job of entertaining an average of 700 servicemen a day.

Much of the credit for the smooth-running, friendly atmosphere of the Canteen belongs to Mrs. Osgood Perkins, as executive director. Behind an evening at the Canteen, behind the laughter and music, go hours of unsung, patient attention to detail plus the unpublicized and unseen work of her volunteer staff.

The problem of providing for the amusement and food needs of some 700 servicemen a day is one which requires ingenuity and intelligence. The right workers must be chosen; the financial details handled correctly; the problems of entertainers and theatre people who put on shows for the servicemen must be understood; finally, above all, it must never be forgotten that the Canteen exists for the servicemen, for their enjoyment and use.

Even the most mentally astigmatic individual to be found walking around can recognize that the Canteen is a nice place to visit. It has a sort of carefree carnival spirit. Or maybe it more closely resembles a night at the Pop Concerts. To achieve and maintain this atmosphere, the individual requirements mentioned above must be filled, but good.

Mrs. Osgood Perkins, wife of one of America's top actors, was born Jane Rane, in Morgantown, West Virginia. She remained there for about a year, until the family moved to Durham, New Hampshire, where Frank W. Rane had been appointed a professor at New Hampshire State University.

Growing up as she did in the leisurely, friendly surroundings of a small town, there can be little doubt that she has an understanding of the simple, homely needs of so many small-town boys now in service. And this is an excellent basic quality with which to cope with her job.

At the age of 12, the Rane family moved to Waban, Massachusetts, and Jane was sent to Newtonville High School. The fact that her future husband, Osgood Perkins, was attending the same high school at the same time, should, by rights, be stretched to have some romantic impact. Unfortunately, stretching a point like this about Jane Perkins is like trying to make a novel out of the information on a highway warning sign. It is much too difficult to do. She knew Osgood Perkins, slightly, in high school, but it was not until after World War I that they met again in New York and, months later, were married.



Mrs. Osgood Perkins

At that time, she was doing very well by her post of personnel director for the Goodyear Rubber Company. Interviewing hundreds of applicants for jobs in the company was no small task. Getting the right workers was as hard then as it is now, in connection with the Canteen. There is no doubt, however, that her ability to pick her workers, her ability to gauge their responsibilities and capabilities as executives stems directly from that practical training of some years back.

As a bit of incidental intelligence for drama lovers, when Osgood Perkins and Jane Rane were married, Osgood was not on the stage. He was working as a salesman for an independent movie company, and wasn't caring much for the chores. Fortunately, Jane Perkins was perfectly in agreement with his desire to act. If that was what he wanted to do, it was all right with her.

After some pretty "thin" years, both in acting roles and cash returns, Osgood Perkins hit his stride. His name became important in the theatre. His friends—and hers— were of the theatre. In that way, in her present job, she is well fitted to understand theatre people. She also knows, from years of trouping, how to make a place look like home. The American Theatre Wing War Services Inc., with some 30 war projects in action today throughout the world, obviously recognized these qualifications when she was appointed to head the problem-packed Boston Stage Door Canteen. And today, everyone is completely happy about the whole thing, Servicemen, Canteen staff, volunteer workers, American Theatre Wing, and the city of Boston.

As the mother of a lively, music-minded, twelve-year-old son, Mrs. Perkins lives quietly in Newton whenever there is any free time left over from working at the Canteen. Very probably, this hard work has been an antidote for loneliness since her widowhood.

There is no better way to complete a personality sketch than to show exactly how the Canteen functions under Mrs. Perkins' management. Slim, charming, and calm, she rates as one of the most reticent individuals ever to be interviewed by the magazine. Threads of wit brighten her business conversations, but very little personal information can be forced out of her. The Canteen set-up, then, rates as the best frame for a summary in a word portrait.

Briefly, the American Theatre Wing is the total of all unions con-

nected with the arts. Stage, radio, screen, vaudeville, music, and various allied crafts come under its control. Since Mrs. Perkins had worked with the Theatre Wing from its inception, and since she had done much to help in the establishment of the War Services branch she brought to her Boston job a solid knowledge of the aims of the organization.

With the exception of a very limited staff, janitors, dish washers, maintenance men, Mrs. Perkins works entirely with volunteers. Her day begins at 11 a.m., pauses briefly at 6:30 p.m., and resumes most evenings at 8 p.m., until the Canteen closes. This means, of course, a big total of hours on the job and a big problem to maintain a sizable staff of volunteers from day to day.

The working hours she puts in are willingly given. Her praise of her staff of chairmen is ditto. By delegating the full responsibility for various key posts in the Canteen's functioning, she has proven herself an excellent executive.

Mr. Del Monte, chairman of the stage committee, and incidentally, one of their most tireless and versatile workers, sees to the handling of talent. He has done a good job. Keeping the excellent and full-fledged stage in working order is no small task. But the evening's entertainment goes off with professional smoothness and exactly right informality under his handling.

Co-chairmen of the entertainment committee are Fred Nerrell, AGVA representative, and Mrs. Peggy Flannigan. The night-after-night task of getting talent has been well done by them.

Senior Hostesses every night are under the chairmanship of Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird and Mrs. Rufus Peckham. The Junior Hostesses are headed by Diana Bird and Elizabeth Watts.

The bus "boys" for each evening are under the chairmanship of Guy Norris and Russell Codman, and the very vital, often unrecognized task of preparing and serving food is outstandingly handled by Mrs. Winthrop Snow, Mrs. Enid Botsford, and Mrs. Chester Scott.

The chef, by the way, is none other than Ralph DeMatteo, famed master of cuisine from the Hotel Lincolnshire. This, in itself, gives some idea of the calibre of the cuisine, simple as it is.



" But, Doc, what does it spell ? "

On the more practical side, Mr. Oliver Wolcott is Treasurer, Mrs. George R. Fearing, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and Miss Florence Whittier is in full charge of the publicity.

The reason for so thorough a listing of names and duties is simple. Mrs. Perkins wanted it that way. The long line of names to whom she would like to pay tribute would fill up two pages. The fact, however, that a sizable wedge of the city's population is represented means that Boston is taking an active part in its Stage Door Canteen.

There are approximately 1200 volunteer workers required in the Canteen's operation. Not at one time, naturally, but as often as they are needed and can work the duties in. Such able and interested Bostonians as Dorothy Speare, the well-known authoress, provide plenty of help "off-stage," by recruiting aides, taking up problems in an advisory capacity, and, in general, making themselves "tremendously helpful"—as Mrs. Perkins puts it.

If you question her about the hardest personnel knot to unsnarl since taking over the job, she probably would point to an executive innovation of hers. The problem of placing someone of ingenuity, even temper, and ability to cope with the gamut of different situations which develop nightly, had to be solved speedily. To do this, she created the post of House Manager, under the guidance of William Fawcett. The manager for the night deals with everything connected with the "house," hostesses and servicemen alike.

When the post was created, the first House Manager came to her and asked to have his job defined.

"But I can't define it," she told him. "You have the full responsibility to deal as you need to with the problems that come up. I'll leave it to you."

As a result, the nightly House Manager deals with the problems (and there are plenty) as he sees fit. Recently, a young British sailor went suddenly blind. The delicate and difficut task of getting him to the hospital, notifying the proper authorities, and checking on his case fell to the House Manager. And no one was more pleased to learn that the blindness was only a temporary shock than was the same manager.

To date, besides the smooth functioning of the Canteen, the greatest gratification for Mrs. Perkins has been the mail which floods in from abroad, from servicemen who have enjoyed themselves. And an equal gratification is the return of the boys, splashed with service ribbons, from the foreign fronts. This means that mothers all over the country can take a deep, thankful sigh of relief.

This also means that the boys had a good time at the Canteen. All of which is a great tribute to the staff and Mrs. Perkins alike.

—Barbara Pearson

NONE SO BLIND

. . . THERE'S DRAMA in a hotel lobby. I know, I've watched plots develop, characterizations crystallize, and heard dialogue as brittle as a champagne glass. It's all there.

You've heard of these temperamental dramatists who do their first act in the Philippines, the second in Saigon, and the third on a tramp steamer. None of that nonsense for me, I'm normal. I find I function best by shutting myself in a hotel room in a strange town. Boston comes under that latter head—definitely.

I was staying at one of the well known hotels there one night, trying to finish a troublesome third act. The way it was working out, even Billy Rose couldn't have staged it. When the suite became unbearable from its stench I quit. The lobby seemed a solution. Why not go down and see life as it was? I might learn something.

You remember one old Boston hotel lobby, with its former quaint manner of segregating the sexes? Men took one corner, the ladies lingered on the other side. When the right two caught each other's eye, they met in the center of the lobby and exit left.

I was always a little amused at the arrangement, but I supposed Boston knew best. From my vantage point I watched the weary waiting on both sides. On each I saw an acquaintance.

Count Carl Christianson, from a Scandinavian consulate, impeccably groomed, with gardenia, and glass in one eye, waited by a window. On the other side I saw Muriel Weld, from the foreign exchange department of a Brahmin bank. Each was evidently waiting for someone. My alliterative mind associated the foreigner and foreign exchange. Simple deduction, intuitive though perhaps inaccurate, suggested they were waiting for each other. One flaw in that theory, however, seemed to vitiate it. If waiting for each other, why wait longer when each was there. Well, that's a little confusing, but after all in the first full flush of enthusiasm, devising a plot, one tends to relegate difficulties of that sort to some other day to be smoothed out in the rewriting.

Both were becoming irritated, and were intently watching the door. There was a vacuous aspect, almost astigmatic, I thought to their watching. Knowing both, and assuming they knew each other, I amused myself by devising dialogue for the situation. Monologues to minimize the monotony of waiting, would be more descriptive.

Carl, despite a fondness for American women, was probably fuming, "How rude, these American women. Do they not understand that a gentleman is not to be kept waiting, and in a public place. At home this would not be. They are all charm, but no consideration."

Oh of course there was more to be said by Carl, but I couldn't have him stealing scenes. Too long speeches are bad technique. Better balance lines with a few of Muriel's reactions. She was undoubtedly having them. By now I'd quite convinced myself that the Count was the object of her waiting, and even of her wrath.

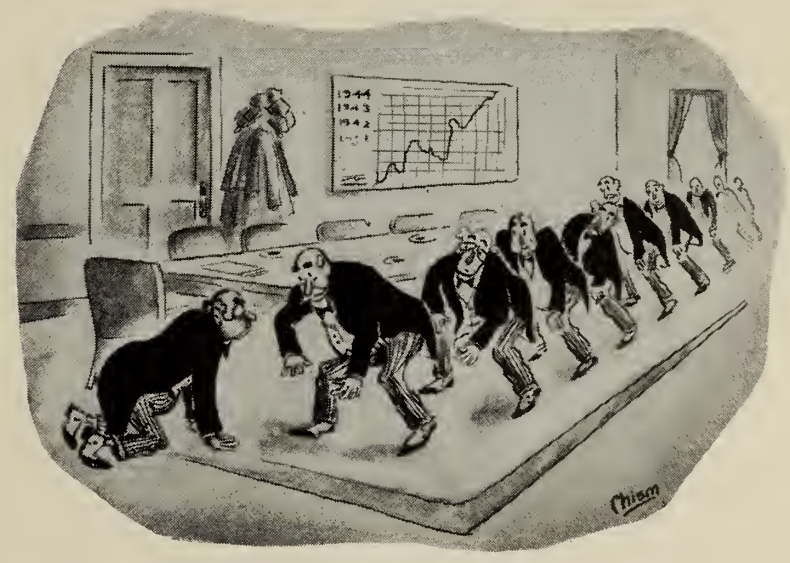
"Curse these Continentals. Charming, yes, but still feudal, with medieval minds. Masters still of all they survey. Believe they're more effective if their entrance is belated. Oh, of course, the lady will wait. Perhaps you're wrong in your thinking, my fine, foreign friend. I've waited twenty minutes longer now, than I would for the whole Harvard crew. Freddy may not be so punctilious, but at least he's punctual."

Muriel was getting out of hand. I'd have to shorten that soliloquy. After all, Carl was in this little curtain-raiser, too. It's amusing to watch two well-bred people wrestling with wrath. The lesser species can be so much less inhibited. Extroverts don't explode, nor do the inhibited, but the well-bred so frequently look as if they will.

Carl's next few speeches, I imagine, ran something like this: "She is treating me as she would an American. It is not flattering. Man has work to do. If there is waiting to be done, that is women's work. But these American career creatures, they work too. So they assume man's privileges. Strange land, America."

I thought Muriel was about to leave, but after watching her intently for a few minutes, I saw the Count was to be given a stay of execution apparently. There was thought behind those bright blue eyes of hers, there seemed to be something unusual about them just now. I couldn't determine precisely what, so I went on improvising her musings.

"Perhaps he's a bit piqued that I wouldn't let him call for me. Still that doesn't justify his making me wait. Besides there's no need for a casual evening to be conspicuous. He'd be that in Louisburg Square, with his blasted blue Mercedes. No—this was the place to meet him. But



" The third time late this week, J. B.—thru the hot oven ! "



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he's not going to meet me here or ever unless in the next five minutes."

I looked at the clock, it was five minutes of nine. Just then I saw the Count glance at his watch. Apparently all three of us had the same idea, something should happen before nine. He called a bell-boy, and taking out his card, penciled something. The boy verified its message, and started his rounds. "Paging Miss Weld,—paging Miss Weld."

It was interesting to watch Muriel react, relief in her manner as she summoned the boy. I could imagine her vanity vanishing, and almost hear her rationalizing, "Oh, he must have been unvoidably detained." With a message coming to her, things that a moment before were difficult, were now suddenly different. Injured feelings recuperate rapidly at such times. Vanity's so strange, so volatile, erupting like a volcano, but cooling much quicker than lava.

Muriel involuntarily took a few steps forward. They met with the guarded effusiveness common to all hotel greetings. I couldn't hear what was said, nor did I bother to create my own lines for the situation. For actually there was no longer a situation, only satisfaction, mutual and apparent. The momentarily injured vanity of each had given way to the exciting prelude of two people about to discover each other.

As they walked out to the Street, the thought still persisted, "Why hadn't they seen each other during the waiting period?" Then suddenly in one of those flashes that is called intuition in women, I had the key. It was in that idea that had kept recurring all the time I was watching them —vanity—vanity.

I remembered clearly now. On every prior occasion when I had seen either of them, each had been wearing thick lensed spectacles. Tonight—deliberately, undoubtedly — there were no glasses.

—Frank McArdle



. . . You needn't worry about your sister, Lieutenant, if she enrolls here," the very young Dean of Miss Pitkin's school assured Roger, earnestly. "I warn our girls to avoid love just as they would any other disease."

Roger blinked. Unwillingly and for the first time since his return from Africa and points north, he felt his boredom lifting. He had looked forward to leave and Cecelia so desperately. Cecelia had been true to him in her fashion. She had married one of his fraternity brothers, and boredom, like a blessed anesthetic, had overwhelmed Roger. Impersonally he noticed that the Dean was young, twenty-odd, and not bad looking. Until now she had been merely a voice reciting the charms of Miss Pitkin's school. Hockey. Tape markers for handkerchiefs and step-ins. Stewed fruit. Roger gripped the arm of his chair as a slight shock tingled through him. Gosh, a swell looking babe, he amended, observing the dark definiteness of her widow's peak, and the Latin brown of her eyes. Her skin was the bronzy pink of a ripe apricot.

"Did you say 'disease'?" exploded Roger.

"Of the adolescent period. The symptoms, if analyzed scientifically, can be understood, and—and disposed of. An attack is unnecessary. Sentimentalists since the beginning of time have done their best to befog the issue, but really it all depends on the proper education of the female."

Roger studied her suspiciously. The gorgeous brown eyes didn't waver. There wasn't a flicker of a smile on the firm though lusciously curved mouth.

"At least," he muttered, "the school sounds a safe place to park Betty until my mother comes home."

He had insisted that his mother not cancel her lecture tour. Then last night Betty declared that she was engaged to a soldier she had met at a dance less than a week ago.

The Dean nodded. "There's not a man on the place. Even our janitor is a janitress."

"Shortage of man power," observed Roger.

"Not at all. We're simply demonstrating in a small way how well the world can do without men. You're aware, I suppose, that the whole history of human progress shows the gradual domination of the female? Why in a future civilization," her voice rose with enthusiasm and the apricot pink in her cheeks deepened, "man will be absolutely unnecessary."

Roger burst out laughing. "Oh, come now."

Her eyes flashed indignantly. She believed this bunk. Funny kid. He felt a faint curiosity as to how she got that way.

"Well, what are you good for?" she cried. "To fight, that's all. In the future, there'll be no wars."

"The stork," he reminded her gently. "There's a mighty hard working bird. Are you being fair to labor? What's he to do in this jolly post war world of yours? Go on relief or starve?"

"Test tube babies," she retorted.

"Even so."

She was emphatic. "A few male specimens may be necessary but science will remedy that some day."

"Good God. . . . See here." He leaned forward frowning. "Have you ever known any men?"

"Too many. I always interview the fathers of prospective students. The experience strengthens my conviction that a single sexed world would be an improvement."

"I can imagine," sighed Roger, getting to his feet. "Still I should think that among them there might be one to give you a thrill."

She stood up, too. Tallish, but not too tall. A creature of winsome curves not an arm's length way.

"Oh, I know I'm talking nonsense," she admitted. "I was only carrying my theories to a logical conclusion. But there's no reason why mating shouldn't be on an intelligent and not an emotional basis. "I'm going to do my thesis on 'Love, So-called, Its Cause and Cure.' You," the brown eyes rested coldly on Roger's six feet of uniformed good looks, "can have

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no conception of the absolutely sexless attitude of the modern, or shall we say, future woman?"

"Better make it future." Swiftly he put two capable arms around her and kissed her on the lips.

The girl twisted away from him. Her eyes sparked temper. Her cheeks were flaming unscientifically. "That's not the reaction I should expect from —an officer, and, and gentleman!"

"But you see, my girl, you don't know a damned thing about ordinary human reactions." He was glaring down at her. He found himself all stirred up inside, his heart yammering like an automatic. "You gabble about symptoms. Love, a disease. If you want to do a good job of this thesis you'd better get some first-hand data."

He grabbed his hat.

"Lieutenant Hamilton—" She sounded breathless. At the door Roger turned.

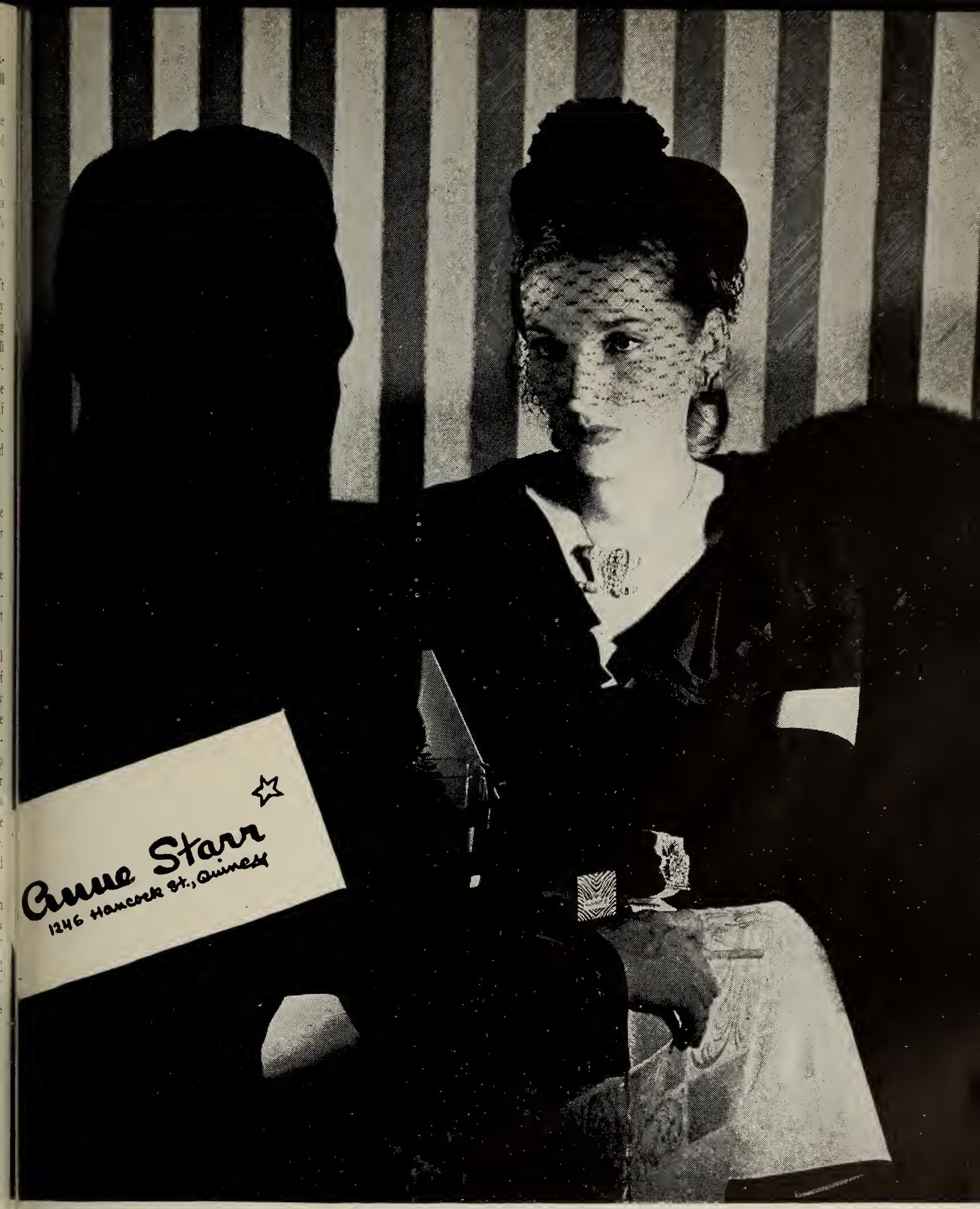
Her hands were clasped and she looked down. "Maybe," she said almost inaudibly, "you have a point there."

Roger swung briskly down the hall oblivious of the interested titters of Miss Pitkin's students, competently established in their manless world. He was whistling "Mairsey Dotes." Imagine a dream girl like that shut up with a bunch of women. No wonder she got screwy ideas. Or had a man given her a raw deal? He'd do a little research that night as well as she. Boy, she was cute—and so doggoned naïve.

He didn't glance back at the Dean smiling after him. "I'll wear my swishy cape with the bunny collar," she murmured. "How he swallowed it all. I had to think of something." Her brown eyes grew dreamy. "He's cute—but so naïf."

—Gertrude Hecker Winders




Anne Starr
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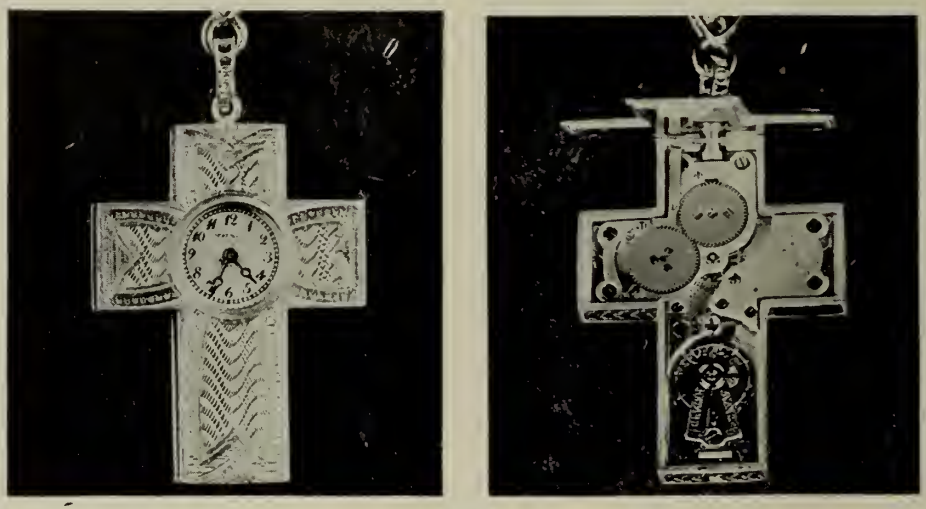
RARE WATCH TREASURE

. . . WATCHES ARE not inanimate objects. On the contrary, they are vital, utilitarian companions, whose value we never quite appreciate until we lose them or they require repair. During their hospitalization, we glance at a bare wrist or fumble in an empty pocket, aware that time is stampeding ahead and that there is no personal, periodic reminder for us.

Even those of who are less romantically inclined towards timepieces shouldn't miss seeing the cross watch recently acquired by the *Windsor Art Galleries* at the Hotel Statler. This watch, fashioned like a crucifix, is probably the only one of its kind ever made. Not its shape, however, nor the exquisite craftsmanship employed to create it makes it unique among watches. The fact that its movement is fitted compactly into the four sections, as well as the center, of its 1½" by 1" cross-shaped case, confuses the most expert watch-makers. It is commonly accepted that round movements are the only kind known to function properly. Therefore, the controversial aspect of this treasure is at once apparent.

Expert watch-makers examining it can almost guess that the watch was fashioned by a Frenchman, as it was. This is, of course, a compliment to the artistic sensitivity of the Gallic temperament which produces such magnificent artisans as Verger who made each separate part by hand. Inside the watch is an inscription reading "Made by Verger for Tiffany and Co." No information regarding this man is available, leaving a void that to the more imaginative person tantalizes. For, anyone who sees this evidence of his mastery over his art wishes to know more about the man.

The base of the watch-case is solid gold, ornamented in light green and salmon-pink enamel. In front, the watch's face occupies the center of the cross, and the cross design is followed in pink enamel, outlined by a band of harmonious green. Gossamer-fine tracery of platinum studded with brilliant diamonds decorates the back of the watch. It is superbly lovely with delicate shades of enamel showing through the tracery. Appended to the watch, to wind and set it, is a fine, two-tone gold chatelaine chain, three inches in length, with shields of diamonds at each end. The chatelaine is the crowning detail which contributes to make this watch an authentic museum piece.



Front and back views of the famous cross watch.

No ordinary occasion inspired the cross watch. Nothing less than the Centennial International Exhibition held in Philadelphia in 1876 made Tiffany and Co. commission its Paris branch to send something "out-of-this-world" to amaze the public. Almost forty foreign nations, invited to participate in the exhibition in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of American Independence, vied in sending the choicest of their arts, merchandise and products of the soil and mine to America. The United States was to be brought face to face with the rare and beautiful things of the Old World, and a surging nationalistic pride spurred craftsmen on.

The cross watch was brought to the Philadelphia Exhibition and, according to what records are available, was probably sold shortly afterwards. Who its owner or owners have been is not known. Tiffany's records dating back to the Exhibition were destroyed when they moved to their new location a few years ago. On seeking further information about the watch, the Galleries learned that Tiffany, when recently contacted, doubted the existence of a watch whose movement was in the shape of a cross. When they saw it, they realized that the watch had been made for them as a rare Exhibition attraction in 1876.

The public has a perfect right to be incredulous when the rumor of the cross watch spreads around Boston. Such a watch is just not to be seen, even in the most exclusive jewelry shops in town. But all you skeptics should make a point of seeing this unusual piece soon, since inevitably someone will insist on owning the watch, and it will be taken out of the public eye to become the prized possession of a lucky lady—or gentleman. With these prospects ahead, one cannot help wondering who the next owner of the watch will be. What family will have it as an heirloom? Will it remain in Boston? Time will tell, the same Time that inspired Verger to create it over a half century ago.

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SHOP TALK

. . . Here it is! Just what you have been waiting for! Summertime! And, as Porgy says, "The living is easy." So let's forget heavy woolens and tweeds, safely tucked away in moth balls, and concentrate on your summer wardrobe.

Those of you who are vacation-bound should make a point of stepping into *Lamson and Hubbard's* first floor sportswear department. Here are the smooth, casual play clothes that will ease their way into your traveling bag. At resorts, you'll find yourself having a much better time if you own the slack suit appropriately dubbed "The Loafer" by its ingenious designer. It comes in a snowy white cotton twill, and, guess what, the slacks and jacket can be purchased separately. You'll like the way the jacket is cut on the English box type with a vent on either side. The price is likable too! Only $10.95 for the jacket and $7.95 for the slacks.

Just right for inviting a tan—and ever so chic besides—is the bare-back sun dress with wide shoulder straps and buttons all the way down the back. It's irresistible in aqua or copen blue in light weight cotton. Should you object to exposure when old "sole mio" hides behind a cloud, just slip on the separate, short-sleeved Eton jacket and keep happy. All yours for $14.95. Then, too, another brand-new sun dress (three pieces) has been created in a most desirable cotton and rayon summer fabric-linene. It looked simply knock-out in subtle beige with a graceful scallop motive around the circular skirt, on one enthusiastic deb who was buying it for her own summer wardrobe. A brown and white polka dot halter provides "harmonious contrast," and the outfit is complete with a smart sleeveless bolero to match the skirt. It also comes in refreshing mellon or leaf green, tempting colors and, may I add, temptingly priced, too.

Lamson's is proud of its super collection of shorts, three distinctive styles in cotton gabardine to show your pretty knees. A bevy of beautiful colors! The suspender type comes pleated on the sides and back. Or are you the kind of gal who insists on the magically slimming lines of knee length shorts with side buttons? Who can blame you? But don't miss the pair with knife pleating, front and back. Every sportswoman dotes on them. Add a gay jersey and you're a genius at fashion's sleight of hand!

. . . No need to fret any more over engagement gifts or something different for Nancy's birthday. Just spend a bit of your precious time at *Jewel Crest,* 476 Boylston Street. Scads of things suggest themselves. For instance, what feminine creature can resist a striking silver link bracelet whose big pendant disc is made expressly for a monogram. Why not Nancy's? Many versions at $5.00 and up (tax included). And what better way is there to celebrate Sue's engagement than with the heavenly rhinestone ear clips she can wear to dazzle her Marine. Elegant baguettes are delicately arranged in a snowflake pattern, just as glisteningly cool to behold as the mid-winter reality.

Of course, this trip is for gifts, but if you see something that leaves you breathless, give yourself a treat. Is it real? Pale, dreamy-blue Indian moonstone ear clips, and — ah — a daisy of moonstone petals with its vibrant ruby center. Glamor forever and ever. If the matching ring intrigues you, too, well—!

While you're there, you might just as well have the pearls Granny left you restrung into a fashionable, new, two or three strand choker. At your throat, it'll make last year's black basic smack of fall previews.

To see Jewel Crest's special kind of sorcery, though, bring in your outmoded collection of stick pins. As the wand lifts, you'll be amazed at the "fantasy of stick pins," a gorgeous cluster of jewels and ornaments in floral designs artistically grouped in brooch form to suit *your* individual personality, Madame! Fascinating jewelry, isn't it?

Lots of your North Shore neigh-



"We'd like to know if we can have our car streamlined."

bors dash into *R. H. Stearns* Sportswear Center on the fourth floor to give a fashion-lift to their summertime wardrobes. The place has a magnetic quality. You can pick up a nice, boxy Shetland wool sweater in pastels or darker shades. The ribbon-bound cardigan and comfortable slip-on make a very compatible couple. Actually, they're perfect for your back-to-college outfit, but why not enjoy them now? Prices are moderate.

Take a peek at the glowing, jewel-tone cashmeres, too. The one the model wears in emerald green is an absolute prize, and such quality! To go with it, how about one of the bold plaid skirts in brighter, younger colors or an angel-smooth doeskin in a limpid pastel? Golf companions rate your chic high when you brighten the fairways in these.

For that "just right" look at beach or country, Stearns offers blazers at $16.95 that will "wow" you. Your favorite will probably be a loose-fitting, knitted one with a nubby cotton finish. Select your own stripe combination: white with navy, kelly green or red. Your friend, who insists on nonchalant coloring, can have the true navy blue blazer piped in white for $14.95. Now who looks snappiest? Don't leave before you meditate on the fascinating lavender broadcloth dress belted in corn yellow, and, like our aircraft, built for action. "Action sleeves" can be unbuttoned for freedom in a vigorous golf or tennis game. And naturally, the tailoring is superlative. You'll be back again to the Sportswear Center!

. . . A VERY INTERESTING fashion treat exists in *Jordan Marsh's* Junior Bazaar. Both ingenue and matron would be wise to elevate themselves to the third floor to look it over. Forget your birthdays. It's your size that's important! Do alteration charges for shortening waistlines, skirts and droopy sleeves defeat you? Let Jordan's Junior Bazaar prove, madame, that lovely clothes for the smaller, shorter figure can be slipped on and worn right out of the store. The old alteration fund can be used for another adorable cotton print. Practical, what? Extra special in this department are sophisticated seersuckers, striped the way you like 'em. One with a shirtmaker collar, fly-front, and round, set-in yolk, covers every conceivable daytime occasion. Seersuckers are $7.70 to $8.95. You country lassies in town for air-conditioned luncheon engagements would look tops in a two-piece, beige butcher linen frock. Lipstick-red wooden beads around the lapels make them startlingly different from any lapels you've ever seen. Ravishing, my dear!

Expertly tailored with a wealth of detail are the *Handmacher* suits in slick "weathervane" material. Answering the career girl's prayer, they're cool and unlined. Quite executive-looking, too, without losing their youthful aspect. Try one on in the seasons hit-parade color, chartreuse. The cardigan jacket has two smart flap pockets and pearl buttons. The skirt's definitely impressive! Deep kick pleats front and back is a fashion feature to make people ask where you got it. Maybe you'd like a luxurious white one, instead, with the favorite club collar and two flap pockets multiplied by two. That's not all! *Handmacher* has produced a third style exactly like the white suit you tried on. Only the turned-up cuff and the short sleeve will surprise you 'cause you never suspected you'd find one like it. Each suit $19.95 in its own right.

. . . GENTLEMEN, be seated! Your interlocutor means, of course, at the *Continental,* corner Boylston and Washington Streets. Let the salesman show you as complete a line of haberdashery as you'll find anywhere in the city. Neat patterns in ties or bold figures in crepe and faille to blend well with your fine Manhattan shirt. Just for change, get the striped one in broadcloth. The low-set collars are made that way for your hot-weather comfort.

Internationally renowned Stein Bloch clothes of fine tailoring quality are waiting there for your approval. You'll admit "Coolites," two-piece tropical suits in rayon fabric that discourages wrinkles, are faultless for town wear. For lounge wear or travel, they're equally good. You can have them in bright clear colors,



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"MOONLIGHT MIST" FACE POWDER, a beautiful mist blended to match your *natural* coloring, instead of artificially covering it. 1.50 and 3.00

LUSTRE LIPSTICK, young glowing color for lips and cheeks, gives a *natural* match. Velvety base stays on and protects. 1.50 *plus taxes*

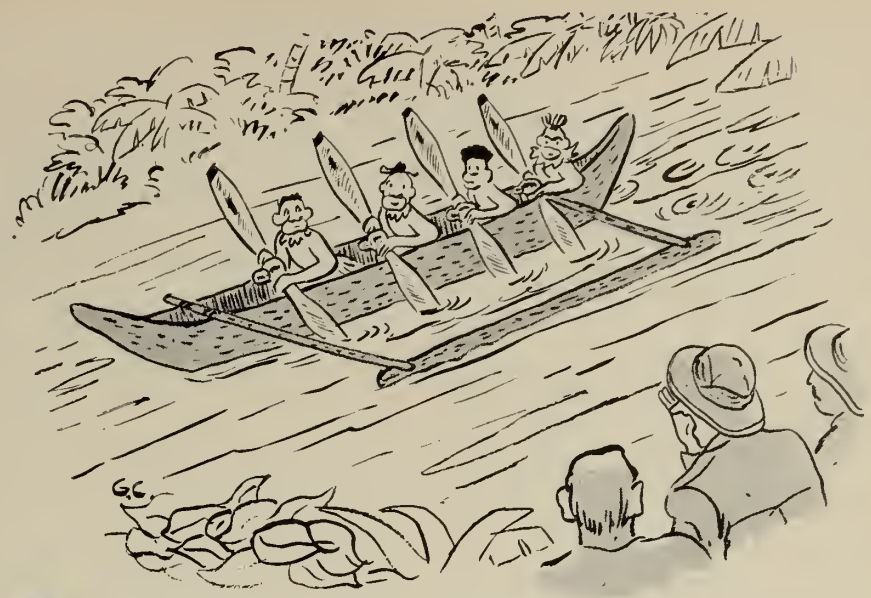
SOLD AT R. H. STEARNS CO. & WM. FILENE'S SONS CO.

grays, tans and browns. There are plain shades, self-stripes and stripes of varied colors also. An easy-fitting drape model would be nice, since is affords coolness and has no binding tightness to make these July days seem hotter. Wide-shouldered coats, double-breasted or two and three button models along with full-cut, impeccable trousers are smartly designed for summer wear. A gabardine suit, possessing the same excellent features, is another idea. But the "Coolites," frosty, breezy and smart are a necessity at $29.75 for the well-dressed man about town.

Certainly, you're entitled to a double-duty dress. A dress for brightening up "Blue Monday" at the office and doing likewise for your Esplanade-Supper date Monday night. *Peter Flynn's* heartily agrees you deserve one and here it is on the second floor. It's a little love in red and white checked rayon gingham of the popular two-piece sort. How tricky it is! Flat revers, lattice-work peplum, attached, tie-in-front belt and full gored skirt conspire to make it look a fabulous amount of money. Incredibly, it's $8.95! And speaking of prices, Flynn's has other little gems from $5.95 to $10.95. Racks of them to choose from, in cotton and rayon ginghams, spun-rayons with that linen look, and seersuckers.

Demure and guileless damsels make a bee-line to the daisy-printed piques which come in brown, beige and white, royal blue, beige and white, or flamboyant red and white. You've always thrilled over dirndls, especially this kind with a wide, set-in midriff to emphasize your slim waist. And gaze on that square yoke of white eyelet plus its dainty ruffle, deliberately put there to flatter your neckline. Guarantees conquest! Do you mind? Fashion's summer keynotes: bow touches here and there, suspender effects, c a n d y stripes, clever stitching details on white waffle piques are yours at Peter Flynn's. Hurry before someone else snatches away the cotton prize meant just for you!

Smith Patterson Company has an uncanny hold on people. They never —well, hardly ever—pass the corner of Summer and Arch Streets without



"See anything of a wrecked 4-engine plane in these parts?"

visiting a moment. No. It's not cricket to get sentimental, soldiers tell you, but these are sentimental days. So, before your own extra special Private returns from his furlough, place this heavy gold ring on his finger, a ring skillfully devised for just such brave fellows. He'll appreciate the flat, oval top because, presto, your smiling picture slides out of it. His monogram engraved on the surface makes it forever his. Rings designated for every branch of the service are on display—Army, Navy, Marines and Coastguard. Some have burnished, gold insignias, effective on onyx or other synthetic stones. Gifts of endurance, around $18.50 up to $62.50 (tax included).

Officers' cuff-links come in gold, too, attractive round and oval ones with Army and Navy insignias, lending finesse to uniforms. Officers' wives run off with them the day they arrive, so hurry

Identification bracelets may not seem too original in wartime, yet every lady and gent in our Armed Forces wants one. They merit gold ones, slender-linked for WACs and WAVEs, solid, heavy ones for the men. In retaliation, you may receive a lapel pin from him, dimunitive crossed Signal Corps flags, a military keep-sake. Civilians aren't the only shoppers, you know!

. . . Yes, indeed, locks must look lustrously lovely and well-groomed, too, despite the ravages of salt water and sunshine. Time is the crux. Who wants to sit for hours in beauty salons "cooking" until permanently curled? *Audree,* at the Copley-Plaza, and her staff of wonders understand everything. In sympathy, they offer you an improved "Cold Wave" permanent, the actual permanent covering a brief hour. No more mornings devoted to steaming your crop in hot pads in the name of beauty. It's a quick, comfortable process now. Your "Cold Wave," set in the summer's latest Action Bob, can be combed to meet any occasion. Soft, rippling waves today; enviable, high ringlets on roof-dancing evenings. A versatile head, yours! And it's a permanent that's good on every type of hair. Absolutely harmless chemically, by the way!

What's to be done for the young girl who is casual about her longish, wind-blown tresses? A style designed to let her keep her hair long, yet smart, too, for festive occasions! Slanting-height gives lively movement to such a hair-do, starting with a deep, graceful wave at the hairline and flowing upward into a slightly fluffed crest of curls. A sleek, chignon effect at the back is very charming on a young person, and easy to handle once it has been set by Audree. While its design follows sculpturally classic lines, the styling is young and gay. Created exclusively for you, my fashion-minded young lady.

So long, and may rollicking recreation be yours!

—Phyllis

AND SO YOUNG, TOO

. . . Joe came running up the sidewalk, his left hand clutching the straps of his roller skates which hung over his shoulder, his face streaming with tears. He looked as if he still had that half-floating feeling of skating, as if he had just taken off his skates, for he swayed from one side of the walk to the other in his haste. The old elms that lined the walk were still under the sleepy southern sun, and the evening light flickered dreamily through the leaves down to the pavement. Joe's face was grimy and streaked with tears.

He was sobbing quietly to himself, but as he came to his own house and ran up the grass embankment from the street, he began screaming for his Mother. He stumbled up the steps and ran across the gray wooden porch and burst into the front hall.

The hall was neat and clean and cool. Over near the staircase stood a hatrack, and against one wall was an upright piano piled high with music. Opposite the piano was a long table covered with keys and mail and books. Scatter rugs covered parts of the floor, and Joe clattered across the bare spots with his skates still dangling over his shoulder.

"Mother!" he screamed. "Mother, where are you?"

From the upstairs came a soothing "Whoo-oo," his Mother's usual way of answering. "What's the matter, Joe?"

Joe rushed up the steps and into his Mother's bedroom. She had been sitting in an old wicker rocker by the window, darning socks, and now she had gotten up to meet Joe. "Why what's wrong, Joe?" she asked anxiously. "What's the matter?"

She picked him up and put his skates on the floor and then settled back down in the rocker with him in her lap. She rocked back and forth with her arms around Joe; and Joe leaned his head against her shoulder. She smelled of that nice smell of violets he liked so much, and she wore a faded cotton dress because she had been out in the garden that afternoon and hadn't taken time to change for supper yet.

Gradually his sobs died away, and he lay quiet against his Mother while the old rocker squeaked protestingly at their weight. From time to time she looked down at him and smiled and continued rocking. Then finally she said, "Now what's it all about? What happened? Did you trip over that place in the sidewalk again?"

"No, it was the train. The train . . ." Joe began, and he looked frightened, as if he would start crying again any minute.

"Just start at the beginning and go slow, Joey. What's this about the train?" his Mother asked comfortingly.

"Well, I was skating down on Davis street," Joe said, still sniffing, his voice still breaking a little. "And I skated past that house the Cobles used to live in. They've got a walk that's real good to skate on because it's got a lot of flat red bricks in it, and they make your feet feel good when you go over them.

"So I skated up the walk and was skating around the steps when a lady came around the side of the house. She was a pretty lady with real yellow hair, and her lips were red, awful red."

Joe's Mother looked down for a minute with a puzzled, worried expression, thinking once again of how much she wished she could move away from this end of town. It was once the place Everybody lived, and now there were only a few proud families left—proud and poor. Joe didn't have many nice boys to play with around here, she thought; just the tough mill boys.



"The lady looked at me and smiled; so I smiled back and asked her if she minded if I skated on her walk. She said no, to go right ahead. Then she went in the house, and I kept on skating.

"I was just getting ready to leave when she came back out on her porch and asked me if I would like a coca-cola." Joe looked up guiltily. "I told her you didn't like me to drink them much, but she said she wouldn't tell and to come on in the back yard, and she'd give me one and some cookies, too. I decided I would, but I kept my skates on, and walked around through the grass to the backyard.

Joe's face was peaceful now; he was thinking of the backyard again.

"They've fixed it up a lot better back there than the Cobles did," he went on. "There were a lot of chairs and a table with an umbrella over it that was orange like at the beach; and they had painted the old chicken house so it didn't even look like a chicken house any more. The lady said her name was Mrs. Blanchard, but I could call her Mamie if I wanted to."

His Mother looked down again, with a frown now. Joe was laughing. "I told her our cook's name is Mamie. She looked kind of mad for a minute; then she said all the good girls were. What did she mean, Mother?"

"I wouldn't know, Joe," she said. "Go ahead; then what?"

"She told me to sit down at the table under the umbrella and she would get the coca-cola," Joe said. "And in a minute she came out with a lot of coca-colas and some other bottles on a tray and some cookies. She said some men were coming soon; that's why she brought so many.

"And, Mother, she had the funniest can-opener. It was just like a lady without any clothes on." Joe laughed as he remembered the lady can-opener.

"She opened the coca-cola and poured it in a glass with some ice in it. I started to drink it right then because I had promised Dave Allen I would help him put the wheels on his soap-box wagon this afternoon; but she looked at me sort of funny and

Young fashions meant for summer fun and loveliness

PETER FLYNN

164 TREMONT STREET

then said to wait, that she would make it taste real good. She poured something else from some bottle and stirred it all up and gave it back. It tasted kind of bitter then and I wished she had left it the way it was. I drank it fast because I knew Dave Allen was going to be mad if I didn't hurry up, and I was all ready to leave when she said come on and sit down and eat a cookie. I didn't want to be impolite, so I ate two or three; but then I had to leave, so I told her thank you and got up. And I felt so funny, Mother, kind of dizzy. But the lady just laughed and said it would go away in a minute.

"I walked back around her house and skated down the walk. I still felt a little dizzy and couldn't skate very good. I started back home then because it was too late to help Dave Allen, and just then the train was coming on the track behind me. I looked back, and, Mother, the train in front looked just like a man."

Joe's voice was shaking again.

"The front looked just like a man," he repeated, "and then the boiler looked like it just wrinkled up like an accordion; then it came back out again. It kept doing that, and it looked like it was pushing and puffing straight at me, like it was mad at me."

Joe was almost crying again by now. His Mother was still rocking but with a more ferocious air, and the breeze coming through the opened windows fluttered the white polka-dot curtains more and more.

"I was so scared I started crying, and I took off my skates and started running. But the train looked like it was still coming. Then I cut through the alley back of Mrs. Dorsett's house and lost it. I was afraid it was going to keep coming; it won't, will it, Mother?"

His Mother looked down and said without smiling, "No, Joe; it won't come any farther."

She then pressed Joe's head back on her shoulder and started rocking again. She looked out the window and watched all the cars of the mill workers passing by on their way home because it was five o'clock, and gradually Joe went to sleep.

—James McEwen



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because that's so very personal it must be made-to-order exclusively for me... right before my eyes... influenced only by my very own skintone . . . and

Charles of the Ritz

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BEAUTY . . . COLD PERMANENT WAVING

. . . Now we've seen everything! So if the beauty experts haven't gotten around to your problem yet, it's just a matter of time. Our faith being everlasting, we still harbor hopes of looking like Lana Turner before many more decades of science. In the meantime, we're perfectly willing to settle for a darn good permanent wave that's comfortable to have, easy to manage, and, of course, lasting. We've found it.

We did a piece on Cold Waving last year, and if you remember we were both hot and cold on the subject. The method was comfortable enough, if tedious . . . but the directions were accompanied with so many warning notes that we had visions of all sorts of disastrous skin diseases, should a drop of lotion touch a sensitive spot on our scalp. Of course it wasn't quite that bad, but the manufacturers didn't recommend the Cold Permanent for those with a sensitive scalp or abrasions. Of course the wave had its advantages and was grand on certain types of hair. But at last we have a Cold Permanent that has *all* the advantages and *none* of the disadvantages of former methods and is wonderful on all types of hair. It's brand new, in fact so new, we're sure we have a scoop.

Here is a Cold Wave that is not a thioglycolate solution, and therefore non-toxic. It is harmless on the most sensitive scalp. We attended a private showing where one of the models had a bad case of psoriasis. In fact some of the sores were quite open. The lotion was applied to her scalp as well as her hair, and we winced in painful anticipation. But the model didn't. The lotion had no effect whatever on the lady's scalp and her wave was luscious! For our money, that guarantees its safety.

Each of the five waves given at the showing, were individual styles with various degrees of curliness. There was a lovely short bob, so curly and full bodied, without the least bit of frizz. There was the so-chic version of an updo with the right amount of sleekness, yet softly waved and curled. And if you're one of those long haired glamour gals who refuse to succumb to a short hair cut, this Cold Wave was designed for you, too. The long bob perm was one of the hits of the show.

We're thoroughly convinced that cold waving is here to stay. Women will soon refuse to sit under the terrific weight of old-fashioned spacers, and intense heat. Nor was the pulling and yanking a pleasant experience. Of course the older Cold Wave methods meant a three to four hour job. As many as 90 curls were necessary so that the lotion could penetrate the tiny strands of hair without seeping through to the scalp. In the Cold Permanent, the regular croquinole winding is indicated, which means about 35 curls, wound loosely (no pulling either) and the lotion can be blobbed on with no fear of sensitivity. The entire thing takes no longer than a heat wave . . . and the comfort!



A charming "young" hair style by Julyan

Little wooden curlers are used that weigh only a few ounces. No pads, wires or electricity is needed. Your own body temperature plus the waving fluid forms the soft natural curls. The lotion is also odorless, which puts us at ease at any rate, for we have the habit of smelling everything we purchase. The new wave has still another innovation which makes it possible to give a wave of the exact strength you wish. A "stopping lotion" is applied to stop the action of the curl. Some women prefer a very loose, easy to manage wave. Others want a tighter curlier result. This stopping lotion is something we've all been waiting for to take the guesswork out of the degree of curl we wish.

Those of us who prefer a soft loose curl have had a common complaint. If the wave is soft enough right after the permanent, it generally falls within a month. And so we've been getting a tighter curl than we really want, so that it will last. By the time the curl is just right, we're almost due for a new permanent. This is one of the main reasons we're so excited about the new Cold Wave. The curl just doesn't relax. In other words, if you wish a soft curl, get a soft one and it will remain the same until your hair grows out. If, however, you prefer real curly locks, you may have them and they'll last for months.

There is a special lotion used on bleached and dyed hair. This is a natural, because this permanent was developed in the laboratories whence come the world's most famous hair colorings. Other permanent waves have been known to strip and discolor tinted hair. And where the curl was concerned, some waves were successful and others were not. Those who colored their hair had to trust to luck. Of course there is no guesswork in the special lotions of the new Cold Wave. It just doesn't affect the color, and the curl has the strength and body you always hope for.

This miraculous wave has developed in the most modern scientific laboratories, where biologists and chemists have been dissecting the most infinitesimal part of a single hair shaft. These scientists are versed in everything known about hair itself, and are most concerned with the condition and chemical changes in hair. Here the study of human hair is a never ending science. They have finally evolved this Cold Permanent Wave that exceeds anything known in the field.

And here's an aside to Beauty Operators: We've sympathized with you because coldwave lotions were hard on your hands. We know you have been instructed to wear rubber gloves, and we realize how awkward rubber gloves are for permanent waving. The non-toxic lotion in this Cold Wave we write of does not require gloves, nor will it affect your hands.

—Lillian Munroe

BEAUTY REVIEW

Cologne-Time

. . . SUMMERTIME IS cologne-time, and American women have come to appreciate the freshness, coolness and loveliness that can be derived from the use of colognes during hot, humid days. Norman Hartnell, cognizant of the fact that feminine wiles never tire of seeking the ultimate in impelling scents for special occasions



Hartnell's "White Shoulders" cologne

and moods, created two romantic perfumes, "White Shoulders" and "Menace." These are available also in cologne counterparts. "Menace" is an impelling scent for special occasions, when one is mindful of her most dramatic perfection. Romance, music and an evening of lights and shadows for your "white shoulders" mood, for that fresh, fragrant and utterly feminine you! White Shoulders is a scent you'll remember—a fragrance that stays—and more important, one that *he'll* remember!

That Bare Look

. . . WE CERTAINLY don't have to overdress to be fashionable this summer! Sleeveless - backless dresses, strapless bras and a sarong, bare-top, bare midriff waist with shorts, one-strap bra, bare midriff bathing suits, are all a part of this bare-as-possible movement in styles. Germaine Monteil offers three basic sun requisites to prepare the proper background for these summer clothes. If you tend to burn easily, Germain Monteil's Tan-Pruf lotion, lightly applied, will protect your skin and allow for a light tan. On the other hand, if it is the nutbrown maid you would like to be, Germaine Monteil's suntan oil will help you achieve that look. A thin application guards the skin against dryness, leaving a healthy copper-colored tan. Generous use of Suntan oil modifies the sun's rays. In using any suntan preparation it should be remembered that one application cannot be expected to do the trick. Use it before going into the water and again when you come out. If you are just sunbathing in your back yard, repeat the application at regular intervals. Now, then, if you haven't had time for sunbathing, Germain Monteil's Bronze Beauty Balm will help you fool the public until you do. With either the light or dark shade you may regulate the intensity of your tan without moving from your dressing table. As a powder foundation you will enjoy its effective qualities. As a make-up for arms and legs the result is a natural-looking tan.



Germaine Monteil's sun preparations for all skin types

Satin-Smooth

. . . LET'S FACE it—this is going to be the most bare-legged summer we've ever had—and unless your legs are well groomed you aren't going to be happy about baring them. Fortunately, versatile cosmetic manufacturers work long and hard to make grooming so easy for us. The first requisite of leg grooming is that they must be absolutely hair free, and satin-smooth as well—no scaly, rough skin and goose bumps! There is a gadget that will do the trick—de-hair as well as smooth away the bumps leaving the leg smooth and lovely. It is called Bellin's Wonderstoen, a disc which when moderately pressed against the skin erases the hair in a jiffy and smooths the skin at the same time. It is odorless, easy to use, nothing to spill, and is said to last for months (the disc, not the effect!) Your liquid stockings will go on smoothly and beautifully if your legs are groomed first.

After the Bath

. . . A SLEEK AFTERMATH after a bath is Le Sonier's refillable powder mitt. The powder sifts gently through a soft terry-cloth palm. As its name implies, there is a refillable powder section. The mitts come in various pastel shades with smart figure design. Refills of exquisite apple blossom powder come with each mitt. These mitts are not only a bath luxury to buy for yourself and members of the family, but they make excellent hostess gifts this season of the year. Le Sonier has thoughtfully created the military mitt especially designed for WACs and WAVEs and all ladies in the services. Dusting powder is a required item and this dainty refillable mitt makes a grand gift for anyone who has a friend or relative in the service of our armed forces.



Elizabeth Arden's Velva Leg film is water-resistant. Here model uses a Velva Bath Mit to remove leg make-up

Le Sonier is also noted for its wonderful sachet cases which come in several sizes, some large enough for your lingerie and some smaller ones for your handkerchiefs. In connection with the latter, there is a little trick we'd like to pass along to you. If you've ever tried scenting stationery you know what a job it is to keep it scented. Try keeping your station-

ery in one of Le Sonier's handkerchief cases. The sachets are so wonderfully scented that they in turn impregnate their fragrance into the stationery. This is a true story: A letter which was in the mails for four weeks before it finally caught up with the young Navy lieutenant to whom it was addressed was responded to thusly—"What in the world did you do to that letter to make it smell so good?" Faint perfume . . . reminiscent of you . . . in those far off lands . . .. try it!

Color-Light Your Face

. . . Is YOUR furlough date in town for a few precious days? Does that make you look radiant and lovely with a sparkle in your eyes? Of course! It happens every time and we all wonder why we can't *stay* that way. Yardley comes to the rescue with a new shade of face powder called Rose Rachel, and a jar of Bond Street make-up base in tan. The idea is to use them together. The base should be spread on very sparingly with lotion or water-moistened finger and then the powder fluffed on generously and smoothed down lightly with a brush or piece of cotton. The combination helps to give that same happy blush and eye-brightening radiance that the date gave you. If you are a vibrant brunette or a year 'round suntanned blonde, you'll find this Yardley combination very flattering. Or, if you always change for summer to an outdoor, bright-alive make-up, and you certainly should, the tan make-up base and Yardley Rose



Yardley's new Rose Rachel face powder and Bond Street make-up base in tan

Charles of the Ritz

A beautiful permanent wave . .

and of course that means

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to draw attention to

the softly curled fluff on top!

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Ogilvie Sisters hair aid "Protecsun" for summer coiffures

Rachel powder will do a lot to color-light your face. Strangely enough, older women, possibly from over-conservatism, or habit, still cling to the once fashionable pale powders, when it is they, more than any others, who should rely on a warmer, rosier shade of face powder, because it gives them a more youthful look and contrasts more becomingly with gray or white hair.

Guard Your Hair

. . . THE SUMMER sun can be just as cruel to your hair as it can to your face and body, but so few women give any thought to this. An excellent guard to your hair beauty is Ogilvie Sister's "Protecsun," a filmy-fine oil designed especially to help you escape sunburned hair. Go without your hat if you like (and who doesn't?), but spread a little Protecsun over your hair.

Leg Glamour

. . . KEEP COOL and bear scrutiny with Elizabeth Arden's Velva Leg Film. It is easy to apply, quick to dry. It stays on the legs and off the clothes, is water resistant, and has a sheer textured beauty that trims the ankle and lends a slimming effect to the legs. Velva Leg Film comes in three shades, Sun Beige, Sun Bronze and Sun Copper, and in two sizes. Remember, too, that Elizabeth Arden Leg Film must be applied with care for satisfactory results. Best thing is to follow the directions carefully.

—CAROL THOMAS

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WOMEN AND THE WAR

. . . Presenting the outstanding woman for July, Dorothy Lewis, Coordinator of Listener Activity for the National Association of Broadcasters.

"We have in the American system of broadcasting a remarkable oppor-



Dorothy Lewis

tunity to demonstrate a high type of democracy and to maintain one of our greatest freedoms . . . freedom of the air. Listeners and broadcasters, as partners, in such a progress can reach limitless horizons." These are the words and this is the firm conviction of Dorothy Lewis, whose enthusiasm and joy in promoting listener interest and activity in this medium of communications has carried her over 125,000 miles of the United States in four years. They were uttered to me as I caught her for a few fleeting minutes half way between her point of departure and destination, on an emergency call for help in organizing a diversified group with varied interests into one bound together with the common tie of purpose. When the history of the first fifty years of radio is written, her work as liaison between the listener and the industry will be recorded for all to read.

Thirty Radio Councils, whose memberships include educators, clergymen, broadcasters, club women, politicians, librarians, business men and women, boy and girl scouts and debutantes, in as many large areas throughout the country, and a newly organized nationwide Association of



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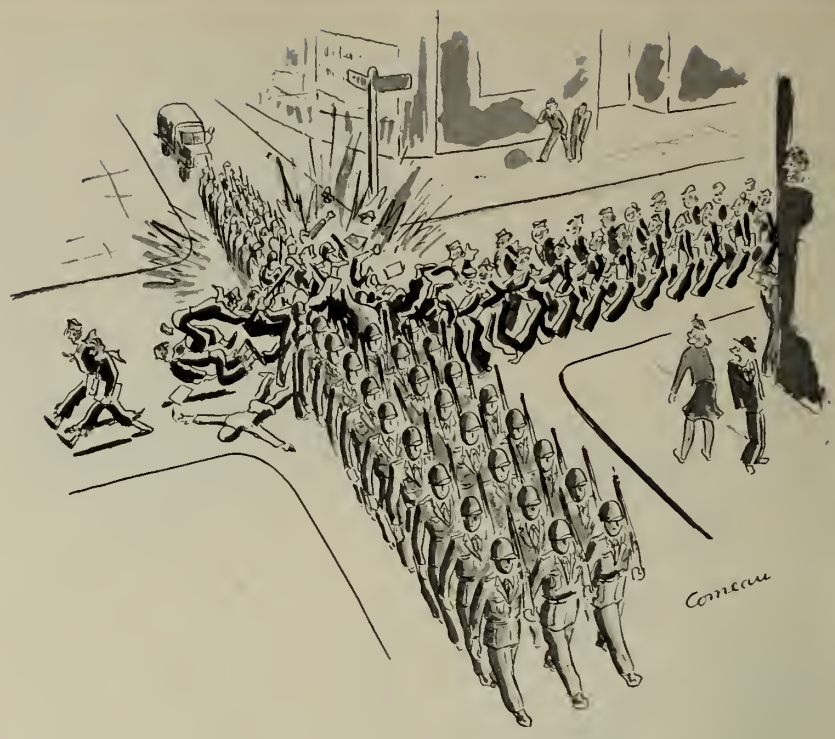
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Women Directors, bear witness to her theory of a working partnership for the good of all in this opinion making medium.

In White Plains, New York, the hub of Westchester county, where she has lived most of her married life, she makes the comment "I've held every job but the minister's." She early became aware of the power of radio especially in its effect on children. In 1927, she worked with the Y.M.C.A. in New York helping to produce for child listening "The John Martin Magazine" of the air. Inspired by the possibilities, as yet untried, she then presented her own children's show, distributing booklets, as rewards for listening. Perhaps this may have been the start of the box-top inducement.

Then, with her local radio station's license in jeopardy, she took over, lock, stock and barrel for the manager for one year and a half, in the public service of the community. Publicity committees were formed with local citizens; with men's and women's clubs entering wholeheartedly into the project. Nineteen county organizations promoted, publicized, produced and presented WFAS, White Plains, in the public service of its citizens. The license of the station was saved and a once struggling radio station became a power in the country. Back to New York stations once more, always hoping, always working that radio might become more in tune with the needs of the American people, she created children's and women's programs, selling them to forward thinking industrialists when possible, producing them as a public service when not. The National Homemaker's club, on the air one year and a half, commentated by Ida Bailey Allen and reaching two million homes was her dream realized. No wonder the enthusiasm, the steady drive of this one purpose woman in her effort to bring the power of the radio industry and the power of the listener's interest together for the common good of all, inspired others from the west to the east coast to do likewise. Her apostles, all of whom she calls by their given names, are legion, and her influence felt in each of the 48 states.

Although born in Albany, N. Y., her joy and vitality stems from her New England ancestors. When Elder



Brewster first stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock, with undaunted courage and firm convictions, just so has this descendant of his taken up this endeavor none the less courageously, never questioning her convictions. Her mother was a country girl from Weare, N. H., and her father, a native of Dorchester, Massachusetts, a business man with the spirit of adventure in his blood, for his was the insurance business and the world was his territory. She recalls the story often told in her family of her great-grandfather, who raised cattle on the rocky slopes of Gilmanton, New Hampshire, and during the Crimean War drove 2,000 head to Boston for shipment to the war area. It is easy to understand why she is drawn to Lake Winnipesaukee every summer and why in speaking of her New England lineage she said, "New England has set the pace for the entire country to follow in education, religion and letters. Its emphasis on individual enterprise and individual integrity has had its mark on our national life."

Educated at the New York State Normal College, she has returned, at every chance to New England, first to study world friendship at Northfield, then specializing in music at the University of Vermont, where she learned a principle which she is convinced would work today. "I believe," she said, "that honest business dealings between peoples of the world develop world friendships." This principle she demonstrated as contact for an import and export business in Bogota, Columbia.

Her first and last love, radio, in which she has consistently tried to engage the interest and action of the industry with the listener, for the common good of all, fills her busy life to overflowing and as she travels from one end of the country to the other, she finds refuge and rest in the sleepy old farm in Kinderhook, N. Y., where 140 years ago, Washington Irving, then owner of the farm, gave life and immortality to Ichabod Crane.

She is as well known to Boston as she is to New York and it is to her great interest in New England and her deep faith in the people and principles of these six east coast states that her enthusiasm and constant drive to the accomplishment of her life long purpose can be attributed: the maintenance of a high type of democracy through one of our greatest freedoms. No obstacle is too great for her zeal to surmount for during war time, when all freedoms must of necessity be curtailed, she jealously guards what we have and toils for wider usage. This is her important war work, . . . a woman's work, for she knows that women must and will fight the battle on the home front with intelligence, with high spirit and with vision.

—Dorothy Kraus





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"Junior! You come right down from there this instant!"

AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

. . . PERHAPS THE expression of all forms of fine art finds its beginnings in sketches and drawings. These spontaneous notes give us the graphic impression of an artist's conception and intimate thoughts taken directly from life's experiences.

They are also the preliminary stages of the creation of a subject in another medium and many times these records, whether completed drawings or not, bear the qualities of greatness. It matters little how far the drawing is carried, for in the hands of a master, the outcome is the result of long study and work.

Drawings and watercolors by Jean-Louis Forain have been chosen from the Albert H. Wiggin Collection for exhibition in the Boston Public Library for the months of July and August. If Forain's best plates owe their grandeur and human appeal to the intensity and sureness of open technique in line and color, surely the effects in his work with their tonal shadings are the fore-thoughts to many of his fine etched plates and paintings that many experts place in the select company of the greatest modern masters.



La Table de Jeu — *Jean-Louis Forain*

Consider any of the drawings or watercolors in this superb exhibition, with their emotion expressed by scant and powerful means, and one will understand the better when reading the following words by Forain:

"To relate everyday's life, to show the ridicule of certain sorrows, the sadness of many joys and to uncover —brutally at times—in what hypocritical manner Vice tends to manifest itself in us: this is my project. Being a fantastic searcher, I will go everywhere, endeavouring to depict impressions and emotions experienced with a clean and quick stroke as sincerely as possible. Always cheerful, often ironical, such lines will aim at contemporary oddities. . . . I am of the opinion that it is quite sufficient for an artist to study his times, in order to be interesting and captivating."

In studying Forain's work, it is needless to say that he battled his own way to recognition through many years of contributing, by powerful means and acid comments on French life, to the principal illustrated newspapers and periodicals. His reputation can be accredited originally to his journalistic cartoons, in fact, he was considered by Camille Mauclair, to be "decidedly the most interesting newspaper illustrator of his whole generation."

Forain's etchings are well known to American collectors, and need no introduction, but his original drawings in any great number are hard to find. The Boston Public Library is most fortunate in being able to present this outstanding exhibition.

—ARTHUR W. HEINTZELMAN
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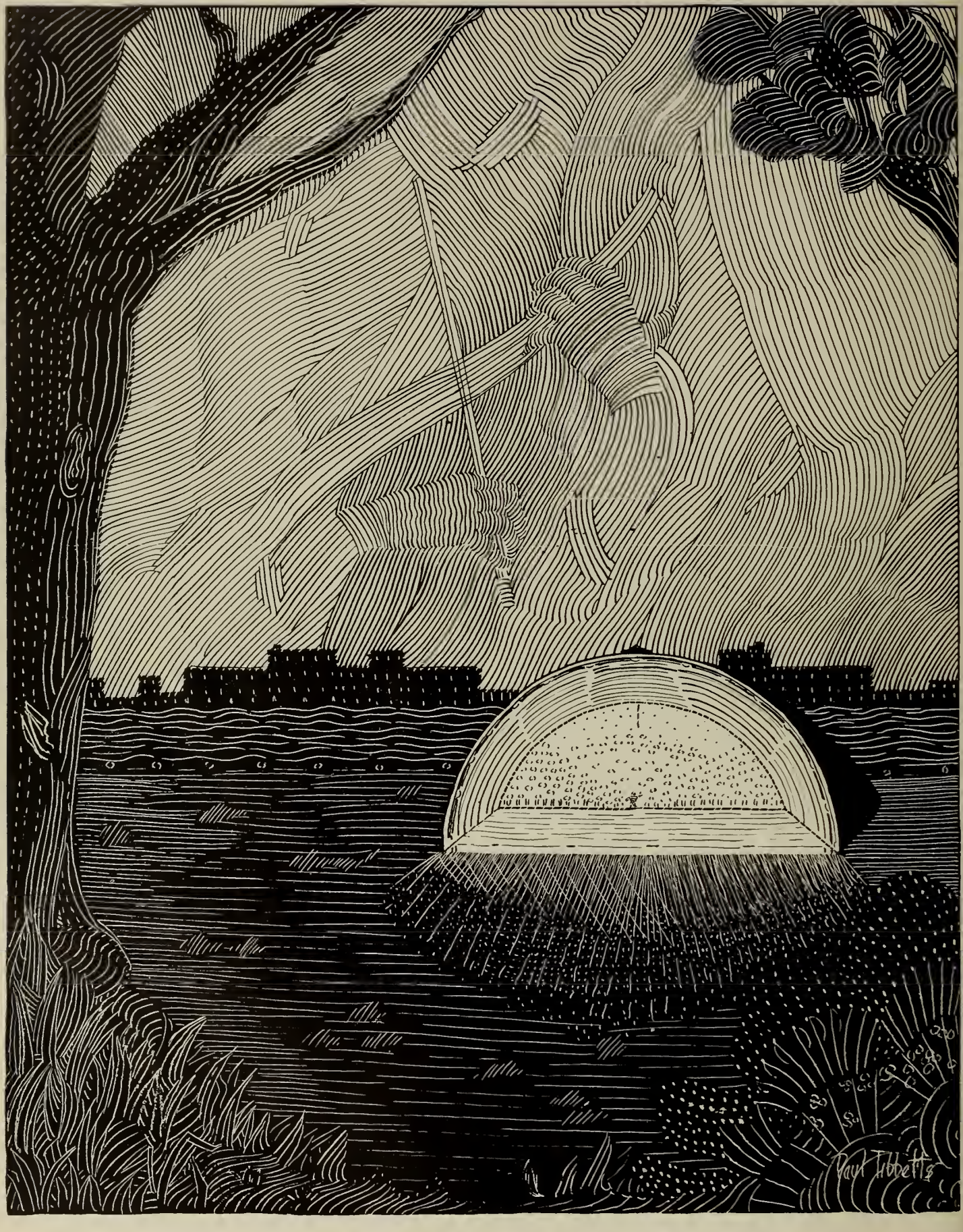


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In mid-July, Boston's famous Esplanade Concerts start.

THEATRE

. . . UNFORTUNATELY, the July plans for new plays and musicals to open in Boston are now strictly nil. Last month, at press time, Mike Todd planned to open his Mae West opus "Catherine Was Great" here in town. A suite was already engaged for Miss West, and things were booming along nicely for the Boston opening. Now, however, this projected opening seems to have gone up the spout. There is only one theatre in town with air-conditioning, and Todd, wisely, prefers to have his July opening in some city where cast and audiences don't have to swelter. Philadelphia appears to be the present choice of city.

With only one legitimate play—"3 is a Family"—in town for what appears to be an indefinite and successful engagement at the Colonial, and with the plans of the Cambridge Theatre for July still up in the ozone, little can be said about what you will see during the month.

Incidentally, the first press releases from the Cambridge Summer Theatre listed the famous-name stars due to appear there during the summer season. It might be well to bear in mind that those announced for the season, and not scheduled for June, have yet to appear. July ought to find them in the Brattle Hall theatre, and readers interested in the future can watch for the following: Billie Burke, Clare Luce, Brian Donlevy, Edward Everett Horton, Ruth Chatterton, and Nancy Carroll.

These tested, audience-proof names seem likely to provide good theatre fare when they appear.

Looking Toward Fall

. . . SOL HUROK, well known locally as a topflight American concert and ballet impressario, has added a theatrical department to his various enterprises. According to fairly definite information, the department will be headed by Hurok's press agent, Gerald Goode. Scheduled as the first production is the Johann Strauss operetta, "The Gypsy Baron," and Hurok was reported headed for Hollywood early in June to cast and arrange a Hollywood director for the production.

Since Boston has long been a very successful city, in point of acceptance of the Hurok offerings, it is highly probable that we can count on an early view of "The Gypsy Baron."

. . . ANOTHER summer theatre in the New England area opens on June 27, with plans for a 10-week season. Theatre is the one operated by the Valley Players, at Mountain Park Casino in Holyoke, Massachusetts. Performances will be given Tuesday through Sunday, and the first production will be "Claudia." How long, whether one or two weeks, the play will hold the boards is not divulged at this writing.

. . . OF THE PLAYS which Boston saw during the past season, the following have been purchased by the movies for future use:

Columbia bought "Over 21" for $250,000; "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" for $325,000.

Warners purchased "Junior Miss" for $425,000; "Chicken Every Sunday" for $250,000.

Sol Lesser paid $50,000 for current Boston success "3 is a Family."

. . . AN ANALYSIS of the Hits and Flops of the season past, as previewed in Boston, shows the following to be so considered in New York by both critical and box office ratings. With a Hit standing are:

"Carmen Jones," "Early to Bed," "Follow the Girls," "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," "Mexican Hayride," "One Touch of Venus," "Over 21," "Voice of the Turtle," and "Winged Victory."

Those classed as "so-so" in the same category were "Chicken Every Sunday," "Decision," and "Pick-Up Girl."

Of the failures, here is a fairly complete list which Boston saw:

"A Highland Fling," "Allah Be Praised," "Artists and Models," "Career Angel," "Dream with Music," "Mrs. January and Mr. Ex," "Pretty Little Parlor," "Sheppey," "Snark Was a Boojum," "Thank You, Svoboda," "The Naked Genius."

—KELLER



"Oh, mom, I still can't find Junior!"

JULY ENTERTAINMENT

. . . Even though the President has signed the tax reduction bill, and on July 1st the tax-tariff subsides to 20% instead of the crippling 30% of recent months, the picture for the future is still hazy. This is not due to any lack of courage on the part of Boston's night-life impressarios but to the simple fact that air-cooling systems plus contract cancellations have raised havoc with plans.

About the air-cooling problem, most of the clubs and hotels which have used them for several years now have a goodly supply of cooling materials on hand. But the outlook on replacements, except where ice is used, is not too favorable.

To clear matters up right now, the Mayfair, Latin Quarter, Statler Terrace Room, Copley Plaza Oval Room, are not affected by the cooling headache. These excellent local places-to-go, with the exception of the Statler, have not completed their bookings plans for July as yet, leaving us only with the good word that entertainment and music will continue at top level for the month.

. . . Naturally, the Sheraton Roof and the Fensgate's attractive terrace are completely free of the worries of air-conditioning, having the Charles River breezes at their command. The Sheraton Roof, incidentally, is one of the most charming roof places in Boston. Wisely, the management has kept the dinner hours, until 9:30, tax-free by providing only dinner music. What they will do after the tax drops to 20% has not yet been decided. The odds are, however, that it will remain this way since it has proved highly popular with diners. After 9:30, there is dancing. Between sets, attractive, talented Peggy Moreland entertains with piano and song.

. . . The Fensgate, under the new guidance of Bernard Sheperd Snider, continues its policy in the smart Satire Room of providing intimate, individual entertainment. Adjacent Terrace has proved popular with diners at luncheon, dinner and supper.

. . . Getting back to the definite talent plans of the Copley Plaza, Statler, Mayfair and Latin Quarter, the same policy of fine entertainment and music prevails. At the Statler's *Terrace Room,* Walter O'Keefe is booked for a stay in July. This trigger-quick gentleman of wit is famous for his radio, stage and screen work, as well as his outstanding success in the nite spots. One thing is certain about this booking at the Statler, there will be plenty of laughs and funny doings going on to delight everyone. He should prove a typically outstanding click at the handsome Terrace Room.

Remaining as music-maker supreme on the local scene is Leo Reisman and his orchestra in the Terrace Room. It is very clear, just from looking at the dance floor during his sets, that the maestro is highly popular.

. . . The Copley Plaza's *Oval Room,* with its charm and air of quality, plans to continue with the big-time talent this summer under the new management of Newton Smith. Plenty of people remember him with fondness and appreciation from the Sheraton Hotel, and his take-over of the same post at the Copley Plaza has been well received.

Although we have had to go to press early, as usual, we can give no definite dates on who will follow Rubinoff. It is stated, however, that Myrus, the mental wizard, is due in July. Hildegarde, announced earlier for July, won't be able to make it this summer because of previous commitments. Myrus, well-known and much-appreciated in Boston, should attract excellent business. His act, by the way, is something that will amaze you. He's tops in his field. Most people who send along questions during his show end up feeling as bare, mentally, as they were physically when they were born.

. . . Michael Redstone's plans for the *Club Mayfair* are set as regards famous-name entertainment policy, but the exact stars who will hold the spotlight here have not been named.

This smart club has many plus features to recommend it. To start with, the food is excellent. The dance music provided by Harry Greene is thoroughly satisfactory. And one of the things we like about a pleasant summer evening there (when it is cool enough to forget about air-conditioning) is the rolling roof and the glimpse of stars which you can enjoy. There's a feeling of intimacy nicely blended with space at the Mayfair.

. . . Close by, in point of distance, is the superlative theatre-restaurant, the *Latin Quarter.* This handsome, spacious club with its ample elevated stage for dancing and floor show, is a great favorite with all who go there. The food is excellent, Tony





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As we have said before, this club does not go in for the famous-name policy. Rather, it concentrates on the very best special acts in the business. If there is a dance team on the show, you can be sure that it will be unique and notable of its kind. If it is a dog act, then this, too, will be the best of its type. In short, it is like a magnificently staged vaudeville show of the old Palace calibre, housed in the attractive, comfortable surroundings of the Latin Quarter.

. . . SINCE starting a big-name policy in the *Renaissance Room*, the Hotel Touraine has more than demonstrated the astuteness back of this policy. The room itself, having been redecorated and slicked-up, is attractive. Sammy Dale's orchestra, which has made many friends during its stay at another club in town, has pleased the dancers mightily, and the abolishing of cover and minimum has given the room a big boost upwards as a favorite. At this writing, however, the plans are not set after the first of July when the smash success, the International Ice Follies closes there.

. . . THE HOTEL ESSEX, adapting itself to the 35% tax impost, has wisely gone into the policy of dinner music and no tax until after 9. How the change to 25% will affect this well-liked place is uncertain at this moment. Very likely, though, the emphasis which has been placed on good dinners from $1 will continue. Certainly, the policy of 3 floor shows a night, after 9 p.m., will hold.

These neat shows, by the way, are very enjoyable and wellpaced. But if you are looking for a quiet drink, you have two attractive cocktail lounges and lounge bars to visit.

. . . AS A FINAL note, it might be well to record the fact that the *Ritz Roof* is open again this year. No dinners or entertainment are being offered guests. The Roof does not open until 9:30 p.m., and dancing plus the view are the main attractions.

—BKP

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AUTUMN FAN

. . . MADAME LIN PU moved through the familiar halls of Peking's Imperial Museum, trying to stem a thin air of expectancy under her long coat of black silk. Some day, she persisted in thinking, he will come here, my son. For Lin Jan was dear as a true son though she had not given him life. Some day—possibly today? The anniversary of the Great Khan's birth, still a festival after some seven hundred years.

With hair like a magpie's wing, neatly combed back into a knot, she looked a round, plump mother-person, her gentle face etched somewhat from the famine in her heart.

Gazing upwards at the massive dragon throne of the Emperors of China, she suddenly turned, all senses acute; from afar came the tramp of soldiers, subdued by the immensity of the building. They did not march with purpose, but paused occasionally, as though in attendance on one whose word was to be obeyed.

In purposeful steps, Madame Lin went to the glass cases wherein were crowded choice relics of departed glory. These stood near a visitor's likely passage to the famed gold throne, she thought with a strained look passing over her eyes.

Then he was before her! Lin Jan, the deceased Curator's adopted son; Lin Jan, the puppet Mayor under Nippon's rule; Lin Jan, her only child!

His bow was formal, his bearing, in his rich robes, suspicious. "You are well?" he enquired.

Her bow was courteous and likewise formal. "Well," she replied softly because her breath was so wavering. "It is an honor and a pleasure to greet one who is so occupied."

"I — I came to see — if the new guardian attends properly to the art treasures," he blustered, on the defensive. "You—receive, I trust, the allowance befitting the widow of Lin Pu?"

"For which generosity, I give you thanks," she said kindly.

"But you do not choose to attire yourself in keeping with your station?"

A smile touched her lips. "The

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widow of Lin Pu employs most of her resources to maintain a hospital in her compound. For wounded Chinese troops," she whispered, though the guard of ten Japanese soldiers stood a dozen paces distant.

"There shall be no censure of me or my recent conduct!" he said abruptly.

"Has there ever been?" was the calm assurance. Through her head flashed the thought that if there *had* been—years before—Lin Jan might not be so headstrong, so ungovernable. After the Curator returned to his ancestors, the youth had made false associations, with a wealthy, wild element. He wanted power, so forgot the philosophy of old China.

In panic, she felt his slight movement. He must not leave so soon! Not yet! Hurriedly she glanced at the large case nearby. It contained an assortment of fans.

"Have — have you heard that the folding 'leaf' fan was brought from Japan in the 8th century?"

"Would I not know that?" His tone was more conciliatory, rather more natural. "I must be leaving. In my yamen, there is much to do—"

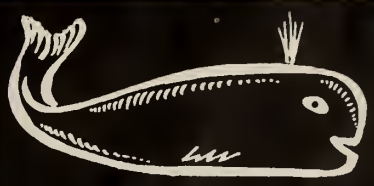
"Permit me to tell you about one screen fan." By her smile and charm, she drew him to the case which she opened and lifted out a flat gold-misted lacquer box. The moon fan within had an age-browned ivory handle, the taut silk was almost as brown, but the ancient calligraphy made a striking border of words—its sole adornment.

As though enthralled by her persuasive voice, or perhaps moved by some forgotten attraction for his mother's story-telling achievements Lin Jan stood impassive, his handsome petulant face inclined over the fragile fan in his hands.

"Kublai Khan's son, Chinghis, died early, as you may recall. So *his* son, Tulé, became Emperor. Tulé, however, was unmarried. This was most disturbing. The High Council demanded an empress, for there must be heirs. The barons, the nobles, even the twelve thousand horsemen of his bodyguard, the Keshican, clamored for an empress."

"Kanbalu, as it was then called, must have been a wondrous city under

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must have been a wondrous city under those strong rulers," interposed Lin Jan. "But Tulé was a weakling. He preferred composing poetry and riding his milk white horses around the six-mile walls of their palace grounds."

"The Emperor Tulé was indeed peace-loving," quickly confirmed Madame Lin, who immediately resumed her discourse.

"But His Majesty would not select a wife, though the most beautiful women of the land were presented to him. Those of royal birth, daughters of concubines, and all the ladies-in-waiting failed to attract him. Though it seems he *was* partial to two; the gorgeous, chase-following Lady Lo-Ti, daughter of the Governor of remote Suvar, who had supplanted the Princess Pan of the famous Horiad clan, a shy maid with whom he associated as a youth."

"Pressure became so great eventually, Tulé issued a proclamation that on the festival of September 28th—this very day many centuries ago—a contest would be held. Each contestant was to submit one fan, of a lady's own creation, these to be numbered so that none would know its creator. And he, Tulé, would choose the fan he preferred. Its owner would be his empress."

"The Court seethed with excitement, with intrigue, with hurried expeditions to far-flung districts for rare stuffs. The Lady Lo-Ti sent to Persia for certain fabulous goods, but Princess Pan realized she could never conceive a fan to surpass all others. She was in despair, for she loved Tulé deeply, and well she knew her tastes and talents were simple."

Lin Jan stirred with impatience. "It is necessary for me to hasten back," he declared with an apprehensive awareness of his stoical guard. "My absence may be noted—"

"They can wait by the entrance a few short minutes more," suggested his mother. "The tale is near finished."

"One night, the Moon Goddess stooped to whisper to the Princess Pan. If she could not compete in elaboration, why not reach the other extreme, of simplicity? That, surely, would be original. Why not a white moon of a fan of delicate silk, mounted

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on a slender ivory handle? No ornament, except a border of a poem in her most artistic brush strokes."

"There were over fifty contestants. Each fan lay upon a velvet cushion borne by a steward, who passed before His Majesty on the dragon throne. There were leaf fans, screen fans, Mandarin fans. Fans of mother-of-pearl, finely carved sandalwood, lacquer, ivory, tortoise, cinnabar."

"Princess Pan's poor contribution was toward the last. But it won! His Majesty appreciated the cleverness of her poem. It even defeated the white feather fan of the Lady Lo-Ti. So Pan was escorted up to the throne beside His Majesty's. . . . You may find her words interesting, my son," concluded Madame Lin.

" 'Oh fair white silk, fresh from the
weaver's loom,
Clear as the frost, bright as the
winter snow—
See, love fashions out of thee a fan:
Round as the round moon shines in
heaven above.
At home, abroad, a close companion, thou:
Stirring at every move the grateful
gale,
And yet I fear, Ah Me! that autumn chills
Cooling the dying summer's torrid
rage,
Will see thee laid neglected on the
shelf,
All thought of bygone days, bygone
like them!"

After an imperceptible pause, Madame Lin continued, her dark eyes clinging to the fan: "Today is no time to fashion fans or poems, my son. Nor to disavow the great past of our country—the teachings of honor and bravery. Such things you learned from your father's knee under the giant fig in our courtyard."



She waited, expecting his stormy outburst. The joss-scented air in the great hall was stilled of sound, though if one listened closely, there were ghostly mutterings as of warriors who had given their lives, eagerly, for China.

In a low angry tone, Lin Jan exclaimed, "It is too late to—step aside now. I—I am trapped, by my own folly."

She remained silent, her face infinitely grave yet tender in its grieving, for as his mother, she shared his guilt and his treachery.

Finally she spoke. "Our *hu-tung* ends, as you know, beyond our compound in a field of yellow sesame. The bushes no longer bear flowers of sunshine because the—enemy had created a vast assembly of their war materials there. Great shining piles of murderous ammunition lie under flimsy mat sheds, to our very wall, while coolies work at erecting brick constructions."

Lin Jan lifted his head, eyes fixed on the lofty dragon throne of the past. "In my boyhood," he said, "I would climb the old fig tree whose branches topped our wall. There would I hurl stones upon the farmers."

"A more potent missile might destroy the enemy's munitions for years to come," she mentioned softly, replacing the aged moon fan in its bed. "I suppose, now that I have said—so much, it will be long before I see you again."

Lin Jan stood straight before her in his satin-brocaded garments, and there remained none of his former contrariety. He did not quite look into her eyes as he said with a little break in his voice, "If convenient for you, my mother-by-adoption, I shall visit you tomorrow morning."

Inside her sleeves, Madame Lin's hands clasped each other while she bowed profoundly in order that her son should not notice the tears on her cheeks. She realized that he would do what he could, not only for his country but to save their lost "face."

—Hester Hawkes

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WITH THE THOROUGHBREDS

. . . It wouldn't be at all surprising to see the advertising managers of some of our big department stores adopt the publication of the daily handle after the manner of the racetracks. It seems to bring more customers. Thus, in your favorite Sunday newspaper you might read "So and So Sons handles $2,561,893 Saturday; $61,000 more than a week ago or Blank's Bargain Basement hits new high of $1,287,765, up ten percent over same day last year.

By some queer quirk of advertising psychology the greater published handle at the track, the more people flock to them. For instance, the day following a large Daily Double payoff there is an increased attendance. As a rule, two well-matched fields in the first and second races with seven or eight entries result in fair-sized doubles. The D D was put on originally in order to get people at the track earlier and has succeeded in its purpose. At Delaware Park, however, it has been abandoned and the starting time of the first race moved ahead to 3:30, in both cases the management explains, to relieve the heavy burden on the transportation facilities. At Detroit, the first race is an hour later, 4:30, to accommodate the war workers, who like to enjoy the sport after their day's work. I used to play poker with an old fellow, who on raking in a pot, always exclaimed: "It's a great game; it's a wonder more people don't play it." This expression can hardly be applied to the turf sport for it seems that nearly everyone plays the ponies at one time or other.

The July program at Suffolk-by-the-Sea, as some writer has called the East Boston track (I'll bet the owners don't object), should attract a better grade of horses than those racing during the early part of the meet. The two richly endowed stakes in the final days of the meeting, namely, The Mayflower Stakes for two-year-olds with a purse of $25,000 added and the $50,000 added Massachusetts Handicap are the outstanding events of the season. The former race at five and a half furlongs closed June 1 with eighty-eight nominations. My favorite clocker, Private Time, who has been discharged from the Army, tells me that Hoop, Jr., owned by the big iron and steel magnate F. W. Hooper of Alabama, has a good chance to cop this stakes. The bay son of Sir Gallahad III and One Hour has a world of speed in his trials. If the Greentree Stable (Mrs. Payne Whitney) decides to ship Devil Diver over from New York for a crack at the Massachusetts, the two time winner of the Toboggan Handicap will most likely go postwards the favorite, especially if Arcaro rides.

. . . The meeting at Rockingham Park opens July 24 with many of the stables now racing at Suffolk Downs shipping up to that homey track in the foothills of the White Mountains. Many horse owners declare that they find the pine laden air of New Hampshire is highly beneficial to their colts and fillies. Many New York owners say the same thing about Saratoga Springs in August.

Some years ago, when the three-day race meetings were held at Clyde Park in Brookline, it was "the thing" to get out at six-thirty or seven and watch the jumpers schooling. Society folks were out in goodly numbers. Eleanora Sears seldom missed the morning workouts at The Country Club. When you get over to the track go up into the grandstand and seat yourself behind a group of three or four men just about opposite the sixteenth pole near the finish line. They are clocking the workouts. The tall thin man with the powerful-looking field glasses and watch in hand is Col. Jim Farley, veteran clocker for *The Daily Racing Form.* Beside him is Tex, his colored assistant, a heavy set man. There will be a dozen or more horses on the track at the time. Trainers bring their charges out in "sets" of two, three or four. It may surprise you to see several exercise girls giving horses their morning gallops as boys are scarce these days. Some of the horses will be cantering in pairs out in the middle of the track, while others will be speeding along the rails. Down in front of you the conversation will run something like this. "What did you make that mare of Phillips'?" It's Farley speaking: Twenty-six, one; fifty-two, three and seventeen, replies Tex "I got that pair from the gate." Farley makes a notation on his worksheet, while Tex is timing the pair racing down the backstretch from the starting gate.

The figures called off by Tex mean that the Phillips' mare worked a quarter mile in twenty-six and one-fifth seconds, the half mile in fifty-two and three-fifths seconds and the three quarters of a mile in one minute and seventeen seconds. They know who the mare is but you don't. In Farley's



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loose leaf book is the description of every horse at the track down to the minutest detail. The pair that Tex is timing slowed up after turning into the homestretch.

"That pair of Jack Whyte's went in fifty-one from the gate," drawls Tex, "the roan was fighting for his head all the way." "I got the one from the stand," says Farley, snapping his watch; "that's Border Battle." Ah! You've heard a name and resolve to remember it when you go to the races if Border Battle is out. You can tell your friends you saw him workout. Farley raises his glasses and looks over towards the starting gate. "Who is that chestnut filly going in the gate, Tex?" The tall clocker snaps his watch on Border Battle, who is now passing the half-mile pole on the backstretch. "She's a two-year-old that young fellow brought up from Maryland yesterday, got a star and snip and a left white hind." "I think I have her in the book," comments the Colonel as Border passes the three-quarter pole. "I got the filly from the gate," says Tex as he presses the lever on his timepiece. Border Battle crosses the finish line. Farley looks at his watch. "Forty-one and three," he comments to Tex at the same time writing down the fractional times on his sheet. "Boy," says Tex, with a broad grin, "that filly's fast; went the half in forty-seven." The tall clocker is thumbing over his loose leaf book. Running his finger down the page he stops at a line. "Here she is, Dainty Sun, chestnut filly with star and snip and left hind coronet. Both clockers follow her with their glasses as she heads back to the barn after her young trainer has inspected her after the workout.

You now have another one to watch for in the entries. You're not going to tell anyone about this. But, you always do. Leaving the track you head back to your hotel. Oh! What an appetite you have as the result of your getting out so early in the morning air. The clockers are out every morning before daybreak, but they are turning in when you are getting ready for that dance or floor show at the night club.

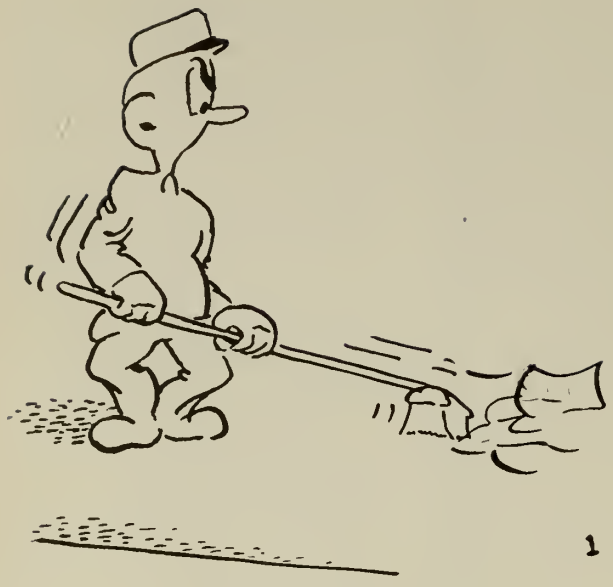
—Ed Cushing

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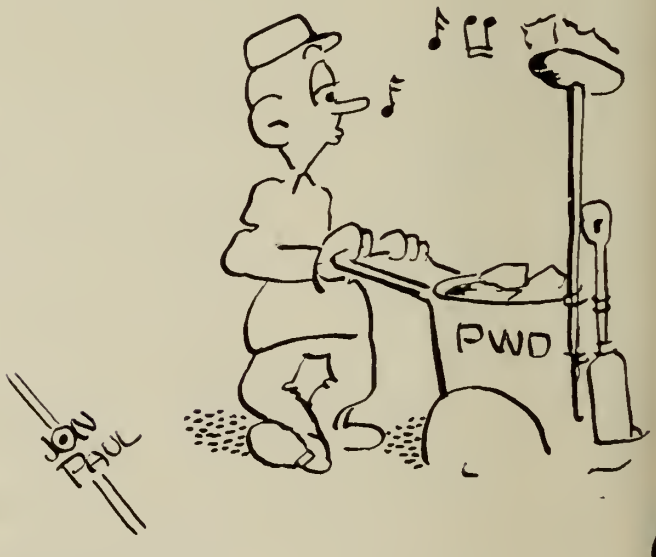
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JUST AROUND THE CORNER

. . . MANY PERSONS have a complex that in order to find real sport fishing they must travel considerable distances from their homes. Only lately have people in and around Boston begun to have a true appreciation of the grand sport available in, relatively speaking, their own back yards.

That fact was brought home to me only recently while casually discussing fishing in Buzzards Bay with an acquaintance. He remarked that he had had far and away the most consistently good striper fishing within three hundred yards of the very house in which I summer. I had never bothered to try that stretch of water.

Within two or three hours' travel from Beacon Hill one can find a wide variety of salt water fishing. For a period of two to three weeks in late May and early June pollack may be found surfacing the entire length of Cape Cod from Cuttyhunk to Provincetown. On a medium weight trolling rod pollack afford plenty of action. On occasions enormous schools, covering several acres, can be seen ruffling the surface of the water with their fins and tails. It is a fascinating sight. These large schools slowly work north and at progressive stages may be found off Plymouth and Scituate, Cape Ann, Ipswich Bay, and the length of the Maine coast. I have caught them on a rod as late as mid-September off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia.

Later the mackerel run. With light fly rod, mackerel are grand sport. Savage little critters—as beautiful in the water as they are delicious on the plate. Hold a school of them around your boat with chum, and I'll guarantee that you will have all the excitement you desire. These exquisitely streamlined little fighters may be found more or less all summer and even as late as October.

The Blues are coming back in yearly increasing numbers into Buzzards Bay, all along Cape Cod, off Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket. Pound for pound I know of no fish, fresh water or salt water, that offers more fight. In making this claim I am not unmindful of the bonefish, the tarpon or the wahoo. I have never caught a mako shark.

Smelt in late summer and fall have their addicts. Personally I find catching them comfortably relaxing, sort of like a friendly game of croquet on a balmy evening after a strenuous afternoon of tennis. Anyhow they can be found the length of New England.

Do not pooh-pooh hand lining for cod and haddock. It can have its moments. Go out in a motor boat with a commercial fisherman who seriously fishes for his living. You'll start anytime from 3 A.M. to 6 A.M. dependent upon tides. Just try to keep up with him for a full day. I'll guarantee you'll sleep that night. Occasionally you may tie on to a halibut.

I went out one morning from Chatham with Howard Eldredge and Willie Eldredge, close friends but not related. What a day's fishing. We must have been "living right" and "thinking nice thoughts." On our course out to the "Middle Grounds" we filled a barrel with large mackerel. Every drift we made seemed to be right over cod. The large fish box and four barrels were chock-a-block full and we were piling them on the deck. The cod were running large and we had a score or more of "honkers." Howard is the only fisherman I can recall using that nomenclature. To him it meant an extra large steak cod. His reason for the name is both obvious and apt. Those big old codgers, when you haul one over the rail and clamp him between your legs while extracting the hook, frequently emit an unmistakable "honk." Smaller cod do not.

In the forenoon Willie boated a nice chicken halibut weighing 125 pounds—it's under side white as a freshly painted Cape Cod fence. Towards mid-afternoon I felt a sharp tug on my cod line. I started to haul but I couldn't budge the fish. He began taking line. Both Willie and Howard, noting the action of the line, cried out, "Halibut, Tack. Easy with him."

Holding my arm well over the rail to assure greater control on the line, I played him for one hour and a half, lifting him by slow stages. It was like pulling up an animated barn door. I'd gain a bit of line, then the halibut would promptly get most of it back. All the time Howard and Willie stood by giving all sorts of conflicting advice. Honestly, those two old timers, who fished every day of the year that weather permitted, were as excited as youngsters at their first circus.

Just where to draw the fine distinction as to the motivating cause of this enthusiasm was difficult. Of course fishing was in their blood and that disease never flags. The price of halibut was high that summer and after all that halibut on my line represented coin of the realm. Then, too, they were both loyal friends of mine and wanted to see me have the satisfaction of landing an "old bowzer." I later discovered that during the battle the entire contents of a three-quarter full bottle of Scotch had mysteriously evaporated. That may have had some bearing on the enthusiasm.

At long last I had the halibut on the surface. He just didn't look real. He was as big as a bed. I eased him alongside and Howard gaffed him. The fish put up a terrific struggle. Willie lent a hand and they lifted his head out of the water.

"Hit him on the head with the wrinkle mallet," Howard shouted.

I picked up the mallet and socked him smack between the eyes. The mallet handle broke, the head flying off into the ocean. The halibut thrashed and splashed.

"Get Willie's mallet—up forard."

I rushed forward and grabbed Willie's mallet and tore back aft. My

•

UNDERSTOOD

To have met you
I am glad.
To have to say:
"I'm glad to have met you"
Is bad for my liver.
Gad!
It should be understood.
If I am civil, rest assured
That meeting you can be endured.
And if I were not glad—
The likelihood is good
You'd know it.

—JEAN CARLYLE

eyes glued on the struggle, I didn't watch my feet. I stepped on the slime-coated, slippery, slightly curved back of Willie's halibut. Out shot my feet and I slid with a crash into Willie's legs bringing him down on top of me. Howard, however, still hung on to the gaff as though his life depended upon it. Extracting myself from Willie I bopped the halibut several sturdy bops. He calmed down, Howard ran a heavy lanyard through his mouth and out the gills and made a tight hitch.

The problem then was to get the fish into the boat. We heaved and hauled. He came hard. We got his head up over the rail but pull as we might we could not seem to budge him further. I finally conceived the idea, not too bright, of putting both feet on the rail and throwing my weight backwards. The halibut slowly inched aboard. Presently he reached the point of equilibrium. Again I threw my weight back. Equilibrium vanished. I went over backwards onto the deck and the halibut slid over the rail, across my knees, waist, and chest, coming to a quivering stop with his mouth about three inches from my face. No black boy encountering a ghost ever moved out of a cemetery faster than I crawled from under that halibut.

He *was* an "old bowzer"—no doubt about that. We three joined hands and, like so many children, danced around our prize. When put on the scales he weighed 365 pounds all of which brings me back to my claim that plain everyday hand lining definitely can have its big moments.

Howard and Willie made a great team. They adored each other and understood each other. Aside from their mutual affection and their love of fishing they were about as much opposites as two humans could be. Howard, heavy built, ruddy faced, was loud voiced, excitable and frank to a degree in his remarks; Willie, so thin his clothes hung on him, had a wrinkled cadaverous face, deep-sunk rheumy eyes rimmed with red, a pointed jutting chin. An enormous pair of ears, attached at right angles to his head, flopped forward making a perfect shelf for his brown felt hat. Willie never appeared excited, always spoke in a quiet modulated voice and was as thoughtful and courteous a soul as I ever knew. Willie's appearance would have been grotesque but for his sweet and completely captivating smile. Willie, now gone to his rest, God bless him, was as fine and true a Christian in his relations with his fellowmen and as true a friend as it ever has been my privilege to know.

On the run home to Chatham Harbor, Willie, dog tired, sat on the deck and leaned back against the deck house. Shortly his head began to nod and finally settled on his chest. His mouth dropped open. Willie slept. Howard nudged me and with characteristic bluntness, blurted in one long connected stream of words, "He look like a corp, Tack, he do—don't he—Tack—a corp—huh." He picked up a small cod from the deck and tossed it at Willie's head.

"Wake up, Willie, wake up—you'll swaller your tongue—he will, won't he, Tack—by God, he will."

Willie merely rolled open his bloodshot eyes, closed them again and went right on sleeping.

A few moments later Howard stepped over and gently placed his folded sweater behind Willie's head with all the tenderness of a mother tucking her child to bed. Brusque and gruff on the surface Howard underneath has a heart as big as a watermelon.

When one is on the water, one can never tell what surprising episode may turn up. One day in late October 1942 I was fishing for striped bass off Marthas Vineyard. Not a breath of wind stirred. The sea was glassy calm and literally dotted with duck—black, oldsquaw and "coot," as we call 'em, though many probably know them as scooters. The birds were extraordinarily tame that year because the Coast Guard had prohibited shooting in this section.

About 30 yards off our starboard bow I noticed a coot bobbing up and down in a most peculiar fashion, flapping its wings violently but making little or no progress. It seemed to be riding unusually low in the water. We first thought that it was another poor critter mucked up with fuel oil all over its feathers. Presently one wing disappeared and then the other, leaving only the coot's head and half its neck in view.



Willie (center) spins a fishing yarn.

Curiosity overcame us. We stopped casting and ran our boat over to see what was cooking. There, just under the surface, was a large nasty-looking fish (scientifically known as a Lophius Piscatorious, but locally known as an angler fish, monk fish and/or goosefish). The Lophius Piscatorius ordinarily a bottom fish, had the entire coot, with the exception of its head, in its cavernous mouth.

I gaffed Lophius, &c., low in its hull and hauled it aboard—all four feet of it. With the aid of the gaff and a pair of heavy tweezers, we pried open those teeth-laden jaws and removed the coot. With the exception of a few toothmarks, near exhaustion from struggling and a double dose of plain barnyard fright, the coot was

unharmed. When released it swam away quickly and dove.

An abdominal autopsy on the late salt-water pirate revealed, as best we could identify, the remains of a small lobster, a tinker mackerel, two eels and some species of shore bird. A bloomin' epicure, no less!

This brings me to my particular loves—striped bass and Cuttyhunk. Stripers can be caught over various stretches all the way from the Carolinas to Nova Scotia, but day in day out Cuttyhunk and environs consistently offer as good,—if not better,—striper fishing as can be found.

Cuttyhunk is the last of the string of islands that runs from Woods Hole forming the outer rim of Buzzards Bay. It's truly a striped bass fisherman's Paradise. That rating is not based solely on the numbers and weight of the fish boated, but from my conviction that the courtesy of the local people, the experienced guides available and the adequate equipment in boats and gear make it the ideal spot for this "ne plus ultra" of New England fishing. Winslow "Coot" Hall is the man to contact when one feels the urge to give the stripers a workout. "Coot" has several boats available for hire, he makes most of his own rods and they are "tops" and his reels and gear are of the best quality. He knows the waters and the habits of stripers such as only a man who has spent years intelligently studying them can. He himself gets as great a "kick" out of each and every fish boated as do his clients. Most important of all, however, is that his boats are kept in the best of condition, the motors are reliable, the bilges are kept free from oil and grease. When one is skirting heavy surf off rocky shores or dodging around the "Sow and Pigs" reef in all sorts of weather a trustworthy boat is an asset of incomparable value.

Stripers can be caught trolling,—the majority are,—but to a true lover of fishing one striper caught casting, preferably from a boat, brings more thrills and satisfaction than do five caught trolling. Acceptable casting form requires no particular amount of strength and can readily be acquired with little practice. There's a fascination to it that can only be thoroughly appreciated by actual experience.



"*You and your short-cuts!*"

Picture yourself standing in a small launch just skirting the breakers off a bold rocky shore. A roller lifts the boat and rushes under, curls and breaks with a deafening roar against a huge boulder, its top freckled with barnacles, its sides skirted in dark brown seaweed, with occasional patches of vivid green moss. As the wave passes, cascades of foamy white stream down the rock. The water around its base turns turquoise green,—the sun paints delicate rainbows in the fine spray. Overhead terns flit about, filling the air with their shrill screams, hover momentarily and drop like a plummet, disappearing for a brief instant in a splash of water. Up they flutter, a shiny minnow hanging limply from their bills. Large gray and white gulls sweep about with graceful ease, adding their raucous voices to the symphony as they squabble and bicker among themselves over some tidbit. The air is fresh and clear. It tingles in your lungs. The salt spray whitens on your face and forms tiny beads on eyebrows and hair. Troubles seem relatively dim and distant. It's a privilege to be alive.

You cast your eel or jig in a long curving arch. It hits with a splash right beside that big rock—just where you'd aimed. You start reeling in expecting momentarily to see a flash of green and silver, feel the sharp jolt on the pole as you set the hook. Whether a fish strikes or not, what difference? It was a swell cast and a likely spot for a striper. Next cast—oh, yes, this next cast—that's the one that'll pay off. And so it goes, each individual cast loaded with expectation, and each one a glorious adventure of its own.

Suddenly, wham! Oh, boy, did that buzzard whack that eel! Look at 'im go. Look at 'im take the line. He's trying to duck behind that big rock. He can't get away with that. All right, run the other way. I think he'll go twenty pounds by the feel. Eventually he's brought alongside, gaffed and swung into the boat. Well, I'm afraid he won't run over twelve, but he sure felt heavier. A scrapper, that one. Just writing about it gives me a prime case of nostalgia.

Fresh out of water, they are beautiful fish—their heads and the top of the back a soft pale green, their silver scaled sides, lined with purple stripes, melting into the pure white of their under belly, accentuated by the delicate green of the fins. What's more, they are delicious broiled, baked or fried, and they bring a nice price in the market.

Then there are the giant tuna or "horse mackerel"—but that's a story in itself.

—H. R. Hardwick



"Humph! Well, Wilbar, perhaps that will teach you to look where you are going!"

BOOKS

. . . *The Silence of the Sea* is a simple but stirring tribute to the writers of France who believe in freedom and who because of their hatred of the Nazis have been forced to continue their fight against tyranny in the underground of the enemy-controlled Vichy.

This book (which is only 47 pages long) is also unmistakable proof that the mind of man can triumph over circumstances no matter how evil or horrible they may be.

The Silence of the Sea was written in Nazi-occupied France and the publishers tell us that although the identity of the author, "Vercors," is not known, he is undoubtedly one of that large number of French men of letters who have refused to compromise with the enemy in any way.

These writers are continually living under mortal peril, many of them who depended on writing for their livelihood have been reduced to poverty, but it is to their glowing credit that they continue to tell the rest of the world in their writings that the soul of France is not all rotted—not quite dead.

The story concerns itself with an old Frenchman, his niece and the German Officer billeted in their house.

The author has written with keen insight of the French and German minds. He goes on to describe the Officer who did not want to believe in Hitler, contrasts him to the old man who, by his silence, shows quite forcibly how he hates Hitlerism.

That this simple moving story could be written under such adverse circumstances and then published is at once a dramatic and courageous undertaking.

The author's style is one of delicate beauty possessing an easy rhythm which belies the powerful message his story carries.

The book has been published in Europe under the title "Le Silence de la Mer" and in England as "Put Out the Light."

This Is It is a dramatic group of stories of the American fighter under fire and written by him. The eyewitness accounts of the war as fought by Americans on all the fronts is a book that will make the reader's pulse beat faster and make him proud of his American heritage.

There are twelve stories in all and they have been written by men ranging from a private to a Lieut. Commander, men who have come from all walks of life—in peace have been given a chance to record their experiences in war.

Their stories are forthright and filled with the courage and valour that makes them heroes—although they disclaim credit to heroism.

•

ESPLANADE CONCERT

Above the dark tide, where dim shadows struggle,
A new wind rises, sweeping out the old.
For lo the sound of music still is heard
And beauty lives to challenge fear,
The city skyline fades into the night
While violins make warm the dimness.
There is always music where the heart will hear
And always heart, the while the music lives.
And, at long last, the song will live in light,—
Now, in the darkness, each chord
Is a flag unfurled to courage,
Each note a banner in the van of peace.
Hold this brief hour—warm with hope,
Forever constant with the Soul of God—
Bulwark against the storm's oppressive might:
With such as these our faith is strengthened. . . .
And now, ye thundering hordes,
We bid thee—hold!
Let there be music only
To link us with the stars—
And know that beauty is of truth
No thing apart.
The curse of war makes mankind stupid—
But hope and faith are living still
While hearts respond to soft melodic chords.

—Cornelia B. Furbish

The reader will be rewarded fully when he has shared the experiences of these fighting men as they engage in battle on all fronts for the freedom of the world.

Harry Davis has edited *This Is It* and it is much to his credit that we have such a dramatic book.

. . . The American soldier and sailor fighting in this war is not only making history but he is writing it, too. The letters these men write home to their relatives and friends contain their thoughts and hopes; their experiences and their impressions of the events as they face them in every corner of the world. And when these letters have been selected, arranged and grouped together as Mina Curtiss has done in *Letters Home,* they form a definite picture of America at war.

Unlike previous books of war letters which contain only single letters from individual service men, *Letters Home* is made up of groups of letters from the fighting man who tells of his transition from civilian to trainee and finally to a seasoned soldier.

One such group of letters has for its title "Engineer from Brooklyn" and is composed of nineteen letters written by P. F. C. Galub to his girl friend. In these letters the 24-year-old soldier tells the vivid story of his life and impressions at training camp. He writes about his experiences while on leave. When he moves to an advanced training camp he writes "Baby" all about it and when finally he is sent overseas to Italy his letters contain a detailed account as seen by an eye witness.

The letters in *Letters Home* reveal the dreams and desires of the men who have come from every state in the Union but the outstanding characteristic of the letter is the revelation of the American sense of humor—that sustaining quality which enables the Americans to see the human amidst the gloom. Typical of the many examples is found in Pvt. Rupert's letter to his folks in which he tells them how his life was saved by an Arab.

The boat that Rupert went to Africa on was torpedoed and sunk. Rupert found a raft about a hundred yards from shore.



"Pssst—hey, Rastus, bare yo' teeth in de moonlight so ah kin see where yo' is!"

Just when he was about to give up from the exhaustion an Arab forced his way through the surf and dragged him up on the beach by one leg. And then Rupert adds, "A nice guy!"

Miss Curtiss' task in assembling and editing these letters from the thousands at her disposal was monumental but she has achieved a remarkable personal picture of our fighting men which will serve the future as a reference book on World War II and for the present day reader *Letters Home* is a glowing account of Americans wherever they serve in battle.

It should be noted that the letters Miss Curtiss has selected have all been written by enlisted men. There are none by women or commission officers. And all the letters she was forced to leave out of her book have been given to the war collection of the Yale Library.

MYSTERY

The Groom Lay Dead

. . . A RATHER CONFUSING tale that has to do with a marine who has been invalided out of the service. He returns to find his girl friend married to a wealthy man. Then things really begin to happen with the scenes laid in the vineyards of the Finger Lakes region of New York. The murder gets solved rather nicely after a while. The story was written by George Harmon Coxe.

•

DUSK

Behold the dusk
Precursor of the night,
Perched on the tree-tops
To shed his garb;
His transient cloak of frost,
Lipped at the elbows, pearl-gray,
Soft as the fleece on the yearling,
Silent courier of centuries,
Immortal yet short-lived,
For dusk, like the dawn,
Like the dawn to the day,
Dusk to the night is the pawn;
A melancholy figure,
Cuffed and linked and impeccable,
Ambitious but defined
To a moment of grace, upon the chasm
Which separates night from day.
Perched on the tree-tops
Is the dusk of evenings,
An empty adventure,
An experience gone drab with eternity.

—ALFRED LUCAROTTI

THE WAR

I Never Left Home

. . . A PAMPHLET IN which America's No. 1 entertainer relates his views on his adventures while making a tour last summer to entertain the American boys. The main part of the book is made up of straight humor and the rest is devoted to a stirring tribute to our fighting men. The book is by Bob Hope and there are some fine cartoons by the capable Carl Rose.

. . . And Pass the Ammunition

. . . BY THE Navy Chaplain who gave us the battle cry "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition!" during the bombing of Pearl Harbor. He gives us a vivid account of the boys of New Orleans who engaged in the battle of Tossafarouga. The story is by Chaplain Howell M. Forgy and there are illustrations.

—GEORGE MOONEY

OCEAN CRUISE TO PROVINCETOWN

. . . Those who have visited all the historic spots in Boston, and those who want something excitingly different to do any day of the week should visit historic Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod. 51 ocean miles from Boston as the S.S. Steel Pier sails.

Few people fail to get a real thrill out of this all-day ocean cruise, the thrill that comes from 9 hours of sailing on the luxurious ocean-going liner, the S. S. Steel Pier. And when you add the 1½ hours ashore in quaint, picturesque Provincetown, you have the tops in enjoyment.

Any day in the week, promptly at 9:30 a.m., the S. S. Steel Pier sails from Foster's Wharf in Boston, not far from the site of the historic Boston Tea Party. Promptly at 9:30 a.m., up comes the anchor, the men, women and children aboard breathe a happy sigh of expectation, and the Steel Pier inches from the wharf, idles through busy, island-dotted Boston harbor, then picks up speed as she heads for the broad Atlantic.

On board, the activities of the day are well under way. There's music, dancing, refreshments at bar and grill, lounging chairs on deck, games, and excitement. That land ahead, there, is the first view the Pilgrims got of America from out at sea.. Soon, Cape Cod Bay is reached, through which the Mayflower, Revolutionary blockaders, adventurous whalers, and busy fishermen passed to the safe haven of Provincetown Harbor.

Provincetown itself is still seemingly untouched by the modern world. It is, however, the summer Art Capital of the United States. It is a study in contrasts, with wharves and studios, artists and fisherfolk, sand dunes and monuments, curio shops and restaurants, narrow streets and broad beaches.

There are one and a half hours to be spent ashore in Provincetown. What to do? Well, follow the crowd. The veteran visitors to Provincetown, the people who make the trip many times a year aboard the S. S. Steel Pier, seem to have a regular route. They go down the narrow waterfront street, visiting a picturesque wharf, stopping at an artist's studio, sometimes buying a picture of a favorite scene, sometimes buying a souvenir at their favorite curio shop.

When it is time to eat, there are so many places from which to choose that it is difficult to know where to start first. Provincetown is famous for its fine sea food.



Still other S. S. Steel Pier fans have plans. They take a conducted tour by bus through the narrow, winding streets, among the sand dunes built through the ages by Atlantic storms, through enchanting Cape Cod countryside. Some visitors put on bathing suits for a dip at one of the many beautiful beaches surrounding Provincetown.

At the sound of the whistle . . . the first call by the S. S. Steel Pier announcing that sailing time is only 15 minutes away, the visitors start pouring back to the boat, tired and happy. Another warning whistle five minutes before the Steel Pier leaves.

All aboard. Another 4½ hours of cruising pleasure amid the lighthouses, islands and wharves of Boston welcome you back. Your voyage is over. You are back at your starting point.

Incidentally, the S. S. Steel Pier has arranged special rates for servicemen to enable the greatest number of them to enjoy the pleasures of a trip to Provincetown. For further information on these rates, and for the general rates for civilians, simply call HUBbard 2650.

WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Payson Re's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves. $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days.

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hotel Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East a Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service n only $1 for dinner and show; no co , no min.).

Green Room, Hotel l son, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Di er from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min . 2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Cha erbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent cuisine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain. Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.

Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.



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Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 P.M. weekdays; other days $4.

Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever. Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and Hols.

Number One Bar, 1 Fifth Ave. Dinner and on thru the evening. Ent. and an attractive crowd.

Old Roumanian, 169 Allen St. GR. 3-9595. Famous for Mushk Steak and a big International Revue. Din. $1.65.

One Two, Three, E. 54th St. Soft lights. Distinguished cuisine.

Penthouse, 30 Central Pk. So. See for yourself this lovely dining spot. Luncheon from $1. Din. from $2.

Radio Frank's, 70 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-9258). Continuous fun.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Barn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Bar, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd that's fun to be with.

AMERICAN MENU

Bryant Transportation Room, 54th & B'way. For luncheon and dinner and top notch drinks.

Chesapeake, Madison Ave., bet. 34th & 35th. Outstanding cuisine and delightful atmosphere.

Oyster Bar, Grand Central Terminal. (MU. 9-5430). The Oyster Bar is famous 'round the world for its excellent cuisine and of course, seafood is tops there. The service is speedy.

Skipper, Really Home Cooked Food. Famous for Filet Mignon, Fried Chicken and Lobster Dinners. 7 East 44th St ; 56 West 47th St.; 160 E. 48th St. Open 1 A.M. daily, Sun. Din. from 1 P.M.—$1.35. Cocktails.

Town & Country, 284 Park Ave. Manhattan's newest and definitely the place to dine. Famed Drury Lane food. Country dining room for men only. Drury Lane branch at 47 East 49th St.

CONTINENTAL

English Grill, in the lower Plaza Rockefeller Center. Typical English Menus a la carte. Luncheon entrees from 60c. Open 11 to 1 A.M. incl. Sun.

DUTCH

Holland House Taverne, 10 Rockefeller Plaza at 48th Street. Recommended for its Dutch Cuisine and the many and interesting authentic Dutch antiques used in the decoration. Luncheon Specials from 60c. Dinner from $1.75.

FRENCH

Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 P.M. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

INTERNATIONAL

Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb food. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

ITALIAN

Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185). Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

Vesuvio, 163 W. 48th St. Authentic Italian food, including time honored favorites. Bar, Luncheons and Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

SWEDISH

Castleholm, 344 W. 57th St. (CI. 7-0873). Smorgasbord as prelude to hearty dining. Dancing to the music of the Norsemen.

Wivel, 254 W. 54th St. (CI. 7-9056). Famous for its Swedish Smorgasbord. Dinner from $1.85. No minimum except Sat.

SWISS

Swiss Pavilion, 38 E. 50th St. (EL. 5-8680). Superb Swiss and Continental food. Paul Burger, Mgr. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.00. Closed Sunday.

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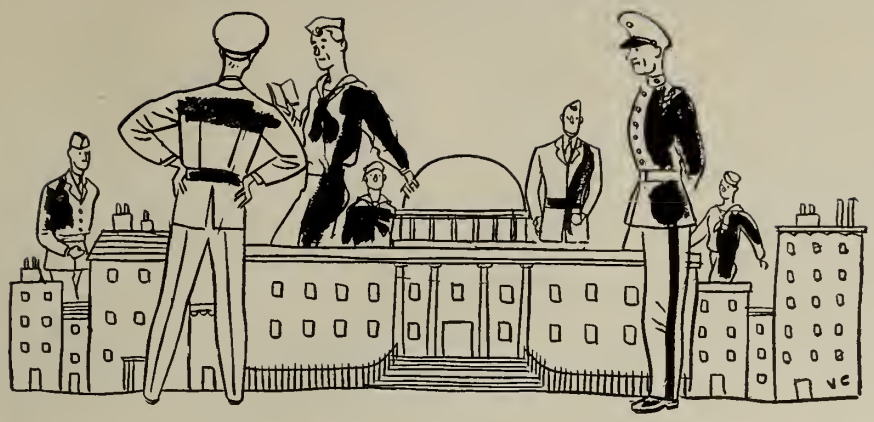


Rosenblum of California

designed these two beautiful new suits for fall, and of course, Jordan's loses no time in giving you this preview. Take note of their good, clean-cut classic lines, so characteristically California, and of the skillful tailoring you associate with Rosenblum. Gems for late vacations, and a smart start into fall. At left, classic three-button suit with the new Wilshire collar, 100% wool Venetian covert in Victory blue, green, gold, rust, horizon blue . . . all hand-stitched . . . 10 to 20 . . . . . **29.95**

At right, new version of the smart collarless suit, done beautifully in 100% wool Venetian covert, in lilac, rose, gold, blue or grey. 10 to 20 . . . . . **29.95**

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American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen of Boston, B. Y. M. C. Union Bldg., 48 Boylston St., Boston. Open nightly, 6 P. M. to midnight. Stage entertainment, free refreshments, dancing. Dev. 8845.

Atlantic Service Club (near So. Sta.), 641 Atlantic Ave., Boston—Lib. 7794.

Bay State—Buddies Club, Boston Common. Tel. Information, Home Hospitality and Social Events. Ticket Office—Lib. 1381.

North Station Service Center, 149 Staniford Street, Boston—Laf. 1259.

South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.

Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.

Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.

Christian Science Service Men's Center, 80 Boylston St., Boston—Dev. 8676.

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATIONS

All Boston Police Stations provide free bed and bath, Ken. 6700. Dormitory accommodations 50c or less, at these centers.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Sq., Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union (Sat. only), 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Burroughs Newsboys Foundation (Sat. only) 10 Somerset St.—Laf. 5200.

Cambridge Y.M.C.A., 820 Mass. Ave. at Central Sq., Cambridge—Tro. 3860.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave.—Ken. 7800.

Sailor's Rest (for Seamen & Navy Men), 287 Hanover St., Boston—Cap. 6357.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

The Argonne, 4 Bulfinch Place, Boston—Cap. 9494.

Lodging for Service Men's Families, Call Liberty 7715, 11 A.M.-11 P.M. Call Han. 0733 if unable to find lodgings.

Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.

Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Socks Darned. Salv'n Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Soldiers and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

Ocean Cruise to Provincetown. Special rates for servicemen. S.S. Steel Pier sails at 9.30 A.M. week days and Sundays from Foster's Wharf—9 hour ocean cruise—1½ hours in historic Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod. Dancing, refreshments, games and other recreation on board. Call Hub 2650.

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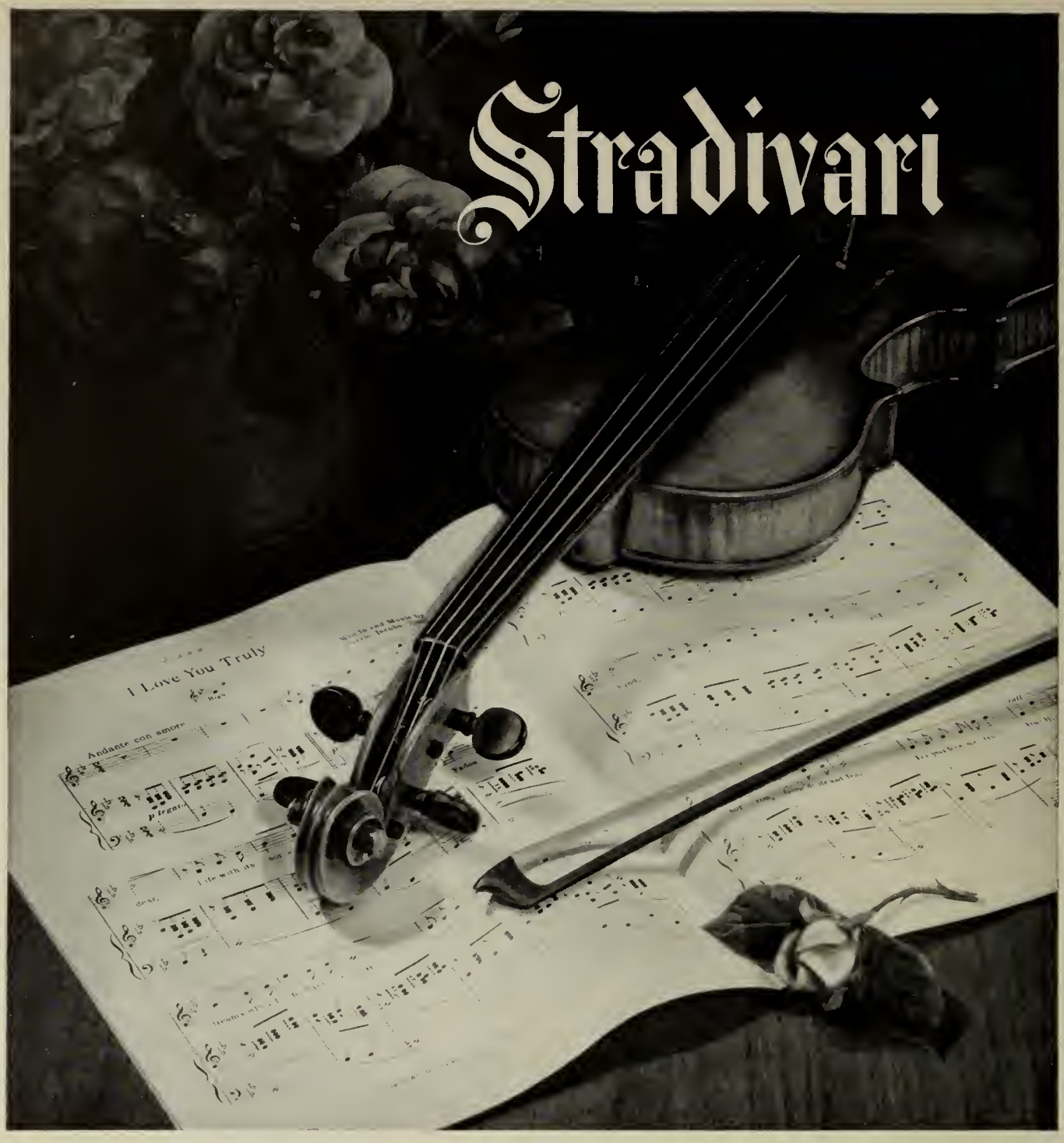
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GOOD FOOD . . . GOOD FUN

FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Durgin-Park, 30 North Market Street (CAP. 2038). Nationally famous dining rooms. Good substantial food, served the way you like it. Located in the heart of Boston's market district, and plenty of market men eat here, too.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanove Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners. No 30% tax anytime here. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise.

Locke Ober Co., 3 Winter Place (LIB. 1340). Patronized by lovers of fine food that's prepared by chefs who know their business. Always superlative food.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

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Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served. $1 cover charge after 10 p. m.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen. Two floor shows enliven your visit here.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Renaissance Room at the Hotel Touraine (HAN. 3500) has scored a big click with guests. Here you will find dinner and supper dancing, a lively floor show, and congenial surroundings.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p. m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

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Jordan Marsh

PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury St. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sundays.

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Gar 'en with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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COMMON TALK

Two-Gallon Ride

. . . A FILLING station attendant near Nantasket found himself puzzled by the regularity with which one of his customers appeared with two one-gallon gas cans on Sundays. When the curious incident had gone on a while, he decided to ask what the man was doing with the gasoline cans.

"It's like this," the man explained. "The wife and kids like to go for a ride on Sundays. So, I take these two cans, put a gallon in the tank, and we ride until it's all gone. Then, I put the other gallon in the tank, turn around, and we come back home. That way, there's no slip-up."

Memo on Mailing

. . . FROM Postmaster Patrick J. Connelly comes the following information:

"Military and postal officials find it essential to announce the 1944 Christmas overseas regulations now. Conditions that prevailed last year definitely are more serious this year due to the progress of operations and the steadily increasing strength of our forces on all fighting fronts.

"We have had to confine Christmas 1944 mailings during the period from September 15 to October 15. You will recall that last year we provided the Navy, Coast Guard and Marines an additional two weeks until November 1st. This distinction has been removed and all branches of the service must be mailed between September 15 and October 15."

Shoe Shine

. . . SOMETIMES it happens. You know. A shoe shine boy decides to do a selling job on the ladies. The other evening, a friend came out of the State House, hot and harrowed from her day's work. Near the door stood a studiously ragged young lad complete with shoe shine equipment. Studying the snowy white shoes of the passers-by, he suddenly saw our friend's spectator navy and whites. The navy leather was at a minimum, of course, but it looked like a job to the youngster.

Following her down the street, he pleaded with her to let him shine her shoes. He would, he said, do a fine job. When she told him that the navy and white combination were lots harder to do well than the all white, he brushed off the idea. No, he told her, he took pride in doing the hard jobs.

There was no way to get rid of him. And after walking about two hundred yards, our friend decided to go into a drugstore. Maybe he would leave her alone then. But this didn't work. He was waiting patiently outside while dozens of "all-whites" walked past.

Another ruse came to her mind. She would go into a cafeteria and eat her dinner. This bit of business took a good half hour, but when she came out, there he was, as determined as ever.

Finally, after being accompanied for a whole block, our friend gave in, put her spectators resignedly on the box, and watched the youngster do a job on the few shreds of navy leather that decorated the toe and heel. The white area would be the test.

The shoe shine boy worked the leather up to a high gloss, took out a white cloth, spit on it, and said wistfully:

"Boy, what a job I could do if I had a little white polish!"

Little Helpful

. . . THE Arnold Arboretum's informative booklet "Arnoldia" gives us a fragile hold on the lecturer's chair right now. We are about to bring you, warmed over, some information on Emergency Foods. Under the name of E. D. Merrill, the booklet sparkles with things-you'd-better-know-for-future-reference.

IMPORTANT!

With this issue

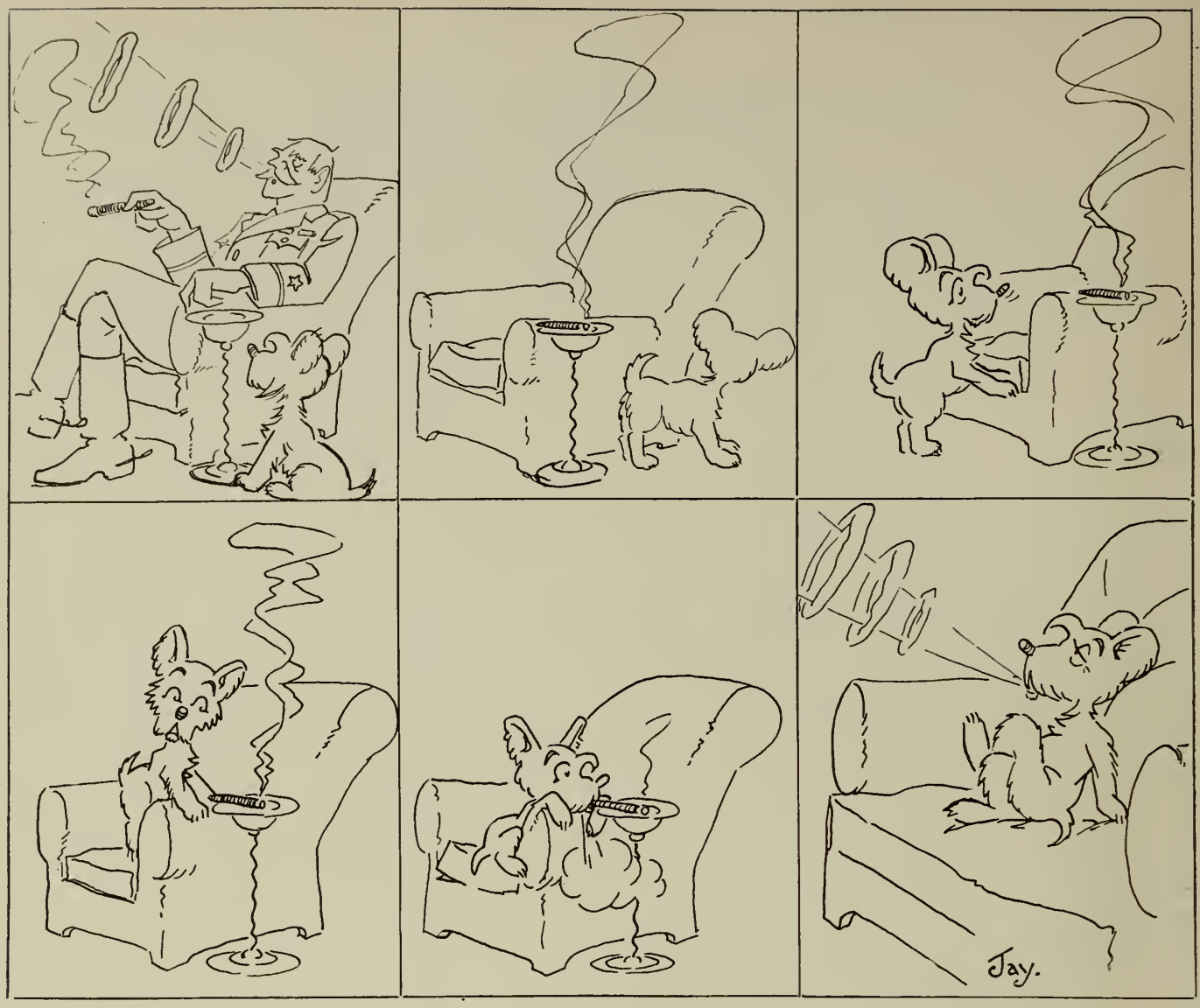
The BOSTONIAN MAGAZINE

Becomes a

WEEKLY

Publication

ON THE NEWS STANDS FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK



• •

Dr. Merrill, commencing botanical work in the early part of the century in the Philippines, quickly realized that it would be a wise thing to know as much as possible about the edible qualities of the many jungle plants. Today, this experience has made a valuable contribution to the men in uniform in the jungles.

"In my first year," says Dr. Merrill, "I had the experience of being marooned for more than a week with no other available food than rice; and boiled rice three times a day with nothing to diversify it, is not only monotonous but is also distinctly not satisfying as a diet from any angle. . . .

"Several years after the boiled rice experience when three of us were marooned by heavy rains in central Mindoro, entirely out of food and no avenue of escape open to us as long as the rain continued, one of my companions observed, when on Thanksgiving Day 1906 we dined on two broiled wood rats each, supplemented by boiled fern tips,

" 'Cheer up, you couldn't buy a meal like this at Delmonico's.' "

Dr. Merrill, after attending the National Research Council in Washington in September, 1942, decided that too much confusion resulted in the matter of edible jungle foods and started compiling a neat booklet of his own, from data available. The result, you'll be glad to hear, is "Emergency Food Plants and Poisonous Plants of the Islands of the Pacific," a neat 149-page booklet which first appeared in December 1942, and it is available to anyone interested through the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. The price is fifteen cents in coin per copy.

The feature, from our point of view, is that the booklet is non-technical, without descriptions, and the illustrations sharply drawn so that even a youngster can see what is what. Well, anyway, a youngster could see what's what if he happened to be in the Pacific Islands.

The point is, however, that Dr. Merrill ought to be urged to do likewise for New England. Many's the time that we have been stranded on a traffic island, without water, without rice, without hope. If something, some booklet were to come to hand, life on an island wouldn't be too bad.

Dog Talk

. . . MR. JOHNS, of Stearns, passes along a story which we find a honey. Down in Maine, an old man of eighty-odd years persisted in living alone with his dog, in a cabin on the

outskirts of town. The neighbors took turns looking in on him every morning, to be sure that he was well.

One morning, the neighbor stopped in and found the old man huddled over a table on which was a checkerboard. Across from him sat his dog.

"What are you doing?" asked the neighbor.

"Playing checkers!" replied the old man.

"You mean your dog can play checkers?" said the neighbor, startled.

"Yup."

"My," continued the neighbor, "but he's a smart dog!"

The old man glared. "Smart? Hell, no. I can beat him two out of three times!"

Pied Piper, Modern Style

. . . PERIODICALLY, a small, pixie-faced little man with an oversize clarinet wanders the streets of lower Beacon Hill. His similarity to the Pied Piper is further enhanced by the reedy, fluting sound which comes from his musical instrument and by the eager attention he gets from the children.

His name, he informs anyone who asks, is nobody's business except his own. He plays his clarinet for his personal amusement, he asks no alms, and he want to be left alone. His accent is faintly foreign, perhaps slightly German, although this is purely guesswork. His face, ageless and young looking, is paler than seems possible for anyone who favors the outdoors as a place to practice music. And his dress, navy blue trousers, rumpled but clean white shirt, is not distinctive, yet nor poor.

Once, before he had seen us walking up the street toward him, he could be heard telling the children that he formerly played in the royal orchestra, in Vienna. He had been the great and much praised soloist with the group. But when he saw us coming, he laughed quickly, brushed the children aside, and said:

"Ha-ha. I make a good joke!"

Oddly enough, no one has ever heard him play more than snatches of music. No more than a few bars of plaintive, mildly haunting music have ever been heard by long-time inhabitants of the houses lining the street.

The fact that the children pursue him wherever he goes is a matter of much concern to him. Regularly, he turns around and shoos them back. And when the more entranced or persistent youngsters continue to follow him, he doubles back on his route, plays a final cadenza, pulls the instrument apart, stows it carefully away in his trouser pocket, gestures that the concert is over, and disappears toward Scollay Square.

One woman who has spent much of her life leaning on a windowsill overlooking the street informs us that no one knows where he goes or where he comes from. He is not, she insists, "cracked in the head." He just likes to play in the streets of lower Beacon Hill.

"What's the harm, lady?" she asks, expecting no answer. "The kids like him, and we don't have to worry he'll lead them too far. He always brings them back."

Even in New Guinea

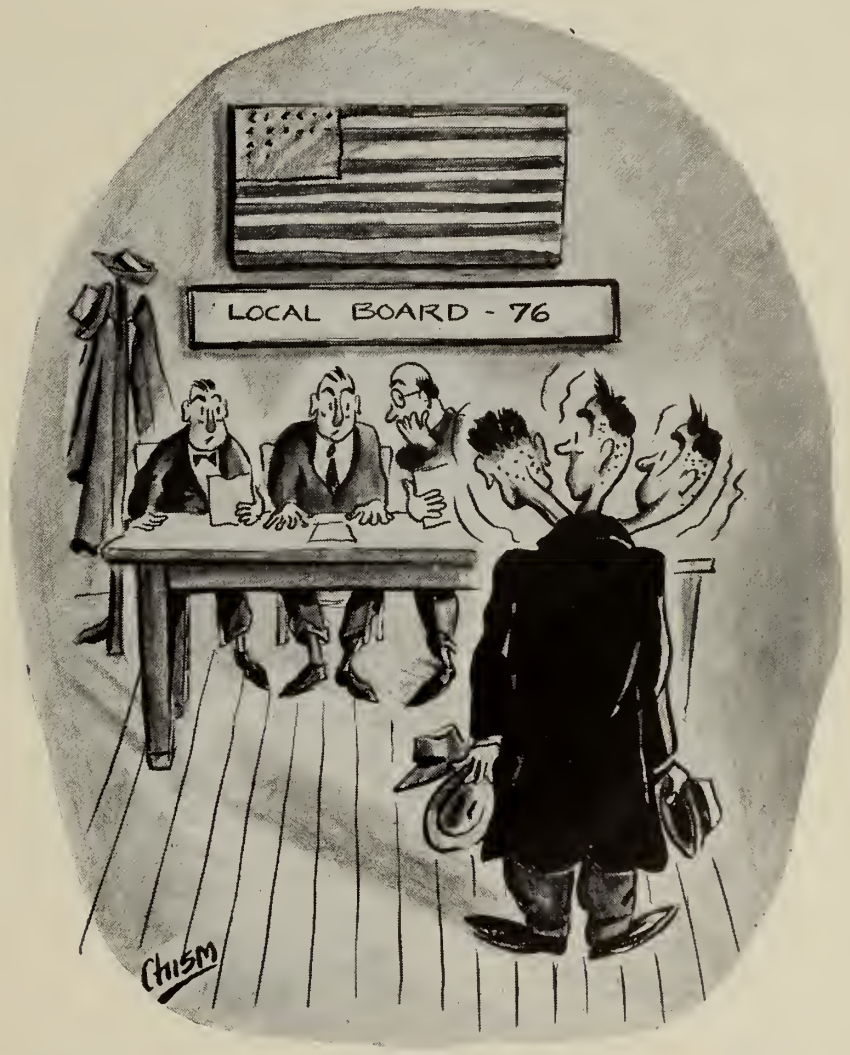
. . . SERGEANT MANSFIELD was trying hard to question one of the New Guinea bushmen about a little matter of direction. Taking off on a stumbling and gesture-punctuated monologue, he finally came to a hopeful pause, fixed the native with a sharp stare, and nearly dropped from shock when the bushy-headed man beamed and said:

"Hi-yah, Jackson!"

Travel

. . . PARDON the globe-trotting mood of Common Talk. We've another batch of red-hot facts on our desk concerning Iceland. They come from the alert publicity sector of Boston University.

Daniel Jonasson, a student of foreign trade in Boston University's college of business administration, is



"Well, I don't know. He might be very useful in an observation post."

the authority on his Iceland homeland.

The homes in Reyksavik, the capital of Iceland, are heated now by hot water piped from nearby hot springs, eight miles away. This recent improvement, Jonasson explains, is expected to make the city smokeless.

A nation of 125,000 people, 40,000 of whom live in the capital, Iceland voted on May 23, 1944, on the question of complete self-government. This move, we are informed, had been anticipated since December 1, 1918, the date which is annually celebrated as a National Holiday. It is the date when the small nation received its independence from Denmark. By the terms of a treaty, a plebiscite was to be taken in 1944 to determine the people's attitude toward governing themselves as a republic. Even Icelanders who happened to be in the United States voted through their consuls, and the results were announced on June 17, a nicely logical date from the Bunker Hill way of thinking. But the choice of date happened to be in honor of the birthday of the Icelandic patriot, Jon Sigursson, who lived a century ago and fought hard for independence.

"Vegetables are grown in Iceland, but fishing is the main occupation," Mr. Jonasson says. "Even grapes and bananas are grown there, but only in hot houses. One farmer has successfully experimented with the raising of rye for the past six years.

"Transportation in the cities is offered by busses. No street cars run in Iceland. The nation has made widespread use of electricity, and most farms have their own power plants.

"Holidays are celebrated in a much different manner than in the United States. For instance, Christmas starts on the 24th of December and continues through the 27th. On Christmas day, all business places, including even motion picture theatres and restaurants, are closed. The Thursday and Friday before Easter are also observed as part of the holiday, again with all stores closed.

"The language of Iceland was originally the tongue of all Scandinavian countries, but because of her isolation, Icelandic was not mixed with other languages, but has remained the same for 900 years. Thus," Daniel points out, "the Icelanders can read the sagas written in the 12th century.

"Jitterbugging, polkas, waltzes, congas, and rhumbas are very popular in the former Danish dominion, while skating and skiing are attractive winter sports because of the nearby mountains. Soccer is played instead of football, and tennis and track rank high on the Icelandic popular list of sports.

"Before the war, Iceland, which must depend upon import and export, traded mostly with the European nations, but since 1939, manufactured articles such as refrigerators, washing machines, automobiles, and many smaller items have come from America."

Although Iceland is neutral in the war, Jonasson reveals that the sentiment of the people is overwhelmingly in favor of the Allied cause.

"It is all baloney about Nazis in Iceland," he adds, forcefully.

Get those guide-books out, Daniel. The American tourists are coming. Continuous hot water, no smoke, movies, dancing, and ah, those nice, long holidays!



"I'm a wreck! All night I dreamt I was traveling back and forth to Park Sreet in a crowded car!"

• •

Rugged Humor

. . . THE children in the city area down by the Charles River have a sturdy sense of humor. There's a remodeled house down there inhabited by what is laughingly known as "white collar" people. These same people rate a sizable heckling from the young fry, one practical joke being a little number that back-fired.

Across from the front door on the courtyard is a small board arrangement where the rubbish is kept out of sight. This is the strategic spot where the practical jokes are located, where they can't be missed.

One morning, the "inmates" came tumbling out the door for work, and lined up in amazement at the sight prepared for them. Across from the door was the biggest rat ever to be found anywhere (we hope). It was very dead, of course, but was propped up against the shed in a lounging, club-chair position. In its mouth, the jokers had placed a lighted, lip-stick-stained cigarette.

The only reason the joke mis-fired is because the rat looked so comfortable, so similar in pose to whole crowds of people that everyone in the house got a howling laugh from the stunt. And the parents, less hardy souls, got the shock. There was a wholesale walloping in progress as the victims of the joke raced along to work.

BLACKIE AND BUTTERBALL AND MISS BUCKINGHAM

. . . With everyone's thoughts on the invasion, the conversation frequently turns to such subjects as crossing the Channel, and as a general rule I manage to throw in a few remarks about my experiences. It was quite a surprise to me when, thinking about it in one of the few moments I find for recollection, I realized that my crossings of the English Channel are singularly lacking in significance today

In the first place, the last crossing occurred over twenty-five years ago, while the one which I remember most distinctly was around 1911, and under circumstances unlikely to be reproduced by any army of invasion.

My mother, who had gone out to make some last minute purchases before we left London, came in with a number of packages, among them a box which peeped. Tearing it open, my sister and I discovered two downy chickens . . . Blackie and Butterball.

Through our squeals we could hear Miss Buckingham, the new governess, saying painfully, "We're not taking them with us? I mean, we aren't traveling about the Continent with *poultry,* are we?"

I think she knew we were.

"They'll keep the children amused," said mother, her usual excuse for making bizarre purchases.

Miss Buckingham said something about chickens and the Channel, her face losing most of its color, which left it still several shades pinker than the average. During the four days she had been with us, she had made it very clear that she was a bad sailor.

"I'm afraid I shall be of no help at all to you while we're crossing over," she told mother complacently, adding with modest pride, "The very sight of water makes me ill."

She must have meant it literally for as soon as we crossed the gangplank she made for the cabin where she loosened her skirt and shirt-waist, fitted herself into the bunk, and began quietly to moan.

We watched her until her misery palled on us and then we went up on deck, but as it was too wet to take Blackie and Butterball with us, we soon went down below again to play with our pets. I do not remember the details of the game we worked out, but its title was "Sea-sick Chickens," from which I infer that it could not possibly have contributed to Miss Buckingham's comfort. I have always felt that there was plenty of excuse for her if she did make a mistake about checking the baggage when we reached Calais, although she blamed the whole thing on the porter. At any rate, something went wrong and we didn't see our luggage again until we reached Cologne.

My sister and I didn't mind. We could sleep in our underwear, which for some reason we considered a great treat, and we still had Blackie and Butterball.

Like most mothers, ours frequently expressed herself as being in favor of truth and honesty but all bets were off when it came to paying train fare for us. I had hoped she might be restrained this time by fear of shocking Miss Buckingham, but that turned out to be a forlorn hope; almost everything else shocked our new governess, but she seemed to consider it a moral duty to "best" a foreign railroad. She did, however, roll a somewhat startled eye in our direction when she realized that mother was going to palm us both off as under seven.

"It does seem a bit *unlikely,*" she ventured, and indeed it must have. Mother was always a small woman; at seventy she still wore a size fourteen dress, whereas my sister and I were enormous for our ages; and still are.

Mother looked at us, and she looked at Miss Buckingham, and then she had one of her ideas. Miss Buckingham's appearance was majestic; we wouldn't seem nearly so big if we were *her* children, so why not pretend that we were?

Either our governess couldn't think of a good objection to that one, or else mother wouldn't listen to her. My sister and I were too busy giggling at the idea of having Miss Buckingham for a mother to pay much attention. It was forced giggling intended to keep ourselves from thinking about how



"Ow-w-w! I don't know whether he's got a tongue or not, but he has got teeth!"

much we disliked the whole business about the tickets. Disliked? We hated it. It was degrading to have to pretend that you were younger than you were; it was undoubtedly dangerous to deceive a man in uniform, and there was something profoundly embarrassing about listening to your mother lie, especially when she did it so badly.

But if she did it badly, she was certainly firm enough. Even when the conductor had undoubtedly heard her rattling away in French with the other members of the compartment, she would always announce blandly, "No speak French," when he appeared for the tickets. Frequently the sight of the chickens, tame now but completely unhousebroken, pecking away at the green plush of the 2ieme classe, would distract the conductor's attention from us for a while. When he got back to the subject of our ages, mother usually said:

"Company lose our luggage," with an air of not only explaining the chickens but putting the conductor in the wrong to boot. She maintained this slight edge on him during his entire conversation concerning the discrepancy between our supposed ages and our obvious size.

"Yes, big," mother agreed, waving her hands to show that she understood him. That was our cue. An escapist, I pretended to fall asleep but my courageous sister clutched at Miss Buckingham and remarked idiotically, "Ma-ma."

"All very big," said mother with slight contempt. "The English."

Sometimes that did the trick, sometimes it took longer, but we never paid the extra fare and they never threw us out. It was then that I received my first lesson in the loyalty of the French. No matter how much our companions must have disliked me (and in addition to the chickens, there was mother's passion for fresh air) they never betrayed us to the common enemy, the Company, when mother lapsed abruptly into "No speak French" with the appearance of the conductor.

In Cologne we were united with our luggage. It was also in Cologne that we taught Blackie and Butterball to remove crumbs from between our lips. They were by no means one-man



"In the first place, I thought it was a mirage. An' in the second place, what the hell is it doing out here anyway?"

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chickens. From that time on, they pecked hopefully at the mouths of any travelers who happened to share our compartment. Most people took it fairly well, though there was a notable exception, an Alsatian lady who had dozed off without realizing that she shared the compartment with anything worse than Americans, and awakened to discover her little moustache being attacked by chickens.

In Munich Blackie learned to crow, a feeble affair which seldom brought more than a muttered "Um Gottes willen!" from the adjoining hotel room. By this time our pets had reached the awkward age, that stage in their development when anyone with a trace of finer feelings would have averted his eyes from them entirely. Not so my sister and I. We watched Butterball carefully, usually lying prone on the floor to do so, speculating on the possibility of her laying an egg. Miss Buckingham, who enjoyed only the prettier phases of nature, remained purple a good bit of the time until Butterball's feathers grew in again. By that time we had decided she wasn't going to lay an egg anyway

With exaggerated sentimentality we kissed our pets goodbye as we left them in Schwaben-bei-München, at the farm of our old nurse. We made her swear by all that was holy that she would never let them be killed and always care for them tenderly: and then forgot them immediately. We were tired of them anyway, and besides, we were headed for home.

In Paris we parted, without sentiment on either side, from Miss Buckingham. Mother was a little worried about our return trip. It was the first time we had traveled without someone to take care of us and she was afraid we might be bored and bother her.

Just before we left Paris, she fell for an assortment of five birds in a fancy bird-cage—drastically reduced—which we named Lovie and Dovie, Petie and Sweetie, and Big Beak. They kept us busy as we crossed the Channel back to London, but we had lost interest in them long before we sailed for home.

—Rhoda Truax.

WHAT BOSTON DID TO ME

. . . In 1929, after the musical comedy *A Connecticut Yankee* had had a long run in New York, the whole cast of the play went to Boston for its first out-of-town engagement, and for six weeks we played there in a big red plush theater called, I think, the Majestic.

There was one new person in the cast, a very nice Southern girl whom we nicknamed Honeychile, because of her accent. She and I shared the same dressing room. Both of us were engaged to men in New York and were planning on leaving the theater after the play was closed, and so with this in common, plus the fact that we liked each other anyway, we soon became great friends. Or gret friends, as Honeychile would have said.

As soon as we found that the *Yankee* was settling down for a respectable run, Honeychile and I left the hotel where we'd been staying and went to live in a small furnished apartment on Dartmouth Street. It was in a charming old brownstone front which housed the Helen Crosby Dress Shop on the first floor, and it was a dream.

It was furnished in very dashing style. There were mirrors everywhere, and furniture that looked sort of like driftwood, and great looping flowered draperies at the bay windows. The floor was covered with linoleum, in huge black and white checks. We were entranced by everything, but especially by this floor. When *we* were married, we assured each other, *we'd* have a floor like this too.

We had a lot of fun living there in that apartment. We practiced housekeeping and cooking in a dizzy sort of way, and then every once in a while we'd go streaking down to Schrafft's on Boylston Street and have a good meal. We went everywhere together. Soon I found that I was developing a Southern accent almost as thick as Honeychile's.

Well, the day before the play ended its Boston run Honeychile and I went to one of the better beauty shops and had permanent waves. This was quite an event for us. Neither of us had ever had them before. Hours later we came out with our hair plastered down in stiff ridges, ending flatly at the nape of the neck, as was the style in those days. We looked at each other, and then began to assure each other that we looked simply *fine,* that when our husbands-to-be met us in New York the next day they'd be charmed, just charmed.

It didn't work out that way for me, though. I don't know about Honeychile. Because I'm sorry to say that I never saw her again.

When our train arrived in New York our beaux met us, and after they had sniffed at each other, the way strange men do, we parted, with many promises to get together soon. Then before I knew it I was sitting in the fine open car being whizzed out of the city, over the Queensboro Bridge, and so home.

It was a misty Spring day, I remember, and I sat back and took off my "cloche" and let the breeze blow through my hair as we drove along. It was good to be home. I jabbered away, enthusiastically, while my beau paid attention to the traffic, telling him all about my life in Boston and giving a glowing account of the Dartmouth Street apartment.

He was very quiet. Finally we stopped for a red light and I can still see his look of dismay and suspicion as he turned to me.

He took a deep breath. "You certainly have changed," he said. He eyed my hair, which had done very odd things, what with the new permanent and the wind and the mist. "Your hair looks like nothing I every saw before," he said, "and you've got some very funny ideas about furniture, and My God, did you have to go to Boston to get a Southern accent?" He was very abused.

Well, that's all there is to my story. My hair and accent soon went back to normal, and my husband (yes, he married me, in spite of everything) soon got used to my newly acquired taste in decoration. But there's one thing that he's never let me have, and that's a black and white checked linoleum floor. I often wonder if Honeychile ever got one.

—June Cochrane Ortgies



"Well—gee, whiz! Horace said he was sorry, didn't he?"



" He plays by ear, but he's been hard of hearing for years. "

CHAIRMAN OF BOSTON'S LICENSE BOARD

Miss Mary Driscoll

. . . The story, wholly fictional, of course, is told about one local character who was petitioning for a license. The three-man Board, with Mary Driscoll as the chairman, reviewed his request and granted a temporary license. The next day, a huge floral wreath in the shape of a horseshoe arrived at the License Bureau. Lettered boldly in red roses were the words:

"Thanks, kid. It will be an honest joint."

This legend rates a chuckle every time it is repeated. The idea that a dealer can be inspired with a feeling of gratitude and cooperativeness merely by the granting of a license is something that is apparently humorous. In actual practice, the aim of the License Bureau under Mary Driscoll's guidance, is to provide the maximum cooperation between Bureau and dealer, and Bureau and public. Only in this way, she feels, can the work of the whole be made valuable.

Another firmly held opinion of Miss Driscoll's is that public offices must not be cold, unfriendly places. Since they exist to help the public, this aid should be provided with courtesy and friendliness. How well she has instilled this opinion into the minds of her office staff is clearly evident. In one instance, a man entered the Bureau with an official envelope in his hand. He was greeted by one of the men behind the counter, addressed by name, and the necessary seals and stamps quickly applied to his license. When the Bureau employee finished the job, he handed it back to the dealer with one last word:

"Congratulations."

The dealer, departing, obviously felt that it *was* a matter for congratulation. Once this point is put across to the licensee, the public can be sure of better treatment than when the license is handled purely as a formality.

Since the members of the Board which passes on the petitions are appointed by the Governor, and since the post of chairman of the Board is something of a political plum, it is very evident that Miss Driscoll has done an outstanding job. She is currently in her fourth 6-year appointment and her twentieth year with the Bureau. The fact that she has held the post, come Republican, Democrat or high water, and has managed to give the city cooperation between dealer and the Bureau such as is enjoyed in few other localities is obviously due to her ability. She is, of course, the first woman ever to hold the post. It is quite probable that she is the only woman to hold such a job in any of the larger cities in the United States.

Of medium height, Miss Driscoll resembles a composite picture of what one would like to have as a favorite aunt. Her eyes twinkle when she is amused, but there is little doubt that they can be penetrating when she is confronted by someone or something which is not quite "legitimate". Her manner of speaking is crisp without being brusque. She is an executive without thrusting the fact in your face. And she knows how to listen.

Those who work for her and with her consider her the fairest kind of boss anyone could want. Her own capacity for work, her promptness are legendary.

The simple fact is that granting licenses requires plenty of good sense, a knowledge and liking for people, and a practical, down-to-earth outlook on the virtues of the human race. As ordinary a matter as granting a license for a place on the corner of X and Y streets can have far-reaching effects throughout the state. Joe Blank may stop in once too often, miss the last train home, become the object of a wide-spread search instigated by his worried wife, and get his head bashed in brutally for not arriving home in time for the baked beans. While this is an extreme example, it is some gauge of the scope of the Board's work.

There are, actually, more headaches and knot-studded problems in connection with the granting of licenses than anyone would suspect. But so closely identified with the task has Miss Driscoll become that letters cross her desk every day urging such sensible requests as:

"Please check into the sanitary conditions at ———."

Or such irrational optimisms as this letter:

"I'm sure you can arrange to have my husband home two hours earlier if you speak to the proprietor."

All of these letters get careful scanning by Miss Driscoll. In too many cases, nothing can be done. In the one case which might have got lost in the shuffle, the good sense is appreciated and acted upon. And the next time the license comes up for a renewal, if the conditions have not been corrected, look out!

The manner in which anyone gets into what begins to resemble a life work is compounded of accident and

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SHORT HISTORY OF HUMAN STUPIDITY

There was a time in days gone by,
When Science knew the WHEN, the WHY,
Not only knew just WHAT was true,
But sometimes even knew the WHO.

Time came when still the WHY was known,
The WHEN, the WHAT. But wiser grown,
New Science growing e'er more shy,
Confessed it did not know the WHY.

Came Einstein, shook things up a bit,
The WHAT is clear. We bit our lip,
(And hoped to sing a loud Amen!)
When Science said we knew not WHEN.

We breathed a sigh: at last we knew:
Discarding WHAT and WHEN and WHO,
And WHY, we still had much. Ah, but,
Science said we don't know WHAT.

There's another test for what we know,
But Science lost it long ago,
In days when all the world was fair,
And sight was clear—but God knows WHERE.

—Sgt. Charles William Phillips

logicality. Mary Driscoll was born in Chicopee, Massachusetts. She did what everyone does, went to kindergarten and grade school. The difference, however, becomes immediately obvious. After graduating from grammar school, Mary decided to get herself a paying job. Schooling looked a lot less important than the $2.50 she could earn as cash girl in a department store. She took the job, made good on it, and finally moved up to what is popularly known as "higher circles" in the retail business. She became, as she explains without frosting, the happy saleslady for underwear at Filene's. Here, for six and one-half years, she was very pleased with her occupation. After all, this was doing the sensible thing, and retailing was undoubtedly an important and respectable occupation.

It is perfectly possible that Miss Mary Driscoll might be buying thousands of dollars worth of lingerie a year today if she hadn't happened to concern herself with another type of career known as social service work. The Associated Charities were searching for workers, and Miss Driscoll went into that field without blinking an eye.

Anyone, by the way, who has dealt with the vagaries of customers, as demonstrated in department stores wherever they are located, knows that nothing in human nature can stop them thereafter. Whether this was Mary Driscoll's reason or not, the fact remains that she decided that social service work would be something right for her. It proved to be so, almost from the start.

The Chelsea fire, that historic and destructive local holocaust, really put her into the center of the occupational spotlight. She was assigned as a social service worker and investigator to assist the harassed agencies in untangling the residential snarl there. As a matter of record, Miss Driscoll was the only investigator to be retained after the first urgencies were over by Mr. Bancroft, chairman of the rehabilitation committee.

Later, when matters were well in hand at Chelsea, she saw an ad in the now defunct *Boston Transcript*. The State Department was looking for a woman to work with delinquent girls.



"Since Mr. Frisbee gave his car to the pool, he seldom gets a ride himself!"

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When she applied, she was as fully aware as she is today that she had not had the necessary formal education to qualify for the post, but she was as equally sure that she had the fundamental and sensible qualifications for the job

The official in the department studied her application and gave her a two-week provisional trial, pending the outcome of her Civil Service examination. As she points out today, she just barely got through the exam with the required grading. But she held the post for ten years, that of parole officer at the detention home for girls in Lancaster, Massachusetts.

There are many qualities necessary to doing a good job in a social service agency. It is obvious that Mary Driscoll had them. Even today, her honest interest in the welfare of young women is as real as it was when it was her job. This, in itself, is proof of her contention that no one can get anywhere working with people unless there is a sincere interest brightening the contact. As director and holder of assorted titles (all honorary and non-salary) in Boston Girls' Clubs, Miss Driscoll has maintained the same level-headed interest and influence which she had before, when this was her daily job.

The World War I came along at the end of ten years in her post as parole officer, and Miss Driscoll was surprised, one day, to have officials of the War Commission approach her about another post connected with Venereal Disease Control. They wanted, she was told, to have her leave her Civil Service work and join them.

Very frankly, Miss Driscoll explains, it was a hard choice to make. When you have had as little formal education as she had, it is a serious temptation not to quit the pension-gilded job in which you have worked for that many years. Somehow, she

was persuaded (probably via the argument that it was her duty), and she went on the Committee. Not too many months later, she became head of the New England district of the Venereal Disease Control Committee. The logic of this "upping" in rank is no surprise to those who know her best. After all, few people who are as interested in their fellowmen and who have as practical an outlook as Miss Driscoll has, could remain long submerged among the Memos from the committee members.

To digress slightly, Mary Driscoll is of the opinion that today's conditions are not as much different from those of World War I as might be expected. The same problems, the same results, possibly magnified in scope, prevail. And the same solutions can be applied with practicality. And no one can expect to solve the problems unless you have the confidence of the person involved. The girl in difficulty will explain her difficulties if she is approached as a friend. The parents will do their best if they are not hit over the head with a club before the facts are clear. It does, however, depend on the person who is acting as intermediary in the matter.

When Mary Driscoll says that she likes people, never gets tired of them, and finds the less important frequently the most interesting, it is a proven fact. She lives her life that way; she does her job in the same manner. Even the most hardened cynic would not be able to locate any phony sincerity in her statements. Her liking of people, her friends say, is very real.

Twice a year, Mary Driscoll speaks before a meeting of dealers. At that time, the problems at hand and the conditions which exist get a thorough airing. The dealers themselves appreciate the fairness and cooperativeness which they receive from her and the Bureau, and return it in kind.

Interestingly enough, the past two years have set some kind of a record for being difficult ones. Exactly why that is so she does not know. It is not that there have been many more licenses granted. It is just that they have been problem-packed from start to finish. The liquor problem has always been with us. Miss Driscoll points out. And it is her belief that it will always be a problem. Only an educated public and licensee can keep the problem in its proper perspective.

Reviewing petitions with the two men on the Board takes up most of the working day. In the case of renewals, there are frequently further studies to be made relative to the dealer's activities during the previous licensing period. Then, too, there is always a deluge of mail crossing Mary Driscoll's desk. As was pointed out earlier, the Driscoll name is now so firmly identified with licenses in the public mind that the Bureau might well be called the Driscoll Department

Her relatively free time is spent serving on committees or working with various girls clubs. Being President of Hemenway House, too, requires certain administrative duties on her part, but since her foster-mother was president before her (and a shining ideal through the years) this is what is called by the cliche-makers "a labor of love."

Her home in West Roxbury, with its garden and flowers, is a place which she loves. There, as she says, she can putter around doing all the little things that women love to do.

It is also her firm conviction that she is one of those people who are better off without too much education. Exactly why is not definite, but is somehow understandable to those who have gone wading in the higher-education pools and slipped on a cake of soap

The work which Miss Driscoll has accomplished and is accomplishing every day is a nice blend of education and execution. Put simply, she has built a genuine respect for law in the minds of the hundreds of dealers of the city. She has made the work of the Bureau understandable to the public by explaining exactly what is being done.

For a woman who is perfectly willing to admit that she has not received the advantages of higher education, she rates a bow for providing a lot of same for the thirsty public and busy dealer alike. It adds up to the happy total of a Horatio Alger opus. Success.

—Barbara Pearson

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BREAKFAST IN VIRGINIA

. . . He had never been able to sleep well on trains, even in a Pullman berth, and finding sleep on a crowded coach from Washington to New Orleans was nearly impossible. But somewhere about three in the morning he had fallen asleep out of exhaustion and boredom, and, now, in the early dawn, he was awakened by an M. P. who stood at the head of the coach shouting instructions to the soldiers. Looking up, he saw the M. P. moving down the aisle inspecting leave and furlough papers, jolting the soldiers who were still asleep. When occasionally a man, after searching his pockets, stood up to go through his belongings on the luggage-rack, the M. P. would stand in the aisle patiently. There was no apparent hurry.

After the M. P. left the car for the one behind it, George Durant, twenty-three and a conscientious objector to war, looked at the cold Virginia countryside. As the train whipped past a station, he tried to make out its name, but all he could see was a small building and a single empty baggage truck on the platform.

The soldiers, awake now, and the few other civilians beside himself in the car, were asking one another the time and, like himself, trying to determine where they were. One soldier, who had been trying unsuccessfully most of the night to become acquainted with either of two girls who were traveling together, asked one of them, "Where are we now, darling?" She looked at him impatiently, deciding whether to ignore him again or to answer his question.

She said, "Near Pulaski, I think."

He took it up: "Near Pulaski," he shouted. "We are near Pulaski, wherever the hell that is," he said. "Wherever the hell Pulaski is."

After the train left Pulaski where the two girls got off, a dining-car waiter came through calling out breakfast. Durant got up immediately and followed him through two cars to the diner which was crowded with passengers from the rear cars—the sleepers. The steward asked, "Are you alone, sir?" He said yes and followed him to a table for four. At the places nearest the aisle two men were finishing their breakfast. The steward seated Durant between one of these men and the window. On the table in front of him were dirty dishes, crumbs, cigarette stubs and ashes—the remains of a recent breakfast.

He began to toy with an empty match cover which his fingers found on the tablecloth. He looked at it casually, then with sudden interest as he read, "The Commander Hotel, Cambridge, Massachusetts." He thought of the time he had paced back and forth in its lobby waiting for a Vassar or Bennington or Smith girl to come down and hurry to the stadium with him; or the times he had left his Raleigh out front, gone in with a two-thousand word theme to leave at the desk for Mr. Jameson, his English A-4 composition instructor. Jameson had been agreeable that way, letting you file your weekly wordage at the last minute.

His reverie broke off sharply as the steward pulled out the chair opposite him and a young girl sat down. Seersucker dress, white handbag, plastic-framed glasses—not unlike the girls he had known, he thought, but then all women were wearing Seersucker dresses now. . . .

As a waiter cleared their places—setting down clean tablecloths over the dirty ones, filling their tumblers, placing menus, order pads, and pencils in front of them—Durant feigned an interest in the hills of Virginia outside the train window. Actually he was watching the girl across from him, who, like himself, was pretending to gaze at the small ravines and farms, trying to be nonchalant, fighting not to meet his eyes directly. His loneliness, which had been intensified by the night in the coach where he had said nothing at all to anyone, welled up in him strongly, and now he wanted to talk with this girl not as a man picks up a woman, nor as a traveler strikes up a conversation with another only to be sociable; he wanted to talk with her freely, without artifices and preliminaries.

"Do you mind if I talk to you?" he said.

She looked at him quickly, intently. "No, not at all," she said.

Now he did not know what to say: he should not have begun so abruptly, so seriously. She waited for him to say more. "I suppose you wonder why I'm not in uniform," he said, seizing the thought in his mind and putting it to words.

"Why, no, it hadn't occurred to me at all."

"Do you know why?"

"Of course not," she said.

"Because I wouldn't kill." Although he spoke quietly, he was aware that what he said appeared dramatic. He hadn't intended it that way, and now he was sorry he had started the conversation at all.

In the pause when she was groping



" Dem bed bugs—dey're driving me nuts, ya hear, nuts ! "

for something to say, he added, "Now that you know what I am, you don't want to talk with me any more; everybody feels that way." He thought of the people who had walked away from him; of the barber in Cincinnati's Union Terminal who had stopped cutting his hair half-way through and would neither finish the job, talk to him further, nor accept any money from him.

She said, "You're a conscientious objector?"

"Yes." He waited for the usual questions: "But what if we were all like you; then what?" Or, "Did you ever stop to think, what if Hitler came over here?" Or the most common of all, the most irritating, "But what could we *possibly* have done after Pearl Harbor and all?"

Instead she said simply, "I admire you very much."

"Those are nice words, you know, after what we hear most of the time," he said.

"I really mean them." Then she asked, "Aren't you supposed to be in a camp or something?"

And he told her of the camp in Arkansas where they were made to work six days a week for nothing; the monotony of climbing into a truck in the morning and the coming in again in the evening; the fierce discrimination against them everywhere. And he said his furlough was now ending, that he was returning to that fruitless life.

She listened, interested. When he finished she said, "I've often wondered what I'd do if I were a man and they wanted to draft me. . . ."

"You'd go," he interrupted. "They all go."

"I suppose," she said.

She turned to her breakfast and, while buttering toast, appeared to be thinking of something she wanted to add, as though she were trying to put it into words to herself, first.

"Do you know," she said, looking up at him, "my brother didn't believe in fighting either. He used to talk the same way you do: that wars only cause more trouble and more wars, and everybody gets killed but nothing is settled." Then she added, "But he went, of course."

Immediately she sensed that with those words she had offended him. "Now, I shouldn't have said that at all. I'm very sorry," she said.

"It's perfectly all right," he said. But he could not look at her directly. He finished his breakfast and, as the train went on through Virginia, making up time lost during the night, she continued eating, too. He asked for his check, and when it came he gave the waiter a five-dollar bill and waited for the change.

"Look," the girl said, her face serious, "I'm really awfully sorry if I—if I hurt you. I admire you very much for sticking up for what you think is right; I know it must be hard with everyone else disagreeing with you. But I admire you, quite seriously I do."

"Thanks," he said. "It was my fault; I just got upset, I guess, thinking about going back to that place. You understand how it is?"

"Of course," she said.

He got up to go. "Good luck," she said, smiling at him.

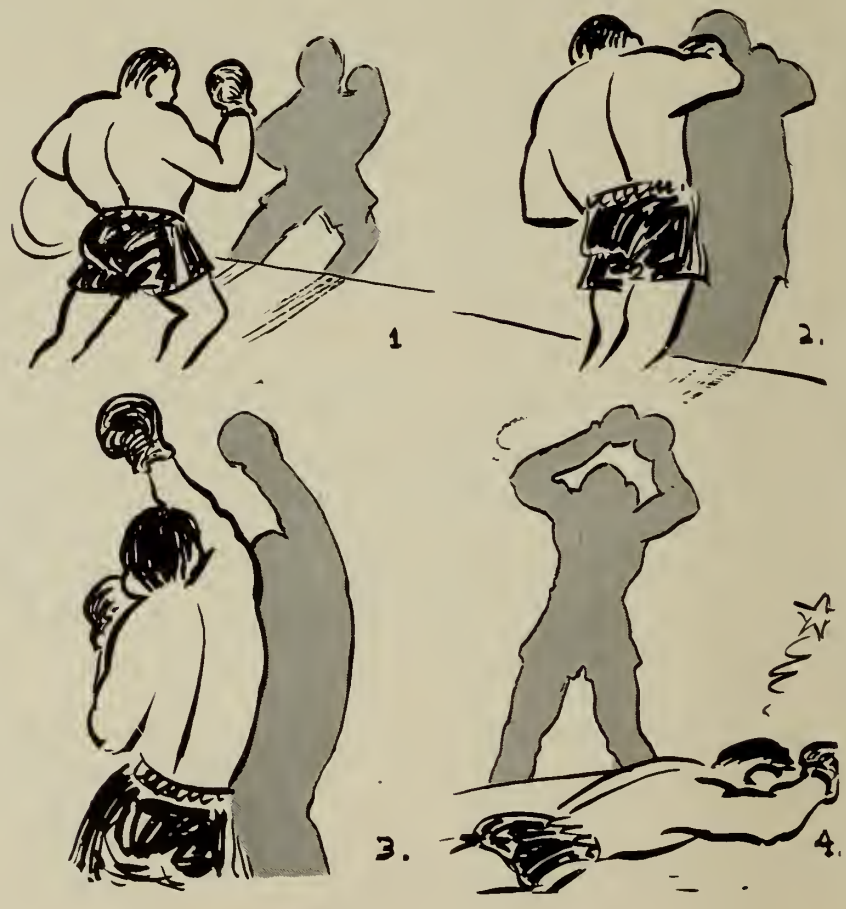
"Thanks," he said. "Goodbye." He walked past nearly a car full of people waiting for places in the diner, just ahead. In his coach, two cars away, the soldiers were bunched in the aisles asking one another what outfit they were with.

Durant sat down beside the soldier who had slept next to him, quietly, without saying a word, all night. He looked past him at the countryside and he was bored with it. Leaning his elbow on the arm-rest, he put his head in his hand and pretended to sleep.

After awhile the train came into Bristol, on the Tennessee-Virginia boundary. As they waited there, changing engines, he thought: another state between me and home. And he knew that across this long, endless state of Tennessee, there was Arkansas, and there, for the duration of the war and six more months, he would climb into a truck in the morning and come back again in the evening.

—Arthur S. Harris, Jr.

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The shadow boxer

THE SLACKER

. . . Of course, Mildred was jealous of Anna from the start. After all, she had been studying Spanish in night school in order to get the job taking care of the South American correspondence. But you couldn't blame the Boss, either, for hiring Anna. She was a splendid linguist, a good typist and a refugee from Nazi Germany, needing a job.

Anna wasn't a girl you could be friendly with. She just didn't take to American ways. She always wore black serge with a neat white turnover and—believe it or not—black cotton stockings. Then she would keep on saying "Ya" when the rest of us said "Yeah." I don't like making fun of people, but I did have to laugh at Mildred when she imitated Anna. She would screw her curls back into a pug with just that anxious, inquiring look with which Anna met every remark.

When Anna first came—that was before we were in the war—we used to try to pump her about Germany. But we couldn't get a thing out of her. "I still haf my family there," she would say, "I dare not talk."

But it wasn't until after Pearl Harbor that we began to feel definitely antagonistic to her. Her guttural accent began to get on our nerves. Then Mildred got a look at the payroll and discovered that Anna wasn't buying any war bonds. That was pretty bad, and from there it wasn't much of a step to start suspecting her. After all, we were selling to the government, and she had access to all the files. Then there was this South American business.

"What a slacker! I think it's disgraceful," Mildred harangued the whole office force one day when Anna was out. "She comes over here taking jobs away from good Americans, and she won't put out a cent to support the country. And do you realize she's never said one word against the Nazis? How do we know who these so-called refugees are, anyway?"

"Maybe she buys bonds outside," I suggested.

Mildred pressed her lips together. "I'm going to find out," she announced.

When Anna came in, we were laying for her. Mildred brought the conversation around to the big blow-out she was going to have when her bonds came due. "I'm going to have a season in Florida," she said, "in style, too."

I helped her along. "I'm going to have a really good car," I said. "How are you going to blow your bonds in, Anna?"

"Me? Oh, I do not have any," Anna replied. There was actually a note of pride in her voice, and she seemed entirely unconscious of our indignant looks.

I don't know whether Mildred knew the Boss was listening or not, but when I answered his ring, his door was half open. He wanted the payroll. The Boss is a fast worker. Before we left that night he had called Mildred in and asked her if she thought she could handle the South American correspondence

So Anna disappeared and I couldn't help feeling sort of mean about it, though I could see why the Boss might doubt her loyalty. Mildred, for one, missed her. She missed a butt for her jibes, and she found the Spanish almost beyond her. Most of the extra money she made went in help with her translations.

•

ON THE LEVEL

They rave about the prairie;
They say it's broad, unbroken.
I rave about the prairie:
I say it's darned provokin'.
They claim it can't be equalled.
I fervently hope not.
I pray it won't be sequelled
Even on Republic's lot.
They deem it smooth and even—
"Flat's" the word I grapple for.
It's called a lonesome place, but it
Should be alone some more.
It bears a slight resemblance to
A rut, but overgrown.
They say it's vast and rolling—well
At least it rolls its own.
Another thing about it is
Its utter lack of traffic.
Summing up these virtues:
It's an error topographic.

—Jean Carlyle

It was months before I saw Anna again. When Mildred and I ran into her one day, she looked positively shabby—shabby and thin and tired. On a sudden impulse I suggested a coke, though Mildred gave me a dirty look.

In the drugstore booth she told us about herself. "I do not yet find another good position," she said in her prim English. "I am working in a garment factory."

"But, Anna," I replied—I felt sort of responsible, "what about your languages. Surely, you can get something."

"I dare not again attempt that," she answered, "not after I failed so badly with the Spanish."

"Anna, I am sure your Spanish is good. I'm sure it wasn't that."

She shrugged her shoulders. "What then?"

"I don't know, Anna," I was floundering now. If she didn't know, someone ought to tell her. Yet I didn't want to hurt her feelings.

Mildred was more ruthless. "No doubt, it was because you boasted you didn't buy any war bonds. Naturally the Boss began to suspect your loyalty."

Anna looked at her with surprise. A faint pink came into her white cheeks.

"War bonds?" she said slowly. "No, I have not bought war bonds. I do not lend my money to your government." She dipped into her shabby old purse and brought out a bundle of small, green slips, held together with an elastic band. They were, I saw, money order receipts. There, I thought, she has other obligations. Perhaps, she couldn't afford—

"I know what bad government is, and to your good government I *give* my money." She handed us the slips across the table. They were all made out to the United States Treasury, and they must have represented half her salary.

I looked at Mildred in her new squirrel coat. Mildred hadn't needed that coat any more than she needed another arm.

Anna's eyes followed mine.

"You people do not yet understand," she said gently.

—Edith Addison Thomas



IT'S ABOUT TIME

. . . You can turn down that radio for a minute, can't you? And how about dropping the newspaper now that you've finished the funnies and headlines? It's about time you took another good look at your city. Boston is quite a place. A lot of history was made here. The Common, the Old North Church, Faneuil Hall, the Park Street Church, and a great many other places that are still in use have histories so lustrous that they rival a ten-carat diamond. Take the Bunker Hill Monument, for instance. It stands for something besides that peacetime holiday you get on most June 17ths in Boston. Uh-huh, it does. It's like this.

On June 16, 1775, the British had occupied the City of Boston. This business of rebellious colonists questioning British rights to impose new taxes had to be settled briskly and thoroughly or no one could tell what might happen next. Rebelliousness has a habit of contagion, as General Gage no doubt knew as he sat in his headquarters in the City of Boston. Colonists were gathering belligerently in the outlying districts wherever a meeting could be held. The new British policy of taxation, the Act to destroy the Land Bank, the Stamp Act, all these had festered in the people's minds until only a show of force could smother the restlessness.

The Battle of Bunker Hill, of course, is something you remember from your history books. But it is also something to remember with a greater vividness, a greater pride, today. It was a battle against terrific odds, odds that might well have frightened off a less determined group of colonists.

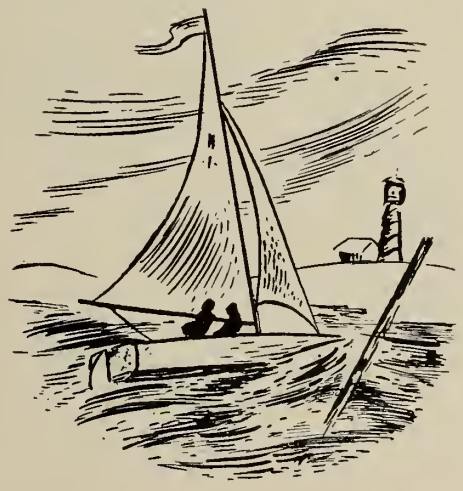
On Friday, June 16, the commanders of the American army, acting upon a recommendation of the committee of safety, decided to fortify Bunker Hill. Orders were issued for Prescott's, Frye's and Bridge's regiments plus a fatigue party of 200 Connecticut troops to "parade at 6 o'clock in the evening with all the intrenching troops in Cambridge." Further orders included Capt. Gridley's company of artillery of 49 men and two field pieces were ordered to parade as well.

A slight delay occurred that evening as to whether to fortify Breed's Hill or Bunker Hill. Breed's Hill was finally chosen as the suitable place to erect a redoubt.

Capt. Gridley, at midnight, had the lines marked out by an engineer, and the work was ready to begin. A breastwork ran about 100 yards to the north to a marshy spot that could be counted on to check any attacking troops. The redoubt measured eight rods on the longest side which fronted Charlestown, and the other sides were shorter. From midnight until 11 a.m. on the morning of July 17, the men worked at intrenching. And the tools were then sent back to Putnam on his higher elevation in the rear to fortfy that summit as well.

It was after daybreak when Linzee, the commander of the "Falcon" which lay in the stream, opened fire and waked Charlestown. Gridley returned his fire with his miserable field pieces. Gage, however, soon ordered Linzee to cease firing. A bold attack by the redcoats seemed the best strategy.

Historians, encyclopedias, and military authorities have long discussed Gage's actions pro and con. Certainly it would have been easy to encircle the patriots and starve them out. Possibly, however, Gage's outlook was slanted by a knowledge that a serious defeat by his well-armed men would have a strong psychological effect on the restless colonists. In any event, he entrusted General Howe to storm the hill.



Howe's contempt for the wretched redoubt cost him dearly at the end. The famous line "Wait until you see the whites of their eyes" served the patriots well. As the lines of redcoats marched up the hill, the colonists bided their time, cutting loose with a withering fire once the British were near. General Pigot's experience with the left wing was similar. The British lines broke and ran.

By this time, Charlestown was in flames. Howe had ordered it burnt, and his orders were carried through by Burgoyne with a thoroughness that lighted the skies for miles around.

Finally, of course, when Howe ordered his men to attack in columns and got set to rake the weak north end of the breastwork, Prescott knew the battle was done. There was nothing to do except retreat as the Englishmen struggled over the redoubt, and this, too, had to be done at great hazard, between two successful British columns who hardly dared fire because their own men were so intermingled with the colonists. It was at this time that Warren was killed, and the works on Bunker Hill held only long enough to cover the retreat before the British were in possession.

It was hardly an hour and a half between the first attack and the capture of the summit of Bunker Hill. Such a brief space in time to have meant so much. By five o'clock in the afternoon, the British were in possession, firing field pieces at the fleeing colonists. But the damage was done. The colonists had found that they could, with limited arms and high courage, turn a British army back. And the English never again attacked an armed redoubt, remembering too well their lesson at Bunker Hill.

This spire of Quincy granite that rises 220 feet in height, in a plain shaft pointed at the top, marks the site of the battle. It marks a true turning point in American history as well. But it was not the first monument to commemorate the battle.

In December, 1794, King Solomon's Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons (then of Charlestown and now of Somerville) erected a Tuscan pillar of wood, standing eighteen feet high on a platform eight feet above the ground. This was placed on land given by James Russell Esq., and the

FOR BRIDES

of this and yesteryears

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cost was close to $1000. The memorial was erected to honor Major-General Joseph Warren and his associates.

Even before that, however, a monument had been erected on Beacon Hill, in 1790, to honor those who fell at Bunker Hill. This monument was designed by Bulfinch, and the pillar surmounted by an eagle which is now on the State House grounds in a replica of that monument.

Much controversy about the conduct of the battle raged in 1818, and Daniel Webster took part in this with an article printed in the "North American Review," edited by William Tudor. When Mr. Tudor learned in 1822 that a portion of land on the hill was for sale, he got in touch with his friends regarding a suitable memorial. The prime movers in this enterprise were Tudor, Dr. John C. Warren, Col. Thomas H. Perkins, Daniel Webster, William Sullivan and George Blake. In May 1823, these men and twenty others joined together into an Act of Incorporation for the purpose of erecting a lasting monument to the battle.

The cornerstone was laid on June 17, 1825, with Gen. Lafayette as honored guest and Daniel Webster delivering the oration. But the task of raising money was not easy. Several times, funds ran low.

On June 17, 1843, Bunker Hill Monument was completed and formal dedication ceremonies held. President Tyler and his cabinet were among those present, and once again, Daniel Webster delivered the oration. The words which he spoke on that occasion are well worth reading again. Here are a few excerpts from his great address:

"It is not as a mere military encounter of hostile armies, that the Battle of Bunker Hill presents its principal claim to attention. Yet even as a mere battle, there were circumstances attending it, extraordinary in character, and entitling it to peculiar distinction. It was fought on this eminence; in the neighborhood of yonder city; in the presence of more spectators than there were combatants in the conflict. Men, women and children, from every commanding position, were gazing at the battle, and looking for its result with all the eagerness natural to those who knew that the issue was fraught with the deepest consequences to themselves, personally, as well as to their country. . . .

"If men would enjoy the blessings of republican government, they must govern themselves by reason, by mutual counsel, and consultation, by a sense and feeling of general interest, and by the acquiescence of the minority in the will of the majority, properly expressed; and above all, the military must be kept, according to the language of our Bill of Rights, in strict subordination to the civil authority. Wherever this lesson is not both learned and practised, there can be no political freedom. Absurd, preposterous is it—a scoff and a satire on free forms of constitutional liberty, for frames of government to be prescribed by military leaders, and the right of suffrage to be exercised at the point of the sword. . . .

"In our day and generation let us seek to raise and improve the moral sentiment, so that we may look, not for a degraded but for an elevated and improved future. And when we, and our children, shall all have been consigned to the house appointed for all living, may love of country—and pride of country—glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended! And then, when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered round it, and when the one shall speak to the other of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected, there shall rise, from every youthful breast, the ejaculation—

"'Thank God, I—I also—AM AN AMERICAN.'"

•

SUNSET

Sir Walter
Flung a rose-lined cape
Upon a heavenly pool
And bending low
He bade fair Evening cross.
The lady lightly
Stepped and passed
And left
A purple shadow.

—JEAN CARLYLE

The golden rule for back to school

La Cross

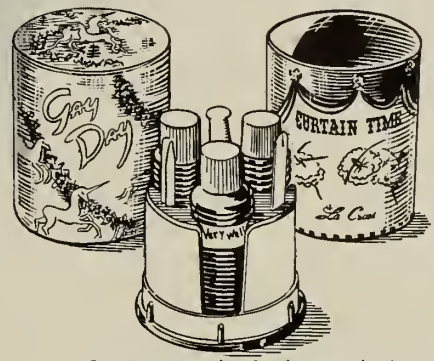
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Basic requirement for fingertip beauty—any one of these superb La Cross sets. Smart as a Phi-Beta Key, practical as a course in economics, they're essential to good grooming, the way to keep your nails as sparkling as your wit.



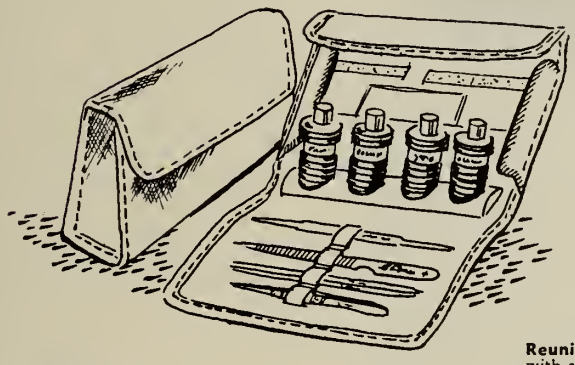
Personal Favor: Trim two-tone case in alligator grain simulated leather with contrasting flap closure, gabardine lining. Contents: La Cross polish, Quickseal, Stazon base coat, cuticle oil, polish remover, cuticle lift, file, cuticle scissors, tweezers, emeries and tissues. . . . **$5.00** plus tax.





Gay Day: Laurel and unicorns make the whimsical design of the cover. And La Cross polish, polish remover, cuticle remover and other manicure needs make this a bounty of beauty you can't afford to miss. . . . **$1.00** plus tax.

Curtain Time: Sister to Gay Day with same contents, but the cover's an enchanting row of ballerinas. . . . **$1.00** plus tax.



Reunion: Elegant leatherette case, saddle stitched with a satin finish lining, snap closure. Contains La Cross polish, Stazon, polish remover, cuticle remover, file, tweezers, manicure sticks, emery boards, cuticle lift and tissues. Red or blue. . . . **$3.00** plus tax.

at Jordan Marsh

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SHOP TALK

. . . THERE comes a time in every woman's life when she must look ahead a bit in fashion instead of waiting willy-nilly until the last moment to bolster up her wardrobe. This year, it's especially true. Don't expect to find your size, color and style in fall clothes unless you're an early bird, because "reorder" and "special order" are obsolete words for the duration, tearful buyers tell us.

Fredley's early collection of fall coats and suits are worth braving the hottest August day to see. You college gals won't have to think twice about an ultra-smart successor to your polo coat in Forstmann's new Duvarra, a warm, shaggy, 100 per cent wool material. It's a full length coat, perfectly casual and easy-to-slip-into —quite the thing for campus life in lime green or mist grey, lovely soft colors to blend with tweeds. Wide revers, chunky wooden buttons, deep pockets and a lustrous satin lining makes it the "buy of the season" for $45. You'll be seeing lots of "shorties" this fall with all sorts of new and elegant detail. "Shorties" are betwixt and between full-length and three-quarter coats and enjoy tremendous popularity already. One we liked a lot came in that glorious shade of lime green wool with a wide black caracul tuxedo. Revers and notches are deftly cut into the tuxedo, breaking the straight line in front and staking a claim for individuality. These "shorties" are going over so big that suit versions of them have been designed —or should we say suit visions? A fantasy pink wool caught our eye, not so much for its length as for its luxurious nutria lumber jacket which is an integral part of the coat. Nutria and pink wool are an exquisite twosome, particularly when such original ideas bring them together. This little number has smooth raglan shoulders, full, generous sleeves with cuffs that turn way back and is otherwise obedient to the latest fashion dictates. The lady who wears it is going to excite plenty of comment.

An electric green coat shocked us into rapt attention when we saw it on a dark damsel who knows her style. This model has a rippled collar of black Persian connecting with a smartly-cut tuxedo of same. Lavish Persian cuffs that do the turn-back trick so nicely complement the tuxedo. And the sleeves are set under a folded ledge on the shoulders, giving them a neat, square, chopped-off look, brand new this fall. A marvelous value for $234 (tax included) and you're right up to the minute in figure flattery.

. . . SO YOUR watch is getting temperamental again? Bring it up to *Jewel Crest*, 376 Boylston Street, where an expert who knows exactly what makes watches tick will repair it for good. It's a pleasure to find such utter reliability in these sparse times. Silver jewelry seems to be the rage now, and here you will find some choice and charming pieces for gifts or to take home with you. A silver gardenia pin on the lapel of your new suit would be stunning. Its delicately curved petals almost make you believe Dame Nature herself had a hand in it.

And speaking of Nature, we couldn't say "no" to a pair of silver butterfly earrings, really unique ones. The creature's graceful, finely marked wings are spread for flight and they will probably perch right on your lobes. They're not half so expensive as they look and are just as appropriate with sportswear as with dressy afternoon get-ups. Also in silver is a very versatile pin that's positively one of the most useful things you can own along these lines. Your initials are cleverly worked into a circle about the size of a half-dollar which conveniently snuggles against your pocket or lapel or the flap of your bag. It's really a handsome piece and, so intimate, it can't be borrowed by your dearest friend. Can't think of a better gift, if you're shopping for one.

Does the circular motif in silver appeal to you? Then you'll probably like a more elaborate pin, too, in an



"Next time, funny boy, take it out of the package before you throw it, see?"

open circle. A startling branch topped with oxblood coral and mysterious moonstone breaks its way into the center and probably into your jewel box. Why not? For drama, when an unexpected surprise drops in, wear earrings to typify your sleek, tightly-drawn coiffeur. Hoops of black onyx are at once arresting and dramatic. An Indian moonstone drooping from the lobe of your ear is secured to the hoop with tiny silver leaves. Artful simplicity for some sophisticated female—and only such.

. . . Furs should be of immediate concern to those luckies who contemplate buying a coat for the winter. It's not wise to wait, and that's why *R. H. Stearns'* sixth floor Fur Salon is buzzing with activity now. Stressing quality, prime pelts and the best in workmanship and styling, the Fur Salon offers an amazing group of coats. With the same interesting detail the cloth coats have this season, the furs come in new short styles and fitted and swagger silhouettes. Wide sleeves with deep cuffs that turn back bracelet or elbow length for evening wear, cardigan necks and convertible fronts which may be lapped over or worn tuxedo fashion are taking the town by storm.

There are several opulent models in select Blue Ribbon Trophy mink, a Labrador strain. Each individual skin is numbered, registered and superbly matched. If it's a mink you're after, here's one of your safest and most exclusive bets. Vying with the minks are two new lighter tones of dyed Northern Back Muskrat, "woodland mink" and "forest mink" by name. We fell in love with one in particular, trotteur length, with a full tuxedo, saddle shoulder and wide sleeve. A true aristocrat! Costs only $500 plus tax.

These silky, long-haired, let-out muskrats are giving other furs plenty of competition. Still another fur that's coming into its own is soft, glossy lapin. You may have an attractive seal-dyed or beaver-dyed one for $79 plus tax. A circumspect young lady who leaves for Vassar in September was overjoyed to find herself a South American Spotted Cat swagger coat lined with beige wool. It has beaver



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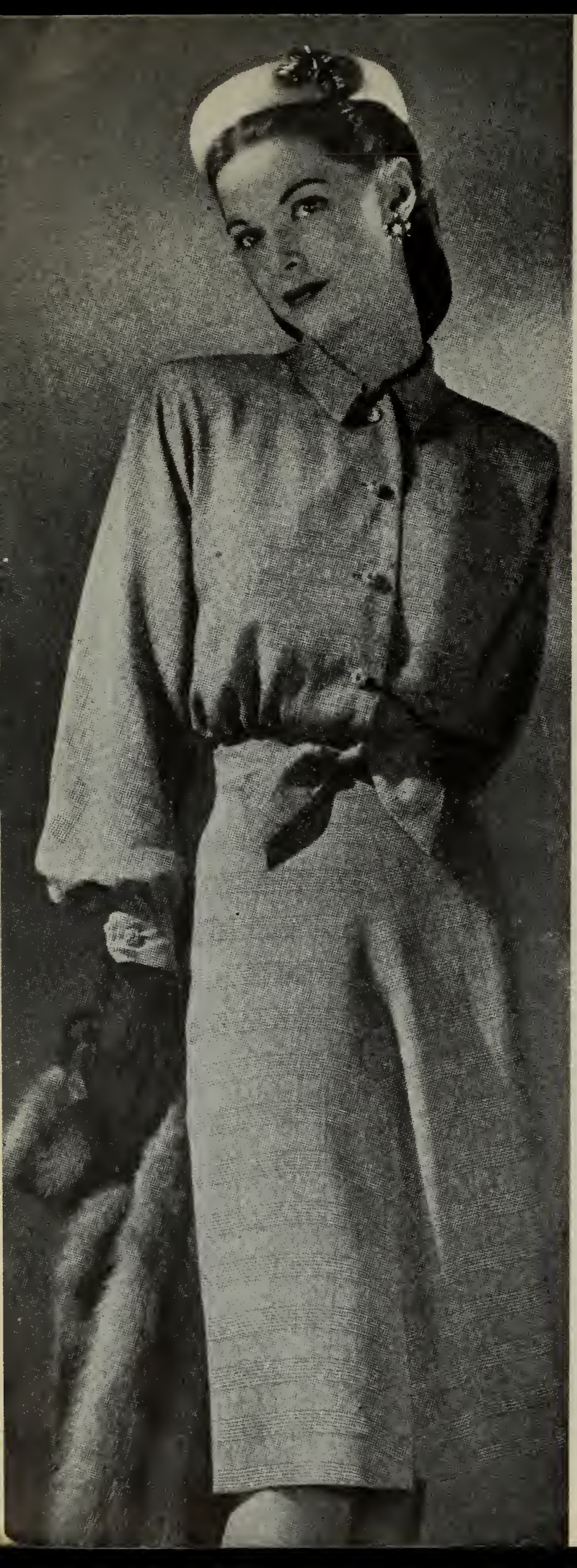
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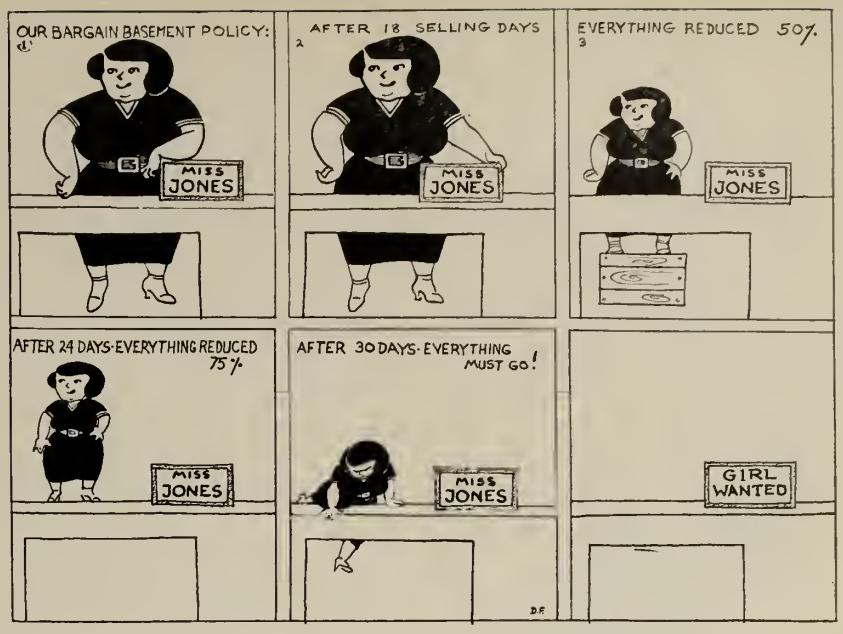


Looking Toward Autumn

One of a brilliant new collection of suits, coats and dresses that will make fashion headlines this fall.

Anne Starr
1246 Hancock St., Quincy

flaps on the pockets and, at the neckline, a string tie with beaver pompons. Fortunate frosh and she knows it. Her mother, one of Boston's favorite society matrons, found her forte in a fitted black Persian with a wide sweep to its skirt, a tricky stand-up collar with lapels that's worn three different ways and a front-tie belt. Shoulder tucks and the latest sleeve detail render it all the more suave for milady. It's hers for $708 plus tax. Don't miss the exciting August Fur Opening!



• •

. . . Oh, to be going back to school this year! *Jordan Marsh* waxes enthusiastic at the idea and opens its second floor College Shop in a gay panorama of autumn color and with a rah rah. Style astute collegians are stationed there to assist in your wardrobe problems. We witnessed the miracle of a Wheaton-bound student seated here, choosing all of her daytime outfits in the College Shop, without having to travel from department to department to complete them. First and foremost in any campus belle's wardrobe is a smartly tailored three-piece suit like the staple classic with a new look hanging right here. It comes in a sporty all-wool herringbone in rich colors like dark brown, plum, green and loganberry. A slim, boxy top coat goes over the suit and they both have squared-off collars and are single-breasted. Try these partners with a nubby-knit sweater of the California variety or a comfortable woolen slip-over in white, pink, brown, blue or red. Suit and coat—$39.95 each.

Their abundance of skirts will astound you—gay plaid ones, botany flannels and strutter cloths in solid colors. Easy to pack and easy on the eye, is a "Trikskirt" that folds up like an accordion in your grip and gives a perpetually pleated effect when unpacked for class-room meandering. A drawstring through the waist and small row of buttons on the side will evoke no small amount of admiration. It's $7.95 in botany and only $5.98 in strutter cloth. College girl and business girl alike should have a classic flannel dress that buttons down the front. And which of the luscious fall colors do you prefer, fuschia, purple, tangerine, lime, emerald green, brown, rust or royal blue? Not just another dress, it has strategic shirring at the waist, slit pockets concealed in the drape of the skirt and three-quarter sleeves, all of which conspires to make it look ever so much more than $16.95.

Another beauty is a two-piece wool jersey torso dress, quite snug in the vicinity of the hips and knife-pleated all the way around. Inexpensive and indispensable. Anticipating days when cold, howling winds sweep the campus, you should see the "California Wallaby Starlets," extra-warm and practical coats with lots of dash to boot. Fluffy, 100% wool pile, they are shown in the new "shortie" length in bright, young colors and pure white. A gay, embroidered band in multicolor floral design starts on the raglan shoulder and runs down the sleeve. The same trim is carried out on the pocket. It's definitely worth your while for $39.95. And here goes a stylish semester!

. . . Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye,—*Smith Patterson* has changed its home from corner Summer and Arch Streets to 45 Summer Street, not far at all. Now that you have this information, you can just dash over to catch up on your shopping list of gifts. A modern daughter deserves something as daring as her mood and so how about a pink gold cocktail ring for her birthday? The one we had our hearts set on smacked of modernity and its stark simple design was embellished with diamonds and rubies. Just $87.50, tax included. If you planned to spend more money on your Miss America, there is something different in a gold link bracelet there at $200, tax included. This handsome piece is a two-tone, heavy gold affair in an unusual basket-weave design that could never go out of style. It's a possesion any gal would cheerfully take over and excellent taste for a gift

Another striking item in two-tone gold is a rather severe bow knot pin that lends an air of importance to your least important frocks. A dainty spray of rubies are tied through the knot—and believe us, it's a bow any beau could present with confidence. We saw a yellow gold brooch in one of the show-cases there in a lovely oval shape with a flower in it. A large blue zircon is set in the flower and it really looks ten times its $29.75. While you're there, see what you think about their prize cultured pearl earrings. The pearls surround a gorgeous synthetic ruby and are set in 14 karat gold. We'll wager you'll take them home with you if you try them on! Elegance plus and only $55, tax included

Keep cool, my pretty ones, and don't forget to shop early!

—Phyllis

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These favorites have never failed a test in active wear, and they all have the famous glove grip construction for town, country and sports wear.



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BEAUTY . . . CARE OF FEET

. . . Have you ever had to hunt for your other shoe in a dark movie? Or are you the gal who slips her shoes off under tables? We've seen some mighty amusing incidents at the expense of the girl with the aching feet. The answer is not prehensile toes, although they help. We rather suggest you limp in to your nearest chiropodist.

Premature facial wrinkles are not always caused by dry skin, you know. Worry and discomfort are two of the more common causes of strained, ageing expressions. Too few women make regular trips to the chiropodist's or realize what wonders comfortable feet can do as a direct beauty treatment.

Personally, we wouldn't wear "Mother Hubbard" shoes if they did feel more comfortable than our dashing pumps. We feel it's a pretty high price to pay for comfort, and prefer taking care of our feet. Besides that, we haven't much faith in highly advertised "health" shoes that do little more than make our gams look as unattractive as possible. Recently, the Federal Trade Commission issued orders against shoe manufacturers using the word "health" or other words of like meaning, designating shoes that have no orthopedic features, or implying that shoes of ordinary construction have special health or corrective features. We therefore suggest that your feet get the proper attention, but of course wear shoes of the correct size.

Our favorite chiropodist gave us a list of DOs and DON'Ts to pass on to you. These will certainly help you take good care of your feet.

Do bathe your feet often. A warm solution of sea salt water will be particularly beneficial.

Change your shoes during the day. It will keep your toes from feeling cramped. Change to fresh clean well-fitting stockings daily as well.

Discard uncomfortable footwear. Let your everyday shoes be the best and vice versa. Keep your shoes in good repair, and wear rubbers in damp and stormy weather. Prevention is better than cure, you know.

Cut your toe nails straight across . . . not shorter than the end of your toe . . . and never cut the corners.

Do not cut your own corns or calluses. Legs have been amputated and lives lost due to self-inflicted infection.

Be careful of advertised "corn cures" containing harmful acids. Also beware of mail order and store arch supports and appliances that are not made for your feet. They may even make them worse.

Blisters should be punctured only under aseptic conditions, and should be carefully protected against infection.

Calluses on the ball of the foot are caused by a weakening of the foot. Pains extending to the legs, knees or back, often mistaken for rheumatism or arthritis, may be caused by your feet.

A grand exercise for your feet is to try to grasp a marble with your toes. If you have some particular foot ailment, a particular exercise may be just the thing for cure. Of course in that case your exercises should be prescribed.

Get into the habit of walking with your feet straight ahead as though following a straight line.

Remember that chiropodists are trained and equipped to treat feet. They are qualified members of a profession, permitted by law to specialize in the care and treatment of feet exclusively. Just as you visit your physician and dentist for general check ups, include your chiropodist, too. It will add to your health and beauty.

—Lillian Munroe



WOMEN AND THE WAR

. . . PRESENTING the outstanding woman for August: Mrs. Bessie Susan Huse Hepburn, mother, housewife, leader of women.

Devotion to her home and to her friends is the motivating force in the life and living of Bess Hepburn, affectionately known to the family as Susie. With her three stalwart sons in the service of their country, one a doctor, first lieutenant in the Army, about to go overseas; another an air cadet, and the third on a special mission in the East, she realizes that it is the homey, ordinary little things which have to be attended to each day in the home and the community, that make a well balanced, influential life during this time of apprehension for all. In a friendly, encouraging way, she guides other women to tie up these little threads of living, thus creating a phalanx of strength which grows more powerful with each individual who responds to her happy resiliency and clear vision.

As we sat one very hot afternoon, rocking together on one of the porches added to her home just for comfort, she sincerely uttered this very thought: Mothers take the crises of life standing and leading for they know that the family depends on them for encouragement and direction.

This home, always crowded until now, with friends of the family and companions of her boys, lies in a 50 acre tract of spacious lawn, gardens and tree-land on the Canton edge of Norwood. The centre of the house, many years old, has grown and grown, with a library here and a sun porch there, until it breathes beauty, comfort and gracious living . . . the spirit of its creator.

Although assisted in her home by a devoted manservant, Cato, diminutive Chinese, who serves delicious meals from, as Bess says, practically nothing, and her colored man, Raymond, loyal to her bidding since World War I, she assumes complete charge of Fritzy, the Schnautzer, Zana, the tiny Skiperkee, the green parrot, who calls, Susie, Susie, many times during the day, and a large pure white cat of doubtful origin. She only deplores the fact that her horses and the goats no longer roam the grounds. She also claims the care of the Victory Garden, planted, as Bess frankly confesses, with cabbage, broccoli, tomatoes, anything and everything which can be bought already part grown.

Delving deep into Bess' ancestry, we discovered she was eighth in descent from Thomas Huse, of Newbury, Massachusetts, who with his brother participated in the Canadian Expedition in 1690, thus entitling her to membership in the Society of Daughters of Colonial Wars. This service for England and the Colonies against the French and the Indians in Canada was rewarded by the grant of Salisbury, New Hampshire, to his heirs in 1739. Later in her genealogy was Joseph Huse, Lieutenant Colonel in the Revolutionary War, the descendant who provided Bess with membership as vice-regent of the Boston Tea Party Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

With New England tradition and principle as her intrinsic heritage, no wonder the qualities of persuasive leadership among Massachusetts women are hers. As immediate past president of the Harvard Women's Club, now president of the Daughters of Massachusetts, member of the Executive Board of the Boston City Federation and chairman of the Meetings Committee of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs which untangles all problems of transportation and arrangements for the many meetings of this large organization of women, she is building a morale on the home front in a quiet, friendly way.

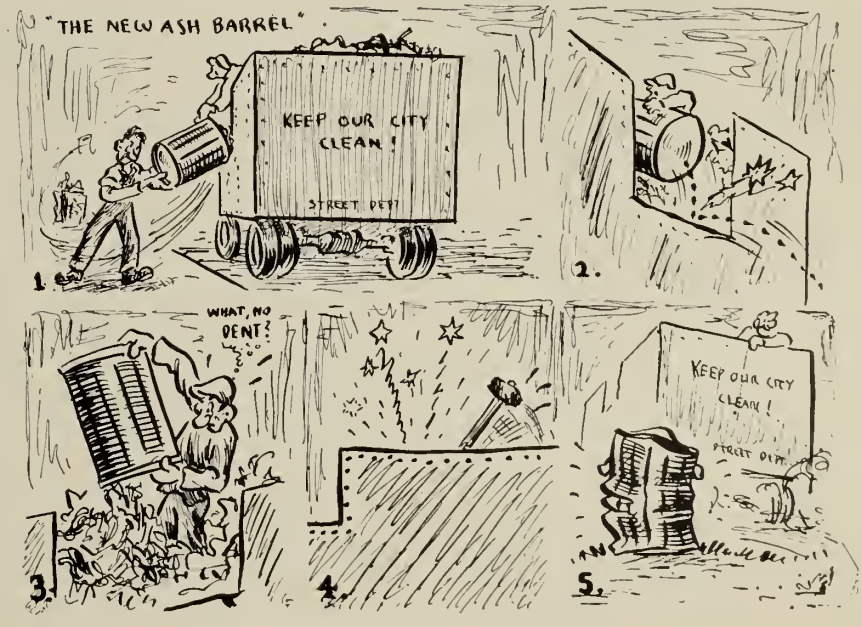
Her early training was at the Boston City Hospital and the Providence Lying-In Hospital. At the City Hospital, she assisted a young interne, fresh from Harvard, and soon afterwards became his wife. Dr. James J. Hepburn now is the noted Head of First Surgery at the Boston City Hospital and Professor of Surgery at Tufts Medical School.

With this training, together with her ever ready consideration for the welfare of others, she stepped into the role of nurse again, working day and night for the hundreds of victims at the time of the Cocoanut Grove fire, when that holocaust taxed the personnel and hospital resources of Boston.

What a full life of work and service, cheerfully assumed by this mother whose heart beats double time while her boys are away serving their country in its battle for freedom and world peace.

She knows that this is a woman's war too, and that women must and will fight the battle on all fronts with intelligence, with high spirit and with vision.

—DOROTHY KRAUS



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Ann Haviland's perfume and bath series in Wood Violet

stream or rolling meadow, abundant with fragrant violets intermingled with the fresh, tangy scent of green leaves and bark. For Ann Haviland has contrived to combine these two qualities in her Wood Violet—the delicious, heady odor of sweet violets with the poignant, subtle sharpness of greenery — and the result is delightfully intriguing. Wood Violet comes in perfume, eau de toilette, body powder, talcum powder, sachet and bath oil, all as appealing to look at as they are to smell. Ann Haviland has done a grand job of creating floral essences true to the odor of the flower — among them, Lily of the Valley, Carnation, Daphne, Hyacinth and others, so truly feminine in spirit — the kind of fragrances men prefer women to wear.

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. . . IF YOU are running a fever chart these hot days, Schiaparelli's luxurious bath accessories will help you keep cool, comfortable and daintily fragrant, no matter how high the thermometer may climb. Shocking fans will welcome the fragrance of that provocative scent in a whole galaxy of products. Soap that is heart shaped, pink and velvety; bath essence in tiny vials — each good for four baths — as well as two and four ounce flacons; cooling eau de cologne to spray on after the shower; dusting powder or Shocking talc to absorb moisture. And, as a final ritual, lingerie from a sachet filled drawer or case. There are similar bath accessories to complement Sleeping per-



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fume. Keep your morale high with these fragrant aids to good grooming!

Beauty Leads Double Life

. . . BEAUTY LEADS a double life in the summer — you look natural, fresh and lovely in the country, and smooth, clean, cool and urban in the city. Your make-up plays an important part in this dual role. In the country your background is wind, sand, mountains and lots of sky. Water, trees, grass, flowers and foliage reflect the clear light, a light that plays up the natural color of your skin. Under this light you are best looking as natural as possible. Heavy make-up would be incongruous. When you play or swim, protect your skin with Elizabeth Arden's Sports Gelee which filters the sun rays, helps keep your skin soft and supple while tanning and use only your lipstick in a bright clear shade. These specially designed make-ups by Elizabeth Arden will make you look lovelier against a suburban background: For daytime — Light Rosetta Bronze Feather Light foundation, Light Summer Sun Illusion powder, Stop Red rouge and lipstick, eyelash pomade. For evening: Light Rosetta Bronze Feather Light foundation, Dark Rachel Illusion powder under a light dusting of light summer sun Cameo powder, Montezuma red rouge and lipstick, Bleu Vert eye shado, eyelash pomade.

In the city it is another story and one many women forget to consider. Most women feel so proud of their suntan that they wear it naked with their most sophisticated clothes, and



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it looks just that — naked, harsh and hot looking. It is surprising what the right make-up will do for a tan — it softens and colors it and gives you a cool look and in the city that is how you should look. Here are two city make-ups especially prepared by Elizabeth Arden for summer skin: For daytime: Dark Rachel All Day Foundation, Special Mat Fonce Illusion powder, Rose Rachel or Light Rosetta Bronze Cameo powder, Candy Cane or Sky Blue Pink rouge and lipstick, Opal Blue eye shado, eyelash pomade. For evening: Dark Rosetta Bronze All Day foundation, Special Mat Fonce Illusion powder, Dark Rosetta Bronze Cameo powder, Victory Red rouge and lipstick, Malachite eye shado, eyelash cosmetique. You see how easy it is to be true to

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If your hair is anything less than radiantly and colorfully "young-looking" — you should see about a CLAIROL Shampoo Tint treatment. It's pleasant and exciting to see drabness and grayness give way to a youthful rich shade.

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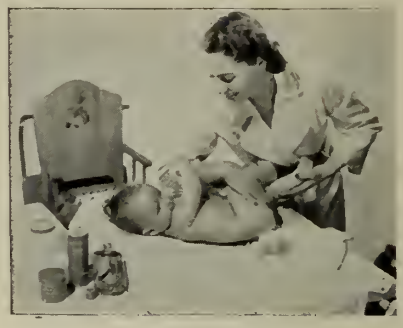
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your background with Elizabeth Arden's make-up?

Gift For Baby

. . . ARE YOU searching around for a hospital gift that will express your congratulations on the new arrival, or maybe you're looking around frantically for a gift to take to that baby shower. If this is your problem,



Dorothy Gray products for baby

it may be solved most effectively with Dorothy Gray's baby products. There are four items, baby oil, baby softening skin cream, baby powder and baby anti-chafing ointment, and all are appealingly packaged in blue and white with pink bowknot and ribbon design. An ideal and useful gift for baby.

Day and Night

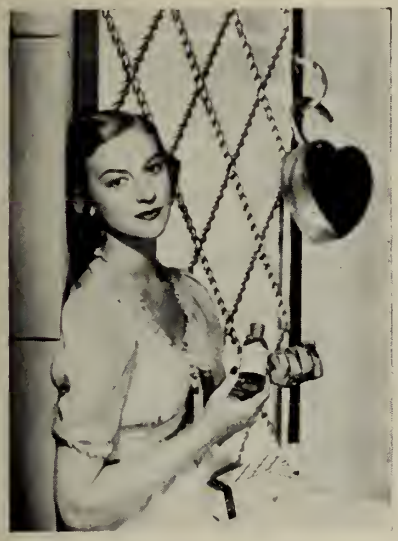
. . . HAVE YOU tried Gourielli's Day and Night Emulsion? It's wonderful for cleansing and softening the skin; also good for chapped hands and rough elbows. Apply with fingertips or moisten a pad of cotton with the emulsion and pat on the face and throat. Remove with cleansing tissues and see how soft and lovely the after effect is. It's a grand hot weather cleanser — not a bit sticky or oily — feels like velvet.

Soft and Satiny

. . . DORALDINA'S NEW cake make-up leaves the skin feeling and looking soft and satiny, because it is made with an emulsified lanolin base. This creamy base gives a very fine texture that can be used to advantage on any skin type. There are six fashion-right shades, each packaged in a handsome, shining, black, onyx-like case.

Lighter Version

. . . MARY DUNHILL has taken advantage of the good old summertime to launch her Escape toilet water. Escape toilet water is a lighter version of Escape perfume with the same heady, haunting fragrance. Created from the same oils, with the same essence, it's lighter, cooler and especially designed for those who prefer to waft lighter fragrances during the hot wilting weather. It may be used more generously than perfume, but remember that toilet water is three and a half times as strong as cologne,



Mary Dunhill's Escape toilet water is light version of Escape perfume

so that a little goes much farther. Like perfume too, the scent travels upward so — a touch behind each ear, on the throat, a bit on the belt and the hem of the dress keeps the wearer suavely and delightfully scented throughout the hottest months. Escape is grand to use all year round and it's a wonderful gift suggestion, too, as it comes attractively packaged in a charming blue and gold combination similar to the original Escape perfume.

"The Offering"

. . . THE LINE which is marketed under the trademark, "4711", is an old established one, and has for many generations been known for its high standard of quality. It includes such items as eau de cologne, soap, bath salts, dusting and talcum

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Much less time is required with an Elizabeth Arden Permanent . . . and it leaves the hair lovelier, more vigorous and SO much easier to manage . . . because each Permanent is done with special Elizabeth Arden Preparations and every condition that needs correction has treatment to insure a lovelier, healthier head of hair, easy to do yourself in the smart, *becoming* way we'll dress it for you. For appointment telephone now.

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powder and perfumes. The House of "4711" is particularly well known and favorably remembered for its beautiful, classic, eau de cologne. Among its more recent creations is L'Offrande perfume which derives its name from a very famous painting in the Louvre, and which means "The Offering." L'Offrande is an intriguing fragrance—so provocative in its implication — so discreet in its impression! It comes in a very pretty hand made bottle with ground glass stopper, in two sizes. You'll love it.

Complete Freshness

. . . At all times, but particularly in summer weather, complete freshness is a most important part of good grooming and to achieve this more and more women rely on deodorants. As sweet and crisply fresh as a Spring morning, is the woman who safeguards her daintiness, through all the humid summer days, with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Deodorant cream. Fluffy, smooth textured and delicately scented, this cream effectively helps to banish underarm odor and check perspiration. This year, more than ever, it pays to be practical and so Daggett & Ramsdell has introduced a larger jar of the cream, at a very special price. It will be available only during the summer season.

Complete Confidence

. . . Summer and clothes are reduced to a minimum which means that the maximum amount of *you* is on display. This is all very pleasant if, and only if, your newly exposed self is soft, smooth and completely fuzz-less. Halter-neck dresses and bare legs needn't bother you when there is a delightful depilatory like Imra on the market. Imra is a pleasant and efficient method for removing superfluous hair. It is snowy white like a face cream in consistency. Imra takes ten minutes or so to leave you impeccably groomed, ready to look your loveliest in the scantiest summer clothes. Face the summer sun with complete confidence with the aid of Imra!

—Carol

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" Say something ! The trouble with you girls is you don't know how to drink ! "

NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM

. . . The date was February 9, 1830. The place, the house of Dr. Walter Channing at 21 Somerset Street. In the dim library of the brick mansion on Beacon Hill were gathered the great names of Boston culture

Outside snow drifted against the many-paned windows, and streaked in little rivulets down the glass. Inside, Dr. George Hayward, Dr. John Ware, Mr. Edward Brooks, Mr. Simon E. Greene, Dr. Amos Binney, Mr. George B. Emerson, and Dr. Channing were forming the Boston Society of Natural History.

The Boston of 114 years ago, although in close proximity to Harvard, lacked entirely the opportunity for the study of birds, fishes, and the lower animals. The science of Natural History was virtually unknown in New England, and an indifferent public turned a deaf ear to those few individuals who tried vainly to educate it.

According to a contemporary of the times, "There was not, at the time of the establishment of the Society, in New England, an institution devoted to the study of Natural History. There was not a college in New England, excepting Yale, where philosophical geology of the modern school was taught. There was not a work extant by a New England author which presumed to group the geological structure of any portion of our territory of greater extent than a county. There was not in existence a bare catalogue, to say nothing of a general history, of the animals of Massachusetts, of any class. There was not, within our borders, a single Museum of National History founded according to the requirements and based upon the system of modern science, nor a single journal advocating exclusively its interests."

On this barren scene came some of Boston's greatest names, to found and foster the Boston Society of Natural History, of which the New England Museum of Natural History is an outgrowth. The Charter of the Boston Society was incorporated on the 25th of February, 1831.

In March, the Society rented what is described as "the hall over the Savings Bank in Tremont Street", and a course of lectures for that winter was arranged. At this time, financial difficulties assailed the Society. Rent bills went unpaid, and the President of the Council of the Society, Dr. B. D. Greene, pledged $500 towards a fund of $5000 with which the Society's outstanding obligations might be met. Mr. Charles Amory gave $400, and there the donations ended. But the enthusiasm and zeal of the members overcame all adversity, until in 1838 an "angel", in the person of Ambrose S. Courtis, a Boston merchant, appeared and bequeathed to the Society, a sum which for twenty-five years was the Society's chief support. A tablet in the vestibule of the New England Museum of Natural History is gratefully inscribed to Mr. Courtis.

On January 5, 1848, the Society moved to the building on Mason Street formerly occupied by the Massachusetts Medical College, and there they remained for twelve years. But by 1860, recognized and applauded for their excellent achievements, the Society deemed it necessary to move to larger quarters. Accordingly, in 1861, after valiant efforts on the part of several members of the Society, a grant of land on Berkeley Street (the site of the present Museum) was given to the Society by the Commonwealth.

During the bloody years of the Civil War, when the opposing factions pitted American against American, the citizens of Boston realized the value of an institution that taught, in effect, the greatness and the glory of God. The devotion of members of the Society, and bequests and contributions from many friends, enabled the Society to erect the building on Berkeley Street, known as the New England Museum of Natural History.

On September 14, 1869, the Boston Society of Natural History, aware of the affiliation between the Museum and the greatest men of Science, sponsored the centennial anniversary of the birth of Alexander von Humboldt, famed naturalist. On this occasion, Professor Louis Agassiz, in a eulogy of Humboldt, made an eloquent plea for Higher Education:

"The physical suffering of humanity, the wants of the poor, the crav-



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ing of the hungry and naked, appeal to the sympathy of everyone who has a human heart. But there are necessities which only the destitute student knows; there is a hunger and thirst which only the highest charity can understand and relieve, and on this solemn occasion, let me say that every dollar given for Higher Education, in whatever special department of knowledge, is likely to have a greater influence upon the future character of our nation than even the thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions which have already been spent and we are daily spending to raise the many to national ease and comfort."

Louis Agassiz spoke from the heart, for at the age of twenty-four, while he was studying in Paris, he came to the end of his resources. To the average student, this would have been merely an unfortunate occurrence. To Agassiz, it was a death-blow. Humboldt, hearing of the plight which so grieved the young man, immediately offered a loan, and so the genius of Agassiz was released to the world.

Poems in honor of the Humboldt Centennial were written by Julia Ward Howe, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes' interest in the Society later prompted him to become an active participant in its affairs.

John J. Audubon, the naturalist, who spent the winter of 1832-1833 in Boston, became a member of the Boston Society of Natural History in that year, and counted among his closest friends Dr. Thomas Brewer, Dr. B. D. Greene, Dr. George Shattuck, Dr. John C. Warren, and Dr. Augustus Gould, all members of the Society. Other illustrious men who contributed immeasurably to the prestige and success of the Society were Spencer F. Baird, Alexander Graham Bell, Charles W. Eliot, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edward Everett Hale, Josiah Quincy, John Sargent, Henry Thoreau, and Edward Tuckerman.

The Boston Society, now the New England Museum of Natural History, has grown in stature with the city of Boston. The great names of the Hub, who donated their foresight and understanding to the city, brought also to the Museum a capable intelligence that makes the institution today a source of profound knowledge.

—VIRGINYA A. MILLETT

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THEATRE

. . . SECOND THOUGHTS about the laugh-studded play *Three's a Family* which has been enjoying an immensely successful engagement at the Colonial Theatre since May 8th, seem to add up to one definite conclusion: that the subject of the play, its humor, and the well-rounded characterizations have a timeless quality. Which is by way of saying that *Three's a Family* should be with us for many years to come.

Such a conclusion is not particularly far-fetched. The fact that the deluge of babies which overtakes the Whitaker family is pretty much linked to wartime conditions does not change matters at all. Worried fathers-to-be, babies, and maid problems are always with us. So, too, are working wives whose husbands tend the home chores. And as a museum piece of an era, the play should continue to garner laughs for a sizable wedge of years to come.

Briefly, *Three's a Family* is about the Whitaker family whose children return home to fill up every available bit of bedroom space in the apartment. Sam Whitaker has been going along comfortably without a job for several years. His wife, Hazel, is the wage-earner of the homestead, pulling down a neat $7500 a year. With the Whitakers in their apartment lives Irma Dalrymple, Hazel's sister, whose life savings of $1200 were lost in an unfortunate investment by Sam Whitaker. She has been making up her loss this way for so long a time that she is a permanent fixture in one of the two bedrooms which the apartment boasts.

Into the orderliness of the household comes Kitty Mitchell, the Whitaker's daughter who is married to a soldier. And with her, of course, comes her baby, furniture, and diaper problem.

The maid departs promptly and permanently after the fourth lot of soiled diapers are delivered to her in the kitchen. Irma is moved from the security of her bedroom to the studio couch in the living room. And pandemonium descends.

Kitty Mitchell has left her husband because he criticized her handling of the baby. In the process of straightening out the marital tangle, finding a new maid, and getting Thanksgiving dinner ready, the laughs come thick and fast.

Returning on a furlough, Kitty's husband Eugene arrives at the Whitaker apartment laden with toys for the baby and good-will in his heart. The reunion of husband and wife lasts only a few minutes, however, before he is again ready to get a divorce because of the way Kitty is bringing up the baby. His lawyer, arriving with his pregnant wife, flatly refuses to consider helping Eugene to get a divorce because of the baby. And when it looks possible that the lawyer's wife is on the verge of having her own baby in the Whitaker apartment, the family conspires to get them out fast.

Some of the funniest laughs come from the new maid, Eulabelle Moore. She is, unknown to the family, a thorough-going drinker, given to putting in calls to her boy friend in Savannah. And when she disappears with the baby for a turn around the park, the family is certain that she has kidnapped the child.

The Whitaker's son, Archie, and his pregnant wife arrive for a brief visit, and, yes, you've guessed it, the labor pains start. Thus, the one remaining bedroom is busy with another baby, leaving the Whitakers and Irma with no place to go.

Another high point in laughter is reached when the doddering, half-blind old Dr. Bartell arrives to deliver the baby.

Peace does not return to the Whitaker apartment even with the final curtain. Sam has taken a war plant job over his wife's pleas to stay home and help her save money on their income tax. When he refuses, Irma is delegated to the job.

Fragile in retelling, the plot is bolstered by the steady barrage of laughs which Phoebe and Henry Ephron have written into the play.

Although the plot is tenuous in retelling, the play is so filled with witty lines and down-to-earth humor that there are never more than a few minutes without a laugh to brighten the scene.

One notable thing about the play *Three's a Family* is that it is thoroughly amusing fare which does not use the fact of pregnancy as anything but a normal basic situation around which the confusion revolves.

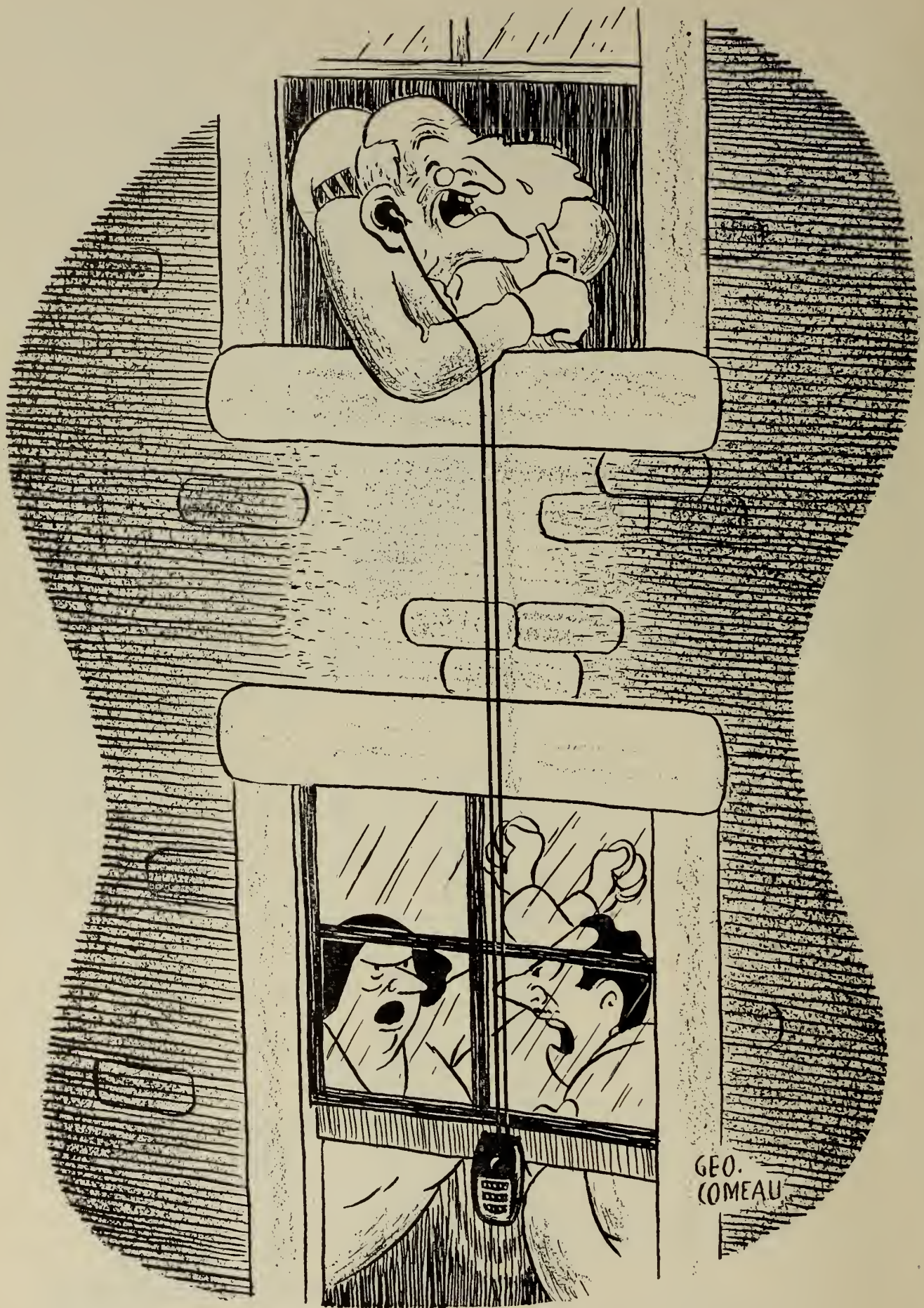
The cast, without exception turns in excellent characterizations. Edith Gresham as Irma Dalrymple, Eulabelle Moore as the drunken maid, and Charles Burrows as Dr. Bartell are especially good in their parts.

Three's a Family is light, enjoyable fare. It points up no moral and it provides plenty of laughter.

—KELLER



" Say, bud, your clock is ten minutes slow. "


GEO.
COMEAU

MUSIC

. . . Musically speaking, this is the low ebb of the season. Or, rather, it used to be. Actually music in a wartime Bostonian Summer is a paradox. Time was when everybody—except the few million who didn't—packed away to mountains or beaches, and there wasn't any Summertime music except for the Berkshire Festival. But the limitations of wartime travel and so on have had a condensing effect, so that most of such tonal diversions as exist now go on right in the town between the harbor and the Charles.

Up at Symphony Hall these hot Summer nights, Arthur Fiedler and the Pops Orchestra have been carrying on to such crowds as never have been matched in all Pops history. With the assistance of various guest leaders, Mr. Fiedler has been offering to his enormous public the usual variety of Pops fare, and then some.

Two of the recent special nights were military—the first dedicated to the Navy, the second to the Army. At the first, decked out in his smart blue uniform, Mr. Fiedler was billed not simply as Arthur Fiedler conductor, but as Arthur Fiedler, Seaman second class, United States Coast Guard Temporary Reserve. Such duty has been among the Pops leader's personal contributions to the war effort. On this occasion he shared the program with Lieut. Warren Freeman, U. S. N. R., who was music director in the Belmont public schools prior to becoming a recreation officer. Up in the orchestra were several former members, now in the Navy, who were playing by special permission.

Two gentlemen in khaki—or, more accurately, in Summer "pinks"—waved the baton at Army Night: Pfc. Malcolm H. Holmes, who among other things used to be conductor of the Harvard and Radcliffe Orchestras, and Warrant Officer Thor Johnson. The latter was formerly connected with Serge Koussevitzky's Berkshire Music Centre, first as student and later as teacher. The week following, which was the wind-up of the Pops' 59th season, brought an "Oriental Night," with Eugene Plotnikoff conducting.

When these lines are read, the Pops will have given way to the open-air Esplanade concerts, also conducted by Mr. Fiedler, in the Edward Hatch Memorial Shell down on the bank of the Charles River. By the same time, Serge Koussevitzky will have launched his "petit saison" in the little opera theatre at "Tanglewood" in the Berkshires. Over two weekends, four concerts will unfold a fragment of the vast literature of Mozart. The programs will run largely to familiar items. Mr. Koussetvitzky's orchestra will consist of leading and other members of the Boston Symphony.

In Boston yet another series by principals and others of the Boston Symphony will start swinging along in mid-August. These will be eight concerts more or less of what is commonly though vaguely referred to as "chamber" size. The concerts will be played in New England Mutual Hall Sunday and Monday evenings through the weekend of Labor Day. Bernard Zighera, G. Wallace Woodworth and Richard Burgin will conduct variously, and at one program of old compositions will be heard members of the Flute Players' Club and the Boston Society of Ancient Instruments.

This series will be similar to the one offered last season by the Boston Symphony management, with the difference that the four programs will be given exclusively in air-conditioned Mutual Hall. Last season the programs were divided between the Boston auditorium and the non-air-conditioned Sanders Theatre in Cambridge, where, as I still recall with a shudder, my neat ice cream suit quickly appeared to be an oversized portion of melting vanilla.

—Cyrus W. Durgin



"Rain! Rain! Rain! Does it have to rain?!"



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ON THE
S.S. STEEL PIER
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PROVINCETOWN

ON THE TIP OF CAPE COD

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Adults, Round Trip, Weekdays,	$3.25
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One way, Daily & Sunday,	$1.75
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(All the above fares include 15% Federal Tax)

WHAT'S THE SCHEDULE?

Boat leaves Foster's Wharf, Boston Lv. Daily 9:30 A.M.—Arr. Provincetown 2:00 P.M.—Lv. Provincetown 3:30 P.M.—Arr. Boston 8:00 P.M.

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***A VACATION FULL OF SUNSHINE VITAMINS**

ENTERTAINMENT

. . . SITTING sun-burned on the aisles of the local night emporiums is a happy experience at the moment. The crystal ball is still necessarily in evidence from the deadline on which we are perched, but there is a lot of good news to be passed along about present and future attractions around town.

Many of the best rooms around Boston are being plagued by air-conditioning failures and similar mechanical headaches. But given any sort of a weather break, with even the faintest evening breezes, you can take your choice of as great a variety of entertainment as you could want.

. . . JUST by way of the records, the Hotel Statler's air-cooled *Terrace Room* will have Johnnie Johnson, newest singing star of the screen and radio, current in the headline spot. Johnson is considered by Paramount Pictures to be the most potential star material to appear under their banner in a number of years. Exactly what his singing style is, we are not able to tell you this far ahead, but there will be a follow-up review for those of you who forget that the Hotel Statler's record for picking the best available talent is exceptional.

On the same show with Johnson are Harrison and Fisher, a dance team that has been rated very highly as tops in their field. The comparison to the Hartmans is, of course, inevitable when any dance team introduces comedy into their act. But reports more than indicate that Harrison and Fisher are outstanding entertainment.

On the Statler podium is Leo Reisman, providing dance music that is as fine as any you could want. His arrangements are different, his change of tune pace thoroughly satisfying.

. . . BY THE time this is in print, the new ice revue which is due at the *Mayfair* on or close to July 28th, should be in full swing. "Put Your Cares on Ice" is the title of the show, and Don Arden who is staging it (or should we say "icing" it) has a superb production lined up. Arden has done most of the famous ice shows at the New Yorker Hotel and in Cleveland, and there is every likelihood of his scoring another showmanly scoop at the Mayfair. The mere thought of ice makes us feel cool, comfortable and happy.

Incidentally, the Mayfair Cocktail Lounge Bar has some of the finest entertainment of that type that we've ever seen. To be hoped is that Michael Redstone keeps up his smart policy permanently. And it will be okay with us if he includes more of Skeets Light's fine piano and Ann Veilleaux's topflight accordion-song styling.

. . . THE Copley Plaza's *Oval Room* has been doing right by the Boston public with the talent which has been seen there. Unfortunately, however, a mechanical defect in the air-conditioning system has been playing havoc with the "weather" in the room, but this applies only to the worst of the heat. Most evenings, under its own natural power, the room is cool. And it is very likely that the system will be in full swing by the time August 4 rolls around.

Newton Smith, the new managing director of the Copley Plaza has made several changes for the better in the Oval Room. The food has been improved 100 per cent, the service stepped up, and the cover charge held off until after 10 P.M.

As a final word or two, put these names down as probabilities for August entertainment in the Oval Room: Myrus, the mental wizard who has proved so tremendously popular in Boston, and Marina, bright star of the New Opera Company, and one of the great young voices in the country. This stellar combination is so sure-fire that you'd better make your reservations early. Don't take any chances.

Harry Greene and his orchestra make the smooth music that you like here.

• •



Top-notch artists in every field!

The most famous dance orchestras in the country!

you'll always find them in the

Terrace Room

Dinner dancing nightly except Sunday
Supper dancing Tuesday through Saturday

Hotel Statler · BOSTON

D. B. Stanbro, MANAGER

HEADQUARTERS FOR

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HOTEL Belmont PLAZA

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 49th ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

. . . At the *Latin Quarter*, that famous theatre-restaurant which always comes up with the "mostest of the bestest" in the way of entertainment, there is a new show opening on July 23 which is too late for us to review. The quality and calibre of the shows here, however, are so outstanding that we can advise you to be sure and see it even without reviewing it first.

Probably you know by now that Michael Redstone has increased the line at the Latin Quarter to 18 beautiful gals. This adjective beautiful is no exaggeration, either. Without any doubt, the production numbers, the eye-appeal of the girls, and the general quality of the shows there are unequalled in Boston. Yes, or anywhere else, either!

This is one club where the air-conditioning is behaving like a lamb. The room is pleasantly cool all the time, and the food, as always, is excellent. Dinners start at $1.75 here, which is nice and moderate. Tony Bruno's band provides the music and does a very nice job of doing it, too. Or if you prefer rhumbas, the alternating band serves up a smooth collection of same.

. . . One of the best-liked roof rooms in Boston is, of course, the *Sheraton*. There's something friendly and soothing about an evening here. The food is superb, there is no tax until dancing starts at 9:30, and you'll get a breeze up there whatever the weather. The view over the Charles is something to see, too.



The music here is provided by Johnny Archer. During dinner, when there is no dancing, he makes with the dinner music. After 9:30, he serves up the sort of smooth, pleasant music which goes with roof dancing. Between sets, by the way, Cecile Rita plays her piano and sings for your entertainment.

. . . On the horizon between August 1 and 15 is the reopening of the *Lincolnshire*. The one you remember, on Charles street, has been taken over by the Navy. The new though smaller Lincolnshire is to be opened at 84 Beacon street, in the famous Thayer mansion which has been leased by Carl Nelson for the duration.

Anyone getting a preview of the new place feels perfectly satisfied that the house is exactly right. There is to be a cocktail lounge on the first floor (looking much like the room you remember on the second floor of the Charles street place); on the second floor is a handsome room where the public will be served the same famous Lincolnshire food as always; on the second floor, too, is a ballroom with beautiful crystal chandeliers, which is to be the room used for special banquets and events.

Without question, the new Lincolnshire is a handsome, enjoyable place to go. Even now, before it is all ready, it is the sort of spot where you feel like relaxing and watching the world roll by.

. . . Famous for barbecued chicken, *The Hi-Hat* has adopted the policy of no entertainment or dancing, thus skipping the current 20 per cent tax. Since the Hi-Hat has long been famous for its superbly served chicken as well as steak and sea food dinners, the shiftover to a straight dining spot is a wise move for the summer months. Place is open until the early morning hours, so if you feel like an unusual dinner, stop in.

. . . Located in the downtown area, the Hotel Avery *Cameo Room* has provided its nightly visitors with something out of the ordinary in the way of entertainment.

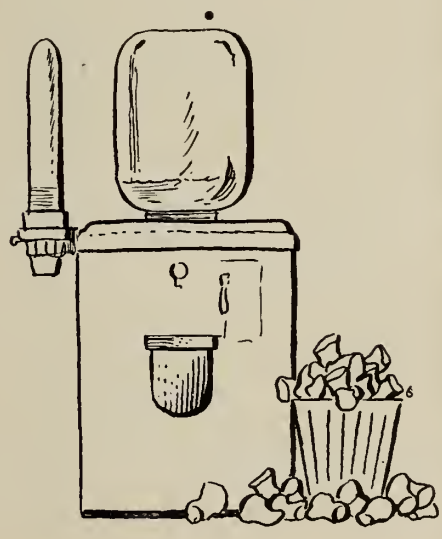
While there is no formal entertainment such as a floor show, there is dancing to Tommy Carr's effective small band, interrupted by some of the funniest guest-participation musical games we've seen in a long time. There is no cover or minimum at any time here, so it makes for a very inexpensive evening out to visit the Cameo Room. The attractive and large oval bar there is fun to visit, too.

. . . Since the summer let-up in the entertainment picture has set in, a glance at several very pleasant places to dine, with dinner-music piped through for your relaxation, is in order.

On Massachusetts Avenue, the *Gardner Grill* has proved a great luncheon and dinner attraction for those who like fine food. The prices here are really moderate, the room is air-conditioned, and the adjoining cocktail lounge-bar has some of the best liquors you'll find anywhere in town. Without any question, this is an excellent place to lunch or dine in attractive surroundings. It might be well to make a reservation for the dinner hour if you are planning to arrive at the peak period between 6 and 7 p. m.

The Cafe Rouge, in the Hotel Statler, is another very popular place to breakfast, lunch or dine. During the evening, there is a trio making pleasant dinner music for your enjoyment.

For an unusual place to dine, try *Boraschi's Cafe,* at 21 Corning St. Known to epicures as a "restaurant of the old school," the place is completely charming as a place to dine. The food is excellent, the house specialty fine Italian foods and steaks, plus the proper wine for your dinner.



The GARDNER GRILL ★★★

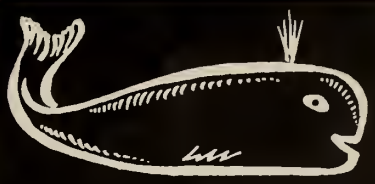
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FINESSE

. . . "You mean to say you are Jean Marie Lemoine?"

"Oui, Madame, at your service." Jean Marine clicked his heels together and stood at attention as well as he could with his left leg so weak.

Mrs. Alec Smythe surveyed the small Frenchman with incredulity. "But your ad . . . I expected a woman." Her several chins quivered with embarrassment.

Jean Marie carefully extracted from his billfold a small newspaper clipping and read: "French Instruction in your home at your convenience, by competent teacher. Jean Marie Lemoine, P. O. Box 258, San Francisco, Calif. That is the only ad I ran, Madame."

"Then you may go, Monsieur Lemoine." Mrs. Smythe indicated by a movement of her head the street door of the hotel lobby where she had been summoned by the desk clerk on Jean Marie's arrival.

"But, Madame . . ." Jean Marie began.

"A male instructor does not meet my requirements, Monsieur. My three daughters and myself are residing here at the hotel alone since Mr. Smythe's demise and are not as yet receiving any male callers. I am sorry to have inconvenienced you. Please take this for your trouble." She took a five dollar bill from a small purse she carried and handed it to Jean Marie

Jean Marie rested heavily on his cane. "Merci, Madame." A shadow of weariness clouded his features and he eased himself into a nearby chair. "Your pardon, Madame. I am very tired.'

Compunction stabbed at Mrs. Smythe's vitals. A quick glance confirmed her impression of his weariness. "Then come with me to the apartment for a moment," she said. "I have some very nice apricot brandy and you *do* look tired."

Jean Marie followed the imposing figure to the elevator and they rode in silence to the third floor where they alighted and went directly to the Smythe suite of rooms.

Motioning Jean Marie to a com-

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OPP.
SOUTH STATION

fortable chair in the spacious drawing room, Mrs. Smythe went to the dining alcove where she poured a glass of brandy from a decanter on the buffet. Returning, she found Jean Marie's eyes fixed on a small statue of the Virgin Mary, visible through a slightly open door in a room beyond the dining alcove. Jean Marie sighed as he took the brandy.

"Ah, Madame, you too revere the Holy Mother," he said. He sipped slowly of the brandy. "She is the one who bestowed upon me the name which confused you." He sighed again.

Mrs. Smythe seated herself on a divan and busied herself with some knitting. "Yes?" she said, not wishing to appear rude.

"It was in the little town of Lisieux. My mother had gone back there to teach school after my father deserted her in the most cruel fashion when I was scarcely two years old. With all the upset and moving about, I contracted scarlet fever."

Mrs. Smythe's knitting lay forgotten in her lap. "It is a dread disease," she said. "My eldest daughter Marguerite has not even now fully recovered her hearing since an attack of scarlet fever in her childhood."

"Yes, the results are sometimes tragic," Jean Marie reminisced. "We were staying with my Grandmother. My mother was frantic with fear. Daily she visited the shrine of Our Lady in the Cathedral of St. Pierre. 'Oh, Mother of Sorrows,' she would pray, 'keep my baby safe! He is all I have. Please, dear Lady, hear the prayer of a despairing mother. If you will spare my baby I promise he shall always bear along with his own name, yours as well. That most beautiful of all names, Marie.'"

Mrs. Smythe's hand gripped an arm of the divan. A tear stole unheeded down her cheek. "Yes," she breathed, "and then?"

"The good doctor of the town became almost as much concerned for my mother as for me. He saw she was wearing herself to a shadow, haunting the Shrine of Our Lady. Then one day the fever left me. In a few weeks I had regained my strength. . . ."

Mrs. Smythe relaxed ever so slightly and Jean Marie continued:

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in the smart English Dining Room
Relaxation
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Parties - Banquets
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"My mother did not forget her promise. Since that time I have used the name of Marie . . . it is not an unusual custom in France . . . and I have been kept safe. But now . . . my bad leg keeps me from the war . . . and everyone is so busy . . ."

"How did you injure the leg?" Mrs. Smythe asked with concern.

"An automobile accident . . . only the protection of Our Lady kept me from being killed." Jean Marie rose laboriously as if to go.

Mrs. Smythe made a quick decision. "I have changed my mind, Jean Marie," she said kindly. "After all, Alec would not wish us to remain in seclusion forever. What are your rates for lessons?"

"Three dollars an hour per pupil, Madame. My credentials are the best." He removed some papers from an inner vest pocket and handed them to Mrs. Smythe who scanned them carefully.

"Very well, then. You may come three times a week. That should be adequate. I want the girls to speak French fluently. Their position in life will demand it. Then too, it will help them in their work with the International Red Cross, at least Marguerite and Dorothy. Judy is only fourteen but she may as well study along with the others, that is if you will make a rate of seven and one-half dollars each time for the three."

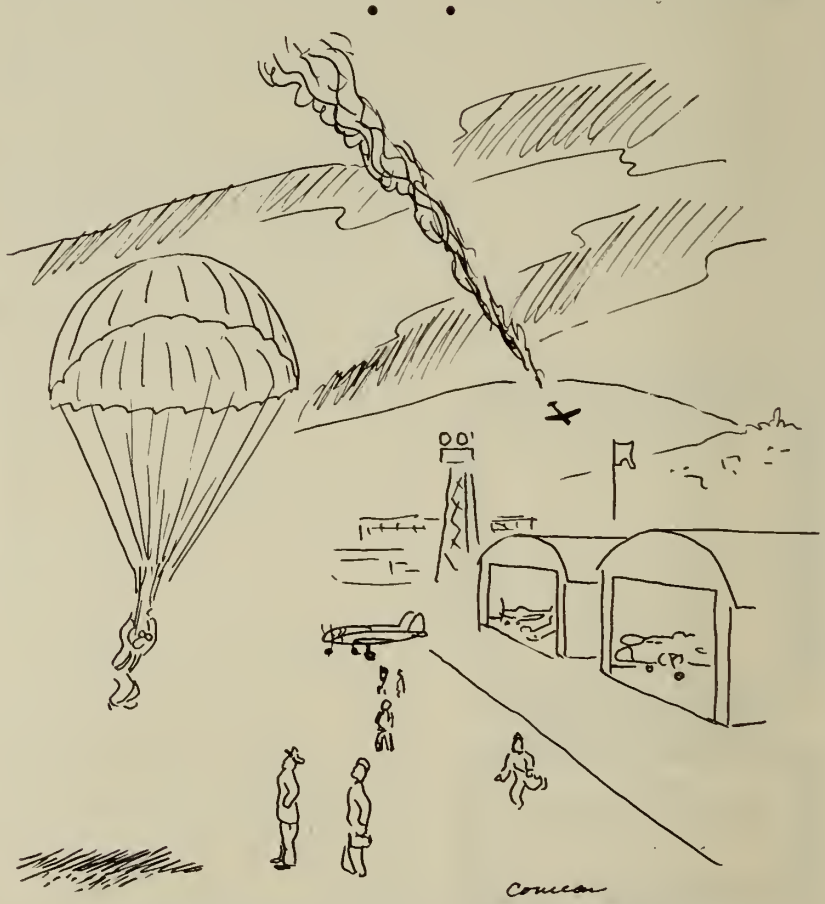
"That will be satisfactory, Madame. I am overcome with gratitude." Jean Marie bowed low over Mrs. Smythe's bejewelled hand, brushing it lightly with his lips.

"I shall pay you for one month's services in advance and tell all my friends about you. You may pick up a check after the first lesson. When my daughters decide on a convenient time, I shall drop a card to your post office box. Goodbye, Monsieur."

"Au revoir, Madame." Jean Marie bowed low again and took his departure.

As he descended in the elevator, Jean Marie tried to quiet his conscience. "Holy Virgin," he prayed, "forgive me! My imagination is always overactive on an empty stomach and I have not eaten since last night. And in any case," he comforted himself, "the part about the accident was true."

—Therese J. Dermott



"She was too fast. I ran into my own bullets!"

GIANT TUNA

. . . I SHOULD have known better. I guess I'm too old and too "sot" in my habits to change. Any way I talked myself into a sweet predicament

The yacht *Arcadia* was anchored in Manchester Harbor a short run north of Boston. Just before dawn Chief Scott, a young nephew and I boarded the fishing tender, *Letimgo,* and struck out for Gloucester. My wife had requested me to be back surely by 7 p.m. at the very latest as she was sailing for New York at 8:30 p.m. sharp. My nephew was to accompany her. Of course I promised.

At Gloucester we picked up a barrel of mackerel and whiting and passing through the Annisquam River entered Ipswich Bay, a favorite ground for giant tuna, locally known as "horse mackerel."

We alternated trolling and drifting until 11 o'clock with no success. Suddenly my nephew's reel began to sing. He set the hook and the fun was on. It was evidently a good-sized fish, but it did not make the extended runs typical of tuna. We figured he was on a shark. An hour passed. The lad was getting tired and a bit fed up, as the *Letimgo,* although an ideal craft for most types of fishing, was not designed for large tuna or large sharks. It had two fish chairs, one on either side of the aft cockpit—whereas for truly large fish there should be but one. That should be centered, thus permitting the fisherman a free swing of 180 degrees with sufficient leg room to brace himself regardless of which side the fish elects to run. In the *Letimgo* all was fine as long as the fish could be held more or less behind the stern, but if the critter swung broadside to the boat on the near side the fisherman had his knees cramped against the rail, and was also forced to hold his rod tip higher than is effective. If the fish made a similar maneuver on the far side it was the devil and all to keep the tip from being pulled down on the rail and breaking.

Presently he suggested that I take the rod. Then and there I opened my big mouth and put my own foot in it. Then and there I made my fatal error.

"Young man, that's sacrilege — no less. It's against every rule of sports fishing. The man that gets the strike never relinquishes the rod until the fish is boated. I wouldn't consider it for a second."

The boy stuck to it. About fifteen minutes later the fish quit. As we had surmised it was a shark—a blue nose mackerel shark about ten feet long. We killed it and cut it loose.

About a half mile away a seiner was hauling. We ran over, shut off the motor and drifted allowing the baits to sink about twenty feet. As the seiner's net came aboard a considerable number of small fish, largely



BLUE-NOSE MACKEREL SHARK

whiting, either flopped out of the net or were thrown over by the crew. These floated back by us, making an ideal lure for tuna. After the haul was complete the seiner moved on. We continued our drift, occasionally tossing overboard a hand full of cut up whiting.

At 1:25 p.m. I got a savage strike. I set the hook. The line fairly hummed off the reel. No doubts about this strike being a tuna—not the way he was taking line—not down, but out. I had the reel set as tight as I felt the line would stand, but still the rush continued unabated. The reel was running low. The Chief swung in a wide arch running with the fish to a partial degree, permitting me to gain back considerable yardage. At last the tuna sounded and sulked. By laborious pumping I raised him little by little. Two hours had passed. Again the critter started off on another wild tear. All that hard earned line whistled off the reel. Again we swung with him. Again he sounded.

By 7 o'clock we had covered considerable territory and we were up near the Isles of Shoals. It was growing dark and the wind was rising. By that time my right hand was bleeding from broken blisters right through my wet cotton glove. My legs were developing cramps, my backsides were chafed from sliding back and forth on the hard fishing chair and my arms and shoulders ached from the constant strain. It having been a warm day I foolishly had put on relatively narrow canvas shoulder straps rather than the usual broad-backed leather set. The canvas straps rubbing back and forth cut into my sides about ten inches under my armpits. It smarted like the very devil.

At 10 p.m. we were once more well back towards Annisquam and quite close in towards shore. The wind had continued to rise and the sea had grown choppy. Waves slopping against the sides and splashing over the rail made the deck slippery. Getting a decent foot brace was a struggle.

By midnight the tuna seemed as strong as ever, although he made fewer long straight away rushes, adopting instead the more bothersome tactics of circling with sudden attempts to run under the boat. That required expert handling at the wheel. The Chief was marvelous at it. From full speed ahead to full speed astern, then giving her both barrels off to one side or the other, jockeying to keep that line clear of the boat's bottom and the propeller. One touch of either and the line would part. One bit of slack on the line and the tuna would throw the hook. Frequently we'd have to back into the seas. Again we'd take them broadside. The boat pounded, pitched and rolled. The gear in the cabin was rattling around with a terrific clattering.

At 2 a.m. we were well offshore again. My hands were so stiff and cramped that it was agony to turn the handle of the reel.

"That man that gets the strike never relinquishes the rod until the fish is boated."

Why, oh! Why, had I ever pulled that. I just couldn't quit now.

"Yes, dear, we'll be back surely by seven."

That thought did little to soothe my peace of mind. Why couldn't the damn line part? Heavens knows I was setting the brake tight enough.

My poor nephew had been kept hopping about those long tedious hours, lighting cigarettes, pouring an occasional drink, concentrating the flashlight on the line. He had been soaked from head to toe in salt water and had had nothing to eat since noon. Finally a sea slapped the boat dead abeam, dousing him with cold water, his feet slipped and he dropped the flashlight—overboard.

No one could blame him. He certainly couldn't have been having any fun, so I suggested he go below and see if he could arrange some cushions on the cabin floor and get some sleep.

3:25 a.m. Fourteen hours. The tuna was tiring—or were my senses getting so benumbed that I couldn't judge? No, it was the fish as we could for the first time see the start of the double strand which ran for about fifteen feet above the twelve foot woven wire leader. At that time the fish was merely sulking. I slowly brought him closer. It was as dark as the inside of a pocket. The Chief switched on a small spotlight and turned it on the line. We could just make out the fish's dim outline.

The light, however, started him off again on another mad rush. I could have wept buckets as that hard earned line peeled off the reel. This rush was not up to his old standard. I soon turned him and started pumping him back. He stayed pretty near the surface now and we could pick up the huge body in the spotlight. Foot by foot I drew him in. Several times he made an effort to run, but he didn't have it left in him. The leader got to within a yard of the tip.

Here was the touchy spot. We could see him clearly now. He was lightly hooked in the upper lip. One tiny bit of slack with one quick shake of his head and he would easily break loose. Lifting the tip of the pole high, with one hand I gently grasped the wire leader and holding a steady strain eased him in closer. The Chief leaned over the rail and stretched out a large gaff. He lunged forward, then threw his weight back. The tuna gave a terrific flop as the gaff sunk home under his gills.

Dropping the rod, I grabbed hold of the gaff handle with the Chief and we hung on for dear life. Shortly the tuna ceased thrashing and lay quiet on the surface. While I held the gaff the Chief fired a .38 caliber revolver bullet smack between the fish's eyes. He quivered all over, then rolled on his side

The revolver shot awoke my nephew, who quickly stumbled out of the cabin and lent a hand.

The ship's clock read 3:45.

Fourteen hours and twenty minutes from strike to gaff. Fourteen hours and twenty minutes hanging onto a stream-lined locomotive, without even a sight of the critter until the very end. That may be sport, but as Bert Williams used to say, "Dat's all right foah somebody—somebody else—but not foah me."

Confidentially I've been out four times since. There's no fool like an old fool. Fortunately I've not hooked into a big one since.

When I dropped the rod to give the Chief a hand with the gaff the hook promptly fell from the tuna's jaw. "A hair perhaps divides the false and true."

The tuna was an old "bowser." He looked doubly huge lying there in the dark water with the spotlight on him. We couldn't haul him aboard, so we ran a stout line through his gills, swung him around to the stern, hauled his head a bit out of water and made him fast.

The man who took real punishment, however, was the Chief. Handling that boat under such conditions demanded split-second timing and perfect judgment. It required not only physical stamina but also subjected him to wearing mental strain. It was really more his fish than mine.

Around 7:30 a.m. we pulled up along side the *Arcadia*. Hauling the tuna up on the davit we got a scale from the chef. It registered up to six hundred pounds. Wham! The spring went right to the bottom without a quiver. That scale was no good to us.

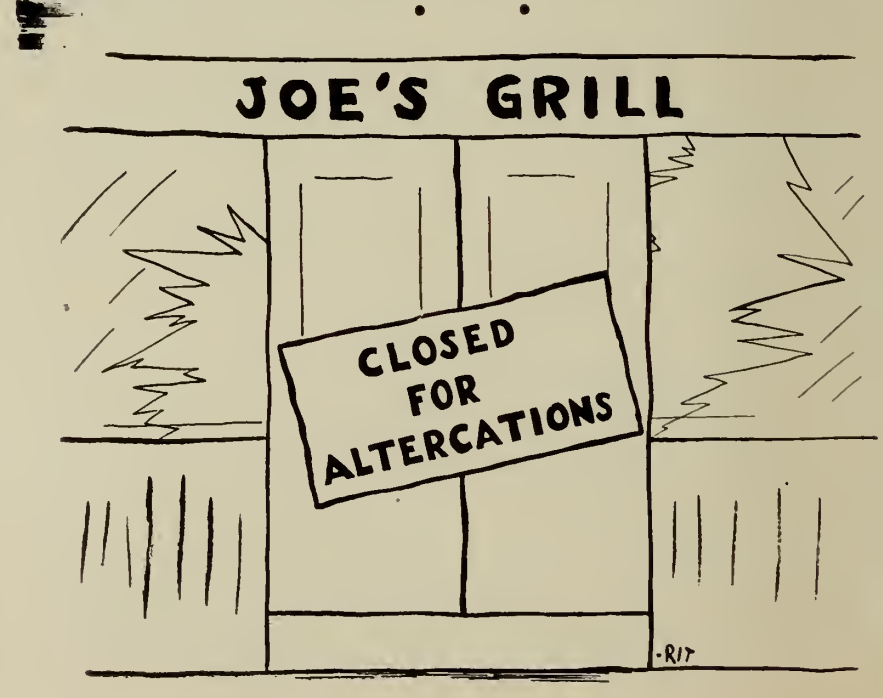
"All right. Lower him back into the *Letimgo*. We'll run back to Gloucester. We'll find a big scale there."

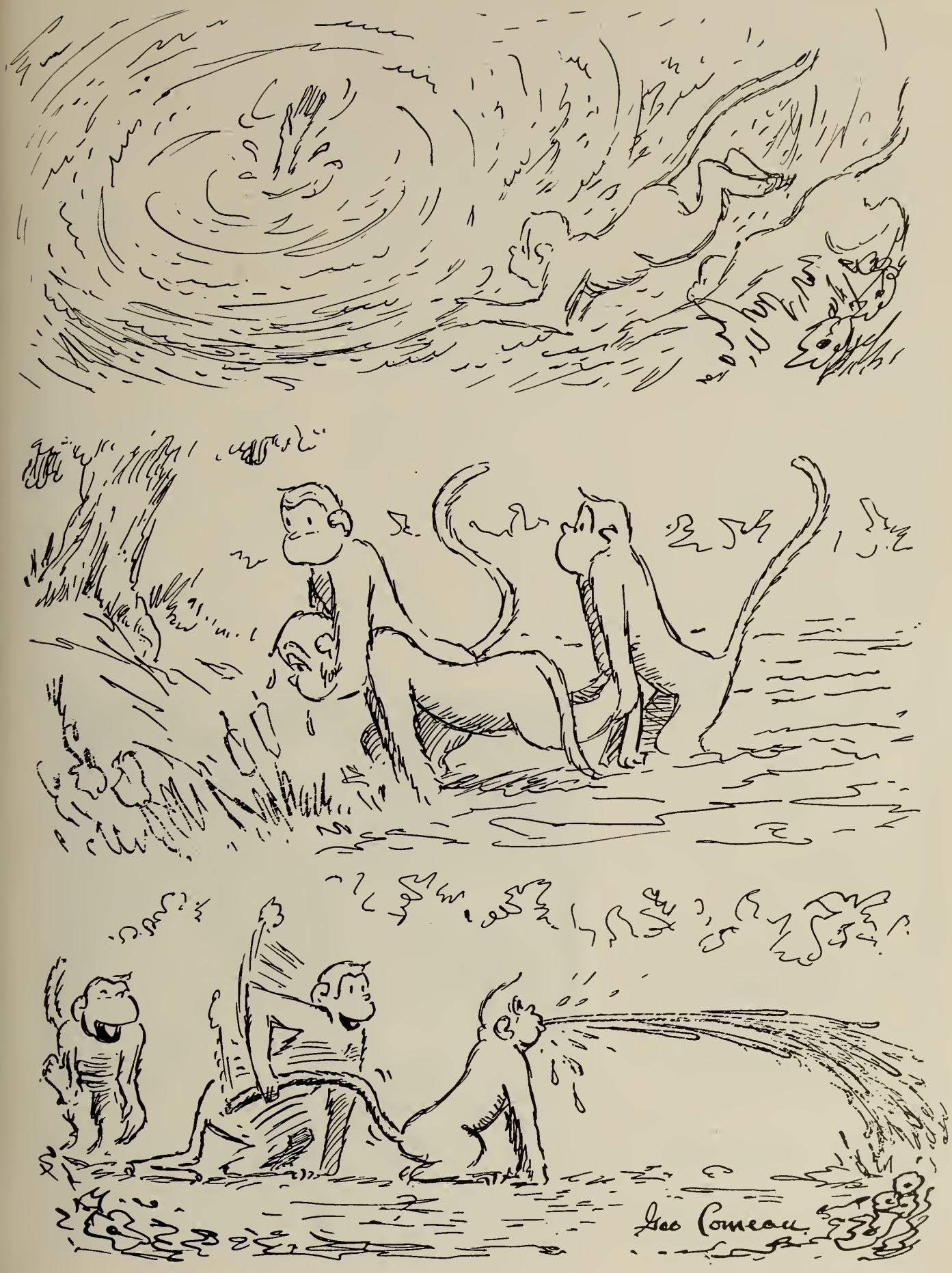
At that moment my wife appeared on the deck.

"We are sailing for New York in about one hour."

That was that. I was too exhausted to even attempt to dissuade her. I'll never know what that tuna weighed. Perhaps it's just as well.

—Huntington R. Hardwick




Jean Comeau

WITH THE THOROUGHBREDS

. . . Saratoga in August!! So many Bostonians used to look forward to spending part of the month at the upstate New York resort. Saratoga Springs lay dormant eleven months of the year, but in August it just came to life and the visitors' list read like "Who's Who" in racing and society. There was a certain charm about the place that can never be forgotten. People came from every state in the United States and from every country in the world to the famous Spa. The hotels, The Grand Union and The United States filled to capacity, with their verandas overlooking Broadway remain a fond memory. Rockers and armchairs were occupied by many well known patrons and patronesses of the thoroughbred sport. Parking space was at a premium. Broadway was filled with traffic right around the centre. Everybody talked "horse" and all the little shops were filled with souvenirs, ashtrays with a carving of Man O' War, book ends, statuettes with carvings of other famous horses. Saratoga was the ideal spot for racing. The early morning found the restaurants crowded, some getting up early to go to the track to watch the workouts, others coming home from an all night session at the green baize tables. There are actually three tracks at Saratoga, the main track where the races were held, Oklahoma and Horse Haven. The last named one was used very little and only for training. An active day at the Spa consisted of getting up early around 5.30 or 6, driving out to the track, in one of those old open carriages, vintage of the eighties and drawn by a horse that looked nearly as old. You could stroll through the stable area with its streets and avenues named for famous horses. At that time of the day it was a veritable beehive of activity, trainers and grooms getting the "sets" ready for their trials. Exercise boys taking horses out to the track and bringing them back, then cooling them out by walking them in a circle for an hour or so. Back to the hotel for breakfast. You bought your favorite racing daily, *The Morning Telegraph* or *The Racing Form* and studied the entries. Everyone on the hotel veranda was doing the same. Sitting near you might be two or three owners discussing the afternoon's program or a couple of Kentucky breeders who have come up with a carload of yearlings for the sales. The first one of the sales is being held tonight. Whether you are going to buy or not you must take in the sale.

After luncheon everyone is headed for the track and during the afternoon it is very quiet in town, save for the crowds around the bulletin boards waiting for the results which are given right after each race. Bookies used to do a good business nearby.

Back again after the races, change for dinner, cocktails, clinking glasses, the laughter of the winners and the "I was going to play that one" of the losers. Dinner in one of the old-fashioned mammoth dining rooms with waiters reminding you of those at The Parker House. Good service. Sit on the veranda after dinner or stroll up and down Broadway passing many a famous personality of the turf, stage and screen. About eight-thirty you head out for the sales, across the street from the main track. Under the canopy you'll find a ring like a large prize fight ring with white ropes where the yearlings are auctioned. The seats around are numbered and reserved for the patrons. Here are gathered the Whitneys, Bradleys, Vanderbilts, captains of industry and finance. Also many wealthy women patrons, Mrs. Dodge Sloan, owner of The Brookmeade Stable; Mrs. E. Graham Lewis (Elizabeth Arden) owner of Maine Chance Farm; Mrs. Ethel V. Mars (Milky Way Farm) and others. Mrs. Mars, whose Gallahadion won the Kentucky Derby in 1940, has not been in the market for yearlings since we entered the war.

The sale starts and a handsome chestnut is led in by a groom. Its number is up on the board over the auctioneer's head. This corresponds to the number on the horse's hip and you consult your catalog while the man with the hammer starts his chant, "this handsome chestnut filly by imported Blenheim II out of Gas Bag by Man O' War out of Golden Masque by imported Golden Broom out of Masquerade by Disguise etc. etc. what am I offered" and so on. It



" Yes, sir—he was an electrician. "

is interesting to watch the lively bidding when a young sister or brother to a famous racehorse is led in. Many a bargain has been picked up there and many a lemon! Which reminds me, that Mrs. Weston W. Adams got quite a bargain in Kewee Dee, winner of the Miles Standish Stakes, at Suffolk Downs on July 8, a $10,000 purse. This son of Okapi was a $1900 purchase.

Back once more to the hotel or maybe you'll take in the supper show at one of the various night spots out on the Lake.

However, racing at the Saratoga meeting has been transferred to Belmont Park on account of the war transportation problem and the yearling sales to Keeneland, Lexington, Kentucky. But it is hoped that Saratoga Springs will resume its August activities when peace comes again.

When a person reads the alluring ads of racetracks "tipsters," the natural question that comes to mind is "if he knows that horse is going to win why doesn't he bet on it himself instead of trying to sell the information?" Which is a good indication that the majority of tipsters are fakes. There have been horse race tipsters since time immemorial.

In the early Roman days tipsters flourished at the chariot races. Records of one such ad that appeared on the walls of one of the buried Herculanaeum, which translated read "For the smallest reward Elvius, the charioteer will tell all factions the name of the winning chariots in the races of Rome, and this before the day of the contest. At Crocus the wine-seller's near the Gate of Augustus sits Elvius with his secrets".

One of the most interesting events occurring in New England annually is the 100-mile Trail Ride which is held at Woodstock, Vermont, this year from August 31 to September 2. Each year of the war has brought more complicating factors to the management of this event but they say that there is sufficient value in these rides to warrant their continuance. Increasing popularity is shown each year in these rides. Horse people find that it is an event quite different from anything in this country. The sporting atmosphere of the ride, the good fellowship and the acquaintance made are among the best features of it. You don't have to be a professional trainer or rider to take part, nor do you have to have a champion horse. The horse that you have been riding all summer can be entered for the Trail Ride. Sponsored by the Green Mountain Horse Association, the ride is put on to stimulate interest in breeding and the use of good saddle horses. It also tends to encourage interest in long distance riding horsemanship. The entry blanks which contain answers to all questions can be obtained by writing The Green Mountain Horse Association, Rutland, Vermont, before August 24. Several well known riders from the bridle paths around Boston have signified their intention of taking part in the Vermont ride.

Narragansett Park's meeting opens on August 14 with its usual classy list of stakes, which include the New England Oaks for a purse of $10,000 added and The Narragansett Special for $25,000 added. On the list is The Mary Dyer Handicap named for that famous Quaker martyr who was hung on Boston Common in the early Colonial days for preaching the gospel of her faith. Eleanor Early's highly enlightening and entertaining book, "This Is Boston", contains the story of Mary Dyer.

The old saying that "good things come in small packages" was demonstrated in the running of The Yankee Handicap at Suffolk Downs on July 4th, when Louis B. Mayer (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) sent his little bay filly Whirlabout over from New York to capture the big purse. The daughter of Pompey and Lost Horizon was the only "young lady" in the event and turned back the colts with ease. Lost Horizon's dam, in case you are interested, is Dustwhirl the dam of the famous Whirlaway.

Col. C. V. (Sonny) Whitney's two-year-olds have names reminiscent of his war time travels. The one that is probably the best in the barn, according to stable hands who came over with Flyweight to East Boston, is a Boojum colt Burg-El-Arab, winner of the Tremont Stakes at Aqueduct. His other winners include Jeep, winner of the Youthful Stakes, Hindu Kush, Monsoon, Future Hero, Red Pixie and Calm Seas.

—Ed Cushing

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ABOUT BOSTON

. . . You asked me to express myself, etc., what do I think of Boston after being away so long? What do I think about Symphony, about Opera, about classical music generally? Can one learn to play popular music more easily than classical music? In short, what do I think about things, period. Well, you asked for it! Here's the downbeat!

I have no great enthusiasm for the long symphonic form, even though I am crazy about a Symphony Orchestra, its size, its sonority, and color. Having studied in the classic tradition at the New England Conservatory of Music here in Boston . . . the violin under Vaughn Hamilton, ensemble under Josef Adamowski, solfege under Lenom, harmony under Shephard, orchestral form and musicianship under George Chadwick and Wallace Goodrich . . . I take the liberty of speaking as I do with some knowledge of the musical, classical repertoire, its traditions and its values

But I refuse to accept blindly, after much professional and living experience, the opinions of some over-zealous pedagogues who are not all constantly profiting in their development by a performing and living experience. They often seem to accept so-called tradition blindly in the way of disciples, even though that tradition was falsely established by an exploited prominent musical authority (who, on occasion, made mistakes as well as anyone else). But because it came from him, in the opinion of his adoring disciples, it couldn't be wrong. Now it seems to be a generally established opinion in the minds of these people that the symphonic form, no matter how long, is a thing holy and not to be criticized.

By the personal observation and experience of my friends and myself, as well as the observation of some of the world's greatest composers (whose acquaintance and friendship I am privileged to have), I have come to the conclusion that few of us can endure a musical performance intelligently for too long, which is not offset by pantomime for relief. I believe such performances cannot be honestly endured for more than eight to ten minutes at a stretch.

I have noticed that these same great musicians have generally made it a point never to sit through a whole concert, but go in for one particular movement or section. Naturally, when a new work is being played, having a professional interest, they stay to find out what it's all about.



Too often I feel that the symphonic composition is written in a long form for self-aggrandizement. A man who has been trained in this form is somewhat like a general. He must have a war to actually prove his capacity. A musician and composer must have a long form to prove his master of it.

So I say, *music is not artistic except to the degree that it is an intensification of poetic speech to a point of song, or a rhythmic incitation to the dance for the purpose of mating.* I do admit other justifiable and therefore artistic reasons. The dances of the North Country for the purpose of keeping warm, is a case in point.

Now I want to try and make clear something that seems to be, to me, an erroneous impression. This is due possibly to the propaganda that is being projected, about how easy it is to learn to play popular music in ten easy lessons.

The practice of selling the public the idea that popular music can be learned in ten easy lessons, is inexcusable. They say that this is a trick to get the public interested in music, and, once interested it can be sold a bill of goods on classical training. That is utter stupidity. These are pure "commercializations" and are basically and definitely misrepresentation of fact.

Whether it is their intention or not, some music schools and teachers have created the idea that dance music is not a major assignment and can, more

or less, be learned in ten easy lessons. After many years of training in the classic tradition, and many years of experience in the classic and popular fields, I think I can safely say with some degree of authority that the most difficult music in the world to play properly is popular dance music. Therefore, for any institution or individual to give the impression, directly or indirectly, that popular music can be more quickly or easily learned than any other kind of music, is a definite misrepresentation. With this in mind, I suggest this erroneous idea be eliminated by a true realization and projection of what I consider the facts in the matter; the requirements for a proper schooling necessary for a capable and artistic capacity to perform in our popular medium.

First, I believe music is music and all the aesthetic laws governing it must be thoroughly learned; the technique on one specialized instrument developed, irrespective of whether you are going to play a Bouree, a symphony or Fox Trot. Therefore, I think it would be more self-respecting and constructive for an educational institution or individual to establish in the mind of the public, that a true classic musical education must take place before one can start specializing. Also, that the proper playing of popular dance music is a specialty which should only be taken up by a graduate student after he has thoroughly equipped himself to handle his instrument and classic repertoire.

At best a student, in my own experience as well as in the experience of others I know, can gain perfection in any field of musical education only through years and years of work. For those students who, although not particularly interested in specializing in dance music, would like a broad understanding of music generally, an academic and intellectual course could and should be added to the regular curriculum for a proper appreciation, understanding and artistic evaluation of the popular music idiom. Unquestionably their musicianship would be broadened thereby.

For a school of music to try and give the impression that less background and ability to perform is required in the field of dance music than in the classic field, is one of the greatest manifestations of ignorance that I know. I have found that in actuality, the playing of dance music with skill and comprehension not only demands the basic training which musicians generally get, but also the added schooling in specialized training that this field demands for proper performance

I regret that those people who sometimes go no further than the basic classical musical education should be so engulfed by the limitations of their own understanding because of their limited activities, that they sometimes—like so many of our supposedly educated people—develop the greatest bigotry in their concepts. As a result, they are destructive in their prejudiced opinions as to the artistic value of musical works and performances.

However, in justice to the truly educated, let me say that there have been no people more tolerant of innovations and progressivism than such truly great musicians and composers as Loeffler, Ravel, Stravinsky, and others.

This tirade is not directed to anyone unless the shoe fits. Unfortunately there are too many feet which fit the shoe

So now you know I don't like the lengthy symphony even though I like the body and tonal achievements possible from a symphony orchestra. And . . . they are acceptable to me artistically only when measured by the yardstick of integrity and function.



The opera? Well, I deeply regret the dramatic structure of the Wagnerian operas, which are so inartistic dramatically, (untrue to life) and so great, musically. In the exploitation of German mythology, the glorification of German greatness, I feel that German writers are largely responsible for TODAY!

Verdi? He's different. He entertained the general public in language and plot, simple and of the people. I feel that he served his functional dramatic purposes. Mythology and assumption of superiority with the idea of exploiting a theory of superiority, is, I feel, destructive, and right now, this is quite evident. This establishment of an ego-manical conditioning in a given people is bad for everyone. Certainly anything that fosters this, cannot be artistic.

I hope you'll forgive me for taking your invitation seriously—for ranting and raving about things close to my heart—but Boston, being a cradle of liberty and the citadel of culture, has fostered in me in my early youth here, ideals of artistic integrity, and I can't help feeling that the least I can do in return, is to help carry the banner by speaking freely and sincerely.

You didn't ask me about how beautiful the girls in Boston are—but I, as well as my whole orchestra, (and my son, too) tell me that there are plenty of girls, and they are plenty beautiful! As a matter of fact, I have never seen such healthy looking people generally in a city as I find in the city of Boston. Maybe the girls are just tasteful and artistic and know how to put on makeup properly—but certainly don't tell me that's why all the men in Boston look healthy, too.

It's a pleasure to be back and breathe some nice fresh air even though one is confined to the city in one's labors. I wonder if you Bostonians appreciate this at its proper importance?

Now that I've told you about the "chickens", allow me also to rave about eating Boston's wonderful fish, and particularly its lobsters. My, it's grand to be home again—fish, fowl—here I am always complaining—where are the geese?

—Leo Reisman



" Hey, Mac, what does ' Kamerad ' mean ? "

BOOKS

. . . Bostonians will have every right to indignation when Jean Stafford's novel, *Boston Adventure,* is in the hands of the reading public. It is difficult to understand how such an easily distinguishable chore of bad writing could be issued by the usually reliable house of Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Told in the first person *Boston Adventure* details the trials and tribulations of Sonie Marburg into whose life only rain seems to fall. The writer seemingly fancied herself as a combination of Horatio Alger, Marcel Proust, J. P. Marquand and Carson McCullers. Stirred into this omelette of oddly assorted literary eggs are bits of E. P. Roe and Margaret Mitchell and practically any writer you can call to mind.

As to the writing! The protagonist of *Boston Adventure* has an insane mother who does intricate embroidery. Miss Stafford devotes as much care to her adjectives (a minimum of three to practically every noun) as Sonie's looney mother to the French knots on the numerous table runners she embroiders on page after page. The result of this literary fancywork is a kind of crude crewel work tapestry. There are sentences so involved and so ornamented with the author's pseudo-erudite vocabulary that one suspects her of reading the theological tomes of Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr for relaxation. No one not a mosaic worker could confront some of her sentences without shivering cowardice.

In the matter of plot . . . one has a right to the conviction that the author should be unanimously acclaimed international champion at building the statue of Liberty and other oddments out of match sticks.

. . . Not so long ago Isabel Paterson, of "The New York *Herald-Tribune's* BOOKS, deplored this season's dearth of "light" reading. She speculated as to whether these usual bits of fluff for summer reading were war casualties or had been nosed out of the publisher's entries by the expanding national appetite for thrillers.

Dear Miss Paterson, did you miss getting *Cluny Brown,* by Margaret Sharp, under the Little, Brown and Company imprint?

Cluny Brown is a reprint of a "Ladies' Home Journal" serial and guaranteed "nice" both by its publication in the "Philly" slick and its inclusion on the sedate Little, Brown list.

Margaret Sharp's book has few of the technical handicaps of Jean Stafford's opus but both books can be put on the "not to be bought" list of those who demand an intelligent quality in their fiction.

. . . Now Christopher LaFarge's *East by Southwest* under the Coward-McCann imprint is decidedly something else. It is doubtful whether anyone other than the battle veterans of the Southwest Pacific are competent judges of LaFarge's synthetized, semi-fictionized reporting of this war theater.

But for my taste LaFarge seems to succeed in this technique and my armchair enlistment with the armed forces will be infinitely more "real" in consequence of this book than anything achieved by the columns and columns of correspondents' reporting.

Perhaps the best of the ten prose pieces in the book is that titled, *It's Pretty Big.* In this vignette LaFarge poignantly conveys the soldier's dependence upon casual day to day living and companionship and petty comforts. He captures a tolerant spirit of comradeship which the homebodies will find difficult of understanding but for which they may have reason to be grateful in the war living of America's manhood and which it might be vital to achieve in our postwar life.

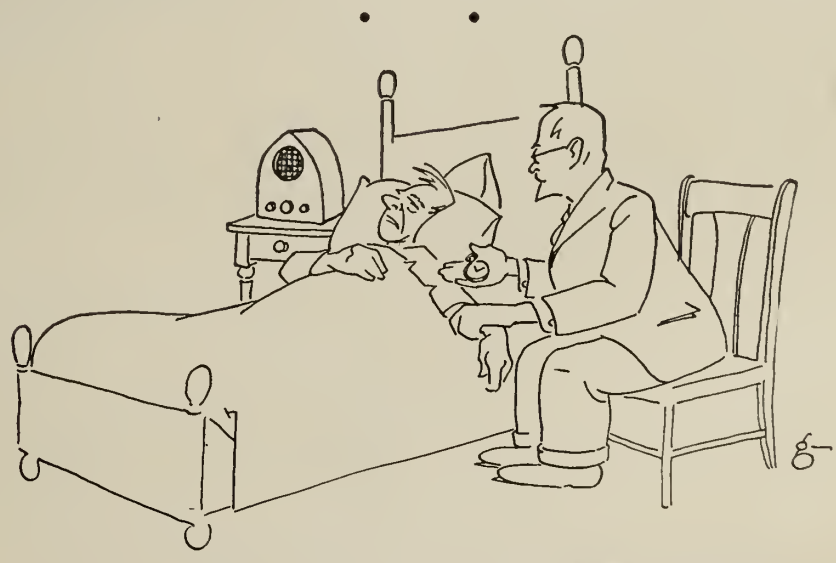
LaFarge's book is worth reading and worthy of remembering. Through it is scattered much wisdom and a quality of calm, objective understanding of men.

Best of all he has condensed his work into 208 pages of distinguished and competent prose. *East by Southwest* seems to me a "must" in an attempt at evaluating the human nuances in the experience of war.

. . . Ward Greene is best remembered by most readers for his book, *Death in the Deep South.* His new book, *What they don't know,* a novel issued by Random House is competent and sensitive but by no means memorable.

Blurbed as "the simple, honest but enthralling story of an ordinary American family in wartimes and the romance of an ordinary American boy and girl seeking happiness in the face of war" it seems to me to be only mildly deserving of that adjective "enthralling."

It is a good yarn. It will interest and entertain a good many readers but it seems to me to lack any memorable qualities either as a tale or in



"It's your heart, old man. Keep away from those Children's Bedtime broadcasts!"

terms of the artistry of its writing. Mr. Greene is a more-than-averagely competent writer and *"What they don't know"* evidences his background and experience over years of writing. But it is doubtful that the book will realize the blurb-writer's wishful build-up or age the worried Mr. Cerf by becoming one of the wartime best sellers which he fears. Mr. Greene tells his story in 218 well-written pages.

. . . B*ride's Castle,* a Farrar & Rinehart mystery, written by Philip Whitwell Wilson, is a choice bit for the mystery and murder fans.

Mr. Wilson successfully achieves the transfer motif of imagining himself an English Archdeacon telling the story of an almost forgotten mystery and murder for the benefit of the visiting American troops barracks in the area. His style for this occasion is properly parsonical albeit the expert organization of his material and the skill in building his suspense evidences the experienced and seasoned writer and journalist 23 years on the staff of *The New York Times* guarantees.

Mr. Wilson's detailed British background has charm. His characterization is unusually good. Altogether the book is quite a superior product in the mystery field without threatening the reputation of such an old and expert purveyor of thrillers as Lord Peter Wimsey's creator, Dorothy Sayer.

It is just such a book as this which rearrouses periodically in the thoughtful reader a vast curiosity as to the comparative literacy standards of Great Britain and these United States.

Mr. Wilson's book assumes a fair acquaintance with history, tradition, folklore and manners upon the part of the reader of *"Bride's Castle."* There is in this assumption a certain snobbery by the standards of some but I doubt that it is only snobbery which leads so many British writers to credit their reading public with what our French Canadians carefully call "instruction and knowledge." Surely these men and women, many sound journalists, have thought the problem through and know the limits of their readers' intelligence.



Geo. Comeau

" Now that's the funniest shaped tree I've ever seen. "

• •

Or perhaps Britain breeds more of the swallow type of readers, those who flit through a book content with carrying a long, dangling thread. I don't know. But the truth of it seems to me English detective stories or even just detective stories written by English folk are so far superior jobs of writing *per se* that they shame many of our writers and not a few of the readers.

If all this leads Columbia Teachers' College in its infinite pedagogic wisdom to establish a commission on the comparative literacy of Britain and the United States . . . good! Such a commission might also investigate why the level of British book-reviewing is so much higher in the literacy standards it demands of its readers.

. . . I HAVE gone Maying in strange pastures! To get back to the sound British mutton of *"Bride's Castle"* it is interesting to note that the author is a biographer of *William Pitt, the Younger* and *General Evangeline Booth.* Since the list of books by Mr. Wilson includes no other thriller title this book is probably a "first" by this author. It's good, literate fun in 276 pages.

. . . BERMUDA PROVIDES the setting for David Garth's novel of intrigue, spies and counter-espionage, *Bermuda Calling,* put out by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In 197 pages Garth tells compactly such a story as should arouse the competitive instincts of Hollywood script editors. It's a swell yarn and its plot stalks along like a well-built guy going places.

Certainly *Bermuda Calling is* a thriller but it's the kind of one that isn't limited in its appeal to those of us who read detective, mystery and murder fiction with the appetite of a kid for candy.

It is a sad fact, however, that the style of both these mysteries is far superior to that of the pretentiously "literary" of *Boston Adventure.* And a fact that of this week's budget LaFarge's book is the most likely survivor in the memory or on the shelves beyond the next six-months.

Perhaps some curious soul might put LaFarge's *East by Southwest* in a personal time capsule and re-read the book in 1950. I'll wager he'll find it still good reading.

— RAUBE WALTERS

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LITTLE WILBUR AND THE TURTLES

. . . This bump on my head? Well, I'll tell you.

My wife's brother Bill's little brat—er, tyke—came to spend last week with my wife and myself while Bill went off on a bin—a business trip to Chicago. Bill's wife was at her mother's, where she spent half her time anyhow. Knowing Bill, I can understand this. She usually took little Wilbur with her, but this time she didn't. Since my acquaintance with Wilbur ripened (and rotted) I can understand this too.

Wilbur is one of those precocious little weasels, and that morning riding on the train to work when I read the turtle story I decided to have some fun with him. You know the turtle gag—you buy someone a tiny turtle, and at the same time buy others of varying sizes. Each morning you secretly switch turtles, and observe the innocent victim's reactions.

So that night I brought home a turtle bowl and a turtle—unknown to Wilbur I also had two other larger turtles. Wilbur accepted my gift calmly, gave me a polite but bored thank you, looked at the turtle and uttered some Latin name I didn't quite catch

The next day I was up bright and early and switched turtles, putting the next size into the bowl. Did Wilbur come joyously whooping to inspect his new pet before breakfast? He did not. I had to call his attention to the change in size, and it brought but a tiny gleam of interest to those cold bespectacled eyes. "Remarkable growth," he said calmly, and opened my morning paper to an article on futuristic art. I didn't get a chance to read the comics that day, and was fortified only by the thought of Wilbur's reactions on the morrow.

When he saw the largest turtle he was surprised, blast him, but he wasn't excited. And he condescended to look at it for a full minute before rendering his decision. Then he announced, judiciously, "Curious. Clear case of hyperthyroidism."

Don't laugh. It wasn't funny. I controlled myself, comforted by the knowledge that another dawn would see the medium-sized turtle again in the bowl.

The next morning Wilbur DID look at the turtle the first thing on arising. Tell me, had I not earned SOME exclamation? Surprise? Disappointment? SOMEthing? Did I get it? No. As a matter of fact, the little refugee from Phi Beta Kappa looked serenely complacent. And he said nothing. So I said nothing. I too have my pride.

The next day was a Sunday, and I woke up feeling especially good for a Sunday—the present liquor situation may have something to do with that. At any rate, I was up early enough to put the original tiny turtle back in the bowl. NOW, Wilbur.

And what did the dear little fellow do? When he arose, he looked at the turtle, the first thing, sure enough. But he made no remarks; he teetered there mentally preening himself. I could stand it no longer. I forced a laugh and said, "At the rate he's going now, Wilbur, he'll soon disappear altogether, won't he?"

Wilbur gave me a superior smile. "I don't think so," he said. "I think he'll stop shrinking now. I am not going to put any more of your wife's reducing pills in his bowl."

What's that got to do with this bump on my head? Oh, that's where the wife hit me with the turtle bowl when I took the ax to the door of the bathroom where little Wilbur had locked himself in.

—John E. Donovan



"My girl says if you don't stop picking on me she'll quit sending me those cookies you like so well!"

THERE ARE NO NUMBERS

. . . O THE drums of Fate beat on this night;
Tomorrow I start on the fatal flight;
I face the issue without appeal
For am I not tied on Destiny's wheel?
Through my troubled sleep comes that rhythmic pound
Driving my pinwheel thoughts around;
There are the bunks where my buddies slept.
We do not cry, but inside we've wept.
No time for sorrow, no time for tears;
Our youth has vanished, where hours mean years.
My number's up, and my time has come;
I answer the throb of the fated drum,
For the drums of Fate no hand can stop
Nor add one second to Destiny's clock.

True are the promises, every one.
Faith is a positive thing, my son.
See with your eyes, hear with your ears
For nothing is made of what appears.
The mystical body of Christ can stop
Destiny's wheel and the timeless clock.

But here is the girl with the blue-mist eyes,
The throbbing breasts and the silken thighs;
The lips that quiver on the flower-scent breath.
Shall I take her now? for I ride to death.
Plant new life ere the rising sun
When I crash in the flak of the rabid Hun,
Pass in the wreck of my burning plane
With my boney spine in my jellied brain.
But I had those kisses, I had the thrill
To bring new life ere I went to Hell.
But where are those "everlasting arms"
To guard me against all earthly harms?
And where are the lambs that have gone astray
And the sparrows the "Father" guards each day?
And Matthew and Mark and Luke and John,
Will they bless THIS bed that I lie on?

There are no numbers, there is no fate.
The battle is always 'twixt love and hate
For He Who died on a cypress tree
Arrested the wheel of Destiny;
Forever freed the immortal soul—
Part of Himself, part of the Whole.
There are no numbers, there is no drum.
GOD is the Father, you are the son.
The "Father" will guard each lamb and bird,
And the four Apostles will keep their word:
"See with your eyes, hear with your ears,
"For nothing is made of what appears".
True are the Promises, everyone.
Faith is a positive thing, my son.
"You believe in God, believe in Me"
For nothing is shrouded in mystery,
And those "everlasting arms" are there
To hold you on land, or sea, or air.

"But what is right, and who is wrong":
The ageless, ceaseless battle song.
My country calls and I must fight
Against the wrong and for the right.
"Yet what is truth", asked Pilate when
He sought escape from the foulest sin;
"And what is good", asked Socrates
As the hemlock crept above his knees.
Where are the corners on my bed,
And those four angels 'round my head,
For now I smash me down to sleep,
Praying the Lord my soul to keep
And "Teddy Bear", and curly "Bo-Peep"
The "Little Toy Soldiers" tryst must keep.

The "Sermon on the Mount" will tell
That you yourself make Heaven or Hell.
Your number lies in your own strong hand,
You can move a mountain from the land,
And cast it into the deepest sea
With a mustard seed's belief in "Me".
The "Word" is plain, and the "Path" is straight
Your conscience will lead you to the "Gate";
Believe in God, and your neighbor, too;
The other Commandments will follow you,
For He Who loosens the bondage chain
And eases these bleeding nations' pain,
Pain of the body, and mind and soul,
God's broken pattern again makes whole.

—THOMAS FAY WALSH



"May we have your attention—Mr. Smythe-Morgan?"

WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Payson Re's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hote Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East a d Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service n only $1 for dinner and show; no co , no min.).

Green Room, Hotel E son, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Di er from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min 2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Cha terbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily. Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent c sine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.

Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.



Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 P.M. weekdays; other days $4.

Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever, Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and Hols.

Number One Bar, 1 Fifth Ave. Dinner and on thru the evening. Ent. and an attractive crowd.

Old Roumanian, 169 Allen St. GR. 3-9595. Famous for Mushk Steak and a big International Revue. Din. $1.65.

One Two, Three, E. 54th St. Soft lights. Distinguished cuisine.

Penthouse, 30 Central Pk. So. See for yourself this lovely dining spot. Luncheon from $1. Din. from $2.

Radio Frank's, 70 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-9258). Continuous fun.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Barn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Bar, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd that's fun to be with.

AMERICAN MENU

Bryant Transportation Room, 54th & B'way. For luncheon and dinner and top notch drinks.

Chesapeake, Madison Ave., bet. 34th & 35th. Outstanding cuisine and delightful atmosphere.

Oyster Bar, Grand Central Terminal. (MU. 9-5430). The Oyster Bar is famous 'round the world for its excellent cuisine and of course, seafood is tops there. The service is speedy.

Skipper, Really Home Cooked Food; Famous for Filet Mignon, Fried Chicken and Lobster Dinners. 7 East 44th St., 56 West 47th St.; 160 E. 48th St. Open 1 A.M. daily, Sun. Din. from 1 P.M.—$1.35. Cocktails.

Town & Country, 284 Park Ave. Manhattan's newest and definitely the place to dine. Famed Drury Lane food. Country dining room for men only. Drury Lane branch at 47 East 49th St.

CONTINENTAL

English Grill, in the lower Plaza Rockefe ler Center. Typical English Menus a la carte. Luncheon entrees from 60c. Open 11 to 1 A.M. incl. Sun.

DUTCH

Holland House Taverne, 10 Rockefeller Plaza at 48th Street. Recommended for its Dutch Cuisine and the many and interesting authentic Dutch antiques used in the decoration. Luncheon Specials from 60c. Dinner from $1.75.

FRENCH

Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 P.M. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

INTERNATIONAL

Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb food. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

ITALIAN

Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185). Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

Vesuvio, 163 W. 48th St. Authentic Italian food, including time honored favorites. Bar, Luncheons and Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

SWEDISH

Castleholm, 344 W. 57th St. (CI. 7-0873). Smorgasbord as prelude to hearty dining. Dancing to the music of the Norsemen.

Wivel, 254 W. 54th St. (CI. 7-9056). Famous for its Swedish Smorgasbord. Dinner from $1.85. No minimum except Sat.

SWISS

Swiss Pavilion, 38 E. 50th St. (EL. 5-8680). Superb Swiss and Continental food. Paul Burger, Mgr. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.00. Closed Sunday.

Mrs. Bowie invites you to the newest Skipper Restaurant at 7 E. 44th St.

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The Bostonian

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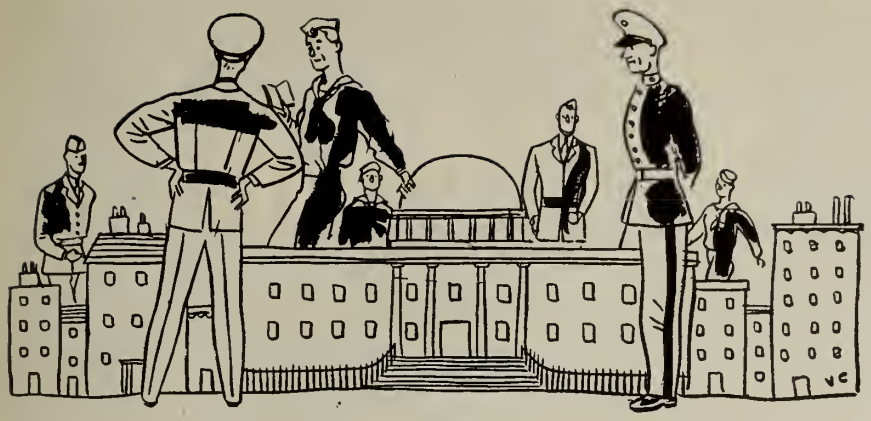


Rosenblum of California

designed these two beautiful new suits for fall, and of course, Jordan's loses no time in giving you this preview. Take note of their good, clean-cut classic lines, so characteristically California, and of the skillful tailoring you associate with Rosenblum. Gems for late vacations, and a smart start into fall. At left, classic three-button suit with the new Wilshire collar, 100% wool Venetian covert in Victory blue, green, gold, rust, horizon blue . . . all hand-stitched . . . 10 to 20 . . . . . **29.95**

At right, new version of the smart collarless suit, done beautifully in 100% wool Venetian covert, in lilac, rose, gold, blue or grey. 10 to 20 . . . . . **29.95**

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American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen of Boston, B. Y. M. C. Union Bldg., 48 Poylston St., Boston. Open nightly, 6 P. M. to midnight. Stage entertainment, free refreshments, dancing. Dev. 8845.

Atlantic Service Club (near So. Sta.), 641 Atlantic Ave., Boston—Lib. 7794.

Bay State—Euddies Club, Boston Common. Tel. Information, Home Hospitality and Social Events. Ticket Office—Lib. 1381.

North Station Service Center, 149 Staniford Street, Boston—Laf. 1259.

South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.

Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.

Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.

Christian Science Service Men's Center, 80 Poylston St., Boston—Dev. 8676.

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATIONS

All Boston Police Stations provide free bed and bath, Ken. 6700. Dormitory accommodations 50c or less, at these centers.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Sq., Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union (Sat. only), 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Burroughs Newsboys Foundation (Sat. only) 10 Somerset St.—Laf. 5200.

Cambridge Y.M.C.A., 820 Mass. Ave. at Central Sq., Cambridge—Tro. 3860.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave.—Ken. 7800.

Sailor's Rest (for Seamen & Navy Men), 287 Hanover St., Boston—Cap. 6357.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

The Argonne, 4 Bulfinch Place, Boston—Cap. 9494.

Lodging for Service Men's Families, Call Liberty 7715, 11 A.M.-11 P.M. Call Han. 0733 if unable to find lodgings.

Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.

Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Socks Darned. Salv'n Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Soldiers and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

Ocean Cruise to Provincetown. Special rates for servicemen. S.S. Steel Pier sails at 9.30 A.M. week days and Sundays from Foster's Wharf—9 hour ocean cruise—1½ hours in historic Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod. Dancing, refreshments, games and other recreation on board. Call Hub 2650.

Volume 2, Number 8 *August 11, 1944*

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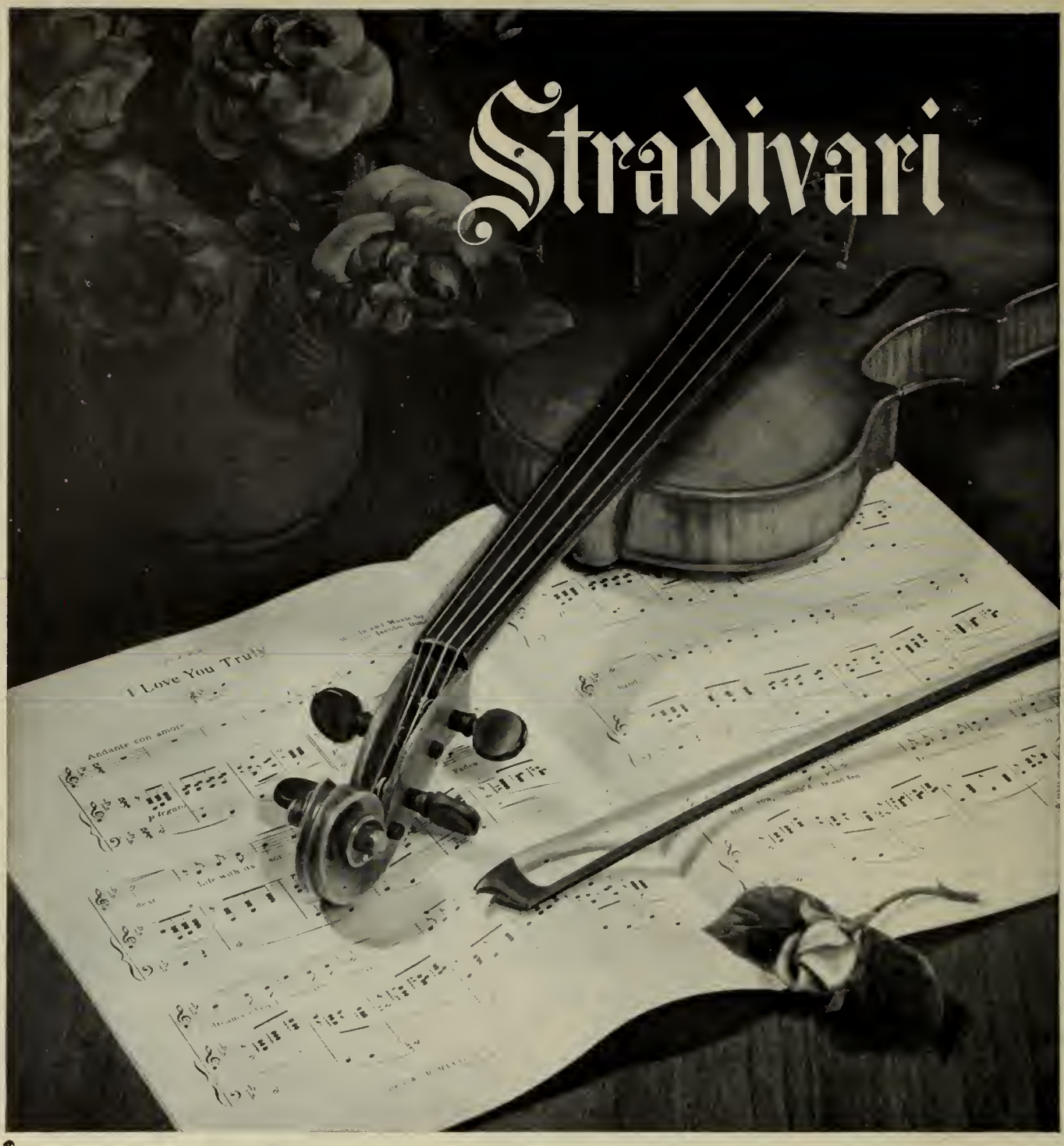
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GOOD FOOD . . . GOOD FUN

FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Durgin-Park, 30 North Market Street (CAP. 2038). Nationally famous dining rooms. Good substantial food, served the way you like it. Located in the heart of Boston's market district, and plenty of market men eat here, too.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanover Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners. No 30% tax anytime here. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise.

Locke Ober Co., 3 Winter Place (LIB. 1340). Patronized by lovers of fine food that's prepared by chefs who know their business. Always superlative food.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

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Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served. $1 cover charge after 10 p. m.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen. Two floor shows enliven your visit here.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Renaissance Room at the Hotel Touraine (HAN. 3500) has scored a big click with guests. Here you will find dinner and supper dancing, a lively floor show, and congenial surroundings.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p. m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

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Jordan Marsh

PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury St. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sundays.

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Garden with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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COMMON TALK

Storm Warnings

. . . A TRAGIC incident happened to mar the swan boat cruise of a local insurance executive and his four-year-old son. The trip had been planned for days, with the son in a glow of excitement. When the day arrived, the two hurried across the bridge and down the steps to the swan boat landing. The Commodore was there, of course, looking moody.

When the proud father offered the required funds for a tour of the "lake," the Commodore informed him that the boats were not running.

"The sea is so rough," he went on, pointing at the water, "that we can't go out. Wind might send us aground on the far shore!"

Bitterly disappointed, the man and his son breasted the wind and went off into the distances near the "far shore."

Solution

. . . A DISAPPOINTED Alabama tourist here to see the historic New England sights was inveighing against Emerson's and Thoreau's Concord in a lobby of a local hotel. With a cold bitterness, he said:

"Of course, they can't have a juvenile delinquency problem or crime in Concord. It isn't that the town is so respectful of their honored dead or their traditions. It's the Concord mosquitoes! Have you ever met one of their mosquitoes, sir? No child and certainly few adults would dare face them. They blanket the town after dark in Victory formation and attack under the most formidable Axis leadership. From now on, I'll call all mosquito bumps 'Concord souvenirs'!"

After a gloomy pause, the tourist went on:

"Concord doesn't need a curfew. Concord has mosquitoes!"

Help Wanted

. . . JUST what it is about want ads that fascinates us, we wouldn't know. But we can recognize a trend when we see one. Under the Help Wanted classification in a local newspaper, we found the following:

> RELIABLE BOY or girl
> to walk a dog. Good pay. . . .

Several things bother us. What sort of a reference about reliability will be acceptable? And how about that "good pay"?



Naval Courtesy

. . . ONE longtime resident at the Hotel Lincolnshire which is now a WAVE barracks received a polite official letter the other day, asking him to have luncheon at the hotel on a certain date. He, and several other former residents of the hotel, were invited to see what had happened to the place, together with a collection of photos of WAVES at work. Oh, yes, luncheon was included.

There is something understanding and kind about this Naval thoughtfulness. The idea of letting them see what has happened to the bookcases in the bedroom or what has occurred with the plumbing has possibilities. It ought to rub out a lot of sentimental bosh cluttering up their minds about the "dear old place."

Culled from Somewhere

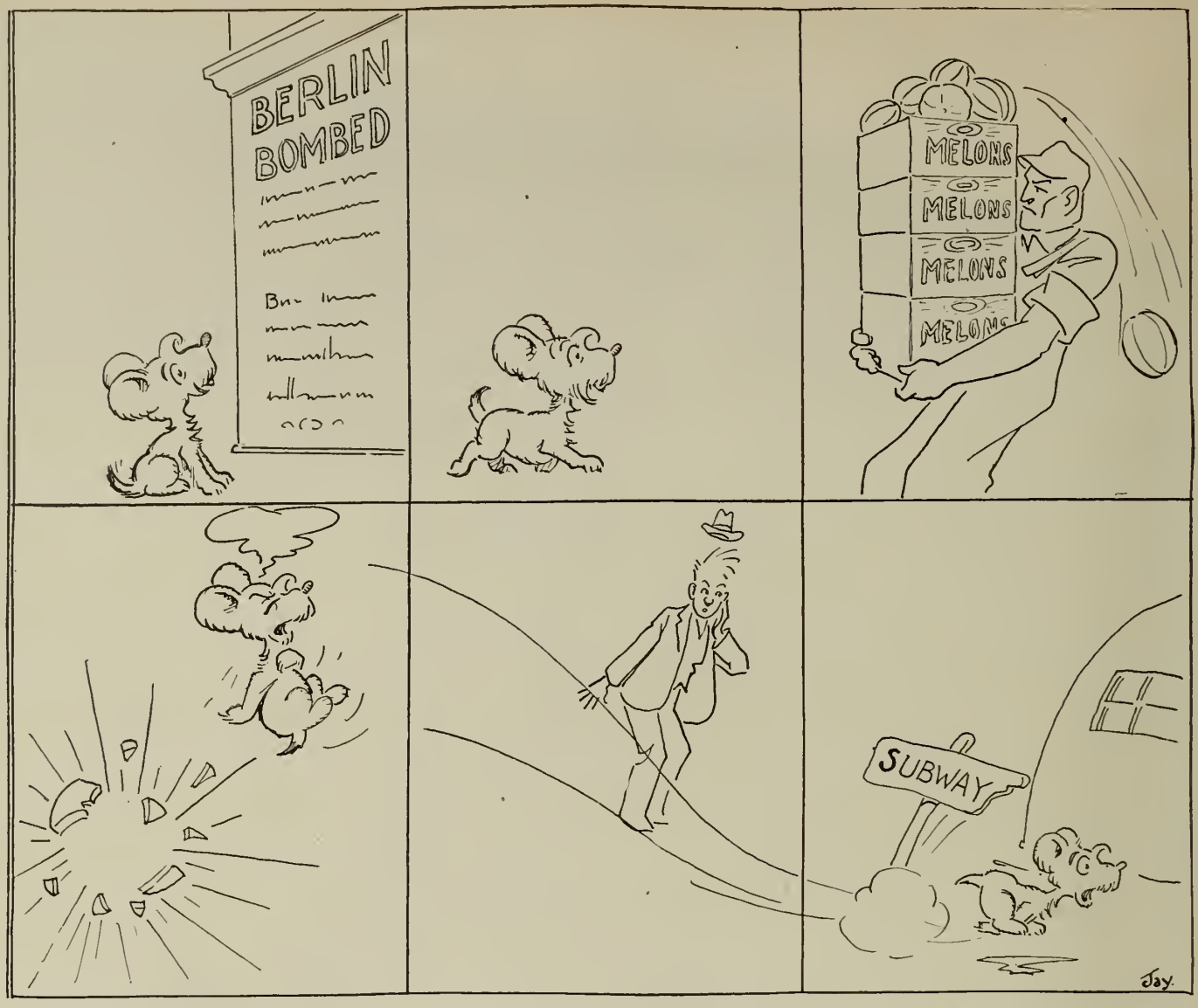
. . . SPEAKING of WAVES, the question-and-answer department of some local newspaper (the contributor forgot to give us all the data) comes up with a touch of humor.

Question: Do you think joining the Waves will help me find a husband?

Answer: Yes, we know several girls who joined the Waves three months ago and they're now aviation machinists' mates.

Looking Ahead

. . . ACCORDING to very reliable information, passed along by the



smoothly-geared publicity department, we can now bring you the dope on peace plans, as the undergraduate sees them

For the past year, a group of 32 students have been meeting regularly to discuss post-war plans and draw up a "program for peace."

Taking issue with the policy of nations in the past to regard higher officials of aggressor nations as sovereign and immune to punishment, the student board "asks that an International Tribunal be set up for the trial and punishment of war criminals. Furthermore, the United Nations should issue a multi-lateral ultimatum to all non-belligerent nations stating that the harboring of war criminals shall be considered as an unfriendly act against all the United Nations."

Wrapping up such subjects as boundaries, world government, education and an International Police Force in brisk, practical bundles, the students go on to the economic phase. "This war has often been described as one between 'Have' and 'Have Not' powers. In order to prevent this in the future, all nations and peoples should have equitable access to the natural resources of the world. 'Freedom from Want' must become a living reality."

Somehow, the word "equitable" brings a deep sigh to our lips. It's the old shell game all over again. Coping with "How to end the depression" during college days, we made the mistake of coming up with an idea of creating jobs for the "Have Nots." We've always believed that FDR got hold of our term paper and snitched the idea. If he gets a look at that word "equitable," hang onto the storm fence, kids. It will get the business.

Pan-Handling Plus

. . . THE first lady pan-handler we've ever happened to watch work was a fairly well-dressed old woman who was walking along Providence Street. She filled all the requirements —bent, pale, neat in manner. The only artistic touch we would have wanted to add was to have her comb her hair. It bushed out from under her straw skull cap like the bristles on a cheap paint brush.

She was walking slowly, looking in the shop windows until she sighted four soldiers bound for the bus terminal. Then, she began to get so fragile and tottering that when the soldiers came abreast of her, they stopped in alarm when she spoke to them.

"Boys," she said, in a quavery voice, "I'm somebody's mother. But for the Grace of God, I might be yours. Can you spare a dime so I can take the subway home?"

Before we finished loitering along behind her, she had collected a fast dollar's worth of dimes. Not bad for "somebody's mother"!

Subway Vista

. . . Two other elderly ladies who could double for Boston dowagers without half trying, got aboard a Lechmere-bound subway the other morning. They were both chewing gum like crazy and staring straight ahead. When Scollay Square arrived, up rose the dowagers, removed the gum simultaneously from their mouths, placed it neatly in the gum wrappers, dropped it in their handbags, and marched sedately out of the car.

Gallant

. . . The same Lechmere car which produced the eye-popping, gum-chewers, gave us another scene from life. At the North Station a frail old gentleman of about seventy-five years and his less fragile but equally elderly wife got on the car.

With a very courtly manner, the old man gave his wife his arm, and together they lurched and stumbled to seats in the rear of the bucking car. When we arrived at Lechmere, the old man got out of the car, turned around, and lifted his wife off the step. As they walked away, the old man looked back and winked. It was a wink that said, louder than words: "You didn't think I could do it, did you?"

He was right. We didn't.

Puzzler

. . . A month-old puzzler was brought to our attention the other afternoon by a dignified matron who airs her Pekinese on Commonwealth Avenue.

"I was walking there on Saturday afternoon," she explained, "when I saw something that made a deep impression on me. There at the corner of Exeter and Commonwealth Avenue was a lovely antique love-seat, with two men seated on it, smoking and talking away at a great rate. I watched them for over a half hour before I realized that I must be disturbing them by staring."

She hesitated for a moment and then added, with wistful envy:

"It was just about noon, and they did look so comfortable for such a hot day!"

Esplanade Opening

. . . The concert which opened the first of the series on the Esplanade was its usual excellent self. And the crowds which swarmed over the turf in front of the Shell were ditto. But the completely satisfying final touch to the concerts were the snatches of conversation we overheard.

The best of these bits, we think, came from two sedate, elderly gentlemen. They were sitting rather uncomfortably on the grass far in the background. After one particularly climatic selection, during which the conductor's hair got rumpled and his coat twisted askew, the plump member of the pair observed to his friend:

"All that arm-waving. That must give him an awful slice on the golf course!'

In Service

. . . Browsing around through the records on Boston Common, we came across a few lines which seem to have tickled the historian as much as it did us. It appears that Major-General Humphrey Atherton was returning home early on the morning after Sept. 16, 1661. On the night before, he had been reviewing troops, and was, at the time, crossing the Common on his horse. Unfortunately, he collided with a cow, fell from his horse, and broke his neck. The historian states that "he was considered to have died in the service of his country."

Foot Race

. . . Another little incident which must have come out of the heat wave was a very special kind of a foot-race which really snarled traffic at the Charles Street circle.

Bursting out of the gate near the bathing beach on the river came a four-year-old little boy, running at a very fast clip. Behind him ran his mother and older sister, all shouting for Bobby to stop. They dodged between cars with tremendous skill, and Bobby was maintaining his lead comfortably when last seen.

The novelty about the race was this: the lad was wearing his "birthday suit." The only stitch of clothes on him was a beanie on his head.



"What — another new suit?"



"Step back to the rear of the car, please."

BABY GOES TO TOWN

. . . Of course I knew all this business about what New York was like in war time. That is, I knew it in a theoretical way, having been too busy to venture the other side of the pastoral life since Pearl Harbor. But now I really had to go to New York on business, there were no two ways about it. So I listened gravely to all that my more travelled friends had to tell about their harrowing experiences on trains and so forth, and with a proper sense of foreboding, tempered somewhat by the inevitable excitement of starting off for New York after a long time away, I got myself in hand.

Injunction number one, travel light. So I got out my smallest weekend case and packed in Spartan fashion for a three day stay. Injunction two, wire ahead for reservations. Being a thrifty girl, I wrote. And the day before I was to leave, the letter came saying "Sorry, all reservations booked up weeks ago," in a tone that implied "Really, madam, you should know better." Chastened, I sent a wire to another hotel. Prompt reply, Sorry. I sent another, and another. The answer to the last one was very leisurely, very unenthusiastic, but affirmative.

Following injunction number three, I raced and tore through the labyrinth of Boston subway stations to get to the train well ahead of starting time. I was rewarded with standing for half an hour completely surrounded by British sailors. But just as I was beginning to get warmed up to the idea, they suddenly discovered that they were waiting for the wrong train. With a great rush and a swinging up of duffle bags, they tore to the next track, leaving me feeling very like a terrified rabbit caught in a buffalo stampede.

I was travelling in the middle of the week, as the posters tell you, and getting a seat was simple. I waited with pleasant expectancy for the ordeal of having the ubiquitous GI Joe talk my ear off all the way to New York, but all I got was a fat middle-aged female who said nothing whatever except "excuse me" every time she fell over my feet. There wasn't a Marine in sight. It's all rumor, I thought with considerable disgust; it's just like peacetime. So I went to sleep, and woke up in New Haven in time to see two beautiful pilots get up across the aisle and leave the train. I'd slept right through their trip!

At Grand Central I got a cab with the greatest of ease. I was getting more and more skeptical about all this talk of wartime problems. But the cab didn't move. The driver disappeared. He came back five times, with five other passengers. The one I remember most vividly is the pouting ten year old who brought the jump-seat down on my knee. Charming child. When I let out a subdued shriek, she eyed me with an obvious morbid pleasure, and took another drag on her lollipop.

The driver stopped about four blocks from my hotel. "You don't mind getting out here, do you?" he said, putting my bag on the sidewalk firmly.

I said no, feebly. It was raining hard.

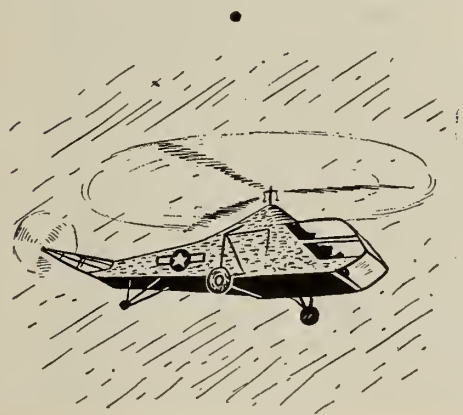
"Just four little blocks," he said cheerfully, and drove off.

Weary, wet, and dirty, I stumbled into the hotel lobby, my mind firmly fixed on a hot bath and a nice clean bed. I told the woman at the desk my name, and that I had a room reserved. She took a long time looking me over. Then reluctantly she agreed that they did have a room for me.

"Where's your luggage?" she asked

I pointed to my overnight case.

Her eyebrows shot up. "That?" she said, in a voice of horror.



I was beginning to resent this female. "What's the matter with it?" I asked belligerently. "It's a good piece of leather, pre-war Mark Cross."

"But is that *all?*" she said. And as she stared at it, the bag seemed to shrink to the size of a toothbrush holder.

She called the manager. "That," she said, "is all she's got." He looked at it. Then he looked at me, a shrewd calculating look that plainly said "You don't fool me, my girl. I know perfectly well that that thing is empty, and you plan to jump your bill."

"Look," I said, in desperation, "how do you know it isn't full of mink and diamonds?"

But there was no appeal from that eagle eye. "She'll have to pay in advance," he said.

Meekly, I paid. Anything to get to that room and bath. "How long are you going to stay?" was the next hospitable question. And to be on the safe side, I said four days. She sighed.

I registered, and paid in advance, and started slinking toward the elevator with a strong feeling that everyone in the lobby was watching me and thinking "There goes that crook. She and her empty weekend case!" Just as I got to the elevator, the clerk's ringing voice shook the rafters. "Just a minute! A dollar deposit on your key." Utterly shaken, I flung a dollar at her and escaped into the elevator.

There was an interesting thing about that elevator, as I discovered later, when my equilibrium was restored. On the upper floors there was a sign over the push-botton saying "Ring once for down, twice for up." I always had to fight down a frantic desire to push three times, just to see what would happen.

I soon discovered that my relationship with the front desk was not terminated. Every time I ventured into the lobby, either going or coming, either the clerk or the manager would greet me with broad happy smiles and the question," Are you leaving us now?" When I said no, their faces would droop. I began to get an inferiority complex, and to

wonder if there were some back entrance I could use.

Across the hall from my room was a remarkable old man whom I never saw, who spent his days and evenings greeting an endless stream of friends with an enthusiasm which grew in volume as the night wore on. One night around dinner time I heard a quarrel going on.

"Listen," the old man was bellowing, in his somewhat bent English, "I am a go crazy. You will drive-a me mad. I cannot stand it." I leaned my ear to the door with delighted anticipation. In the background, the words inaudible, I could hear a woman's protest. I pictured a tremendous lover's quarrel, the man old but still vigorous, long white hair and moustaches (for I had firmly established him in my mind as a musician), the woman a fading but still lovely beauty whom he had pursued passionately for years. I waited in delicious suspense for the next words. They came in a great bellow. "Woman," he shouted, "you got to make up your-a mind. Are you going to have-a chicken gumbo or-a ox tail soup?"

Disillusioned, I went out to dinner. I had been working up a pleasant hunger in honor of my favorite restaurant. I walked blocks and blocks in a slithering drizzle of rain to get to it, my mind dwelling on memories of antipasto, minestrone, chicken cacciatore. It wasn't till I was through ordering that a vague sense of unfamiliarity prompted me to ask the waiter if Joe and Tony still ran the restaurant. He shook his head scornfully.

"Naw. Those birds got drafted. Henry, he runs the joint now."

Looking around more carefully, I could note the little changes Henry had made, none of which I approved, including the waiter's dirty white apron. The arrival of some damp and shrivelled antipasto did nothing to improve my opinion of Henry. I was very hungry and it was a two dollar dinner, so I did my best to convince myself that Henry's food was equal if not superior to Joe's and Tony's. Every time the kitchen door swung open, I resolutely turned my head away, but never quite quickly enough to avoid seeing the sad state into which Joe's and Tony's immaculate cuisine had fallen. My appetite began to slacken perceptibly, but two dollars is two dollars, and I ate on doggedly.



"By George, you're right! We did put the motor on upside down!"

• •

I held out until the little man with the toupee and the false teeth which seemed suspended in air, seated his fat spouse with a flourish, and ensconced himself across from her at the table next to me. They went on with a conversation they were in the midst of, stopping long enough to order minestrone in two syllables and a long i. Then back to the interesting subject of a recently deceased uncle. It was pretty good at first, all about the relatives' squabble over Uncle Merton's money, and branching off into various other family departures and what happened to *their* money. In fact I have rarely heard a conversation so bristling with vital statistics. But then my little toupeed friend began to get clinical. He had evidently made a long and thoughtful study of Uncle Merton's corpse, and he wasn't going to keep any of it from his wife, who listened with a rapt fascination.

But what little interest I had been able to maintain in my watery minestrone had fallen off entirely by the time we got through with Uncle Mert. And when the arrival of my spaghetti coincided with a flood of touching reminiscences about Uncle Merton's wife's corpse which was in such a dreadful state on account of having come all the way from California, and didn't the undertaker do a disgraceful job, do you remember, Fannie? we had reached my saturation point. I paid the bewildered waiter and got out to the cold wet sidewalk where I breathed deeply several times.

The next day when I told the desk clerk I was leaving, she called out the manager and told him, and for a minute I thought they were both going to embrace me. They were so cordial and friendly, I felt quite touched in my slow bucolic way, until I got on the train and was suddenly struck by the implications.

There were no Marines on the way back either. My seat companion was a very amiable and very drunk Negro who held out a pack of matches to everybody who went by, and said cheerfully, "Want a match, bud? I don't need 'em. I'se already lit."

Yes, those friends of mine were right. Things have changed.

—Barbara Corcoran

THE ROCK

. . . Everyone in America knows the story of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, and practically everyone in America knows by now that that rock on which the Pilgrims landed is no bigger than the boulder Uncle Henry dug out of the garden last spring.

The good people of Plymouth have heard that story about Uncle Henry so often that they themselves never go near the Rock. If, perchance, they have to drive by it, they look the other way. If summer tourists ask them how to get to the Rock, they always say, "Go down the next street and turn left." And then they run into the nearest store and hide behind the counter.

Years and years ago before the people of Plymouth became so timid about their Rock, they tried to confront each disappointed and angry visitor with reason. "It's not the Rock," they would say. "It's what it stands for. Why, it's a shrine." But that argument was of no use because they found out that the one thing their fellow Americans demanded of shrines was that they be spectacular. (i.e., A six-foot man reaching high into the air could not touch the thumb of the Statue of Liberty if he were to stand in the crook of the elbow. The Colorado River is one mile straight down from Lookout View. The Such-and-Such Building cost $100,000,000 and took 100,000 men ten years to build; from the top of it one can see fifty miles on a clear day.)

So the Plymoutheans devised a set of answers to try to pacify these high-figure-hungry visitors who threatened to spend the rest of the summer in Provincetown. (An act no Plymouthean can tolerate.) "Only one third of the Rock is now visible," they said. "One third is underground; the other third has been hacked away by souvenir hunters." Then finally: "This Rock is the only one of its kind in this part of America. It was brought down here by glaciers during the Ice Age millions of years ago." They would emphasize "millions of years ago" and that would keep the mobs at bay until the people of Plymouth could run home and lock the doors.

I even know the case of one frightened guide who pointed out to a group of disgruntled mid-westerners a couple of faint scratches on the Rock. These, he told them, were the initials of Governor William Bradford who came down to the shore one dark night, roaring drunk, and chiseled them there. While the mid-westerners were trying to locate said initials, the guide quietly slipped away.

I myself have moved away from Plymouth and the subsequent security I feel has made my mind wander back to the plight of my former friends and neighbors. I have searched history book after history book, hoping to find one good authentic clue as to why the Pilgrims, minus a publicity agent as they were, chose to harass their descendants by landing on Plymouth Rock. The only reason I can find is the following and this I submit with some trepidation:

Picture a group of hungry, tired, shivering immigrants sailing into Plymouth harbor a few days before Christmas. Their crossing has been a stormy one. John Billington, Jr., has nearly set fire to the captain's cabin; John Alden has been making moon eyes at Priscilla Mullins; one lady has had a baby, and each and everyone of them has been frightfully seasick. They sail into the harbor. Miles Standish, looking through a spy glass, sees a naked man with a feather in his hair peeking out from behind a tree. Not a cheering sight. Nothing so far to tempt Elder Brewer to shout gleefully, "Come on, gang, let's go rock climbing." Remember, please, it's zero weather. There is no warm hearth waiting for them, no welcoming committee except for that man without any clothes on.

Well, they can't stay on the Mayflower forever so they lower a dory. A few jump in, being careful not to tip the boat because salt water in December is cold. They pull for shore. A flat-topped rock is spotted. It's not a big rock, just a nice flat-topped rock right on the waterline. They make for that and finally draw up close to it. One of the men steadies the boat with an oar while the passengers jump from the boat to the rock to the land. Now, (and this is my big point) as far as I can learn this was done because they didn't want to get their feet wet.

—Robert W. Leonard



"She has a friend. Want to take a chance on a blind date?"



IT'S ABOUT TIME

. . . The trite old sayings such as "History repeats itself" never had better proof than what happened in Boston in the middle of the seventeenth century.

By that, we mean one thing. When the colonists came over here to get free of religious edicts, they meant that they wanted freedom to the extent that they were willing to go to new worlds to get it. And after they had found what they wanted, that freedom threatened to blot out another religious cause which had as much right for existence as their own had had.

Getting specific, the Episcopalians in Boston were as welcome to their service as the Congregationalists and other faiths had been in England.

King's Chapel, mounting a four-square watch on the corner of School and Tremont streets, is a solid piece of "carved Quincy granite." Its low-snubbed tower and adjacent burying ground are a part of the history of Boston, an important part. But the building you see today is symbolic of two things, a battle for free religious worship, and a concession in religious format.

The Episcopalians in Boston, in the year 1664, were in a very difficult position. The inhabitants of the town had come to these shores to have the freedom to worship as they wished. The impedimenta and strength of the Church of England had not been to their liking, and any fragments of the same faith which came to Boston were not apt to meet with a hearty welcome. It was not until 1664 that a Church Service could be performed without heavy difficulties besetting the participants. More than once they had been forced out of the town because they insisted on worshipping as they saw fit—in the King's Name.

In the year mentioned, however, they were not too badly off. Certain friends on the King's Commissioners staff were Episcopalian, and for this reason, unless issues were forced, they had protection. But they had no church in which to worship. No other church in the city would permit them to use the structure, and Church of England people were not of any consequence as regards religion.

A certain Mr. Randolph came back to the town and brought with him a Mr. Robert Ratcliffe, an Episcopal clergyman. This was in 1686. The old Government being superseded the day following his arrival, people who were of his faith found themselves in the most favorable position yet in the local picture. There were friends in power, and although they would make no definite moves, the influence was there. A Society of Episcopalians was promptly formed, and meetings were held in private homes, as well as services, to weld the group into a working organization. Applications were made to local churches for permission to hold services within their edifices, but every plea met with a flat turndown.

This, of course, is perfectly understandable. Why give harbour to a group whose faith had caused so much difficulty in the Old Country?

Mr. Randolph was a persistent man. He kept plugging away at the problem of a suitable church for people of his faith. He suggested (or it is credited to him) that funds be raised by contribution each Sunday to build a church for those who wished to worship in the Episcopalian faith. He was practical enough to feel that financial provision should be made to cover the clergyman's necessities as well. But until the time when Governor Andros arrived from England, no cohesive plan of action and no formal support had been available to the local Episcopalians. With Sir Edmund Andros' arrival, however, things changed with a vengeance. From the day the frigate Kingfisher arrived in Boston harbor until the Church turned f o r m a l l y, and obliquely, to the Unitarian creda, things began moving.

Governor Andros was a King's man. He was Church of England, of course. And when he arrived, with the prodding of Mr. Randolph, he searched for a place where Services could be held. As King's representative, he informed the Churches that he wished to find a place where Services could be held. He requested a place of worship. Andros arrived on December 19, 1686, and shortly after the turn of the year, he sent representatives to the South Church to ask that this place be turned over for Episcopalian worship at certain hours on Sunday.

The South Church was only one of many to whom Andros sent the same request, but this was the church to which he sent a representative to ask for the keys. The date was March 1687. The churches requested time to think the matter over, but the replies were a foregone conclusion even then. The answer was no. And the South Church appears to have been Sir Edmund Andros' favorite.

There was little else that could be done except to turn the keys over to the representative. One historian feels that the persistent Mr. Randolph was the representative. There are no facts to support this theory other than the logical ones. Randolph had been a prime mover in the Episcopalian movement. He had influence on the Governor. Therefore . . .

For a while, it appears to have pleased the King's representative to keep the congregation waiting in the street outside until the Long Services were over. Presently, however, set times when the two services were held were made and kept.

The Episcopalians used the South Church until 1689, but the idea of having their own place of worship was kept firmly in mind. Judge Sewell was asked to sell a plot of land on Cotton Hill, but his refusal was definite. The group had been trying to find a suitable place since their formation as such, but there were few choice locations available. Finally, the decision to raise funds throughout New England took form enough to ask for permission to have accredited individuals solicit funds throughout the country. Permission was granted by Andros, and within two years 256 pounds had been subscribed by 96 individuals.

Exactly how the group got land has never been discovered. Probably Governor Andros "decreed" that part of the common burial ground adjacent to the present church was set aside for the project. In any event, the first Episcopal Church in Boston was erected on the site at a cost of 284

pounds. It was built of wood and had much the same outward appearance as the Chapel has today. Funds were too low, however, to put in pews until 1693 when the officers of Sir Francis Whelan's fleet contributed 56 pounds for that cause. The fleet was in Boston on a recruiting trip, and the contribution was a big help to the group.

Between 1710 and 1713, the old church was rebuilt to twice its original size. Thomas Brattle, a wealthy man who had a deep interest in religion and new causes brought the first organ to this country from England. His will stated that the organ was to be offered first to the liberal Congregational Church at Brattle Square. The provision was that the church must accept within a year's time or forfeit the organ to King's Chapel. It took only a short time for the Brattle Square Church to turn down the offer because of a slight "unseemliness" in the gift. The Episcopalians were the gainers in the matter. They also received a clock for the tower in 1714.

This enlarged church stood until 1753 when it was supplanted by another building which cost 7405 pounds. As it stood then, it was a successful church with a prosperous group of members.

The Revolution changed everything, naturally. The Episcopalian Society disintegrated rapidly until the powerful effects of the upset. Many members were loyalists; Sir Andros, Ratcliffe, and others were seized and imprisoned in Fort Hill, a building which stood where the City Hall addition now stands. It was in this Fort that such people as witches, Quakers, Captain Kidd and other troublesome characters were incarcerated. It was the prison, too, which Hawthorne describes in The Scarlet Letter.

After nine months, Andros and the members were sent to England, at the Crown's request. King's Chapel had, in the meantime, become the Stone Chapel, and the members had lost heart.

At this time, Samuel Myles enters the picture strongly. He was the son of a Baptist minister, a New Englander by birth, and a graduate of Harvard. He had taught locally and had been a lay reader for four years, very probably under Mr. Randolph's influence. He had also gone to England to study and to solicit funds for the Church.

In this, he was highly successful. He won Court favor. When he returned, he brought court favor to the tune of 100 pounds a year, precious books, furnishings for the chapel, and many other things which aided the Society. William and Mary were equally helpful when on the throne. They gave a handsome set of communion silver, a further grant of funds, and a large theological library. This is the library which Boston Athenaeum now owns, what fragments were left after the Revolution.

In any event, Myles was a fearless man. He did his best for King's Chapel, and when he had gone, things were much quieter and easier for the members.

A man named Price was next selected. After the Bishop of London had been consulted as to a successor (and had turned the privilege down), this man was the next choice. He, unfortunately, was a man who had definite ideas about what his position merited, and trouble between him and his congregation broke out soon. He resigned once, withdrew it, and the second time, the resignation stood. After that, King's Chapel selected their own men—a radical departure from the more formal methods of the Episcopal Church.

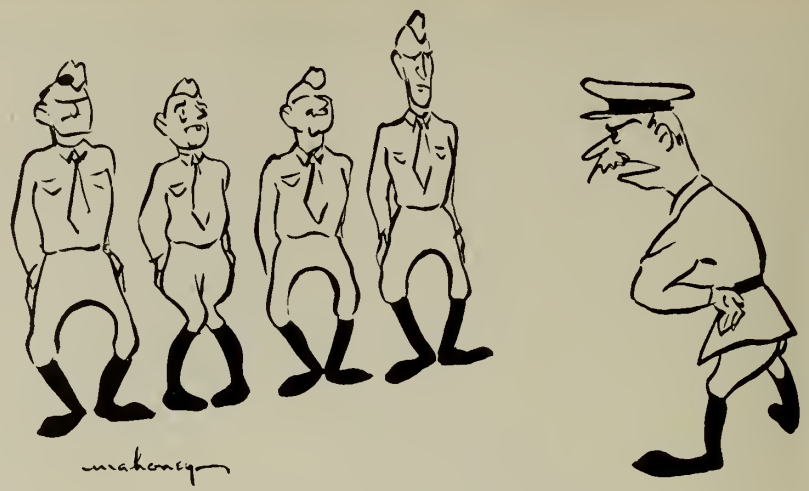
How the group turned somewhat from the formula of the Episcopalian Church to that of the Unitarian faith is interesting. It rounds the circle of strife with which it was founded.

James Freeman, the minister at the time who had been "advised" by Thomas Bulfinch, became so interested by the writings of Joseph Priestly, and the influence of Rev. William Hazlitt, an English Unitarian who was living in Boston that he felt compelled to tell his congregation of his opinions about the Episcopalian faith. He offered his resignation sadly. To his surprise, however, the members refused to accept it and asked that he explain the differences during a service. This he did, apparently feeling that this was the end.

Again, to his surprise, the members were willing to concede many things to him in the way of outward changes if he would stay.

In this way, the rigidly Episcopal King's Chapel became, finally, a wholly different church than it had been at the stormy beginning. Today, when you realize that the rather squatty building at the corner of School and Tremont streets has the oldest pulpit in actual service, the only organ with the scepter and mitre carvings, and a Bible in common use which was given to the church in 1768, you know how much a part of the national religious history the Stone Chapel is.

You also realize how free is the spirit of independence. When a Church can fight its way forward and give up traditions through belief, you have America. It is worth having.



"Just how long have you been in the cavalry?"

BOSTON SHOWMAN

. . . There's a quality of engaging boyishness about "E. M." Loew, New England-based movie magnate. Time has salted his hair, and tennis and horseback riding has not altogether restrained his waistline but at middle life he has the resiliency of personality usually associated with the mid-teens. And the directness of a boy in his freedom in expressing himself unselfconsciously.

Loew is not unaware of the romantic aspects of his success story. He is such stuff as Horatio Alger made synonymous with the best traditions of American success.

He recognizes his success at full face value but his pride of achievement escapes being vanity by a wide margin. Indeed, his feeling about his success is more like that of a good workman who has stood off and recognized that his handicraft is better than average but that there is still a touch here or there that he alone feels and knows is needed. And like that workman he'll plug away at satisfying his own standard of perfectionism.

Loew insists upon the same standard of perfectionism in his employees. His attitude toward the staffs of the fifty theaters and two night clubs which he owns is reflected in his current political opinions. A Republican, he thinks Roosevelt is "A good man but."

Philanthropic along the lines of his personal interests and with a quick sympathy for immediate need arising out of his early experience with want, Loew likes "what the President has done for the poor."

"But Roosevelt gives in too much to labor. He gives them too much power," he says. Loew is not a strict party man but insists he votes "for the man he likes best."

Despite the fact that he came to this country at the age of thirteen with only the equivalent of a grade school education back of him, Loew is a literate man. His speech has few of the Goldwynisms it is rumored to have and his accent is very slight and far more easily understood than that of many of the highly cultured refugees to whom he personally has given sanctuary.

His working background has been a diversified one. "As a young man I was a bellhop for a while. I got fifty cents a night," he says. But in saying it his voice and manner avoid the air of bragging which frequently hallmarks the defense mechanism of the



self-made man. Loew says it as a sedate Back Bay resident of his age might say, "My father believed a boy should earn his spending money. When I was at preparatory school I earned my spending money waiting on table." Both men have stated a fact out of the context of their lives.

Loew's family solidarity remains as a constant. He is proud that out of the limited earnings of his youth he contributed ten dollars a month to the support of his parents in Europe. "It was a lot of money for me to send with what I was earning but it bought a lot for them in Europe, a lot more than it would have bought here."

His feeling for his family emerges again when he talks about his one superstition. "No, I don't think the years in the theatre have made me superstitious. I guess I'm only superstitious about a bird in the house. When I was a boy in Europe we believed that a bird in the room meant death.

"I guess it does, too. I believe it." Pointing toward an office window he goes on, "A couple of years ago a couple of pigeons got into the air-conditioner over there and built a nest. I didn't want to hurt them so I did nothing about it. Sure enough right after that my youngest brother got sick with stomach ulcers and died. So, you see I got some right to think like that."

Loew likes to play cards but he doesn't like gambling for high stakes. His favorite game is gin rummy and his favorite gin rummy partners are some priests of his acquaintance. "They take off their coats and collars and we have a few drinks and a pleasant game. I got all kinds of drinks in my wine cellar at my house in Milton. Anything you can name. I like Scotch and soda. I used to drink a lot of beer. But not anymore. Beer bloats you up."

Loew works at running his million dollar theater chain to afford his place in Milton, a Boston Society-page suburb, as other men work at various jobs to earn enough money to afford a fling at one of his night clubs in New York or Miami. His Milton estate with its 26 acres of farmland and pastures is the apple of his twinkling blue eyes. Among the six horses stabled there his favorite is one named "Romeo" to whom it is Loew's pleasure to feed sugar. "I call him and he comes running to get the sugar," he says proudly.

The Milton estate has a staff of four servants. Two, a man and wife, run the domestic side, while two men work as a combination of gardener and stablemen. "I get in extras when we need them," Loew tells friends earnestly when discussing his Milton menage.

Interesting is the fact that Loew does not think of his scale of living as luxurious. It is what he can afford easily and it is what he feels is expected of a man of his means. But these were not really the deciding factors in acquiring the Milton estate. The Milton establishment was the realization in the concrete terms of land and architecture of the way Loew wanted to live, his concept of the good life. It afforded him the opportunity to surround himself with space and animals. He dislikes being crowded and he genuinely likes animals. Two dogs, a German shepherd and an Irish setter, have the freedom of the grounds at Milton. Besides his horses and dogs he keeps goats and chickens.

In setting up the Milton establishment it is doubtful that Loew was very much conscious of its social advantages. He liked the land and the house and it was convenient to the throneroom of his motion picture and nightclub realm. He has been stubbornly democratic in his retention of pre-Milton friends and apparently indifferent to Milton society.

"I like a man whom I can talk to simple and straight," he says. "I don't care who his grandfather was if I like him and he plays square with me."

He has cultivated none of the snob tactics of the new rich. His clothes are more influenced by his trips to Hollywood and his Broadway contacts than by the styles of Boston's men about town. He has "a few pictures" but he doesn't collect. "I got what I like," he says simply.

Boston's movie magnate professes to be little interested in the opinions of his critics. "You're never sure a man is your friend if you got more than he has. People envy you. Sometimes it's hard to believe that men you've called friends for years say the things about you folks tell you they do. But you just go on trying to do what you think is the right thing." As he says it his hearer gets the impression of disillusionment in Loew's experience rather than cynicism.

Loew's charities are numerous. Only he could say how far they are dictated by the expediency of lightening the income tax load or giving his interests a good press. While it is easy to assume that he is shrewd enough and well-advised enough to value these aspects at their full value, it would be unfair to credit the bulk of them to these considerations. He is reputedly an "easy touch."

Commenting on his clerical friends he remarks casually, "They know me well enough to call me up and get what they need and when I need something they got I call them." Certainly he is easier of access than most men of his means.

Perhaps his attitude on gambling is something of a key to his scale of values. He could afford easily to be a big-money gambler. Many men in his business are. Yet, when he goes to the pony or dog tracks he rarely risks more than ten dollars in an afternoon on any one race. He is even more conservative in gin rummy.

"I don't like high stakes. They make bad friends. If I win five dollars from you that's alright. But if I win fifty that's a danger to our friendship and it isn't a game," is the way he explains it.

If he does win he teases the loser in a succession of telephone calls and letters. Or frames the money and puts it on the wall over the table at their next game.

His private office was obviously designed by a decorator and the walls are the inevitable walnut panelling. But between the windows on one wall is an advertising calendar such as you might find on the office wall of a shoestring real estate operator or an unsuccessful dentist. Scattered over his tycoon's desk are spiral-bound, blue-backed notebooks such as sell for a nickel in any Woolworth's. And it is in these that he keeps his personal memos.

On top of an expensive radio, partly obscured by a promotion-placard propped against it, is a magnificent bronze of a great Dane. A gaudy ceramic duck faces it on a cabinet across the room. Other bits of statuary embellish the decorator's art and represent Loew's personal taste he tells you.

Except for trade directories and similar publications, Loew's office is bare of reading matter. "I read mostly newspapers. And history. I like history," he confides with a shy, boyish grin.

Widely reputed to be a vegetarian, Loew does not adhere rigidly to a Shavian diet. "I eat meat a couple of times a week perhaps," he says. "And fish. But I like vegetables."

Loew seems content with his present empire. He admits to no plans for expansion. "I want to hold on to what I got and keep it going the way it should be," he says. "That takes a lot of doing these days."

—Raube Walters

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"That new cleaner sure quit in a hurry!"

THE ALBERT H. WIGGIN COLLECTION OF PRINTS, DRAWINGS AND BOOKS

. . . A WIDE and interesting panorama of the best work of the British and French engravers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, a number of outstanding Americans, and representative examples of the old masters, beginning with Dürer, extends the scope of the Albert H. Wiggin Collection of Prints, Drawings, and Books from the sixteenth century to our own. For this splendid collection, comprising many of the best examples in print making, past and present, the Library is deeply indebted to Mr. Wiggin. He sought to make this collection a living thing by including all available states, working drawings, and, in a number of instances, paintings which were used as subject matter for the plates. These will be of particular value to the student and connoisseur for both their technical and their association importance. The quality of this rare collection will be evident when the individual items are exhibited in the galleries or studied in the print room.

The Wiggin Collection has become internationally known for its prints, drawings, and paintings by Jean-Louis Forain, Muirhead Bone, James McBey, and D. Y. Cameron. When one considers the difficulties that present themselves in collecting the work of Forain, owing to the vagaries of his temperament, this collection is indeed an achievement. There can be no doubt that it is one of the most representative and probably one of the most complete in existence.

Mr. Wiggin's fine taste and experience have also made it possible for the student to read and analyze print making through a study of the greater and a few of the lesser personalities of contemporary engraving. In this sense such a collection is a valuable means to print knowledge. Many of these prints were purchased before the artist had been fully recognized, and it must be a source of satisfaction to Mr. Wiggin to find that for the most part his judgment was sound.

The galleries are in immediate proximity to the Treasure Room, the Rare Book Department, and the Fine Arts Department. The arrangements for display and lighting make it possible to study the works of art under ideal conditions. There is space for approximately sixty prints in the upright cases on the main floor, and the balcony walls are prepared to take a like number of prints, watercolors, or drawings. Exhibitions change every month, and plans for demonstrations in etching, drypoint, mezzotint, aquatint, engraving, lithography, and wood engraving are under consideration. Materials and presses are an important part of the exhibits which make this collection a center of education in the graphic arts for students and layman alike.



Splinter Beach — Bellows

To mention a few among the outstanding prints, the following will give some idea of the high quality of the Wiggin Collection. The sixteenth century is represented by a complete set of wood engravings by Albrecht Dürer of "The Life of the Virgin," with Latin text. This was once in the collection of William Morris, by whom it was beautifully bound in vellum. Dürer's mastery of the burin is also demonstrated in the superb impression of "St. Eustace." The seventeenth century produces the fine etching and drypoint of "Christ Healing The Sick" (The Hundred Guilder Plate), the undisputed masterpiece of Rembrandt; also "The Three Trees" and "Rembrandt's Mother Seated at a Table," "Portrait of Jan Lutma," "A Great Jewish Bride," "Cottage with White Palings," and a number of others are included. The "Self Portrait of Anthony Van Dyck" in the first state is of the greatest rarity, as there are only three known impressions. There are other fine examples of these artists, of almost equal importance.

The eighteenth century was, in the main, a period in which reproductive engraving flourished; it was the age of line engraving, mezzotint, stipple, aquatint, and color printing. All these processes, used in high perfection, are generously represented in Mr. Wiggin's collection. Particularly remarkable are several hundred original drawings and watercolors by the inimitable Thomas Rowlandson. The collection cannot be duplicated anywhere. Francis Wheatley's thirteen *Cries of London* are important not only as a collector's item but because of a unique group of porcelains by Parnell copied from the colored prints.

Francisco José de Goya, whose work certainly ranks among the classics, is represented by *Los Proverbios*, and a fine set of the original issue of *La Tauromaquia*. In studying these plates one can easily understand why Goya is considered the link

between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, bringing to the world of art a new idiom in picture making.

The nineteenth century, which has been called the "Golden Age of Engraving," is represented in the collection by impressions of Whistler, Haden, Meryon, Legros, Lepère, Daumier, Millet, Corot, Buhot, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others. The superb engraving by Ferdinand Guillard after Van Eyck, "L'Homme a l'Oeillet," must be noted as an outstanding print—also the beautiful impression of "Annie Haden," upon which Whistler said he would rest his reputation.

It has been remarked that only two or three great etchers are produced in each generation, but the twentieth century has been far more generous. The exceptional wealth of the collection in the work of Forain, Bone, McBey, and Cameron has already been mentioned; in addition the modern period is represented by Gerald Brockhurst, Arthur Briscoe, George Bellows, and Anders Zorn; also Robert Austin, Edmund Blampied, Frederick L. Griggs, Alfred Hutty, Kerr Eby, Arthur W. Heintzelman, and many more. An unusual group of self portraits and portraits by fellow artists deserves special mention.

The engravers of the color print as we see them in Mr. Wiggin's collection give the various techniques of the French and English painters at their best. One feels the refined note and the strict obedience to the rules in such prints as "Mrs. Mills," in two states, engraved by J. R. Smith after G. Engleheart; "The Countess of Oxford," engraved by S. W. Reynolds after T. Hoppner; "Emma," by J. Jones after Romney; "The Falconer," by S. W. Reynolds after J. Northcote—a very fine mezzotint, the only known impression in color. There are two states of "Miss Farren," a stipple engraving in color and black and white by F. Bartolozzi after Lawrence. This color print is a rare early state before the title was altered to "The Countess of Derby," and is probably the finest expression in colors known. The collection includes a proof print of Rembrandt's "Peasant Girl," also one in color by W. Say, and "Rembrandt's Frame Maker" before letters by J. Dixon. Among the others whose work should be mentioned are C. Turner, R. Houston, James Watson, N. de Launay, and W. Ward.

The paintings form a permanent exhibition in a specially constructed gallery. Though few, they are excellent examples of the artists represented. Forain's ability to feel and express the full dramatic content of a situation is ably depicted in such canvases as "Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue," "La Lettre du Prévenu," "Le Retour au Foyer," and "Le Tribunal." Gerald Brockhurst's forceful portrait of the etcher James McBey is a very important item. He is further represented with "Young Womanhood," "The Boy of Amberley," "Galway Peasant," and "Young Boy Wearing a Tam O'Shanter". James McNeill Whistler's little pastel of Venice and Felix Buhot's study of a tavern are especially attractive.

To name only a few of the rare books, the following are of greatest interest. The unpublished original sketches by George Cruikshank to illustrate *The Bottle,* and a number of other Cruikshank items—among them *The Victories of Wellington,* with an original drawing by this artist—should be mentioned. An original edition of the *Kit-Cat Club,* with forty-eight beautiful mezzotint portraits by Faber after Sir Godfrey Kneller, is a fine tall copy with full margins to each plate, a point which makes it exceptionally rare. There are a number of books illustrated by Rowlandson and many early editions dealing with the arts and print making

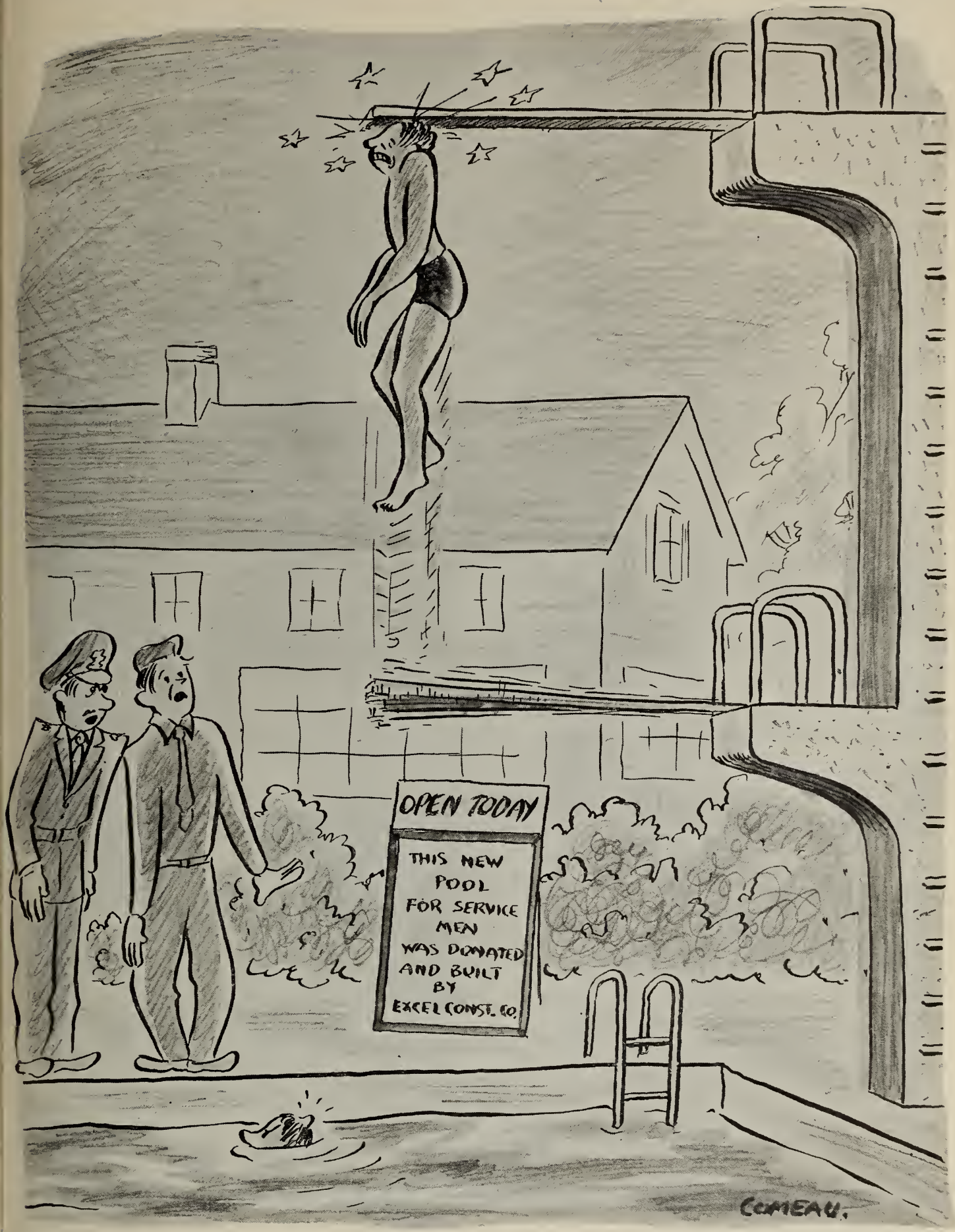


It is increasingly recognized that the contents of collections in museums and libraries are being judged more by their educational importance than by their monetary worth. Prints may be compared to paintings, and the student will discover that a good print contains every virtue of a fine painting: color value, draughtsmanship, solidity, texture, and atmosphere. The technical side of the copperplate media calls upon the artist to be a craftsman as well, and these points are fully demonstrated by Mr. Wiggin's foresight and knowledge in collecting the many states and working drawings, which are so necessary for the student of one of the most aristocratic of all the arts.

The consistent high standard of this collection is evident throughout. The ability to recognize and appreciate fine and rare impressions is more than a natural instinct; it is also the love of true art developed and cultivated. Public libraries in this country, with their increasing acquisitions of art, are beginning to rank high among the centers of art education. It is Mr. Wiggin's desire, that this gift to the Library should not only preserve these rare works but make them accessible in the manner most useful for the purposes of study.

The Albert H. Wiggin Collection of Prints, Drawings, and Books leads the Boston Public Library into a new and interesting field. The arts are closely allied and Mr. Wiggin has introduced among the choice possessions of the city another great treasure. He has done much to bring the engraver's art before the public in one of the greatest collections in its chosen period.

—Arthur W. Heintzelman
Keeper of Prints,
Boston Public Library



" Call the Excel Construction Co. I want to have a word with their architect."

NO APPLAUSE AT GETTYSBURG ?

. . . Eighty years after Lincoln's immortal address at Gettysburg on Nov. 19, 1863, the opinion is still widely accepted that the Civil War President's brief, impressive words were received by his huge audience in complete silence.

This belief, however, isn't shared by Dr. Louis A. Warren, director of the Lincoln National Life Foundation at Fort Wayne, Ind., and an outstanding authority on the Great Emancipator.

Dr. Warren points out that the copy of the address which the representative of the Associated Press sent from Gettysburg on the very day the address was delivered contains in brackets the word "applause" at five different places and at the end of the address the citation "long continued applause."

"With hardly an exception, those holding that there was no applause at Gettysburg made their observations many years after the event took place," points out Dr. Warren. "This viewpoint has contributed greatly to the supposition that the address of Lincoln was not well received and that the people present failed to be impressed by its beauty.

"Another school of thought, which also has no place for applause in the address, bases its supposition on the solemnity of the occasion," he added, "and argues that applause at Gettysburg would have been like blasphemy."

In Dr. Warren's estimation, the A. P. reporter was an ideal witness because he attended the ceremonies at the cemetery as a matter of business, took down the proceedings in shorthand, transcribed his notes immediately, and prepared them for printing. It would seem that what he reported would be of inestimable value and free from just as much of the personal equation as possible.

Charles Hale, who was secretary of the commission sent to Gettysburg by Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, also took down the address in shorthand, Dr. Warren reveals, and it is almost word for word the same as the Associated Press copy.

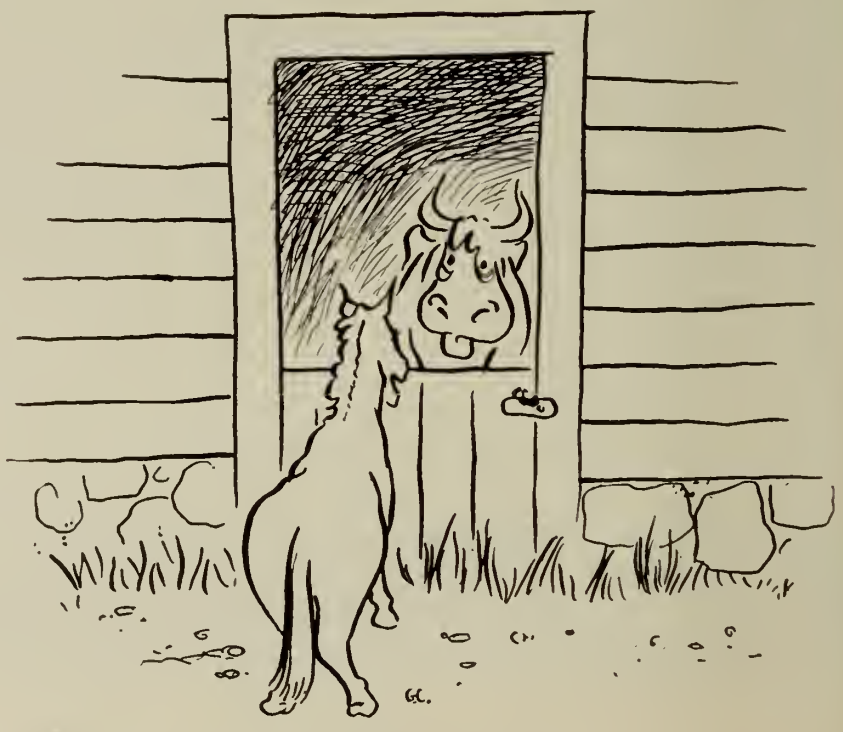
The Hale transcript, although making no mention within its text where the applause is said to have occurred, does divide the address into paragraphs. The general paragraph arrangement apparently follows the same division, with one or two exceptions, as the applause citations in the A. P. report. Mr. Hale also stated in his notes that the address was delivered "with great deliberation," which method itself would open opportunity for applause.

"The fact that the Associated Press report is generally accepted as the most accurate copy of what was said," asserts Dr. Warren, "should also give weight to the correctness of the interpolations with respect to applause."

A verbatim copy of the Associated Press account follows:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. (Applause). Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war; we are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. (Applause). The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. (Applause). It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. (Applause). It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, (Applause) that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. (Long continued applause).

—Eric W. Modean



"Is my fodder in dere?"

SARAH

. . . Her steps as she went down the hall were as evenly spaced as the slow striking of the old clock that started to chime off the hour just as she closed the door of her room; and when the last chime vibrated into silence her steps were like choked sobs in the empty hall which for years had led her to and from her room.

For a long time she had been old; for a longer time she had been solitary. Her neighbors said she was queer; they conscientiously avoided her. She lived alone, walked alone, discouraging all gestures of sympathy. For a long time she had not looked into human eyes. Some of her neighbors were afraid of her; she was afraid of all her neighbors. The sounds and smells and shapes of things were to her dim shadows flickering on a distant curtain.

The people in the immediate neighborhood knew very little about her. What little there was known had had to be chipped off her granite reticence with subtle blows. But people gave up trying to be friendly. Most of them, when asked, could not remember her simple name.

She was a big woman with heavy arms and legs and a full, housewifely bosom. Her skin was poor, greyish, with large pores. She was ugly. Her upper lip protruded with negroid thickness above the lower. From her puffy brown hair that never stayed in one neat compact coiffure to her spatulate heavy feet she was ugly.

From childhood on she had been aware of her ugliness, realizing it every time other people recognized and made public her lonely face. She always remembered — she was obsessed with remembering — how her fellow students back in high school laughed and giggled at her. It was at that time she chained herself to the premise that if she secluded herself there would be no one to point and mock at her. This logic was the road she travelled, journeying always alone, never daring to turn right or left lest she find herself in a world of ridicule, scorn, and contempt.

Sarah Ann Collins was a name easy enough to live up to in the time of her grammar and high school days, but once out of public school, swung by time out of the reach of childhood, no one called her anything but Sarah.

The high school prom, dedicated to the senior class of which Sarah Ann was a member, dealt Sarah one of her greatest hurts, the climax of all the little humiliations she had endured all through her schooldays. She was the only girl (except for Milicent Andrews who had torn a ligament in dancing class) that did not attend the senior prom. She had not been asked to go. There was not one single young man in the high school who thought that much of her. She was not the only homely girl in the class. There was, for one, Tressie Borden, an albino who couldn't see more than five feet ahead of her. But Tressie had some redeeming features; she was full of fun, was witty, and that cancelled out much of her homeliness. There was Alice Mac Michael with her long horsey face and buck teeth. But Alice could dance, Alice had an agreeable voice, could sing a song that gave enjoyment, if you didn't look at her while she was singing.

Sarah Ann was a fair dancer; she had a pleasant singing voice. But she didn't go to the prom because no one asked her. When the summer was over — ten weeks of avoiding her friends—she was glad she hadn't gone to the prom because instead of trying to forget the humiliation of not having been asked she would now be sick at the very thought of the fun they would have made of her at the prom. In this thought she uncovered a shred of consolation and out of which also came a sensitivity that grew, as the years passed, to chronic proportions.



Do your part . . Give your blood to save a Serviceman

Sarah Ann's parents were comfortable, ordinary people; a happily married couple with four children, three of whom were coddled, petted, and spoiled.

At twenty-five she passed a civil service examination and for twenty years endured her fellow workers who treated her (so she thought) as she had been treated all her life, then, with the money a remorseful father left her when he died and the money she saved out of her salary, she retired, took a room near the park, and proceeded with monotonous rapidity to the age of sixty-eight.

She stood now on the sidewalk in front of the rooming house, looking across the street at the park. She crossed and went into the park, not to where some of her neighbors, old women like herself, were gathered around a park bench to chat and feed the pigeons, but to a bench at the far end of the park. She was always alone there.

Sometimes she said a few words to the pigeons. Even they seldom croaked back at her. She was already in that anile stage where she believed the pigeons were trying to say something to her, trying to tell her, perhaps, of their own ugliness. Sometimes she felt sorry for these old, fat slate-blue pigeons, and again she sometimes disliked them because they were parasites, something she had never been. Always she had been independent, self-sufficient.

Parasites. This was a recent line of thought for her. She sat on the bench thinking of how little she had asked of people. There must be thousands, she thought with self-pride, thousands that are dependents, burdens on others, parasites. It was an ugly word but it gave her some satisfaction to feel that she was superior to all those thousands who had to be helped,

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Black and Brown
Bucko (reversed calf)

Black and Brown
Norwegian Calf

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Shop for Men
Shop for Women

A Shop of Personal Service

guided, supported. For a few moments she was smug and happy. But the moments died quickly and she thought again about herself, the self people laughed at and ridiculed.

Once or twice, when she first took the room, she tried to make herself a member of the household, an associate of the other old people hidden away in the rooming house.

She joined them one night in the community parlor, walking in on the group of women who were busy with their chatter and small talk. She sat down and looked at them, listened to them, but threw no scraps on the small fire of conversation. She was afraid to draw attention to herself. She saw them, felt them, draw away from her, and almost desperately she tried to retrieve what they had dropped. She said, in a voice that was loud in the quiet parlor, picking up a fragment that had just fallen from a woman's lips: "Yes, I agree with you. I believe it will be a rainy summer."

They looked at her, collectively, and Sarah felt blood rushing to her face in a blush of humiliation. They were looking at her and as her eyes shuttled from face to face she fancied she saw in each face a cold rebuff, a withheld snicker, an indignant refusal. She did not know she was mistaken because she misnamed her sensitivity, calling it instinct. Instead of striving for their friendship and companionship she got up without a word and left them.

A second time she attached herself to a group seated and gathered around a park bench. She smiled and they nodded. The old women were as usual making small familiar talk — their only remaining treasure — and she stood by, listening, vaguely comfortable as long as they did not look up at her. Then, someone spoke, to her, and the words struck her like a sharp, unexpected blow, tumbling her out of the little ease of mind and self she had momentarily found.

She saw all the old faces turn and look at her, like dusty electric bulbs lighting up one after the other, and she almost screamed at them to find something else to stare at.

Because she made no answer except to turn away quickly from what she thought were condemnatory eyes she was from that time on shunned, avoided, ignored, but, of course, whispered about. And this was what her mind turned her from—old women so harmless that the vagrant pigeons of the park walked boldly among them.

As she left the park she clung to her newly-found self-pride and, passing the bench with the old women sitting complacently in their nest of warm talk, she was glad that she was not one of them; she was glad that she was free and not a parasite.

Down the hall she went, down into the long corridor, her steps like choked sobs, and when she opened the door of her room the hinges whimpered briefly. In another moment that small door locked out the world.

—Bernard Finn

• •



The golden rule for back to school

La Cross

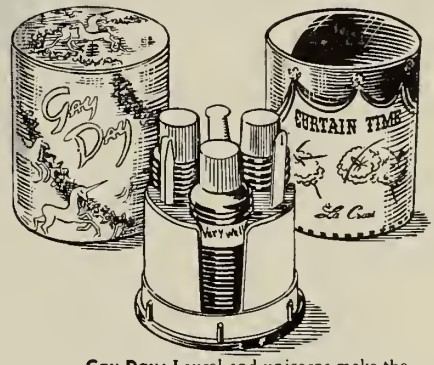
EXCITING MANICURE SETS

Basic requirement for fingertip beauty—any one of these superb La Cross sets. Smart as a Phi-Beta Key, practical as a course in economics, they're essential to good grooming, the way to keep your nails as sparkling as your wit.



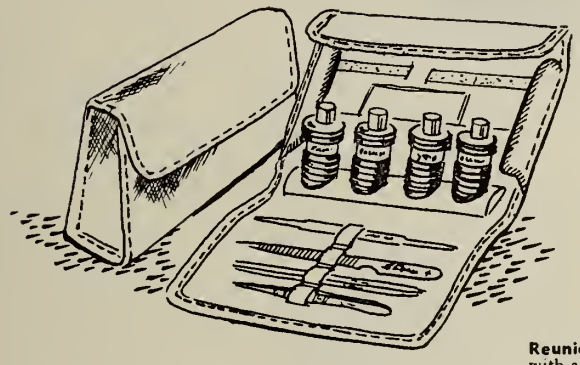
Personal Favor: Trim two-tone case in alligator grain simulated leather with contrasting flap closure, gabardine lining. Contents: La Cross polish, Quickseal, Stazon base coat, cuticle oil, polish remover, cuticle lift, file, cuticle scissors, tweezers, emeries and tissues. . . . **$5.00** plus tax.





Gay Day: Laurel and unicorns make the whimsical design of the cover. And La Cross polish, polish remover, cuticle remover and other manicure needs make this a bounty of beauty you can't afford to miss. . . . **$1.00** plus tax.

Curtain Time: Sister to Gay Day with same contents, but the cover's an enchanting row of ballerinas. . . . **$1.00** plus tax.



Reunion: Elegant leatherette case, saddle stitched with a satin finish lining, snap closure. Contains La Cross polish, Stazon, polish remover, cuticle remover, file, tweezers, manicure sticks, emery boards, cuticle lift and tissues. Red or blue. . . . **$3.00** plus tax.

at Jordan Marsh

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"Those new food carts came equipped with roller bearings!"

SHOP TALK

. . . RESPLENDENT autumn colors and definitely new trends in fashion make the shop windows about town more fascinating than ever. They're aglow with high style and high color!

Lamson and Hubbard, smartly redecorated and air-conditioned, is one of your best bets if you're planning to invest in a fur coat. Original, new detail, supreme beauty and quality mark each coat you'll see on their third floor Fur Salon. Magnificently full sleeves with wide turned-back cuffs, trotteur and tunic lengths, and soft rippling backs with plenty of fullness are prerequisites for chic this year. We saw some Black Russian Persians there that stopped us short. One was collarless with revers and had big ballooned sleeves cleverly cuffed-in at the wrist. Another was a dashing trotteur with side slits and cuffs bound in braided corde. Its revers dropped into a straight, slimming tuxedo, stunning on any type of figure

Let-out Blonde Muskrats amazed us, they looked so like Mink, and though they have a luxurious, rich appearance, they are hardy and wear well. A trotteur version did something for a tall, stately lady who's constantly "on the go" and felt it would carry her through both daytime and starlight occasions nicely. This coat was only $690, tax included. Collegians, looking for attractive durability, will be delighted to find a finely-marked Ocelot in a tunic-length mandarin coat. The new, full sleeve and cuff, side vents, slit pockets and tuxedo make it a charmer for just $810, tax included. Light-weight, sheared Canadian Beavers are once again in the spotlight and shown with all the new features to which their lustrous, deep-piled pelts respond beautifully.

You socialites with numerous festivities on the agenda mustn't overlook the latest interpretations of Silver Fox jackets. They are made of pedigreed skins and look it. Did you know that White Fox can be Lynx-dyed and made into jackets that are just as distinctive for town wear as for glamorous evenings? An especially versatile one comes with sleeves that open to form a cape and may be snapped together for daytime use. Fur innovations for you!

. . . ARE you on the alert for gifts, gifts and more gifts? Weddings, engagements, anniversaries and the like keep us all puzzling these days over what's unique and useful for a present. We suggest *Cooley's Inc.,* at 34 Newbury Street, to help you make light of this matter. If you have nothing special in mind, it's worth your while to consider the 10" to 14" flip vases in Swedish optic glass, excellent taste and excellent also for long-stemmed gladiolae and red, red roses. These handsome pieces are priced according to size from $2.50 to $6.00. Many others, too. An ultra-modern windowsill vase that's tall and rectangular would create a pleasant spot in any home. Flip vases in amethyst, green or blue glass introduce color to a room and harmonize with its decor. Some of the flip shapes are marvelous reproductions of old Williamsburg vases, even to their pressed dots, and certainly should be investigated. Colored glass up to $20.

Pitchers are practical presents, since no household is complete without 'em. We admired some crystal tankard-shaped ones that sat on their shelves in a succession of graduated sizes. They take bold cut monograms and sell for $1.00 to $1.95. Necessities for iced beverages! Before tearing ourselves away, we got a glimpse of their collection of odd, hand-blown crystal vases, some in variegated, graceful shapes, others squat and ball-shaped. There's no limit to the possibilities here!



. . . LETTERS can be written in style and *M. T. Bird and Co.* at 39 West Street will show you how. For instance, their victory vellum in clear bright red with a white border comes with white envelopes and gives a new twist to correspondence. There's a bottle of red ink for addressing your white envelopes and white ink for contrast on the red sheets. An alarming idea and all for $1.50 per box. We succumbed to a smart personalized set of stationery in Crane's pale Argentone Blue with a pink and Bahama red border. On the top of the sheets, there's a splash of red with the designated name and address in a hand-written script style engraved across it. This motif is carried out on the back-flap of the envelopes, too.

A "real value" we saw there was a set of stationery in pink, blue or white with a delicate, twinning wild rose pattern on both sheets and envelopes. Just $1.00 for a box containing 24 double sheets and envelopes. Their own art department has designed a matchless monogram in a two-tone ribbon effect which they place on Crane's Wedgwood blue lightweight paper. Our color preference for the monogram is Royal purple and red. And we defy anyone to conjure up more attractive writing paper! For short, informal notes, there are "Miniatures" with a series of assorted etchings on them by Richardson Rome done in sepia. The etchings are reproductions, of course, but they delineate New England countryside scenes well enough to be kept as book-marks after your note has been read. A box of 12 is yours for 50 cents and, remember, we recommend it!

. . . ORCHIDS to *Peter Flynn's* at 164 Tremont Street for its timely collection of choice woolen suits. Whether you're going to business or school this fall, a suit should be the backbone of your wardrobe. Try their fourth floor and you'll exclaim over what you see there. One suit

Fredleys

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highly styled ensembles.
. . dresses . . millinery . .
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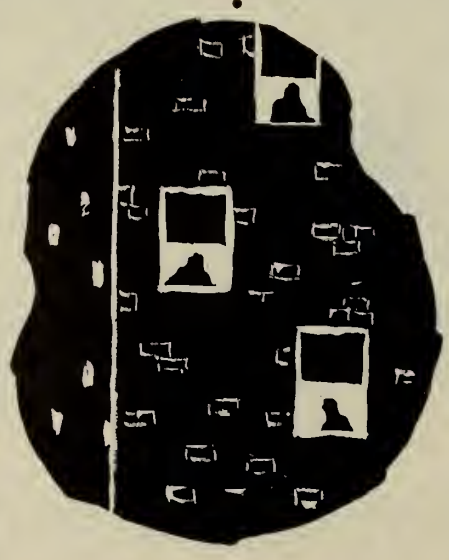
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KEN. 5600
COM. 7767

we saw was quite different—a black, white and yellow plaid, simply bound in wide black military braid. The jacket was a fitted cardigan with braid frogs and buttons for its only embellishment. A solid black wool skirt accentuated the color scheme of the jacket. One in Electric green wool, nipped in at the waist and treated with trapunto work and small gold buttons down the front, had rounded revers and collar. A six-gore skirt completed the outfit which is yours for only $25.

Very dashing indeed was a black and red suit meant for young, gay things. Its skirt was a beautifully tailored black wool affair, topped by a bright red jacket for sharp contrast. You'll dote on its little Peter Pan collar outlined in black soutache looped in spaghetti fashion, and pockets which are handled with the same soutache trim. Three large black buttons studded with gold nailheads and high, broad shoulders achieve that up-to-the-minute military air. A mere $22.95!

For club wear and other "important" afternoon functions, a lovely Loganberry wool might very well fill your bill. It had delectable detail—tailored collar and lapels, one-piece yolk and panel front and back, and self-covered buttons circled in gold. Incredibly enough, it's $16.95. Still another little number in black wool jersey comes in a fitted style and has a high round neck with two broad loops that give a bow effect. Decorative black soutache edges the loops, and little square embossed metal buttons are touches that will enchant



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Excellent selection of clothes for
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BOYS to 6 Years
GIRLS to 14 Years
Also for
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MISS WESTGATE
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BOSTON, MASS.

ladies who know it's the little things that add up to style. Other colors in this suit are unrestrained and vital, but we vote for the black one.

. . . Exigencies of war have changed lots of things, even the kind of photographs people are taking, *Purdy*, 160 Tremont Street, tells us. Portraits used to constitute the great demand, but now that's ante bellum stuff. Group pictures and miniatures which can be slid into pocket-size leather cases, to take on maneuvers, over-seas or wherever your serviceman may be going, are what the public requests today. If you have a portrait that does you justice or flatters you a trifle, have it made into a miniature and colored by experts who take their simulation of nature very seriously. This is a gift any serviceman or woman will appreciate more than candy!

A family picture is another bright idea which can be produced in full-size or in miniature—or, why not in both? In this studio you wil find the most modern and best photographic equipment. Their new fluorescent lighting imitates daylight remarkably well and helps to achieve a portrait that's natural and "really you." Drop in when you're in town; no appointment is necessary. If you smile prettily and keep your eyes on the birdie, we guarantee you'll be happy over the results. Prices, very moderate for their high calibre workmanship.

—Phyllis

•



Charles of the Ritz

Calls it "SIDE SPREE"

. . . a gay, sideswept hair style
that's cool and smart and new!
Of course a Charles of the Ritz
permanent is a must
for the deep, soft, natural waves
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that make it so effective.



look younger



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This remarkable cream contains Biocine,* equivalent of an estrogenic substance which is plentiful in youth but which grows less with each passing year. Used as directed, Estrolar is most important in attaining a youthful appearance of face, neck, and hands! 30-day supply, 5.50. Twin jars, 10.00

Look Prettier with Gourielli Make-up

EMULSION CLEANSER, the *gentle*, modern way to cleanse your skin before applying make-up. Goes on like melted velvet, softens and soothes. 1.50 and 3.00

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"MOONLIGHT MIST" FACE POWDER, a beautiful mist blended to match your *natural* coloring, instead of artificially covering it. 1.50 and 3.00

LUSTRE LIPSTICK, young glowing color for lips and cheeks, gives a *natural* match. Velvety base stays on and protects. 1.50 *plus taxes*

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BEAUTY BEACON

Scent Semester

. . . IT WON'T be long now before our thoughts will of necessity be turning to school again. Where do perfumes fit into the school picture, you ask? Fabergé the perfumer thinks they have a definite role—to be used wisely and well—but not wasted. Woodhue, for example, the deep sweet romantic fragrance that Fabergé designed especially for tweeds, is a favorite with the college crowd. They like it because it is in tune with the clothes they wear, the tweeds, sweaters and corduroys. There is a whole curriculum to match, too—Woodhue perfume, cologne, bath powder, and sachet—all done up in tailored fixings, even to real walnut bottle tops and leather package trimming. So it's back to school we go with books and a wonderful perfume for that bit of glamour!



Back to school with Faberge's Woodhue perfume

A Touch of Radiance

. . . A TOUCH of Schiaparelli's Radiance eyelid oil on the lids will make your eyes look brighter. It leaves a thin flattering sheen, and in the summer it helps to protect the lids from the drying effect of the sun. Used at night on the lids and area around the eyes, it helps prevent wrinkles and shriveled skin. Schiaparelli's Radiance eyelid oil is delicately perfumed with Shocking.

Fresh and Smooth

. . . DERMETICS' Filmtexion is a wonderfully delicate protection film to help keep your skin soft as velvet—keep your complexion as fresh and smooth as the fresh flowers you wear in your hair. Filmtexion is a protective base that gives a skin-film as thin as marquisette. It is an all-weather complexion dress, but particularly good for the harsh seasons of the year. It takes face powder smoothly and easily, and gives a pearly, soft finish.



Dermetics' Filmtexion lends a delicate protective film

Borrowed from Yesterday

. . . BEAUTIES of the Gay Nineties lived in the romantic gaslit era of the horse-and-buggy days. Lofty pompadours, enormous hats with willow plumes and ostrich feathers, rustling taffeta petticoats, bustles and long, sweeping trains were worn by the number one glamour girl of that period. From it, Helena Rubinstein has drawn her inspiration for an exciting new shade, Plush Red, which she has translated into one of her smooth, lovely lipsticks. A deep, intense, glowing red, borrowed from yesterday, yet beautiful for today, Plush Red is an ideal make-up color for fall season's new fashions in warm-toned fuchsias, plums, green and purples. It is grand with black and white, too. This glowing new tone is entirely feminine and would be suited to any age—truly a flattering shade. To harmonize with Plush Red lipstick, Mme. Rubinstein suggests Plush Red rouge, White Flame cream tint foundation, in peach-bloom shade, Champagne Bisque face powder, Luminous Orchid eye shadow, and black waterproof mascara.

For Him

. . . LOOKING for something handsome for *him?* Then you'll be interested in the new Sportsman fish shaving bowl. Made of sea-green ceramic, this good-looking shaving bowl has a big-mouth bass on the lid which serves conveniently for a handle and at the same time carries out the sports theme characteristic of all the containers in this fine line of toiletries for men. The bowl is filled with rich, super-lathery Sportsman shaving soap, refreshing and pleasant to use. He'll like Sportsman shaving lotion, too, in the clean-cut masculine bottle with its third-dimensional sports scene.



A touch of Schiaparelli's Radiance eyelid oil adds glamour

Models' Special

. . . A NEW lipstick is born, and the news is particularly exciting since it is Models' Special. Created originally for clothes-conscious fashion models and color-styled by them,



a Permanent with Pleasure

Much less time is required with an Elizabeth Arden Permanent . . . and it leaves the hair lovelier, more vigorous and SO much easier to manage . . . because each Permanent is done with special Elizabeth Arden Preparations and every condition that needs correction has treatment to insure a lovelier, healthier head of hair, easy to do yourself in the smart, *becoming* way we'll dress it for you. For appointment telephone now.

Elizabeth Arden

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Models' Special is now available to the public in these professional shades: No. 11—with orange; No. 12—definitely red; No. 13—deep rose; No. 14—ripe red; No. 15—midnight blue; No. 16—sable dark. The lipstick case is jumbo in size, of pastel colored plastic, with smart, dubonnet lettering, and—happily—a smooth-swivel mechanism that pops the stick up and holds it firmly for action, with a cover that slips on or off gently, yet really clings tight! Models' Special makes a fine complement for Models' Special cake make-up. This too, was originally created for fashion models, but now you can wear it as casually as a fashion model, and as beautifuly. It comes in five skin-tone shades, creme, natural, natural rose, rose tan, and tan. You've probably seen it around in a wooden compact but now Models' Special is also available in one of the handsomest plastic containers we have ever seen. The new container is very slim, but despite its apparent thinness, it holds exactly the same amount of make-up as the wood compact, namely, 1¾ ounces, and the price in each case remains the same. Have your choice!

In an Eggshell

. . . **M.** Louis, famous hair stylist, now offers to the public his own private shampoo—Eggnog Shampoo—a concentrated liquid containing real egg (dehydrated). Eggnog Shampoo leaves the hair soft, lustrous, manageable, and better able to be coiffed smartly. The unusual, easy-to-use eggshell container holds enough of the liquid for five or more complete shampoos, as only a tablespoonful dissolved in a cup of water is necessary for a thorough cleansing with two sudsings. The plastic container is attached to a removable base which unscrews and the eggshell can be inverted and placed in the base while the shampoo is being used. When the container is empty, it can be used as a bud vase, darning egg, or attractive ornament for bathroom shelf. It can even be coated with nail polish for color effects.

—Carol Thomas

• •



"The judge called me an overgrown juvenile delinquent."

OUR BOSTON ACCENT

. . . Seating myself at a lunch counter, when I first arrived in Washington, I ordered a cup of black coffee. The girl asked me if I wanted any sugar. I answered that I didn't care for sugar or cream. This simple statement seemed to puzzle her and she questioned if I would like milk. I said, "No, thank you," in the politest tone you ever heard. (There was a sign hanging in back of the counter that read, "Be nice to our employees. They're a H ..... of a lot harder to get than our customers." It was a nice place, too, believe me.) My coffee arrived in the form of a bowl of dry bran flakes. When I protested, I was told that I had ordered them, so I ate them. I left the place walking down the street saying, "Black coffee," to myself with an assortment of inflections to see if I could possibly make bran flakes out of it.

Boarding a street car, I asked the conductor to call out my stop as I was unfamiliar with the streets. He asked, "Y'all from Boston, lady?" The conductors are very friendly and good natured in spite of the fact that almost every passenger bothers them with questions. When I told him that I was from Boston, he said that he could tell because I had an accent. Upon reaching my stop, he called down the length of the crowded car, "Y'all want off here, lady." Down there, people want off, people want on, people want in, people want out, but I was supposed to be the one who sounded odd.

All during the twenty months of my stay in Washington, people kept telling me how I should speak. One girl I worked with, who had been a school teacher in up-state New York, wanted me to say things like "Beyahnd" for "Beyond" and "Ahn" for "On". The friends I made in the District came from all parts of the country and often times we would spend long evenings in controversy over how the English language should be spoken. No one became angry because we all seemed to amuse each other, however, neither did any one of us ever stand corrected. Being the only one from Boston in our crowd, I was often called upon to say something in "Bostonian" to any new acquaintances we happened to make. A small phrase like, "I parked the car in Park Square," was very entertaining to them. One evening, I was invited to the home of a native Washingtonian, and I arrived a bit late. I was greeted by the hostess with, "We all are waitin' on y'all, honey. Say something funny." I sounded funny to her when I spoke, and yet, she said, "About" and "Out" as if she were on the verge of regorging something very distasteful.



" Oh, oh, I think we've just found that long lost pre-war ball of mine."

• •

The mid-westerners were very definite about how our language should be spoken. Their R's were all in the best of health and they spoke right at you straight from the shoulder. Most of the time they would end up with, "That's for sure." It seemed to leave no room for opinion. As I have said, I was greatly outnumbered so seldom offered opinion on the subject. I didn't want to be browbeaten, however, and when I was told that we Bostonians didn't even know how to say Boston correctly, that was a little too much. After all, we called it, we should know how to say it.

One girl from Alabama said that she was, "Just fixin' t'ask y'all," when I told her that I came from Boston. She said, "It tickles me so the way y'all talk." Now, I ask you, how does one go about, "Fixin' t'ask"?

A friend of mine had met a service man who had recently been in Boston. She introduced me to him so we could talk over my home town. He greeted me with, "You know where 'Skulley' Square is?" That's all brother.

My last few minutes in Washington were spent as my first, having a cup of coffee at a counter. (I found a way to get it despite my accent. I would order a ham sandwich and then I would be asked if I would like coffee with it.) Evidently, this morning one of the girls who worked on the counter was late. When she arrived she apologized to the manager with, "I over slept myself agin." Yes, I learned that we certainly do speak differently, we from Boston. It's no wonder they didn't understand me. It's nice to be home once more but now I can no longer show off for everyone here is talented with our Boston accent.

—Olga M. Silver

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BEAUTY . . . SUMMER SKIN CARE

. . . Sun dried skin? Greasy creams taboo in hot weather? Of course you'll be interested in the facial lotions we recommend for this time of the year.

Most of us enjoy our suntan early in the season, because we like to be browner than the newcomers to the beach. And when they exclaim, "My how tanned you are," we glow with pleasure and proceed to get even darker. Then one summer, we manage to get a "You're black!" comment. We have reached our goal, and beam happily. But then we realize that a leathery complexion isn't the most attractive thing in the world. Besides, everyone else has acquired a fairly good suntan, and the admiring comments cease.

It's the same old story of overdoing a good thing. Of course the sun is the greatest thing in the world for most skins. Besides that healthy glow, it will help clear up facial blemishes. But we all go at it with such determined vengeance, that our beautiful bronze complexions get dry enough to cause alarm.

Regular creams are often too heavy during the summer and early fall. Grease and hot weather just don't go together, but these lotions are right. There is an excellent cleansing lotion . . . not liquid, but of the consistency of a light emulsion. Pour a little puddle the size of a quarter into your hand and spread it on your face. You can remove this immediately with facial tissues, as it needs no massaging. The lotion loosens the dirt, and comes off *clean*, with nary a trace of stickiness.

To counteract that too dry skin, you'll love the night texture lotion. It contains all the necessary oils, so prepared that they penetrate easily. This should be massaged into your skin, using upward strokes, until it disappears. It's grand to find a lubricant that actually penetrates before going to bed, as we've always wondered how much nourished skins and how much the pillows. If you don't mind that, you can apply another coat of the night lotion after the first has penetrated.

In the morning, cleanse your face again with the cleansing lotion, and then use a mild astringent, applied with absorbent cotton. Follow this with a clear light liquid base that disappears entirely as you work it in. Use very little of this and make sure it is not the least bit sticky as your foundation for make-up. You'll find this is a most desirable summer treatment . . . clean, cool, comfortable.

Once a week, you can give yourself a complete facial, masque and all. They're easy enough to use at home, and we love the firm tightened feeling as the masque dries. Never use hot towels in connection with these for you don't want to open your pores. Remember it is easier to open them than to close them again. Merely cleanse your face thoroughly, and apply the creamy masque. Allow it to dry. This is a grand time to relax completely, so dip two wads of cotton in witch hazel and put them on your eyelids as the pack dries. Never apply the pack to your eyelids. When the masque is completely dry, remove it with the wet end of a towel dipped in luke warm water. Follow up with the night texture lotion. This treatment is excellent for skins that are just beginning to sag.

If your skin is oily, you'll love the lotion line for all year use. Of course the night lotion is unnecessary in your case. Use the cleansing lotion, plenty of astringent, and the clear base . . . and don't forget soap and water at least twice a day. Most importance of all, don't squeeze blackheads. Your skin needs as much care as dry ones, so be sure to keep it clean and protected.

—Lillian Munroe



BOSTON COMMON

. . . In spite of the appearance of permanency which the Common has today, it is worth remembering that the freedom of this forty-odd acre plot of ground, covered richly by trees, had to be protected on three important occasions through the years.

The first time was on March 30, 1640, when, by order of the Town, the edict went forth that no land could be granted for house plots or garden if it affected the Common acreage. Even at that early date, "land-grabbing" was a menace to be guarded against.

The second time occurred in May, 1646, when another Order was issued stating that no gift or sale of any part could be consummated except by the vote of a majority of inhabitants of the Town.

Not until May 30, 1660, did the Common achieve its proper protection from ambitious real estate men and grasping public officials. The 39th section of the city charter contained the blunt statement that the City Council should have the full supervision of public buildings and property, with the power to lease or sell same, except in the case of the Common and Faneuil Hall.

As a matter of historical record, the Common was not given to Boston. It was purchased from William Blaxton, an Englishman who grew tired of the Town and desired to move to Providence. To accomplish his aim, he put all of his Boston property up for sale, and the "inhabitants purchased it for thirty pounds," collecting that sum by raising a "rate." The property was purchased in the summer of 1634, and the tug-of-war among the townsmen began almost at once. The idea was that everyone wanted a segment of the grounds for his own private purposes.

On December 11, 1634, Townsmen who had been attending a lecture, the nature of which is lost in the mists of time, got together after the meeting to choose seven men who would have the power to divide the town lands recently acquired, and to dispose of it. The Common, like a prize bone, was in the dead center of the secret project.

Because there were certain outstanding citizens in that day, as there are today, several of the more important ones were offered the position of doing the disposing. Mr. Winthrop was, of course, one of these. Mr. Cotton was a second. The others, from Winthrop's own diary record of the event, were of not much account, easy to sway, and close to the borderline of insignificance. Winthrop states that he refused to serve on such a committee since he did not consider it a proper one. The name of such an outstanding elder as Mr. Coddington had been completely ignored.

There appears to have been enough question and trouble raised by Winthrop's claims of mis-handling that the secret session of townspeople, voting by written ballot, did not care to face the consequences of going ahead with their plans. At any rate, the spotlight of publicity had brought out the true nature of their projected land-grabbing. The Common was saved for the enjoyment of the general population.

Quite obviously from the Town records of the following years, the care and appearance of the ground was a matter of serious import to the city fathers. There were constant reminders pertaining to the care and upkeep of the place; there were frequent references to the fact that all inhabitants, so judged by the inhabitants themselves, were to have the free enjoyment of the grounds.

In 1675, John Josselyn, gent., paid Boston a visit in 1675, he made the following observation in an article printed in England on his return:

". . . on the South of Boston, there is a small but pleasant Common, where the Gallants a little before Sunset walk with their *Marmalet*-Madams, as we do in *Moorfields*, etc., till the nine a clock Bell rings them home to their respective habitations, when presently Constables walk their rounds to see good orders kept, and to take up loose people."

This, then, was how the Common appeared to the eyes of an outsider. In the interval between 1634 and the above observation, things had been happening on the land. On the 27th of October, 1659, Northenders returning from witnessing the execution of William Robinson and Marmaduke Stephenson, the two Quakers hanged on the Common, a bridge collapsed and injured many home-goers.

One historical account pokes a subtle finger at the hangings by pointing out that the weight of their regret at not having seen Mary Dyer, another Quaker, hanged at the same time had weighed heavily on them. Thereby causing the bridge to collapse. If, however, this jibe had any truth, the Northenders must have felt better in June of the following year. Mary Dyer, who had been left off with the punishment of banishment after being obliged to sit on a ladder with her arms and legs bound by a rope, and another rope around her neck, returned to her friends and family. For this offense, she was hanged on the Common. She had been, so the accounts go, "an obstinate woman," and by being this, she was hanged on the "delightful Common," the quotes being those of one writer of the day.

Another of the Common's distinctions was having the first duel ever fought in Boston on its grounds. A young man named Benjamin Woodbridge, after an argument with another young man named Henry Phillips, fell into an argument over cards. A duel with swords was agreed upon, and this took place on the rising ground of the Common on July 3, 1728. Mr. Woodbridge, twenty years of age, lost out and was killed. His opponent, slightly wounded, got away on the *Sheerness,* British man-of-war anchored in the harbor.

In 1756, the problem of suitable burial ground came up, and a piece of land near Frog Lane (now Boylston street) was purchased adjacent to the Common. In November 1756, John Ranstead was appointed to care for the new Burying Place.

There are fairly clear indications that this area was used to bury people newly arrived in this country, since this is one of the few local cemeteries where the square and compasses are found with any frequence. Another time-shrouded mystery related to the Common Burying Ground is the fact that there is a marker there which is dated 1749, seven years before the

official purchase of the ground. It was placed there to designate the grave of a baby.

At first, the ground was used only for grave burials. No tombs or monuments were permitted. It is also said that the British buried their soldiers there when they were quartered on the Common during the Siege of Boston.

It was not until 1793 that tombs were allowed in the burying ground. In that year, Mr. John Just Geyer, a stonecutter, was granted permission to build one.

The Common as it exists today, barring the war-time changes, of course, grew gradually to its individual beauty. Trees were planted and shrubs added through the contributions of citizens. The huge elm which crowned the rising ground of the Common and served as a suitable place for hangings, was supplemented by carefully planted trees along the Malls.

The front fences were set up in 1733-34 along the east and north sides. These are the fences which were torn down and burned in camp fires by the British during the Siege. And as a matter of fact, the trees were saved from destruction only by Howe's order. Citizens had pleaded that they be saved. An inner fence protected the Mall from the grazing fields.

The fence of 1734 first had openings on the east side opposite the streets on that side. But the casual way that the townspeople drove carts through the grounds forced the council to close up all openings and establish a single entrance for carriages on the north side, where Park street now is.

In 1836, the iron fences which bounded the Common on three sides (prior to metal salvage during the last two years) were put up to protect the area from casual vandalism.

Today, the Common is a pleasant place, shaded by neatly marked trees. The Frog Pond bubbles with the small fry in the summer time, the three Victory Gardens belonging to the City, the Transportation Corps, and the Record-American grow gardens on the acreage. The statue which crowns the high knob of the Common is reached through a neat path of markers which read "G.A.R. Encampment 1924," and give the states' commander names. The statue which fronts on Tremont street and commemorates the Boston Massacre was built in 1888 by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Like a finger, it pokes at the sky from among the trees.

The "dressing room" for the Frog Pond elbows the Bay State and the Buddies Clubs. Waves recruit in a neat little booth on the Mall fronting Tremont street. Soccer games and baseball keep the playground busy. The checker and chess games go on as always, kibitzed by servicemen and bystanders in general. The Common cat walks disinterestedly across the grass on early morning safaris. And the Park Commission's edict against feeding the pigeons is fairly well obeyed. Even the Charles street Mall is no longer the Sunday hotbed of discussion it used to be. The revival meetings have tapered off too rapidly during the past year to make the place an oratorial Sunday show. But the Common remains the same, somehow. The castle-like weather obelisk still deals out barometer and humidity reports. People crowd the benches everywhere. The fierce-eyed political orators still hold forth around the bandstand; and on Sundays, today, there are band concerts. There are Punch and Judy shows in the spring. The Common is alive and used. The burying ground maintains its own dignity, despite the fact that the Boylston street subway carved its glories sharply. The tombstone is still there, the one with the verse ordered by a bitter, 57-year-old gentleman named Charles Wyman. On its grey surface the words read:

"Beneath these clods of silent dust,
I sleep where all ye living must,
The gayest youth & fairest face
In time must be in this dark place."

But the freehold of the Common flourishes greenly through it all. It *is* a common place, liked by all who pass through its area.

• •



"Don't worry, lady. Horace will drill the hole under the gas stove if it takes him all day!"

TRADEMARK

. . . For two hours of the bright early morning she had been sitting straight and tense, with several other social workers, at a long, wooden table under a glaring arc-light. In the long and cavernous room they had been registering shipwrecked seamen. She had on a red and grey plaid suit with a red sweater and a grey hat that rested far back on her smooth curls. Her nose was straight, but the rest of her face was saucy, except for the few tiny lines at the edges of her mouth. Each seaman who came up to take the chair in front of her lingered after he had given the last answer, so that she had to look up and say in her firm, trig voice:

"Next, please!"

In the queer early hours the workers smoked and mingled with the seamen. They kept their seats in back of the rough tables and leaned forward, the better to hear and understand these sailors from all corners of the world. These men were like taut elastic, and the solid ground under their feet, this talk of pay, was very like drawing a bow across this elastic until it spun and sung with the wild hope of security.

She really hadn't meant to bother much with their stories. This was a job, that's all, new and different, but a job; and soon she and all of the others would initial their completed forms and return to their desks, their old records, and the jangling telephone. The regular day's work. But he came and sat down in front of her. He was slight, and blond with wide blue eyes. His teeth were white, and there was a dimple on his chin. She remembered him instantly as one of the three hundred able-bodied seamen who had happened to sit there before her less than an hour ago, and she had tabulated him along with many others.

"I hope you do not mind," he said, "if I sit here. I have been out and have had some beer. I feel like talking to you, you know." His English was slow and careful. He had learned it in Rotterdam, that she already knew, for she had asked him all about himself, and written down the answers in triplicate.

"No, I don't mind. This waiting must be deadly for you," she answered —not unprofessionally.

"Oh, this is not anything after all the times we have had to wait for something to happen — or not to happen."

He smiled ruefully.

"Are you going again?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I am going every time. Every time I get back alive, I am going again." He looked much more cheerful, suddenly, smiled slightly, and put little emphasis on the words. This was long since an old story to him. He continued with his own ideas.

"The girls in Russia work on the boats. Even the firemen are women, and in Scotland the girls work in the fields. They are not like American girls. None of them are like American girls."

"Does that mean you don't like American girls?"

"Oh, no," he answered quickly. "It is just that you are so different, so— how shall I say it?—you have something. It is as though you used perfume all the time, if you understand what I mean. Your hair is so beautiful, and your clothes. . ." He paused and studied her for a second, and turning, let his eyes rest for an instant on each of the solid professional workers with their impeccable suits and slick heads. The look of amazement on his face seemed to intensify with each one he studied.

She looked at his earnest face and seamen's clothing with cold appraisal. Another man, she thought, younger than some, and born in Rotterdam.

He turned back to her intently, trying to be gay, the effects of his last two beers deserting him.

"In Scotland there are dance-halls," he said, "and American jazz music. There is something different about this jazz music. I never heard anything like it before. It is different as American girls are different." He was warming to his subject. "Do you dance?" he asked. He seemed to be well aware that he was on a rough sea facing this handsome, unbending girl, but he was hoping, hoping for warmth.

She could analyze his every word, all of his meaning; she could place his reasons, his deductions, his needs.

"Not often," she answered, noncommittally.

"You would not go out and have something to eat and drink with me, would you?" He leaned toward her, and pleaded slightly.

"Oh, no. I couldn't do that. I'm at work, you know," she responded, not unkindly.

"Yes, I understand that. Even if you work you must eat lunch and drink. Everybody does that." He smiled as he spoke, turned half around in his seat as though preparing to leave, and then settled back to try just once again.

"Perhaps you would let me have that band from your sleeve. It would remind me of you, and surely you do not need it. There are many others all about on the table."

"Oh, you wouldn't want that," she said, and a cold glint came into her eyes as they rested on an empty box, a small paper box on the table beside her hand, with a Venus on the side of it, only a trade mark, but a perfect Venus. She pushed it toward him with a dry, bitter laugh.

"Here," she said, "take this as a souvenir; this has Venus on it."

As she spoke the words there was a commotion at the far end of the long bare hall, and the men began to move toward the door in great circles. He got up from the chair to join them, and then turned and leaned far back over the table close to her. He did not touch the box, but looked at her calmly.

"I would much rather have you than Venus," he said, and even before the hot white light of consternation could flash at the back of her eyeballs, he walked straight, and almost steadily toward the wide, open door.

—Alma Robbins

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"Hummm, reckon as how ah must have mispronounced somethin' !"

. . . The Boston Symphony Orchestra, or a good portion thereof, plays around the calendar nowadays. No sooner are the "regular" concerts over at Symphony Hall than Arthur Fiedler steps up on his flower-banked stand to conduct the Pops. And when the Pops are finished, Mr. Fiedler simply tosses his baton in his car and drives downtown to the Charles River to open another season of Esplanade concerts.

For all that Mr. Fiedler has brought the Pops to unprecedented success, the Esplanade Concerts may in all truth be regarded his babies and his great musical love. He started them, back in 1929, and has tenderly cared for them ever since. He has seen them expand from a tentative enterprise into a permanent and well-liked fixture of Boston's music. Last July 20, which was a Thursday, he ascended the steps at Edward Hatch Memorial Shell and launched the 16th Summer of Esplanade Concerts.

The first Esplanade season, in those sultry, high-riding months before the Great Crash, began in an old wooden acoustic shed, and amid an atmosphere of some doubt as to their success. The Doubting Thomases were presently shown their error, for the concerts were something new in Boston: performed in the open air by an orchestra of about 50 Boston Symphony men, and free to all comers. We may as well be candid about the free angle, for that unquestionably brought the thousands of people from Beacon Hill to Brookline, and Roxbury to Charlestown. That was the way Mr. Fiedler intended them, and the wisdom of his idea was long since proved by the enormous crowds, sometimes topping 20,000, which have continued to flock to that section of the Charles River Esplanade near the foot of Mt. Vernon street.

Most things planted in the good earth will grow. Mr. Fiedler's project became healthily rooted in the good earth of public approval and private donations. The concerts during the early years were financed privately. Later on the idea of public contributions was conceived, but over the years donations from individuals through mail solicitation and other means have continued to be of prime importance. To some of those who have the Esplanade Concerts at heart it has seemed a little shabby that the listeners themselves have not dropped more quarters and half-dollars in the post boxes on the grounds. Those boxes have always shown a comparatively low graph in the amount of their contents.



Arthur Fiedler, famous conductor of Boston's Esplanade Concerts

Some have thought that turnstiles, set for a dime or even a nickel, might be an ideal solution, but there are obstacles to that course, most importantly the fact that the ground where the concerts are given belongs to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts under administration of the Metropolitan District Commission, and the sovereign public may not be charged, apart from taxes, for the use of its own land. A few seasons ago the management of the concerts was taken over by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., but *monies* from the public are still desired and certainly they ought to be forthcoming.

The character of Esplanade programs has changed, together with the appearance of the acoustic shells in which they have been given. The first shell was wooden and was soon replaced by one of steel. But the seal of permanence was gained when the Edward Hatch Memorial Shell was built from funds left by the late Maria Hatch of Boston, who desired that the money be used to erect a practical monument to her brother Edward, who had pre-deceased her. The imposing and attractive granite structure, fitted with rehearsal and other quarters below ground, and a stage lined with teakwood, is now truly the "home" of the Esplanade Concerts.

At first the programs had to be

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small replicas of those at the Pops. Large-scale works were out of the question because the orchestra was too small, and anyway, the Esplanade Concerts were intended to be light, popular ones and not a Summertime equivalent of symphony concerts. Yet Mr. Fiedler found it advantageous to introduce symphonic movements after a few years, and piecemeal he went through the nine symphonies of Beethoven, the Brahms four and some of those by Haydn and Mozart.

Gradually an occasional new composition and finally soloists and concertos were brought in to give the repertory strength and variety. Now and then guest conductors have appeared, including the late Sir Hamilton Harty; composer Hugo Alfven who conducted his own "Midsummer Vigil", Wheeler Beckett, Paul Tcherkassky of the Boston Symphony, and Joseph Wagner. Pianist Jesus Maria Sanroma has been among the distinguished soloists. But with all the innovations, the Esplanade Concerts have remained, fundamentally, light musical entertainment.

A subsidiary feature for a number of years was to be found in the series of talks given by what the late H. T. Parker termed "various hands", before the concerts began. Those talks brought forth enjoyable sidelights on the music performed and the composers who wrote it, together with miscellaneous historical data and chit-chat. This chronicler had the pleasure of speaking there a number of times and of noting the extraordinary echo qualities of the stone buildings bordering the Esplanade, which bounce your voice back at you from three different directions. The talks were given in conjunction with the University Extension of the Massachusetts Department of Education.

This year the starting time of the Esplanade Concerts has been set back to the original hour of 8:30, after two seasons of dimout when they had to begin an hour or so earlier. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra used to omit Saturday nights. Now, to enable service men and women in Boston on weekend leave, to hear the concerts, the orchestra plays on Saturdays and omits Mondays. The current season will run four weeks, through Aug. 16.

—CYRUS W. DURGIN

THEATRE

. . . At regular intervals, it is good for one's sense of proportion to start looking back through the records, whatever the special or general line of business in which one is engaged. In this case, the theatre of the earlier years is our subject. Boston, as is well known, was once the Hub of the theatre, as far as stock companies were concerned. It ranked high, too, in other theatrical and dramatic aspects. Many people will remember that the Castle Square group made a notable record in theatre history.

To late-comers, of which we are same, the Castle Square Theatre remains a golden legend. So, too, do all the other local theatres which bloomed brightly through other years. Now, with the promise of more "openings" than the city has had in the last two years, it is worth while to speculate whether some variation of theatrical history may be written in the season ahead.

Just where and why the differences arose between modern and old-time theatre procedure is hard to say. You can shake a big stick in the direction of the movies, if you like. Or you can sit and contemplate the plain fact that, psychologically, the other forms of entertainment have made lengthy strides ahead while the theatre has remained static. There's no sense in looking backward and saying: "See, they had a fine time in the old days" unless you have some idea of the why-and-wherefores.

It is not the Bostonian's purpose to hatch a brilliant new theory in regard to what happens to be what. The fact is, however, that such important and memorable accompaniments as theatrical programs have changed only slightly since the Castle Square Theatre presented such famous dramatic names as John Craig, Mary Young, and Walter Walker in *The End of the Bridge;* Thais Lawton and John Waldron in *Theodora;* and *Trilby* performed with an all-star cast whose names would mean much to a slightly older theatre intelligensia than this one.

And while on the subject of programs, past glories, and plays performed here, it is worth while to remember that the Hollis Theatre presented such stellar attractions as Leslie Carter in *Du Barry, The Heart of Maryland* and *Zaza;* Maude Adams in *Romeo and Juliet;* Ellen Terry and Henry Irving in *The Merchant of Venice;* Mr. E. H. Sothern in *The Adventure of Lady Ursala;* John Drew in *My Wife* (in which Billie Burke took the part of "Trixie"); Lydia Lopokovia in *The Young Idea;* and a whole hat-full of other great names and great plays.

While all this was going on, the other local theatres were by no means idle. The Boston Museum had built up a very fine play-going record with such opuses as Andrew Mack in *The Last of the Rohans;* Kyrle Bellew in *A Gentleman of France;* and a lot of others about which we know less than nothing. The Colonial and Majestic Theatres weren't quiet, either. Nor was the Plymouth.

The Colonial, among many other things, featured Grace George in *The Marriage of William Ashe;* Joseph Jefferson in *The Rivals;* and Orrin Johnson in *The Daughters of Men.* The Majestic, according to our limited program record inherited along the way, had such super-attractions as Blanche Bates in *The Girl of the Golden West;* and *Little Women,* with an all-star cast. The Plymouth, the Shubert Theatre, the Park Theatre, and the Boston Theatre came up with star-studded casts and plays. No one should forget, either, that Sarah Bernhardt played her American farewell engagement in the Boston Theatre on June 11, 1911, in *Jeanne Marie, Sister Beatrice* and *La Femme X.* Not, of course, that she played



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these on the same night but that she did them on her last engagement beginning June 10. She was, as the theatre programs say, to leave America for Paris on the 22nd of that month.

These are all chronologically out-of-gear samples of what went on in Boston. What went on, however, in the program division, is something else again. The Castle Square Theatre programs show the best consistent promotional slant, although the differences between them and those of today are singularly nil.

The programs of that year were, seriously and definitely similar to those of today, except for type changes. And except for ads of the various and socially acceptable night spots. The favorite subscription method was in full swing, then, and "patrons by applying at the Box Office may have the same seats reserved for them each week as long as they desire, on condition that the tickets are taken regularly one week in advance. Failure to do so simply cancels the privilege and incurs no liability whatever."

On page 3 of the program, a fairly new procedure put dirt roots down. This happened to be the Question Contest, an adroit way by which the management built a solid subscription list while getting the next season's favorite plays and players lined up. As the program puts it:

"The Management being anxious that their patrons shall have everything done for their convenience and comfort, and realizing that helpful suggestions are of great value, proposes to ask questions in this program from week to week and make suitable recognition of the merit of the replies received. One question will be asked each week and for the best answer to that question (if received not later than the following week), the Managers will give two of the highest priced orchestra seats for any performance except Saturday evening, of the week following the close of the competition . . ."

New, huh? Get the papers out and find the age of the $64 question. In this specific case, the question happens to be:

"What class of plays will in your judgment, be most popular to the largest number of Castle Square patrons?"

Theodora took residence among the following rules:

"Lost Articles.—Articles found by patrons should be left at the Box Office, and all inquiries for lost articles should be made at the Box Office."

Logically enough, sixty days only were allowed for the unclaimed items. With the Umbrella division, all was different.

"UMBRELLAS may be obtained at the Coat Room *free of charge* by depositing one dollar for their safe return to the Theatre in good order within fourteen days."

Yes, those were the days.

There is, ultimately, nothing very significant about all this. The same format exists today as far as programs are concerned. The movies spend their strength in advertising, but they rarely resort to program promotion.

There may be some thought there. There may be many things which each medium can borrow from the other. There is this one thing, however. The theatre, in the matter of promotion, would do well to borrow a few knick-knacks from the screen. The screen might well do ditto in the matter of programming. Or pass the smelling salts, Grandma, before we lose the train of thought.

—KELLER





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Adults, Round Trip, Sundays,	$4.25
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Special Rates for children under 12 and officers and enlisted personnel in the armed services

One way, Daily & Sunday,	$1.75
Round Trip, Weekdays,	$2.50
Round Trip, Sundays,	$3.25

(All the above fares include 15% Federal Tax)

WHAT'S THE SCHEDULE?

Boat leaves Foster's Wharf, Boston Lv. Daily 9:30 A.M.—Arr. Provincetown 2:00 P.M.—Lv. Provincetown 3:30 P.M.—Arr. Boston 8:00 P.M.

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HUBbard 2650

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*A VACATION FULL OF SUNSHINE VITAMINS

ENTERTAINMENT

. . . The night life sector in Boston is currently undergoing a mild mid-summer sag. Not that there aren't a lot of nice places to visit, good food and dancing, and even famous-name talent available to enjoy, but that plans for the week of August 11 are pretty much up in the air at the moment. Dealing, however, with what's what on the local scene, we may as well start with the Statler's enjoyable *Terrace Room.*

Current there is Johnnie Johnson, a singer whom many consider to be the greatest star material since the bobby-sox brigade starting swooning for you-know-who. In person, Johnson looks and sounds very good. He has a soothing singing style, excellent arrangements of new and old tunes, and a smooth way of selling his songs. Guests like him, judging from the applause, and so do we.

On the same show are Harrison and Fisher, a personable and witty dance team. As one who has weathered more dance team routines, ranging from poker-faced seriousness to hilarious slap-stick, it is still our opinion that this pair have something new to offer. Comparison with the Hartmans is, of course, inevitable, but this team has a distinct style of their own. They can be seen three times in a row without exhausting their subtleties.

Leo Reisman provides the dance music in the *Terrace Room,* and he does it with the same smooth showmanship as always. His band is excellent and well-trained (not quite the word to use to describe their clean, crisp handling of the extensive "book" which the band has). In Vince Ladell, Reisman appears to have another vocal find. The lad is good, his singing style a nice blend of current techniques plus an individuality of his own. You'll enjoy your evening of dancing as well as the top-notch show in the Terrace Room. For reservations, phone HAN. 2000.

. . . At this writing (7/28) the plans for the new ice show at the *Mayfair* are forging along. The troubles which Michael Redstone has had getting the right kind of tank for ice-making shouldn't happen to anyone. Even now, it is not possible to say whether his most recent installation of machinery will work. So keep your eye on the newspapers if you want to find out the exact opening date.

The *Mayfair Cocktail Lounge,* with some of the smartest entertainment we've caught in a long time, has built a neat fan-following in a short time. Wisely enough, the talent there is geared to the needs of the room. When reviewed, Skeets Light was doing a brilliant job of piano-playing and singing. The lad is so versatile that his boogie-woogie style and his "straight" handling of numbers are both equally tops. If he is still there, by all means catch him. Anyway, you can be sure that the entertainment here is strictly tops in its line. Lounge is also open Sunday.

. . . A new show is scheduled for the *Latin Quarter* on August 13. Just what the set-up will be is not known this far ahead, of course, but don't let that trouble you. This club is always a sure-thing in the entertainment line, with well-varied acts, magnificent production numbers, and as attractive a group of chorus girls as you'll find anywhere. Incidentally, there are eighteen girls now at this club, which successfully builds the eye-appeal and the production format to an even higher level.

Tony Bruno's band holds forth here for dancing, and a rhumba group alternates. The food is excellent, and dinners are priced from $1.75. Club is effectively air-conditioned, too. For reservations, phone Steve, HUB. 1920.

. . . At this date, the Copley Plaza's plans are still up in the air. Problems connected with the air-conditioning system have given Newton Smith, the new managing director, a headache since taking over. With this comfort problem to crack before more famous names are inked into the *Oval Room,* you'd better check before you go out hunting for name entertainment. The chances are very good, however, that there will be as much good fun, good food, and good dancing as ever there. Currently, Harry Greene's orchestra is making the dance music and doing it well. Cover does not go on until 10:30 p.m. For reservations, call Mario, KEN. 5600.

. . . By way of information for those of you who like barbecued food,



"Flashy, flashy, Imperial Naval Air Force attacked United States Fleet. One of our planes is not missing."

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SHERATON ROOF
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Dinner from $1.25

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Satire Gardens
BOSTON'S MOST GLAMOROUS AND EXCITING OUTDOOR TERRACE CAFE
Luncheons, Cocktails and Dinner
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL ADOLPH KEN. 4460
The Hotel Fensgate
534 BEACON ST., BOSTON
BERNARD SHEPERD SNIDER GEN. MGR.

the *Hi-Hat*, located at Columbus and Mass. Avenues is a fine spot to visit. Place stays open until 3 a.m., and menu includes charcoal-broiled steaks and lobsters, plus very excellent barbecued chicken. Currently John Conte's orchestra is making smooth music at the *Hi-Hat*, so it adds up to a nice place to visit.

Roof News

. . . ROOF fans (and who isn't these hot nights) should put the *Sheraton* on their list of "musts" to visit. The place is a delight, the view over the Charles River is a treat, and the sensible policy of providing concert music for dinners (minus tax, of course) has built a big following from the beginning. Music for dancing begins at 9:30 p.m. Reservations, KEN. 2960.

. . . AND for open-air lovers, there's another superlative spot in town—the *Satire Gardens* at the Fensgate Hotel. Here you can dine and dance in the smart outdoor terrace cafe. It is, unquestionably, a pleasant place to visit at any time. Bernard Sheperd Snider, the general manager, has done a fine job of creating an unusual place to dine and dance. We recommend the Satire Gardens with the whole-hearted approval that we did ditto for the roof situation. For reservations, call Adolph, KEN. 4460.

. . . MOVING downtown, you'll find two attractive places to enjoy yourself. First, there is the *Hotel Essex*, located opposite the South Station. There are three floor shows nightly here, and they are consistently worth while. No famous-name talent is featured, but that won't bother you at all. There is no tax until 9 p.m., and dinners start at $1. There is no cover and no minimum here at any time. Eddie Land's orchestra for dancing

. . . THE second downtown place to go is the Hotel Avery's *Cameo Room*. Here Tommy Carr's orchestra holds forth for dancing. There is no formal entertainment.

BKP

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Go Hi-Hat
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COLUMBUS AT MASS. AVE. KEN. 0550
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MOVIES — " MR. SKEFFINGTON "

. . . A good many of the older women are going to need extra hankies when they go to see this nostalgic film, *Mr. Skeffington,* made from a novel by *Elizabeth.* Not that it has been intentionally made into a tear-jerker but the very nature of some of the plot incidents and even some of the interiors conspire to evoke the always over-valued "good old days.'

Mr. Skeffington is a fascinating blend of period piece and ideological propaganda. It may be Hollywood's first assault in the battle for tolerance and against anti-Semitism. Yet this theme is so set into the Gibson girl background that one may be easily confused.

Bette Davis as Fanny Trellis takes the role of the pre-World War I beauty and butterfly. Her costuming so thoroughly identifies her with the Gibson girl era that one is a little startled upon thinking back to realize that not a single one of her beaux ever called her "my Gibson girl." But in one of the earliest sequences even the curls which were part of the signature of the Gibson girl are there. And the painting made at this period to which there are frequent flashbacks will remind oldsters of the jacket illustration for George Barr McCutcheon's turn-of-the-century novel, "Nadra." And very properly so, too.

Claude Rains plays the title role and does a superb job of it. As Mr. Job Skeffington, famous Jewish financier tricked into marriage with the soulless but by no means brainless vintage beauty, Rains gives a performance of dignity and understanding. It would have been easy to have let this characterization lapse into the bathetic but Rains has taken great care to avoid that pitfall. Nor does he go melodramatic.

Mr. Skeffington will be memorable to many for the excellence of the role Warner Brothers entrusted to Walter Abel. Abel is an excellent actor, too rarely seen and sometimes miscast. But in *Mr. Skeffington* as Bette Davis' "Cousin George from California" Abel has been happily cast. It is a secondary role but he successfully extracts the juice from it without turning scene-thief. He gives such an excellent performance, so embellished with a kind of personal style beloved by his fans, that one forgets and forgives the fact that Cousin George is somewhat of a sap. Abel makes him such a charming sap one enjoys knowing him.

Many of the minor characterizations were excellently done bits. There's a young chap, Charles Drake, who plays the role of Bette's suitor at the country club and later married her Skeffington daughter. This youngster has a freshness about his personality that might bear watching. It might easily blossom into talent. Then there's the girl, Marjorie Riordan, who plays Miss Skeffington grown up. She isn't a beauty but she is an actress and conveys a quality of realism to several difficult scenes. Unhappily for other excellent players in *Mr. Skeffington* this review of the Warner Brothers' Boston preview is written without benefit of a press release identifying minor players.

The same handicap prevails in the matter of properly crediting the direction of *Mr. Skeffington.* And that is unfortunate for the direction was good.

Mr. Skeffington is good movie fare and worth your money to see. It is sound entertainment, skillfully cast and its quality guaranteed by the Warner Brothers imprint.

The picture is scheduled to play Boston's Metropolitan for two weeks starting August 10. But these schedules are delicately tentative and like the old notice on the timetables "subject to change without notice."

—C. J. W.



"Not large enough — why, Madam, I've had as many as seven people living in this room!"



1944

Autumn Meet

ELEVEN 'GANSETT STAKES

1.	SATURDAY AUG. 19	PAWTUCKET HANDICAP	$5,000 added
2.	SATURDAY AUG. 19	THE NEWPORT STAKES	$5,000 added
3.	SATURDAY AUG. 26	JOHN E. MARTIN HANDICAP	$5,000 added
4.	SATURDAY AUG. 26	JEANNE D'ARC STAKES	$5,000 added
5.	SATURDAY SEPT. 2	KING PHILIP HANDICAP	$5,000 added
6.	MONDAY SEPT. 4	NEW ENGLAND OAKS	$10,000 added
7.	SATURDAY SEPT. 9	JAMES C. THORNTON HANDICAP	$5,000 added
8.	SATURDAY SEPT. 16	NARRAGANSETT SPECIAL	$25,000 added
9.	SATURDAY SEPT. 23	JAMES H. CONNORS MEMORIAL	$10,000 added
10.	SATURDAY SEPT. 23	MARY DYER HANDICAP	$5,000 added
11.	SATURDAY SEPT. 30	GOVERNOR'S HANDICAP	$5,000 added

POST TIME
FIRST RACE
2:30

BIG STAKE RACES

How to get to NARRAGANSETT PARK

Trains from BOSTON to PROVIDENCE every hour on the hour — also 11:30, 12:25 (Sat. only), and 1:30, stopping at Pawtucket.
Bus service from PROVIDENCE and PAWTUCKET to Newport Avenue.
Return bus service to PAWTUCKET and PROVIDENCE from Newport Avenue.
Buses from Park Square, BOSTON, to Pawtucket and Providence every half hour.

POST TIME FIRST RACE 2:30



AUG. 14 to SEPT. 30

NARRAGANSETT PARK

PAWTUCKET RHODE ISLAND

WITH THE THOROUGHBREDS

. . . The Massachusetts Handicap on Wednesday last drew a tremendous crowd to Suffolk Downs although the field was not as "classy" as in most of the former runnings. There were no outstanding champions such as Seabiscuit, Whirlaway or Eight Thirty among the entries. However the race itself proved to be a thriller with the stretch duel, between Mrs. Ed. Mulrenan's gray horse First Fiddle and Alex Barth from the Millbrook Stable, worth going miles to see. Jockey Johnny Longden, the old master, put up a powerful finish on First Fiddle, who was giving his seven rivals from six to twenty-four pounds. The crowd made the Greentree Stable's Four Freedoms the favorite over First Fiddle although sharp handicappers had the latter on top. Many paddock observers noticed the tape bandage on Four Freedoms' hind ankle. All four horses in the money were invaders from New York, Alquest, third, Walter P. Chrysler's Ramillies finishing fourth. The time was four fifths of a second off Whirlaway's track record of 1.48 1/5.

The racing shifted to Rockingham Park on Monday for an eighteen day meeting. Many of Boston's old time racegoers prefer the New Hampshire course to the larger tracks. There is something in the surroundings of the track at the foothills of the White Mountains that draws many a business executive up there for an afternoon's sport and relaxation. Back in 1906 the track opened and at that time it was a model. The backers of the project were three wealthy men: John A. Drake, John M. "Betcha Million" Gates and Andrew Miller. The latter was the Chairman of The Jockey Club of New York. The meeting was a short one. They had figured the sentiment in New Hampshire wrong

The three backers took a long chance and built the track, being assured that the bill legalizing betting would go through the legislature. It seems to me that it was Winston Churchill, the author of *Richard Carvel, Coniston* and other novels, who led the fight against the bill and won. The meeting opened with bookmakers on the lawn taking bets, mostly from New York and Boston sports, the natives doing the heavy looking on. It didn't last long, for the constables came in and put a stop to it. The track finished the meeting betless and afterwards it was used for county fairs, dirt track auto racing and harness racing.

After Lou Smith's efforts to have pari-mutuel wagering legalized the track opened in 1933. The marked success of the sport in New Hampshire led to legalizing betting in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Many good stables have shipped up from Maryland and Delaware for the meeting. These horses have been resting up and will be fresh and good during the three weeks at Salem. Among these are numbered Hi Gold, Hadawin, Now Me, Marion Collins and Eliza B.

It would be well to watch the riding of the Cuban rider, J. C. Gilbert, who will ride Frank Christmas' horses. He brought Idle Gossip home on Massachusetts Handicap Day in The United War Fund Purse. The three year old paid the nice price of $39.20, $12.80 and $5.80.

"Silent" Tom Smith, of Seabiscuit fame, is now training the horses of Maine Chance Farm (Elizabeth Arden) and is certainly having a good measure of success with them. This tall astute conditioner has gone along slowly with the two year olds that belong to the famous beautician and is being rewarded for his patience.

He waited until June before starting War Jeep, a chestnut son of War Admiral and Alyearn. This good colt which Mrs. Arden purchased last summer for $4,700 from the vendue of J. B. Hurst, finished second the first time he went to the post. Then he won his next three starts and looks as though he is of championship calibre. War Admiral is considered by many experts to be the best son that the famous Man O' War produced and has some very good material in his first two crops. Alyearn is a daughter of Col. Ed. Bradley's stakes horse Blue Larkspur. Jean Miracle,





"Gee, I wonder what I'm going to do with myself after the war!"

a home bred from the same stable, couldn't seem to catch the judge's eyes last year in five starts but under Smith's handling the three year old has won three and finished second the same number of times. Model Beauty, a two year old filly, is another that Smith is handling for Maine Chance Farm that has shown lots of promise in works and will probably be heard from at the Saratoga-at-Belmont meeting

The latest reports have it that the well-known cosmetician has purchased the famous Hinata Farm in Kentucky where many great thoroughbreds were foaled. The extensive Blue Grass Stud was owned by Col. Jack Chinn and later his son Col. Phil Chinn whose names have been among the leading Kentucky breeders for years. Incidentally, Col. Phil Chinn is sending a bay colt to the yearling sales on August 3rd, which is sired by Mr. Bones. Local turf enthusiasts witnessed a colt called Dockstader by Mr. Bones turn in a fast winning performance at Suffolk Downs. It will not be surprising to see the Maine Chance Farm's horses up among the leaders at the end of the season.

There is a scarcity of good horses today and anyone who has a good one is keeping it. About the only way to get a good one is to buy from an estate. The big trainers Ben Jones, Jim Fitzimmons, Ivan Parke and others have a regular waiting list for cast offs for the buyers know that the owners have some of the best thoroughbred blood in the world today. After the war there will be buyers from all parts of the world coming to the United States for horses.

Some years ago a Kentucky farmer, who had a large tract of land, was advised by a friend, a successful breeder, to buy a thoroughbred stallion. The breeder told the farmer that he could make money by using the stallion for breeding and command a good price for his services. The farmer took his advice, bought the stallion at a high price. One day his friend saw the farmer using the fine animal in a plow. "Say," hollered the breeder over the fence as he drove by, "what are you doing with that fine horse? You'll ruin him." "Well," called back the other, "I jest wanted to show him that life wasn't all romance."

—Ed Cushing

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July 24

THRU

August 12

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. . . Remember when you were sitting in the bleachers one day minding your own business, with only an occasional word of encouragement to either side or to the umpire, and you heard a throaty voice bellow something that sounded like "what price now?" It would have been easy to miss because the words might have to take a shortcut around a hot dog or tonic bottle that so often ruins enunciation in the bleachers.

"140," retorts a gent in shirtsleeves and the answer comes quickly. "I'll take that ten times."

You look from side to side, bewildered, and finally someone tells you that these boys have just made a wager on the game. The fellow who asked for information concerning the price took the favorite team at the moment and the one who answered gave him the odds he would pay. How often this process would be repeated depended on the ups and downs of the game, but the fact is that a bet had been made even though you had seen no money handled. The wagerers seemed like strangers to each other, too.

If the game had crisis after crisis, there would be calls and answers until you might wonder if they knew what they were doing.

You could never have placed your bet there. The language was different and the pace was fast. Your dollar would have been an orphan in that high-powered company.

The average man who makes his living by wagering on the outcome of the baseball game has had a thorough self-training. He probably started as a kid, was a real baseball fan, and soon began to notice the peculiarities of a player's behavior that could mean losing a game. He cultivated the friendship of baseball players not to make bribing easy, but to get to know such intimate details as the state of his health and the things that worried him. The connection may not be clear, but all such factors meant money in the gambler's pocket when it came to betting.

All he needed to know was what any player would do in a pinch. If, for instance, a player handled the ball differently before certain pitches, the third base or the first base coach would be able to signal the batter what to expect. When the batter knows what is coming and can be there to meet it—blooey—another game for our side.

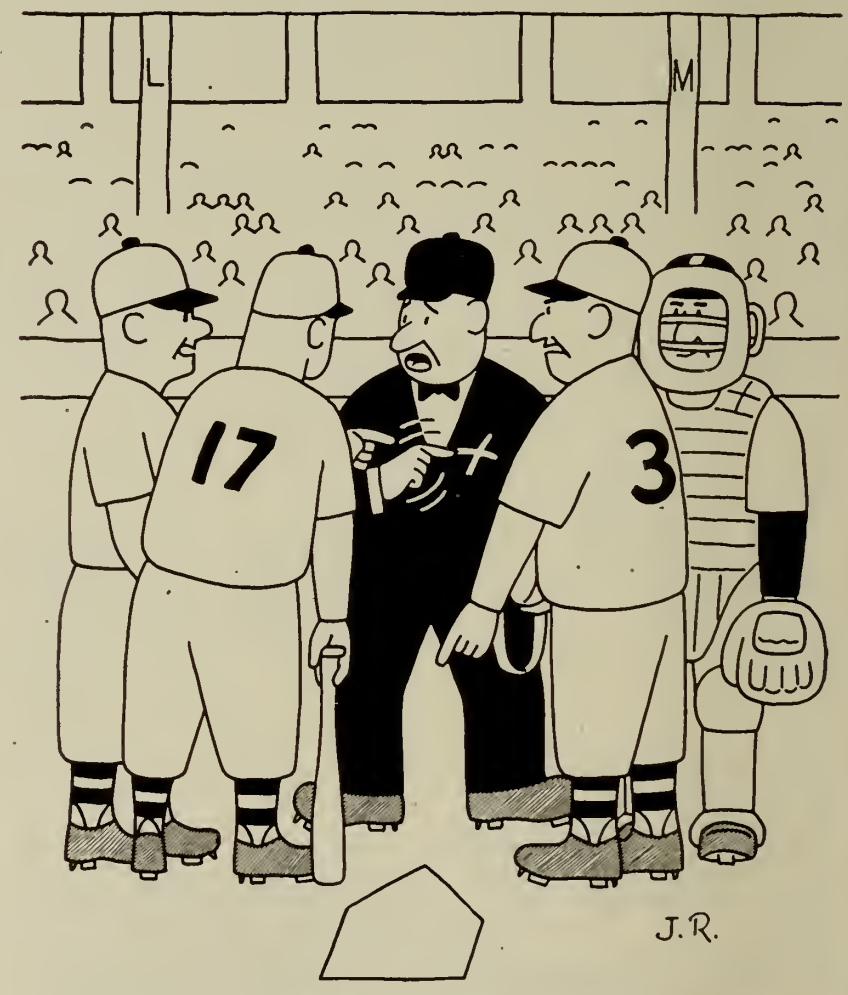
The man who makes his living betting on the weaknesses of the ballplayers knows, more or less as a part of his business, whether the player is doing too much nightclubbing. He can tell when the player has something worrying him also. The gambler's bets are placed accordingly. Often a gambler can tell when a player is slipping before the manager of the team can.

The rest of a bettor's training comes with experience. During a game he may make as many as thirty or forty bets. He trains himself to be a mental balance sheet. All his bets are recorded mentally and there is no need for money to change hands while the game is going on.

The importance of this mental balance sheet is that the gambler can bet so that he can win or lose only a certain amount; just what he can afford. Sometimes the temptation is too great, though, and he wagers more than he should. Losing in a case of this sort is called "taking a bath"—aptly so because the gambler is usually cleaned out by his rashness.

These fellows are a by-product of every contest and that includes baseball. They have their own jargon, their own customs, and their own hierarchy. Their business is as honest as any and that is the way they want it. They fix the fixers by declining to deal with them.

Arnold Rothstein was the last of the "bag men," as the fixers of sure things are called by the trade. Nobody ever spilled the truth, but it was generally believed that he was behind the Chicago Black Sox scandal that



"Honest, fellers, cross my heart and hope to die if it wasn't a strike!"

resulted in Judge Landis becoming the Will Hays of baseball. These "bag men" do not get far, it seems, Rothstein's career being ended by a large bullet.

"Pittsburgh Phil," even though he was a horse player, typified the big gambler. He left very little to chance. There was no fixing involved; all his operations being in sure things that he found not in sure things that he made. Phil had his own stable of horses and always had one good jockey under contract to him. His jockey would ride one of Phil's own horses in a race and if he didn't win, he might come back saying that if he were riding a certain other horse in that race, he could have "booted him home." Phil had a lot of confidence in his jockey's judgment and a report like that would often be followed by an offer to the other owner to let Phil's jockey ride the horse that he thought could win the race. A large bet would be placed for the cooperating owner. All this is contrary to reports that he made his money on "show bets."

Phil was the sort of big operator with expert knowledge and a lot of money behind him that eventually replaced the formerly predominant colorful individualist. The corps of experts hired by these big money boys figured odds on a number of games or races so that their relative merit as contests could be measured. A gambler would not bet on two teams that were closely matched when there were contests whose finish was more certain. Being sure of the outcome simplified many of his problems — naturally. The element of chance was still there, though.

Their bets were usually on the fluctuating fortunes of the whole game. Odds were made known before the game and bets could be placed by phone or wire to a central clearing house. The odds that were given were almost always contingent on a certain player or group of players being in the lineup. Odds on other combinations could also be had.

• • • You could have gotten even money within the last month that the Yankees would beat the Red Sox for the pennant and at least finish higher in the league. The smart money boys in the large city had cash that said so. Within two short weeks, the Sox had climbed so that you could get three to two that the Sox would beat out the Yanks

The picture has changed and the Sox are pennant material no longer. Our Braves are out of the race also, the leading possibility being that St. Louis will see the series. Sic transit odds.

The bettor who goes out to the game is subject to continuously changing odds on bets made during the game. A few runs in an inning can upset the favorite and the retirement of a key man from the field could bring about the same result.

Before the campaigns against gambling, betting on "do's and don't's" was popular with the bleacher crowd. The gamblers would be there in force ready to bet on every batter. A player would come to bat. Immediately there was money waving around and strange noises indicating a willingness to bet on whether the player would reach first base or not. The bet might have been made merely on the player's chances of getting a hit. In either case, there would be plenty of noise and waving of the green stuff. This was too fast for the bettors to keep in their heads and money would change hands after every play.

All the gamblers, big operators and bleacherites, are generally conceded to be the smartest men outside the sport. There is more to it, you can see, than just putting the green eyeshade on the shelf for the summer and making a daily trip to the bleachers for a little tan. It is their mine of information that gives them the edge on the ordinary fan in a betting deal.

Many of them are real sportsmen, but they seldom care to witness a game unless it is between champions. Sometimes they will make a small wager, just for fun, on a championship game that they are attending which is too close a contest for a business bet. There is no void in their lives if they miss seeing a homerun, though, but they do like to see the champs perform.

Someone once said that if you walked down newspaper row and threw a handful of rice into the air, you would hit twenty gamblers. So, if your mathematics are good and you still want to make a bet, go to some other part of town to throw your rice and think of all the money you will save.

—Sid Shear



" There I was, half way down the aisle with a group of people, when suddenly . . . . my flashlight went dead ! "

WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Payson Re's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hote Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East a d Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service n only $1 for dinner and show; no co , no min.).

Green Room, Hotel E son, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Di er from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min 2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Cha erbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75 No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent sine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8760). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.

Hour Glass, Mary O'Prien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.



Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 P.M. weekdays; other days $4.

Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever, Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and Hols.

Number One Bar, 1 Fifth Ave. Dinner and on thru the evening. Ent. and an attractive crowd.

Old Roumanian, 169 Allen St. GR. 3-9595. Famous for Mushk Steak and a big International Revue. Din. $1.65.

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Penthouse, 30 Central Pk. So. See for yourself this lovely dining spot. Luncheon from $1. Din. from $2.

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Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Barn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Bar, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd that's fun to be with.

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Town & Country, 284 Park Ave. manhattan's newest and definitely the place to dine. Famed Drury Lane food. Country dining room for men only. Drury Lane branch at 47 East 49th St.

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Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 P.M. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

INTERNATIONAL

Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb food. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

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Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185). Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

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Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

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Castleholm, 344 W. 57th St. (CI. 7-0873). Smorgasbord as prelude to hearty dining. Dancing to the music of the Norsemen.

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Swiss Pavilion, 38 E. 50th St. (EL. 5-8680). Superb Swiss and Continental food. Paul Burger, Mgr. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.00. Closed Sunday.

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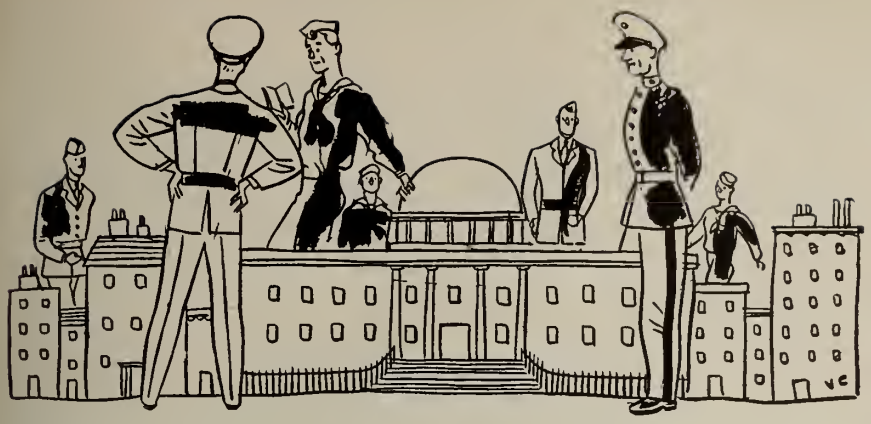


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Bay State—Buddies Club, Boston Common. Tel. Information, Home Hospitality and Social Events. Ticket Office—Lib. 1381.

North Station Service Center, 149 Staniford Street, Boston—Laf. 1259.

South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.

Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.

Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.

Christian Science Service Men's Center, 80 Boylston St., Boston—Dev. 8676.

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATIONS

All Boston Police Stations provide free bed and bath, Ken. 6700. Dormitory accommodations 50c or less, at these centers.

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Burroughs Newsboys Foundation (Sat. only) 10 Somerset St.—Laf. 5200.

Cambridge Y.M.C.A., 820 Mass. Ave. at Central Sq., Cambridge—Tro. 3860.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave.—Ken. 7800.

Sailor's Rest (for Seamen & Navy Men), 287 Hanover St., Boston—Cap. 6357.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

The Argonne, 4 Bulfinch Place, Boston—Cap. 9494.

Lodging for Service Men's Families, Call Liberty 7715, 11 A.M.-11 P.M. Call Han. 0733 if unable to find lodgings.

Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.

Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Socks Darned. Salv'n Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Soldiers and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

Ocean Cruise to Provincetown. Special rates for servicemen. S.S. Steel Pier sails at 9.30 A.M. week days and Sundays from Foster's Wharf—9 hour ocean cruise—1½ hours in historic Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod. Dancing, refreshments, games and other recreation on board. Call Hub 2650.

Volume 2, Number 10 *August 18, 1944*

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FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Durgin-Park, 30 North Market Street (CAP. 2038). Nationally famous dining rooms. Good substantial food, served the way you like it. Located in the heart of Boston's market district, and plenty of market men eat here, too.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanove Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners. Good music for dancing here. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise.

Locke Ober Co., 3 Winter Place (LIB. 1340). Patronized by lovers of fine food that's prepared by chefs who know their business. Always superlative food.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

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Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served. $1 cover charge after 10 p. m.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p. m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

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PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury St. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sundays.

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Garden with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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COMMON TALK

Signs of Times

. . . FRIENDS of ours, faced with the task of constantly moving about, recently ran into an unusual situation. The Express Company was contacted about two consignments of trunks, etc. to be shipped to a distant city. One lot was to be taken on a Thursday; the second lot was to go on Friday.

The Expressman arrived as per schedule on Thursday, took the lot to his truck, and returned to the lady-of-the-house.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"We have another trunk to go tomorrow," the woman told him. "It happens to be ready today. Do you want it now?"

The Expressman puzzled for a moment, then shook his head.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't care to take it!" he replied firmly, leaving the house with more speed than he had shown at any other time during the operations.

News Item

. . . CULLED from a local newspaper is the following bit of information. Make what you can out of it.

"The *Minute Man* carrying Massachusetts delegates to the Democratic National Convention, stopped here this afternoon, where more than 200 party members were gathered on the platform to cheer their representatives. Mayor Tobin delighted with Mrs. Tobin, Cunningham and others, and was about to make a brief speech, when the engineer started the train."

It's nice to know His Honor was so happy, but that engineer must have been a Republican.

Win-Sum

. . . THE appearance of Boston Contest Winners on WNAC's *American Women's Jury* program on July 18 proved such an ear-delight, that we were moved to look further into the matter.

Mrs. Dorothy Lawrence, of Mattapan, an enthusiastic lady with a sound sense of humor, organized Boston's Win-Sum Contest Club several years ago, with the thought in mind that members could hunt out contests, pool information, and discuss current contest-winning problems. She got together a local group by following the names and addresses of contest winners as announced in newspapers and over the air. Energetically, she also contacted the firms holding the contests to see if there were entries from Boston with whom she might get in touch. When she had a sizable list of names and addresses, she sent postcards to the persons asking if they would be interested in such a group. The replies, she found, were enthusiastic. Apparently contests are something as enthusiasm-evoking as any other of a hundred hobbies.

To date, Mrs. Lawrence has won 300 or more contests, with prizes including watches, razors, small cash awards, refrigerators, War Bonds, and an innumerable list of gadgets. She got started on this extra-curricular career rather unexpectedly.

"I felt," she explains, "the way most people do. I didn't think I could win a contest. I wasn't lucky. And besides, I didn't consider myself a writer. You know, a writer of those twenty-five word why-I-like-so-and-such."

Her next door neighbor, however, was always urging her to enter some contest in which she herself was taking part. For months, Mrs. Lawrence resisted the temptation and went along about her business. Then, one day, a truck drove up to the house next door, unloaded an electric refrigerator and washing machine (two

IMPORTANT!

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WEEKLY

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ON THE NEWSSTANDS FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

separate contest prizes), and Mrs. Lawrence gave in.

"That was enough for me," she says, laughing. "I sharpened up my pencil and got started."

The first prize which she won was a $2 cash award in a Spud cigarette limerick contest. She can even recite the last jingle line which got her the award.

"Once started," she continues, "I couldn't stop. I kept listening for contests on my radio. I found them, too. And I entered every one I heard about."

Actually, Mrs. Lawrence points out, the beginning contesteer makes a serious mistake by not following the rules exactly.

"People new to contests make the mistake of not checking back over the rules before sending their entry." She is very firm in this opinion, and it was proven to be a fact by the results of a contest run by an electric shop in Hyde Park.

This contest was what is known as a "jumble." The contestant had to put the correct names, addresses and telephone numbers together. It meant a lot of foot-work and head-work. She sent along her entry and waited. When several weeks had passed, she decided that she had failed. Then, one day, she received notice that she had won not only the first prize but all the others as well. Her entry was the only one which followed the rules correctly.

"The prizes totalled $60 in all," she remembers, "and the judges' decision taught me a good lesson. It should teach everyone a lesson, too."

Her most cherished prize was $100 in the Burma Shave Contest. She was one of nineteen winners out of 500,000 entries. This, in itself, is quite a record. That number of entries makes the chances of winning pretty problematical.

Perhaps her strangest prize was a silver-studded, custom-made dog harness. With the announcement that she had won the harness came a huge sheet of measurement specifications. Because her own dog had died fairly recently, she was in a dilemma.

"I didn't know what to do," she says, "so I wrote them a letter telling them what had happened. I asked if I could have a cash prize instead.

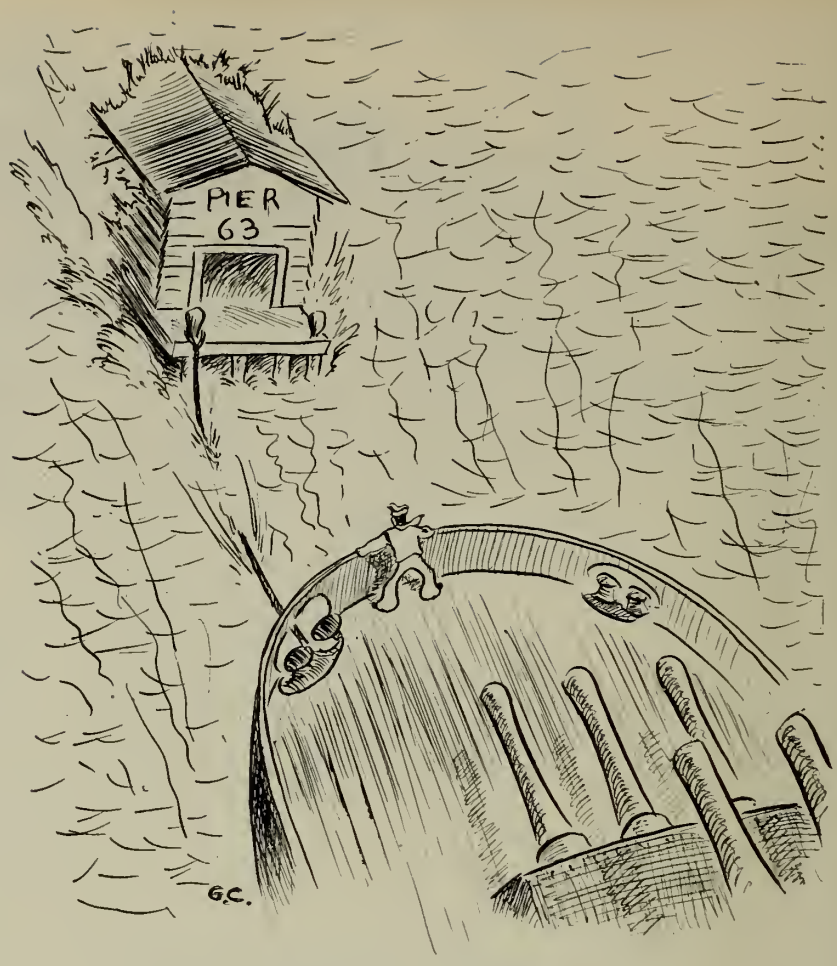
"This is wrong for any contestant to do—ask for a substitute prize," she emphasizes. The idea is to take what you get and not put the company to any trouble.

Boston's Win-Sum Contest Club meets once a month to discuss the latest contests, read any entries of theirs which won prizes, and analyze the psychology of winning radio contests.

Members of the club, some fourteen women, have won an amazing quantity of booty from the contests. They spend their money for fancy hats, dresses, and luxury items. All War Bonds are saved for the future. Several of the members have won so many watches, razors, cigars and cigarettes that they have had to give them away.

Although the contest situation is not as lively today as it was when companies had full lines of goods, the post-war picture looks rosy to the group. And plans are being laid for an intense search for contests once the production ban is lifted.

As the jury hearing the case of a young girl, whose uncle and aunt and father were disputing her custody, the Win-Sum Contest Club members proved that their hobby in no way muddled their thinking. In fact, radio executives said, they seemed to have a sharp grasp of the problems presented. Probably from having to concentrate hard on contest entries. In any event, they agreed with the Volunteer Office Victory Center Jury in Syracuse that the girl belonged with her uncle and aunt.



" Oh - oh, I knew there was something I forgot ! "

• •

Squelch

. . . PRETTY well publicized are the enthusiastic activities of the bobby-sox brigade when a favorite vocalist or band comes to town. The first solid squelch about which we have heard, however, came from Perry Como, Victor vocalist.

Not long ago, the kids were cutting up in the theatre where Como was

singing. One girl was especially loud in her enthusiasm. Finally, Perry knowing that only a little humor could ease the situation, stopped his song and said:

"Quiet, Mother. Try to restrain yourself."

Loss, Not Found

. . . One Marine who is recuperating from a tough session in the Pacific was given leave of a few hours. Thinking that it would be a nice thing to visit the race track, he took himself and his small duffle bag over to Suffolk Downs.

It was a terrifically hot day, and he decided to take off his "blouse" to keep cool. This, he packed away in the duffle before setting out to pick a flock of winners. In the brain-cracking and purse-breaking process, he parked his duffle in what he thought would be a safe place.

The winners wouldn't come through for our Marine, and at the day's end, his money was all gone. When he went to pick up his duffle that, too, was gone. He had to go back in his undershirt.

"Now I know what that guy meant," he said gloomily as he waited for a bus in his decollete, "when he told the world he had lost his shirt at the races!"

Song Hit

. . . The "plugging" of songs, with the hope of making them the hits of the nation, is a profitable and difficult business. The profit angle is easy to figure. The difficulties, however, are almost unlimited.

Songs have a way of winning popular approval in the most unpredictable manner. Take the story of *Lili Marlene*, the German marching song which is now a favorite with our doughboys. *Lili Marlene* is the simple, sentimental tale of a girl left behind as her soldier-lover marches off to the fighting front. As a song, it got a start in Sweden, as the effort of two German songwriters. It was intended as a ballad, and it was published by a second-rate music firm there. The song caught on almost at once and became grist for the German propaganda machine, with a new set of Nazi lyrics, of course.

The Allied troops, hearing it sung by the Germans, took it over and turned it into a marching song. Presently, however, the sentimentality of the lyrics impressed the soldiers enough to turn the song back into a ballad.

Exactly how the song jumped the ocean and became a favorite number over here will never be known. Certainly there has been an eager response to the lilt of *Lili Marlene* in America. And as the royalty rights get more and more snarled, the song-pluggers who have been trying to find the Great World War II song-hit are screaming in anguish.

But it is somewhat reassuring to know that *Mairzy Doats* can be put away quietly for the nonce. Historians of future generations won't have to come up with the data that *Mairzy Doats* was "it"—the greatest song of the war years. There's a touch of sadness in the fact, however. We actually learned the words to the number.

Common Scene

. . . The other day, one of the mildly intoxicated men who enjoy a quiet nap on the green grass of the Common was stretched out beside the City Garden there. He kept twisting and groaning. Finally, when the gardener came near, he opened his eyes and said:

"Look, bud, that corn makes so much noise growing, I can't sleep."

The gardener, grinning, answered:

"That noise, mister, is the cabbage bulging."

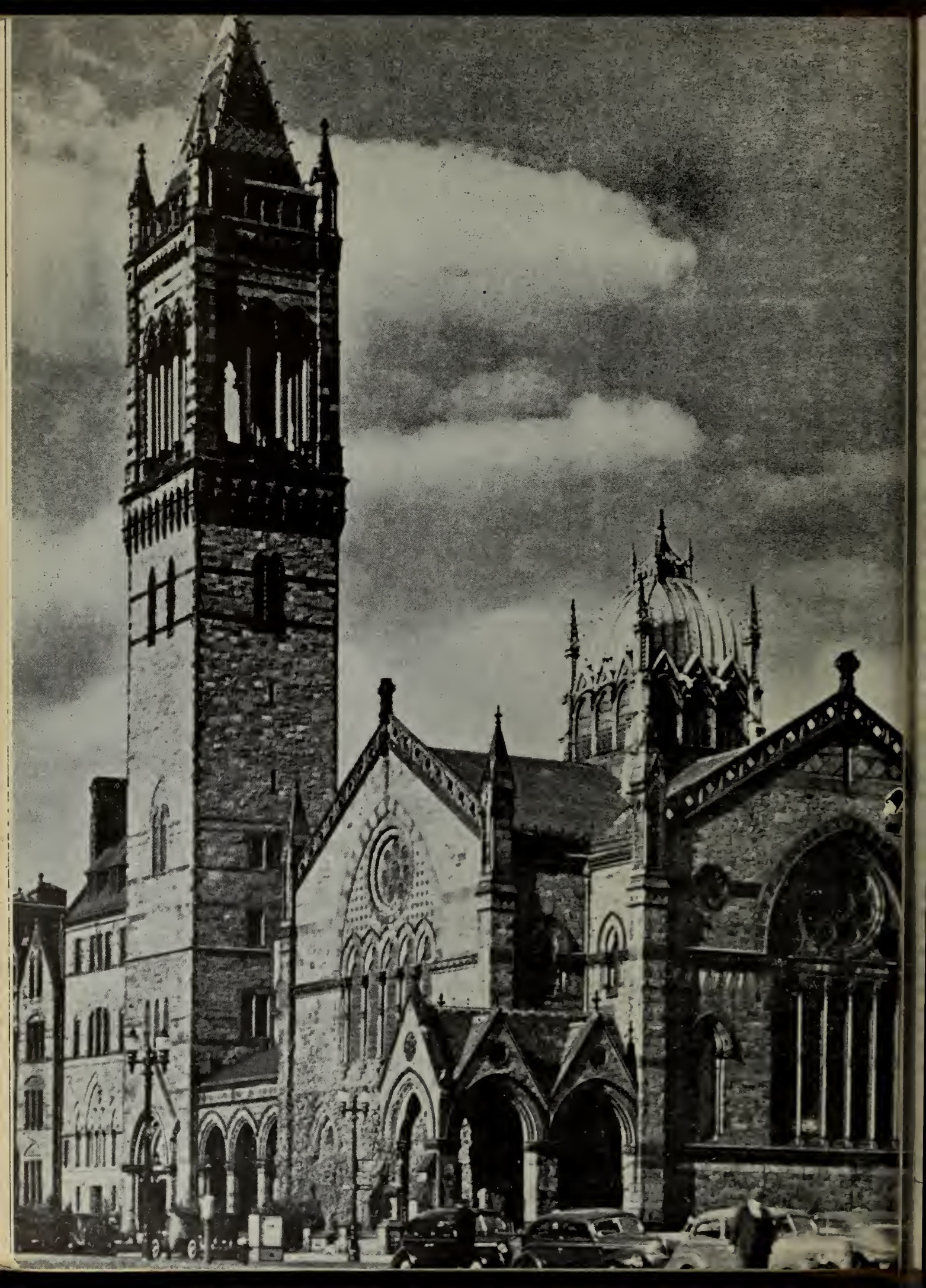
More Scenes

. . . Also brightening the Common view were three youngsters with poles and bent pins fishing in the water of the fountain abutting Beacon Street the other day. They had carried a bowl of goldfish from home, dropping them in the water, and were very busy trying to hook them.

Street Scene

. . . The other day, at the corner of Berkeley and Boylston, passersby had an unusual treat. A British sailor, confused by the brand of grog served locally, began dancing around alone to the music of a hurdy-gurdy. At intervals, he would stop, toss the hurdy-gurdy man a few cents, invite spectators to join him, and then continue tripping his light fantastic. This went on for some fifteen minutes, a jitterbug solo that had by-standers laughing in spite of the heat.





IT'S ABOUT TIME

. . . The early days of Boston seems to have been bound, inextricably, with the problems of free worship. Last week, the amazing history of King's Chapel was examined briefly. This week, the founding and story of the Old South Church rates your attention.

The present church at the corner of Dartmouth and Boylston streets has been the home since 1875, when the original building became too small to hold its members. And the beauty of the church on the page opposite in many ways maintains the tradition of dignity and grace which the edifice at Milk and Washington streets, the original Old South Church, still possesses.

The history of the Old South is a memorable one. Many of the greatest events in American history took place within its doors. And no great event of the seventeenth century but found a welcome from the church.

The year 1668 was a memorable one for the Congregationalists in Boston. During this year, a group of First Church members, feeling that the decisions of the Synod of 1662 were not in accordance with their own views, decided to withdraw and form their own church.

The Synod, which had been appointed to settle who the subjects of baptism should be, created dissension by their findings. The First Church, at this time, was searching for a minister. The members, generally, were of the opinion that they wanted a man educated in England and of mature years. A certain John Davenport of New Haven was their choice, although his firmly worded sermons against the findings of the Synod were slightly against him as far as many members were concerned. And with this further bone of contention, the 29 members met in Charlestown on May 12th and 16th, 1669, to form their own church.

The Old South was the Third Church in Boston on its founding, and Thomas Thacher was installed as minister on February 16, 1670. Mr. Thacher, a man who had been miraculously saved in a shipwreck a few years before, was considered an eminent and learned divine. He was also learned in mechanics and medicine, practising the latter for many years. The ground on which the original church stands was part of an original grant to Governor Winthrop. In 1643, Winthrop conveyed the property to his son Stephen. On the death of Stephen, his widow then residing in Westminster, England, sold the property to Mr. John Norton for two hundred pounds. Norton had been pastor of the First Church for many years, and he designated in his will that the property be given to the Old South. On his death in 1677, Mrs. Norton not only gave the church the property but she included her own house in the bequest.

New Old South Church of today

The first building was of cedar, two stories high, and with an imposing steeple. After the repeal of the Colonial Charter, Sir Edmund Andros, sent to Boston as Governor, demanded that the church be turned over between certain hours on the Sabbath for Episcopalian worship. His order was enforced, and members of the Old South congregation were forced to wait outside.

Interestingly enough, after the British were driven from Boston, King's Chapel was used as the Old South Church's temporary home for five years. British troops had ripped out the pulpit, pews, galleries, and parts of the library for firewood. They had also desecrated the church by making it a riding school for Dragoons. After their withdrawal from Boston, the loyalist Episcopalians fled the country, leaving King's Chapel closed.

The important historical events which took place within the Old South Church were the meetings of citizens which led up to the Rebellion.

It was there, too, that Judge Sewell stood with bowed head while the minister read his confession and plea for God's forgiveness for any possible guilt in the witchcraft trials. This took place on Fast Day, 1696.

Benjamin Franklin was baptised there on the day of his birth, Jan. 17, 1706. The same year, a meeting was held there to see about fortifying the harbor against expected French invasion.

In 1730, a brick building replaced the old wooden structure.

A great meeting, with 7000 people remaining in and around the Old South Church while awaiting the Governor's response to their resolutions regarding the Tea tax. When Samuel Adams, the moderator, finally heard the answer, he told the citizens that:

"This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

Promptly, the war-whoops of the disguised Indians were heard from without the Church doors.

Here, too, were given the Fifth of March orations by Lovell, Warren, Church, Hancock, and Warren again. Warren's second oration was given only three months before his death at Bunker Hill.

Washington, making his triumphant entry into Boston after the Evacuation, was taken to see the damage caused by the British soldiers. As historians say, "he gazed sadly upon the ruins."

During the War of Rebellion, the Old South Church was decorated with flags and mottoes. It was the scene of many more meetings at that time.

One historical account of the year 1810 records the fact that the Old South Church was nearly lost in a fire. The roof caught aflame from sparks of the burning stable beside the church. Only the "energetic action" of Mr. Isaac Harris, a fireward, in mounting a ladder was able to save the building. "By skilful use of the axe and buckets, he managed to save the building." For this, he was given an engraved silver pitcher the following year.

Today, the new Old South Church is a monument to the old building. It bears three tablets taken from the old burying ground. One of these tablets marked the plot of ground where John Alden Sr. was laid to rest at the age of 75. The year—1701.



AMERICAN BAD MAN NUMBER ONE

. . . If the blood of the Mayflower Pilgrims runs through your veins and makes your heart go thumpety thump with pride, you'd better check up on whose it is because there's one line of descendants who'd rather admit they came over on the last boat from Lapland. These are the great-great-greats of John Billington.

I once knew one G. C. Billington in college. He was a nice enough fellow who majored in mathematics and smoked a big underslung pipe. When he found out that I knew something about his notorious forbear, he instinctively shuddered and timidly offered to coach me in sines and cosines if I promised to say nothing about it. That's how I passed college.

There's not too much known about John Billington. Anyone who knew him tried to play dumb as long as he could.

"Billingsgate?" they would say. "Oh, that's the fish market, isn't it? No, I don't want any fish today, thank you."

"Billington! Billington!"

"Wellington? No, I don't know anyone by the name of Wellington, except the Duke, of course."

By that time the inquirer either gave up in disgust or clonked his victim over the head, rendering him unfit for further questioning.

In the excitement of the Mayflower embarkation with the waving of handkerchiefs, the promises to write, and the last minute instructions on how not to get seasick, no one took much notice of the Billingtons. It wasn't until they were well out to sea that one of John's frequent lapses into profanity happened to strike the ears of Elder Brewster.

"William," I imagine that dignitary said to his companion, William Bradford, "is this the Spring Special to Devil's Island?"

"No," answered Bradford solemnly.

"An explanation if you please, then," demanded Brewster even more solemnly.

"Well," said Bradford, spilling everything, "it comes from the lips of John Billington. Don't ask me how he got here because I don't know. Friends, I suppose, shuffled him aboard somehow. He's probably chastising his wife as usual. He's brought along her and his two brats, if you'll pardon the vernacular. His old man kicked him out of the house fifteen years ago. He's bummed around London ever since, and now he's with us, worse luck."

If you've gone along with me in this imaginary little tete-a-tete, imagine right now that Elder Brewster threw up his hands in horror. And well he might for stormy seas and the Indians were a cinch compared to this fellow and his entourage. One week before they landed one of his sons nearly blew up the boat by shooting off a gun which ignited an open powder barrel. Five weeks after they landed, John himself told Miles Standish where he could go before he'd take any of his orders and consequently had his neck and knees tied together for all to see. A short while after they had settled, another son wandered off. Not that anyone cared a darn, but it seemed a good chance for some of the men to sneak in a vacation down on the Cape, and there they found Junior playing great White Prince to an Indian tribe.



In 1630, the city of Boston was founded and the American crime wave got under way. (The two are not connected, however.) This was the year that John Billington moved into the big time. I'd have liked to call this article *Murderer on the Mayflower*, but you somehow associate mystery with murder and there wasn't any mystery here. John Billington just went up to this fellow in broad daylight and said, "I'm going to shoot you." And, by golly, he did.

Young John Newcomen was hunting on what Billington considered his own private grounds. "If I catch you here tomorrow, I'm going to let you have it," said Billington in the accepted underworld lingo. Well, Newcomen came back as cocky as ever, and John raised his rifle and shot him in the shoulder. The wound proved fatal. No one knew what to do with the murderer because there weren't any laws for this sort of thing. The Pilgrims just didn't go around shooting people. In his defense, Billington brought up the point that you can't convict a person of a misdeed if you haven't any law against that misdeed and that it would be pretty bad publicity for Plymouth anyway. Poor old William Bradford was at his wit's end. But after a hurried consultation with Governor Winthrop of Boston, it was decided to hang John Billington and to heck with the consequences.

About the only thing my friend, G. C. Billington, has got to console himself with is the discovery by John and one of his sons of a large lake now called Billington Sea. But, I don't know, this has only fair to middlin' pickerel fishing.

—Robert W. Leonard

STRONGHEART

. . . Billy climbed onto his father's lap and claimed a portion of the Sunday comic strip. He nestled his head snugly against his father's dressing gown, and, by his action, disarranged the newspaper held in his father's hands. You could see the man was used to such liberties, for he didn't so much as blink at the intrusion.

Before beginning to read, Billy paused a moment to look up into the face of this man, his father, whose greying hair and lined face caused him to look more like a grandparent than a parent.

"Daddy," the boy said impulsively, "could Strongheart lick five men with his bare fists?" The credulous eyes of the six-year-old boy ached to hear a confirmation of what his imagination had that moment contrived.

His father lowered the editorial page of the paper and his face lit up in a smile.

"Did I say that, Billy?" he asked. "Did I say that last night?"

"No-o-o," Billy allowed, "but he could, couldn't he—Strongheart could . . . ?"

"Yes, I guess he could, Billy. I guess he could fight a hundred men if he had to." Billy sighed deeply. His hero was truly wonderful.

Each evening after supper, Billy, and David, his brother, were accustomed to sitting in the living room at the feet of their father to hear once more the adventures of a certain gentleman called Strongheart, a remarkable person whose fate it was to encounter the most vicious of enemies. And always, by his quick wit, great courage and enormous strength he came away the victor, with no apparent harm to himself. He was, after a fashion, Superman without his props. For Strongheart was never known to use firearms, or, for that matter, weapons of any sort.

David, who was eight, was beginning to receive the stories with a slightly patronizing interest; and speculation was rife in the household that his allegiance to Strongheart might soon be transferred in favor of the more modernistic antics of Buck Rogers.

But to young Billy, Strongheart was superb; and, in his youthful imagination, he had become convinced that in some fantastic though convincing manner Strongheart and his own father were one and the same personality. And, since Billy's hero was strong and good, the protagonist of the stories also embraced the attributes of the fictitious character. So far his father had never given him reason to believe that he could NOT accomplish the feats of Strongheart. For certainly the business of fixing a furnace in winter and putting up storm windows did not require the strength of a Hercules. Furthermore, he was always kindly to his family, and, in fact, had never been known to lay a hand on either of his sons.

And so Billy had gone on believing thoroughly that his father would never be anything but his ideal, his Strongheart. It was a great deal for any boy to ask of a father, but Billy asked it. . . .

Before he had fairly started to read his funnies, he heard a low whistle and looked toward the living room door. David was standing at the open door, an air rifle held in his hands aimed tantalizingly at an object somewhere in the vicinity of the kitchen. He winked at Billy, who immediately slid off his father's lap. Something epochal was about to happen, and Billy was not one to miss witnessing it.

Billy felt a little guilty at liking guns so much. Strongheart didn't approve of them. And Billy remembered so well the day the gun had come to the house, a gift to David from Aunt Minnie. It had been only by the most forceful of childlike pleadings that it had been allowed to remain in the house at all.

But guns were too good to miss. Billy followed close behind his brother out to the big kitchen. Since his mother had taken a detour on the way home from church to visit a neighbor, she wouldn't be back for a while. The coast was clear.

The pantry door was open, and there, on the wide work shelf, ready to be put into the oven for Sunday dinner, was a dressed and stuffed turkey.

David's face was shining.

"How much do you bet I can pop off that bird in the first shot?"

• •



"He told me that my voice just melts the wax in his ears."

"Aw, he's dead," Billy said disparagingly. "Anyone can shoot a dead turkey." Nevertheless, Billy was beside himself with excitement at the prospect.

David raised his eyebrows and looked very superior.

"YOU can say it's dead if you want to," he snapped, "but I say it's alive and got feathers and everything just like the turkeys in the Jackson farm."

"Let's see you try!" Billy exclaimed, jumping up and down, "let's see you try. I bet you can't."

"Here goes," David shouted. As he spoke, he stepped back a few paces. Then he aimed, shut his eyes, and fired.

After the shot both boys rushed into the pantry.

"I did it!" David shouted. "I did it! See that black spot right square in the middle?"

"He's deader'n ever now," Billy said.

"He sure is," David agreed.

Just then the boys heard someone coming; and only then were they conscious of a sense of guilt.

"It's daddy," David whispered. He tried rather tardily to hide the gun. But his father was already standing in front of them.

"What have you boys been up to?" he said angrily. But it wouldn't have taken the findings of a ballistics expert to determine what had happened.

Billy couldn't move. He was terrified. It was the first time he had ever seen his father angry. What would happen? What would his father do?

He didn't need to wonder long, for, without further word, the man grasped David by the arm and did an extraordinary thing for him. He began to whip the boy. His hands flew out from him again and again. His angry arms were everywhere at once.

Billy thrust out his small arms feebly to try to stop the beating. But he was pushed firmly to one side each time he did so. He was frantic. He cried. He stamped his feet. He begged his father to stop. All during the whipping David had been emitting



strange, muffled noises. Not like real cries. That was what made it so terrible.

And Billy kept thinking and thinking about Strongheart. Would HE spank a boy—would he—even if a boy did shoot a dead bird. He wouldn't Billy decided. And yet, his father . . .

At last the whipping did stop and David was ordered to his bed. Billy's father picked up the gun and put it away in a bureau drawer in the bedroom under a pile of blankets. He came back to the kitchen and took Billy on his lap.

"Do you understand, son," he said, "why I whipped your brother?"

"No, daddy, no," Billy said, still sobbing.

"Well . . ." his father continued, hesitatingly, as if he, himself, were not quite certain, "if little boys go about shooting things that once knew life, some day they might shoot living things—some day they might do something rather dreadful . . ."

Just the same, Billy couldn't understand. Not the whipping part . . .

He didn't dare to go into David's room at first. But in a few minutes he did. David was lying prone on the bed, and his head was bobbing up and down convulsively on the pillow. He was making the same queer sounds, though now the noise was not so loud.

Billy hurried over to comfort him.

"Did he hurt you very very much?" he asked.

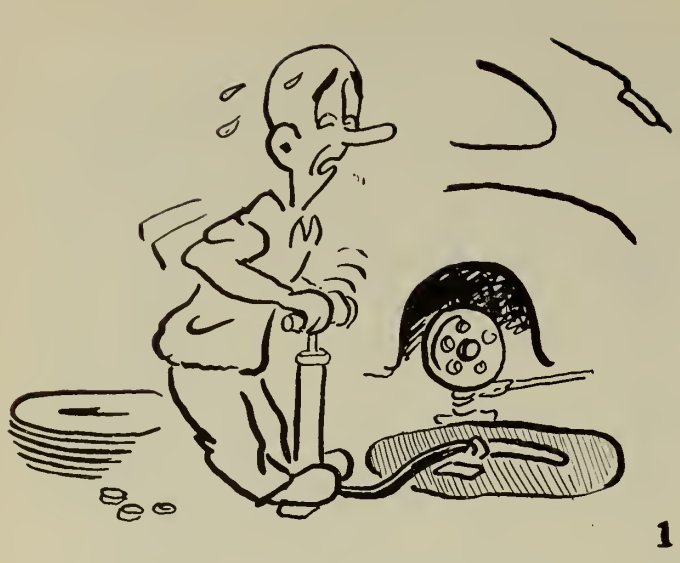
David raised his head from the pillow and looked at Billy.

"Hurt me—hurt?" David asked. "Why, he couldn't hurt anyone. He couldn't even hurt a fly. He's old—he—he isn't strong at all."

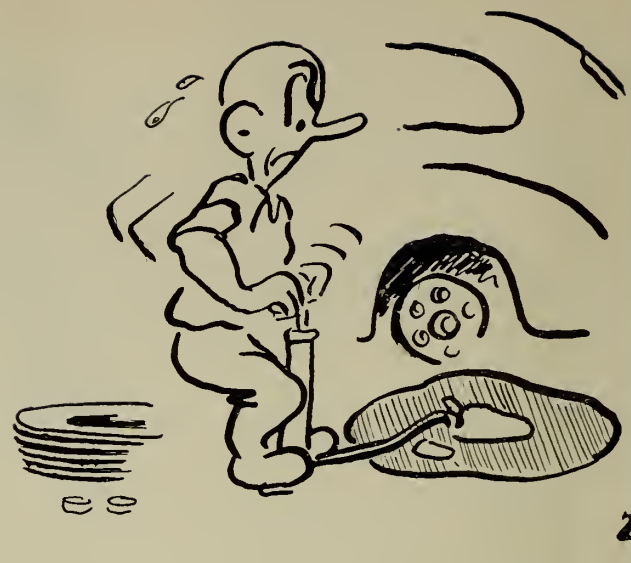
Billy stepped back. He was shocked. Forgotten, now, was his pity for David. He couldn't think at all, really. He could only feel. It was inside him. A great desolation and—emptiness.

His brother was laughing, not crying. Suddenly Billy knew he'd been laughing out there in the kitchen all during the whipping. He hadn't cried a single bit. Billy hurried out of the room and ran as fast as he could out to his favorite thinking place back of the barn. His little world was tottering about him. Why, his father wasn't a Strongheart at all. He was only—a father. Billy picked up a stone from the ground and threw it hard against the barn wall.

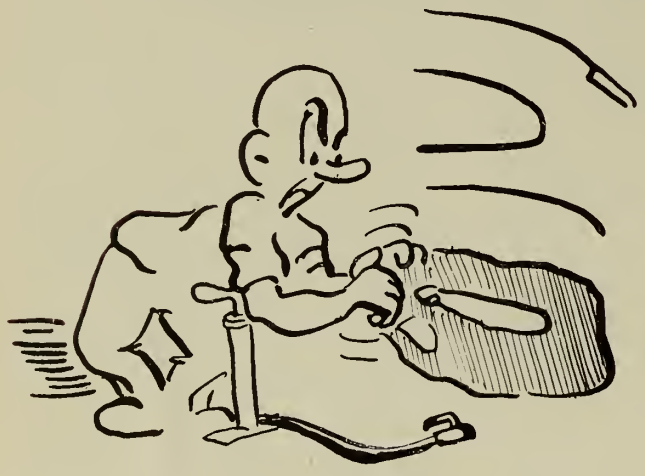
—Isabel Rockwell Greenwood



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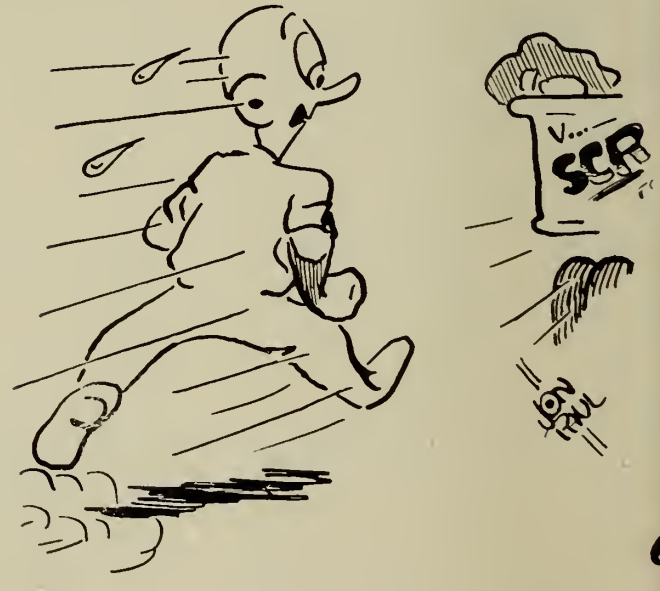
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CAREER A LA ARTICLES OF WAR

Major Elizabeth W. Stearns

. . . The startled surprise registered by one of Major Stearns' friends when she returned home on her first leave was nothing out of the ordinary. It has been duplicated by other friends and other acquaintances of women in the armed services all over the country.

"Why!" exclaimed the friend in amazement, "she really seems to like what she is doing!"

The reason for the "double-take" in regard to Major Stearns is perhaps more understandable when you consider her background. But the fact that she has risen to the rank she holds, and the title of Service Command Director, WAC, in the First Service Command, is to her credit. Uncle Sam's Army plays few favorites. The pair of arches on the girl beside you and the grey matter in her brain make her just as eligible for a boost in rank as it did Major Stearns. This has been a fact slow to emerge from the welter of statistics connected with the WAC.

The abrupt deviation from the more familiar pattern which Miss Stearns had followed prior to July, 1942 came about quite logically. She was born and grew up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, attending Buckingham school, transferring to the May school, making her debut, and then taking a trip around the world as a sort of graduation prize. On her return, she spent two years polishing off her education at Sarah Lawrence.

Dramatics had always been a hobby with her, and it seemed sensible to do something more about it. She went, then, to London, and spent a year studying at the old Vic Theatre there. When she again returned to this country, she did more serious studying at the School of Drama, Yale University. The concentration with which she did this studying should have warned her astonished friends that hard work was no novelty.

The Lake Placid Players, a talented group, were organized by Libby Stearns after leaving Yale, and she played with them for several years. Then, she went with the Cohasset Players, summer stock at Guilford, and Stamford, Conn.

The plain fact was that she realized that she was too tall to do much theatre work. After all, the "heroes" who were currently making the welkin ring were about chin-height on her. And that just "ain't good." But to make use of all her genuine love for the theatre, she then stepped into the management end.



Major Elizabeth Stearns, WAC

"Life in the theatre was rather insecure," she admits. "One play in which I appeared opened and closed so fast that I can still hear the thud of its flop.

"As a matter of fact, the theatre was so insecure that I took a secretarial course. When I had completed that, I looked around for a job."

The time was early in 1942, and the WACS were just being organized as an Army Auxiliary. Realizing that there was a job to do there, and figuring that the Army ought to know how to use her, she went around and enlisted. It was as simple and realistic as that.

In July, 1942, she was sent to Ft. Des Moines as one of the first groups to be sent for Officers' Training. This is where the great advantage of the Army is spotlighted. *Every* member of the class had to go through the grind. Reveille at 6 a.m., drill, classes, and stiff training continued until 4:30 p.m.

"By that time," she explains, "I was too tired to think or do anything else. I liked it, though."

By the end of the training grind, she was a second lieutenant and on her way to Ft. Devens. She arrived there on New Year's Eve, 1943, to take command of a WAC company, and, barring a double jump in rank due to her knowledge of how to handle groups of women, she remained there until recently when she was appointed to the post of staff director. She was, by the way, elevated to the rank of Captain in the double-jump, and her present status as major marks her second year in service.

The important thing about Major Stearns is that she has done an outstanding job as a WAC. The reasons-why become fairly clear when you consider her ability to work hard, take instruction, and take her chance. Since, however, her career in the feminine branch of the Army is her first serious and sustained work, the fact that she has retained all of her enthusiasm and all of her interest in people speaks well for her future and her present. It also speaks well for the branch of service which she has chosen.

The new recruiting campaign, with "Good Soldier" as its wise theme song, marks a new departure in the handling of the problem. It also means a new phase in the amount of "desk" work which filters through her office. Being the Service Command Director of the Women's Army Corps in the First Service Command is no occupational cinch. The large wall map beside her desk is studded with vari-colored cards indicating Recruiting Offices, areas where there is a company of WACS in residence, places where WAC Officers have replaced men, and other specialized data which a Service Command Director needs to know about her territory.

The passing trains slash across the busy activities of the office. The de-

tails which come up regularly and can't be handled by the other staff officers in the room are handled without the fanfare which might well be a part of military conduct. The neatness and the well-being of the WACS in the office, including the Major herself, is something rather envy-making for outsiders, but the naturalness of the fact reduces the hazard for the outsider.

Major Stearns is tall. She is also attractive and obviously a person with a sense of humor threading the diffidence of her manner. On the subject of the WAC, she shows an enthusiasm which would very probably move her friends to complete rout, although it scarcely rates the classification of hearty enthusiasm as demonstrated by loud "cooing" noises and heavily accented phrases usually associated with feminine approval.

Questioned as to the differences between the present set-up for recruiting and the arrangements when she joined, the answers come thoughtfully, and realistically.

"Today," she explains, "the girls can select their branch of service, in the Air, Ground or Service Forces. They can choose a station in the sense that they can ask for a specific job, and if there is an opening, they can have it after proper training.

"The new Off-Duty uniform—shown in the photo on the wall there—gives you some idea of the progressiveness and the 'extra' touches which make the WAC so attractive."

Scheduled for a leave, the first in two years, Major Stearns is planning on a vacation at the Cape, sailing and doing a few of the things which have been missing since that OCS session under the hot skies of Ft. Des Moines.

Company work, such as she did at Ft. Devens is, in a sense, personnel work. It is also a mild variation of Dorothy Dix and occupational analysis combined. As Staff Officer, the duties are pretty close to twenty-four hour ones in the sense that problems and routine work cannot be neatly pigeon-holed and set aside.

"Fitting a girl to the right job, the right person into the group where she can function best is tremendously interesting." Major Stearns pauses while a train tears a huge sound gap in the conversation. "It isn't easy, of course. But few things are. I like the work that I'm doing. Much more so than I ever liked the theatre."

Possibly the fact that Major Stearns knows a sizable chunk about Europe has kept her from the urge to go abroad. Or perhaps her liking for the staff work she does today is a factor. But on the bookcase behind her desk is a lively publication called *The Service Woman*, and in a local newspaper is an article by a top-flight local newswoman emphasizing what a good job the WACS are doing abroad. The service newspaper points out that some WAC officers have requested to be "broken" in rank. The reason—to serve abroad. It means, too, that the spirit of the whole Corps is realistic.

Many times, a new phase of one's personality comes to light under the hard work of a new job. It seems to be a literal fact where Major Stearns is concerned. From appearing in Noel Coward's *Tonight at 8:30* plays to handling an executive and difficult job in the WAC has not been such a surprise to commanding officers or to Libby Stearns' friends. And except for the Boston background and experience in the theater there is nothing about her story as one of the WAC to differentiate her from thousands of other girls.

It is a matter of work and discipline.

—Barbara Pearson



" Being lame isn't too bad, lady. Why, when I was a 'blind man' people was always handing me counterfeit money ! "

• •

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER FOR SALVAGE

PUBLIC GARDEN

. . . To say the Public Garden is a corner of Eden dropped strategically in the Back Bay section of Boston would make a pretty prologue to its history. This is hardly true, though. The Garden, which contains over 24 acres and is shaped somewhat imperfectly like a parallelogram, was originally part of the Common and was known to our Colonial forebears as the "Round Marsh" or the "marsh at the bottom of the Common."

From such an ignominious beginning, the Public Garden developed and is now one of the sights you've got to see in town. All kinds of people find pleasure there. Students of Botany tramp through in groups with instructors calling to their attention rare shrubs, trees and flower-bed arrangements. Sketch classes find the pond with its Swan Boats, the statuary and individuals relaxing there good material. Back Bayers stroll along the gently curving stone dust paths with their youngsters; working girls bring lunches to enjoy under an Elm or in the sunshine. Service people and visitors to the Hub, loaded with cameras, don't seem to get enough of its lovely, shaded vistas.

Lovers, who find this enclosure, bounded by Charles, Beacon, Arlington and Boylston Streets, ideal for nocturnal meandering, are disturbed only by a stray vagrant or two. But what respectable park hasn't got a few vagrants? They're a traditional part of the scenery.

In 1794, the "Round Marsh," a useless, often inundated part of the Common, suddenly became a lively topic of discussion around Boston. A fire had destroyed certain ropewalks on Pearl and Atkinson Streets (now Congress Street) and the town, with generosity unusual in corporations, gave some damp flats which are today the Public Garden to the conflagration victims to erect new buildings. Motivated by "an ounce of prevention" more than the goodness of its collective heart, the town gave this gift so that new inflammable ropewalks wouldn't be built in a district they endangered. When the new ropewalks were burned to the ground, a quarter of a century later, their exasperated proprietors decided to cut up the territory and sell it for dwellings or business establishments. With a Mill-dam project well under way and the opening of Charles Street, the land was really worth money. The Mill-dam project converted its flats and marshes into dry lands that commanded a beautiful view of the Charles River and the shores beyond.



The famous Swan Boats enliven the scene in the Boston Gardens

Indignant citizens shouted down the ropemakers' scheme and, in the first year of the elder Quincy's administration as mayor, the estate, which had been presented gratis to the ropemakers, was bought back for $55,000. Property values had changed drastically in 30 years. Now that the title had passed into municipal hands, a proposition to sell it for building purposes was again agitated, this time in the city council. Agitation continued for several years and a proposal was made to construct city buildings on the site, with Arlington Street as the location for City Hall. However, by decisive vote, John Q. Citizen refused to grant the city council authority to sell and, by 1859, the premises were perpetually dedicated to the use of the people as a Public Garden. Iron-fenced within their present limits, plans were made for their cultivation.

It was a bright idea, although not quite original. Out of fairness to one Horace Gray, we must mention that Horace and his constituents were granted conditionally the use of the land as a garden twenty years earlier and became "Proprietors of the Botanic Garden in Boston." Conditions of the grant were that "no buildings, —except a greenhouse and tool house, should be erected on the Grounds." Consequently, the large building once

used by a circus (corner Charles and Beacon Streets) was made into a conservatory for plants and a roost for a fine assortment of native and foreign singing birds. It was a pity that all their efforts had to go up in flames.

Walking up the Boylston Street side of the Garden, you'll see noble statues of Wendell Phillips, Thomas Cass, Charles Sumner and the Polish patriot of Revolutionary days, Kosciuszko. At the Arlington Street entrance to the main walk which runs straight across to Charles Street is the equestrian statue of George Washington by Thomas Ball, impressive backdrop for many candid camera shots. And, at the other extremity of the main walk, incidentally, the only straight walk in the Garden, stands grand old Edward Everett Hale as sculptured by B. L. Pratt. A monument in commemoration of the discovery of Ether, first used at the Mass. General Hospital, and an inevitable likeness of Venus each exact homage from passers-by, particularly the latter.

Fed from the overflow of the Frog Pond on the Common, an artificial pond in the heart of the Garden attracts children and adults for rides on its gayly canopied Swan Boats. The iron bridge that spans the pond connects the main path and has been called the "Bridge of Size" by local wits because of its large granite piers. Ask the captain of the Swan Boats anything you wish to know about the Garden, for his family has been operating the boats for sixty years and he's practically grown up there. His boats are propelled by manpower, like bicycles, and the ride is always leisurely.

Only eight men are around now to keep the Garden clean, mow and trim it and tend its flower beds. They'll tell you that there were four times as many of them before the war, all kept very busy. Intricate flower-bed arrangements like the American Flag with distinct stars and stripes, Cardinal O'Connell's Coat of Arms, brilliant Geranium beds, Heliotropes, tropical Golden Lantana, trimmed with shrubs of violet hue are just a few of the attractions which take long hours and a good deal of patience to foster.



" Did you hear about poor Grogan? He was diggin' in a deep hole and he drowned in his own sweat ! "

• •

These gardeners consider the trees, though, the most outstanding part of the Garden and keep them carefully labelled with genus and species in Latin. Our own familiar, indigenous Elm is tagged with "Ulmus americana." Come spring and Bostonians comb the Garden to see its colorful Tulip beds; much to their disappointment, the last few seasons, Blue Mold, a pernicious fungus, has infected the Tulips, and Narcissi have taken their place.

Signs warning "Keep off the grass" or "Do not feed the pigeons" are, for the most part, blithely ignored. Obviously, footprints don't improve the appearance or growth of the long stretches of green lawn. The pigeons present a similar problem with plants. "Don't misunderstand, we like 'em as well as the squirrels, ducks and swans," one of the gardeners said, "but people throw peanuts for them in the flower beds and, when the pigeons light on them, they break the plants and ruin our shrubbery."

A little over a hundred years ago, the *Boston Daily Journal* announced "$1100 was found and recovered by Marshall Tukey by digging in the Public Garden." There's little to be gained there today by excavation which doesn't seem to discourage people from coming. You may come upon some tittering teeners, on a warm day, soaking their feet in a little fountain pond with, perhaps, Pan in the center laughing wickedly at them. Or nurses pushing perambulators and having their daily gossip session. The Navy marches through, to and from work. "Left, right, left!" Business people catch a little fresh air and pastoral atmosphere during the lunch hour. In the winter, you'll see debs cutting fancy figures on the pond, sometimes side by side with professional skaters from the Ice Follies in town. Distinguished foreigners have acclaimed the Garden, but most Bostonians like to think of it as the feminine counterpart of their plainer Common.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

. . . A PRICELESS collection of French Arts of the Eighteenth Century is currently assembled by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for its major summer exhibition. Paintings, sculpture, prints, textiles, precious furniture and decorative arts have been gathered together from the various departments of the Museum into a show which could hardly be equalled anywhere else in this part of the world. In addition, a few objects have been lent especially for the occasion—notably a delightful collection of engravings printed in color, from the Estate of the late Robert Treat Paine, 2nd. The exhibition will be open free to the public in the special exhibition galleries through September 3.

Four Museum curators have cooperated to make this exhibition possible: Edwin J. Hipkiss, Curator of Decorative Arts; W. G. Constable, Curator of Paintings; Henry P. Rossiter, Curator of Prints, and Gertrude Townsend, Curator of Textiles. As Chairman, Mr. Hipkiss was largely responsible for arranging the exhibition. The walls of the two large upstairs galleries of the special exhibition group have been repainted in a soft blue shade, an ideal background for the furniture, paintings, and porcelains of the period.

The Museum's two great canvases by Francois Boucher (1703-1770), La Halte à la Fontaine and L'Aller Marché, hung on opposite walls, dominate the main gallery. Under these Mr. Hipkiss has grouped choice examples of the decorative arts of the period. This arrangement is carried out throughout the exhibition; thus the various arts are brought together in pleasing groups typifying their normal relation to, and dependence upon, one another.

Carved and gilded architectural panels from the Hotel de Montmorency, Paris, hang at the four corners of the gallery. These magnificent carvings, cut from solid oak, are attributed to Jacques Verberckt (1704-1771). Two of the four panels shown belong to the Museum, two are on deposit from the Boston Athenaeum. The Museum has eight panels in all, four owned by the Athenaeum. These carvings were at one time in the Deacon House, Washton Street, Boston.

French silver of the eighteenth century is extremely rare, even in France, since so much of it was melted up for funds for the Revolution. The Museum is fortunate in having a number of fine examples. Among these is a hot water urn made by Mathieu de Machy in 1789, inscribed "Charles Bulfinch Esqr Presented by the Catholics of Boston Jany 1, 1806." It was given to the Museum by Miss Susan Bulfinch. Lent especially for this exhibition by Mrs. Thomas Metcalf is a covered silver tureen and salver dated 1775, the work of Jean-Baptiste-Claude Cheret, (baptised 1728, died after 1790).

Aubin. The exquisite drawing of a reclining nude by Boucher, presented to the Museum by Mr. Paine shortly before his death, is also shown.

Four portrait busts by the great realistic sculptor, Jean-Antoine Houdon (1741-1828) are shown: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Paul Jones, and Anne-Robert-Jacques Turgot. Turgot (1727-1781), a brilliant economist, was Controleur Général under Louis XVI. His advice as to needed social reforms might well have averted catastrophe had it been heeded. The Museum bust is in terra cotta. The portraits of Washington and Jefferson are in marble, that of John Paul Jones is an exceptionally fine contemporary plaster.

The center of interest in the smaller of the two galleries is a characteristic example of French tapestry of the eighteenth century, Le Dejeuner. This is one of a series of



Pair of arm chairs by Claude Etienne Michard (1723-1794) in carved beechwood

The engravings lent by the Estate of the late Robert Treat Paine, 2nd, add a delightful touch of gaiety to the exhibition. All printed in color, this collection includes representative work by Boisson, Bonnet, Le Coeur, Debucourt, Descourtis, L'Eveillé, Janinet, Fragonard, Maréchal, Moreau l'ainé, Pernet, Robert and St. Beauvais tapestries, Les Beaux Pastorales, first woven in 1755 after designs by Francois Boucher. The artist's signature and the date 1756 appear in the left-hand corner. A number of exquisite brocades and embroideries of the period are also shown.

—PATRICIA BARNARD


UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITA
BOSTON
POLITAN CHAPTER

DISTINGUISHED ENTERTAINMENT SERVICE

. . . LAST month, one of the world's great luxury liners settled slowly to seagoing depth in Boston Harbor. Inch by inch she went down under the cumulative weight of thousands of fighting men embarking for their battle destinations. The great ship, now a transport, filled quickly and with military orderliness.

Standing gangplank guard was a Boston insurance executive serving his weekly tour of duty as a member of the Coast Guard Temporary Reserve. The Port of Embarkation band blared in the background as the boys filed up the gangplank. As one soldier approached the Coast Guardsman, he smiled and said:

"Swell show, guy. Thanks for the fun!"

As the boys continued to come, more spoke the same words of thanks. And the reason for this is simple. The Coast Guardsman had played the comic lead in a musical revue provided for the soldiers' exclusive entertainment just five short days before.

Behind this chance meeting on the gangplank of the troop transport lies an unusual war-effort story in which the employees of America's oldest liability insurance company take part. American Mutual Liability Insurance Company, with home offices in Boston, had been searching for some practical way in which to further aid the war-effort. The answer to their problem, developed as it was through employee - management cooperation rates high for effectiveness and morale value. The musical revue, titled *Let's Be Friendly,* is presented before servicemen in and around Boston. It is presented with the idea in mind of providing something a little different for the boys in camps and hospital. And it has met with an enthusiastic reception wherever it has been staged.

In May, 1944, the revue was first presented for the entertainment of employees and families and friends. It had, however, a more serious objective in view. The plan was, if the revue proved worthy enough as entertainment, it would be offered through the appropriate channels as entertainment for servicemen in hospitals, camps and recreation centers. The presentation before the public was aimed to try out the material on a composite audience of civilians first.

In the cast were 50 employees, some of executive rating. They had been hard at work since February polishing skits, dance routines, joke material, compact settings that could travel easily, and getting the revue set. And in the audience on that important opening night were executives and representatives from Army, Navy, and Red Cross Special Services in charge of recreation.

When the curtain went up on *Let's Be Friendly,* before an audience of servicemen, all material and numbers of purely local interest had been scissored from the script. The time limit of two hours had been carefully held to the standard required of entertainment for men and women in the services.

Sensibly enough, and with good showmanship, 38 of the 50-member cast were pretty girls. Equally sensibly, the show was given a topical tie-in by having the skits woven together via the thread of reminiscences by a soldier supposedly stationed in the Pacific. By opening the show and reappearing between numbers with what is called "mail from home," he keys the funny happenings at home to the subsequent skits and musical numbers. Very likely this is the first time that "mail call" has been woven into a revue, and it certainly adds an unusual link between servicemen and home folks.

Of particular interest, too, is the fact that the pre-curtain announcement explains that the soldier-interlocutor is an employee of American Mutual who recently received his medical discharge after Army service in Guadalcanal.

The camp show version of *Let's Be Friendly* moves with a lively pace through six musical numbers and three skits. All the dialogue in the skits deals with the humorous side of the home front, such as draft, ration boards, and similar home-front tangles. And the dialogue, incidentally, was written by Director Wehmann and advertising Manager Nilan. The original music, by the way, was written by Arthur Korb and Margaret Murphy, and the music numbers were staged by Pearl Stone, American Mutual employee.



"Mr. Friendly" tries to pacify the irate husband in this candid camera shot

Cast and props arrive for the Servicemen's show

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As the presentation at the various camps and hospitals works out, transportation is provided by the Army, Navy or Volunteer Red Cross Motor Corps. The show has its own costumes, scenery and props, and these were planned originally for convenience in moving. With the exception of a professional make-up man and a pianist, the show is a volunteer project in every sense of the word. The cast members give their time and talent with enthusiasm, and the company underwrites the considerable expense involved.

This, then, is the story of an unique contribution to the war effort on the part of fifty employees of a large insurance company. It is the story of the file clerk, the stenographer, the secretary, the executive, and the maintenance staff of American Mutual adding their bit to Service morale. Since the cast of the revue was culled from the 900-personnel of the Boston office, it is a story of Boston as well. It has much to recommend it as a project of practical idealism and sincere desire to help in the war effort.

Up to the present time, *Let's Be Friendly* has played at army camps, Cushing General Hospital, the Stage Door Canteen, and the United States Marine Hospital in Brighton. It is scheduled for many repeat and new appearances around New England. The servicemen have shown a hearty approval of the revue, with the slight semi-professional touch being a factor in its favor as far as the boys are concerned. It has the home touch, a touch which brings back memories.

The BOSTONIAN feels that the cast of *Let's Be Friendly* and the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company have done a superb and highly original job of aiding the war effort. There is no touch of promotional about the revue, other than the fact that a large Boston company is absorbing the expenses involved. As a practical demonstration of good will, too, it is something about which the city of Boston can brag.

As more soldiers file up gangplanks, there will be further "thanks for the fun" approval from the boys. And presently, as everyone hopes, there may be more men filing down the gangplank at the Port, with the same words on their lips. In the meantime, however, the orchid for distinguished war-effort service is certainly rated by the cast and company behind *Let's Be Friendly*.



Peg Sullivan chats with a patient after the performance

The golden rule for back to school

La Cross

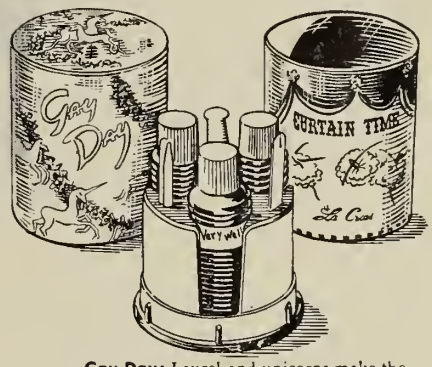
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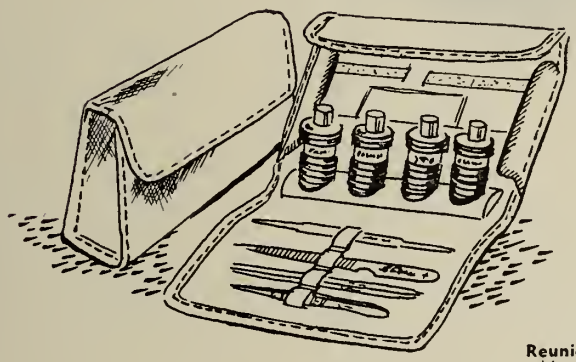
Personal Favor: Trim two-tone case in alligator grain simulated leather with contrasting flap closure, gabardine lining. Contents: La Cross polish, Quickseal, Stazon base coat, cuticle oil, polish remover, cuticle lift, file, cuticle scissors, tweezers, emeries and tissues. . . . **$5.00** plus tax.





Gay Day: Laurel and unicorns make the whimsical design of the cover. And La Cross polish, polish remover, cuticle remover and other manicure needs make this a bounty of beauty you can't afford to miss. . . . **$1.00** plus tax.

Curtain Time: Sister to Gay Day with same contents, but the cover's an enchanting row of ballerinas. . . . **$1.00** plus tax.



Reunion: Elegant leatherette case, saddle stitched with a satin finish lining, snap closure. Contains La Cross polish, Stazon, polish remover, cuticle remover, file, tweezers, manicure sticks, emery boards, cuticle lift and tissues. Red or blue. . . . **$3.00** plus tax.

at Jordan Marsh

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SHOP TALK

. . . Ladies are infected by a reactionary spirit this season that urges them to adopt ultra-femininity in at-and leave the severity of military influence alone. To be fashionable, you must be a "womanly" woman, since feathers, ribbons, roses and yards of fragile veiling are up to their old tricks again. And even seductive necklines and soft drapes have been recalled.

. . . For hats which are literally "very important," look into *Fredley's* at 350 Boylston Street. It's at once apparent there that the new feminine trend has run the gamut in millinery. Thicker, larger hats with more body than last season's, symmetrical lines, side sweeps, flirtatious downward tilts, flamboyant multi-colors, plumes, flowers and every come-hitherish device designers could think of. A lady who's the proud owner of a Mink coat tried on one of their brown felt berets with a puffed, higher crown and small visor. A rakish quill finished it off beautifully, and we watched her carry off her prize with an air of accomplishment. More dressy and sirenish, was a lovely Gay Fuschia velveteen beret of the puffy type with spaghetti loops dangling in back and unusual comet sequins scattered over the creation. A dazzler, you can bet!

Sailors are in the fore with all sorts of bewitching treatment. One in rich black velvet that's given importance by American Beauty satin ribbon folds around its brim and a fat bow in back. It's the kind of hat Renoir loved painting, colors and all. Another has a large brim that almost covers the eyes but then slyly shoots up, Breton-fashion, and surprises you. This one is made of black felt bedecked with a Pink hot-house rose and glamorous veiling. There's a stunning one in mauve felt, decidedly Victorian, whose well-proportioned brim is a mass of curled ostrich feathers. And a muff to match! Heavenly day!

Lots of turbans are coming in every day in the close-fitting, draped type. They are self-trimmed and provide a perfect setting for your own jeweled pins or clips. Gorgeous colors,—brilliant Purple, Fuschia, Peacock Blue and high Black satin.

R. H. Stearns is taking a keen interest in the mademoiselle who's returning to the campus soon. In its fourth floor Sports Department, she will find an aggregation of skirts, sweaters and blouses that are bewildering in their completeness. How did they all get there? Dirndls, wrap-arounds, gored ones, pleated classics and straight, slim ones. There's an incredible selection of materials, too, rayon-crepes, wools, soft flannels, warm jerseys and English-looking tweeds.



Lovely new coiffure created by Audree Salon

We watched a Wellesley gal choosing her outfit and heartily agreed with her on a smart Men's Wear flannel skirt in gray with a leather belt to boot. A matching blouse comes in a two-tone combination, Gray with Black, Purple or Brown. It's a soft shirt, emphasizing the new feminine cycle in clothes, with its sleeves and yolk in high color and the Gray part blending in with the skirt. Blouse and skirt, which are really sisters, may be purchased separately at $10.95 and $12.95 respectively. If this Gray Men's Wear flannel is your speed, cast an appraising eye on the jumper dress of same with its quaint, square cut-out front and belted in sporty pigskin. Worn with it, is a bold checked blouse in red and black, aqua and wine or blue and gold. It has a young, exaggerated bow at the neck, and, in it, you'll bring chic to class-room or business.

Blouses tie up nicely with skirts and it's really fun combining them. For instance, there are contrasting or harmonizing peasant blouses in cheery colors to go with dirndls. An all-wool, suede-cloth skirt with a kick-pleat in front would take a classic Shetland sweater set in one of the new, refreshing shades, Vanilla, Fantasy Pink, Aqua, Lilac or Moss Green. Soft-as-a-kitten's-ear Cashmere sweaters in mellow autumn tones are perfection with tweeds and, for that matter, with any casual skirt you may have.

. . . As you may suspect, designers are revelling in the decided turn fashion has taken towards lush loveliness and unconcealed guile in Madame's wardrobe. *Jordan Marsh's* second floor Designer's Shop brings forth some of most superlative Hattie Carnegie and Traina Norell suits and dresses that we've ever seen at close range. Long torso effects, tunics, peplums, daring drapes, low necklines, sequins, pungent contrast in colors and street-length dinner dresses are all "in" for the fall season. Take them to heart 'cause they'll do the right things for you!

Glamour for the cocktail hour is essential, and so you'll want a costume that is on the exciting side to justify your engagements. Perhaps a Black Moire snugly-fitted suit with a naive Peter Pan collar, softly gathered peplum and slimming skirt. Small, glittering rhinestone buttons down the front of the jacket and demure Pink roses, arranged with studied carelessness, at the waist make it a paradox of sophistication. Another cocktail suit will surely be seen from the remotest corner of whatever room it's in. It's Black crepe with a plaid effect on the jacket of light-catching Black sequins. Simple and collarless, it has a Gay Fuschia gilet peeking through and a graceful gored skirt.

Reminiscent of World War I fash-

ions, is a slinky. Black satin short dinner dress with a perilously low V neck and short sleeves that just about cover your shoulders. It has a lavishly wide, hip-hugging girdle, culminating in a huge bow in front. And we recommend it for those who like suave lines. A couple of smooth basic frocks are a "must" for a lady with places to go. Black crepe is the favorite kind with long tight sleeves, a deep V neck and soft shirring on the shoulders. A pocket effect falls in with the Harem drape of the skirt and is just what you need to make your figure look a la Hollywood.

. . . EVERYTHING hasn't been done before! *Thomas Long Co.,* 40 Summer Street, has scooped the town with jewelry that's drastically different. A sterling silver pin, both realistic and romantic, for your lapel, your beret, your bag or what have you. It's a compass with a heart-tipped needle you can set North, South, East or West, depending where your absent love (presumably a serviceman) happens to be when you wear it. The pin is called "Whither Thou Goest" and has earrings to match. Just $14.40, tax included, for the pin and $3.60, tax included, for the earrings.

Something new has taken shape in a smooth, silver hair-clasp that's sturdy and stylish. If you're a gal whose locks need harnessing, try this shining silver bar to keep them in place. Your first name or an interesting monogram would make fine engraving on it. Only $3.75, tax included.

With basic clothes, this season, silver jewelry adds finesse and charming touches. A good-sized bracelet in sterling worn over a long sleeve is really something worth looking at twice. We saw one, on its way out of the shop, a chain of six elongated daisies dexterously handwrought in sterling. It's truly outstanding wrist decoration and if you're in a dilemma over gifts, here's something that's proven. Flattering-sized daisy earrings go with it and have solid screw backs. Heaps of suggestions here for your gift or personal shopping list.

. . . ALTHOUGH the best of us have our lazy moments and forget the smart and engaging qualities we long to possess, we simply can't neglect our locks without doing expensive and time-consuming penance for it. If you've been soaking up plenty of sun at shore or mountain resorts, it might be advisable for you to examine your hair carefully. Chances are that it's awfully dry, brittle and not especially lively. The solution, of course, is to dash over to the *Audree Salon* at the Copley Plaza Hotel and see what experts say.

For drab, sunburned hair, they swear by a new cleansing cream that softens and nourishes the hair, as it cleanses, and removes all deposits left from previous alkali shampoos. This cream produces definite results in one treatment, leaves the scalp thoroughly clean and gives the hair a healthy luster. If you're wise and attend to your slightly-neglected shining glory now, you'll be paving the way to a successful permanent wave in the fall and won't have to bother with the usual series of reconditioning treatments then. It's all a matter of foresight, my dear ladies.

Interested in a new coiffeur for a becoming change? Ask about the lovely "Sculpture" styling which sweeps your hair straight back from a side part and piles high, sculptured curls around your head. A full, soft chignon in back is charming and not one bit difficult to arrange once it is set. See if it's your style and go to it!

—PHYLLIS



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BEAUTY . . . TRIMMER FIGURES

. . . Personality plus and figure minus? You high school gals who have been hiding a multitude of sins under those wonderful sloppy sweaters, will have to start trimming those waistlines. What stood you in fashionable stead through high school, will never race the pulse of the young man crossing the campus. Though you may get by with sweater and skirt during class, exciting extra-curricular activity calls for smarter clothes on sylphlike figures. So unless you want to be known as "pleasingly plump" (and who does!) let's seriously get started.

No more double ice cream sundaes with hot fudge and pecans! You're going to be very sensible about the kind of food you eat. Dieting does not mean cutting down on food to a point where you go around looking half starved. It means cutting down on starchy foods, and rich desserts. It means eating nothing that is fried. It also means being super sensible about bread and potatoes, even if sandwiches are the easiest things to order. It means not stuffing yourself at mealtimes, yet consuming all the necessary vitamins to keep you peppy and sparkling. And because you want to be very intelligent about dieting, we suggest you have your physician prescribe one for your particular case. And of course you're going to learn to order orange juice when the rest of the gang have chocolate ice cream sodas.

You're at the age now where getting and keeping a good figure is relatively easy. You're active enough so that exercises can become a lifetime routine, instead of a chore. And if two or three of your classmates would like to join you in your daily exercises, it will actually be lots of fun to see who becomes most limber. Remember that diet without exercise is as futile as exercise without diet.

Here's our favorite exercise for trimming down waistline, hips and thighs. Pass this one on to your mothers, too. It's not too strenuous, but will really show results. Lie flat on your back, arms out at the sides. Bring your knees up, keeping your feet on the ground. Then, roll over to your left side, keeping both shoulders on the ground. Your left leg from the knee up should slap the floor, and your right leg will slap against your left. (It really isn't that complicated . . . so try it.) Then roll to the right from the waist down, letting your thighs slap the floor and each other. You can do this exercise for 15 or 20 minutes each day.

If you have a little pot tummy, exercise will flatten it for you too. Most stomach exercises are a little strenuous at first, because you're exercising muscles that are always relaxed. Lie on your back and raise your feet about 6 inches from the floor, keeping your knees straight, of course. You'll feel the strain at that point, so don't raise them any higher. Then spread your legs slowly at the 6 inch level, then bring them together again. Next, lower them very slowly. You'll feel it. You can start by doing this 5 times, then gradually increase it to 15.

And here's one for both tummy and thighs. Lie on your side (your head on your arm) and raise your legs a little off the floor. Then criss cross your legs in scissor fashion, not too quickly. This is a grand one for firming flabby flesh. Ten times each side. You'll find that most of the hip, stomach and thigh exercises are done from a lying position, and it doesn't hurt if you rest in between.

Waist bending exercises are best to reduce that part of you. Stand with feet astride, arms out at your sides. Keeping your knees straight, touch your left toe with your right hand. Swing 'way around. Reverse. You'll feel the pulling along the sides of your waist. You can do this twenty times each day.

Form the exercise habit while you're young. As you grow older, your figure will remain firm and young. And the main topic of YOUR conversation won't be the number of calories you've consumed.

—Lillian Munroe



" There must be some mistake ! "

MY NEGLIGEE

MY MULES

MY ACCESSORIES

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fashion's pages

but never my face powder

because that must be made-to-order exclusively for me . . . hand-blended to my own skintone . . . right before my eyes . . . by

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Moss Rose Body Sachet goes on like powder

delighted to add this newcomer to their ensemble. It comes in a darling white, porcelain vasette strewn with moss roses and makes a lovely keepsake. You use it just as you would use your favorite perfume—in your favorite perfume nooks — at the wrists, behind the ears, in the crooks of your elbows and arms, and below your neckline.

Gift for Overseas

. . . ARE YOU wondering what suitable small gift to send to that girl in uniform overseas? Whether she is a blonde, brunette, or brownette, Yardley has an excellent Christmas gift for her. It's Yardley powdered shampoo, which comes in Henna, for dark or reddish hair, Camomile, for blonde, and Natural, for any shade. The Henna and Camomile each contain a separate white powdered rinse especially created to enhance the natural highlights of the hair. Conveniently packaged in slim envelopes, it is easy to ship. It can be slipped in an envelope if you wish. Your soldier overseas, however, will be interested only in Yardley *Natural* shampoo, which has long been a favorite with men everywhere. This particular shampoo comes without a rinse and lathers well in hard or sea water, which is a practical consideration for soldiers and sailors in foreign outposts and on battleships. Today, when soap is such a luxury in many parts of the world, a carton of Yardley powdered shampoo will be thoroughly appreciated.

Overtones and Undertones

. . . HATTIE CARNEGIE gives perfume a dramatic place in a woman's life—an invisible bond between her appearance and her moods. Her collection of perfumes is truly a study in contrasts, for each has been blended to capture the deep meaning of a definite mood. Each carries the mark of individuality that distinguishes all



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Carnegie creations. A study of Hattie Carnegie perfumes reveals that: Carnegie Blue is as lovely as the shade itself. It has a subtle spicy fragrance that lends itself to a carefree mood and casual clothes. Carnegie 11 is a compelling floral scent that is best suited to a worldly perspective and a sophisticated costume. Carnegie No. 7 is a dream-like blend with an amber undertone, an exquisite perfume to reflect a light-hearted mood and to set off the beauty of feminine clothes. Carnegie Hypnotic is as mysterious as its name implies, a fragrance to be remembered for its persuasive character. This perfume is to be associated only with clothes that are dramatic. Each of these perfumes is available in the deluxe bottle. It is handblown and fashioned into the graceful figure of a feminine head and shoulders. This distinctive bottle is wrapped in natural Madagascar straw, tied with Hattie Carnegie name tape sealed with a blue wax replica of the Carnegie crest. The Carnegie victory package is a simple bottle with a perfectly round, frosted stopper, with the dress label fastened diagonally across the front of the bottle. Along about the first of September, Hattie Carnegie will present for the first time her Perfume 49, a new and different perfume—a golden essence to put a woman in her most fascinating mood. The unique head bottle has been washed in twenty-two karat gold to hold the precious Perfume 49. Watch for it.

Social and Business Security

. . . THAT tell-tale odor caused by under-arm perspiration is an embarrassing business. Lor-Odo, a handy little bar that bars perspiration odor, comes to the rescue of women and men whose social and business security is in jeopardy every time perspiration odor is evident. It is a solid cake-like compact in a small, neat and handy box, and is easily applied di-



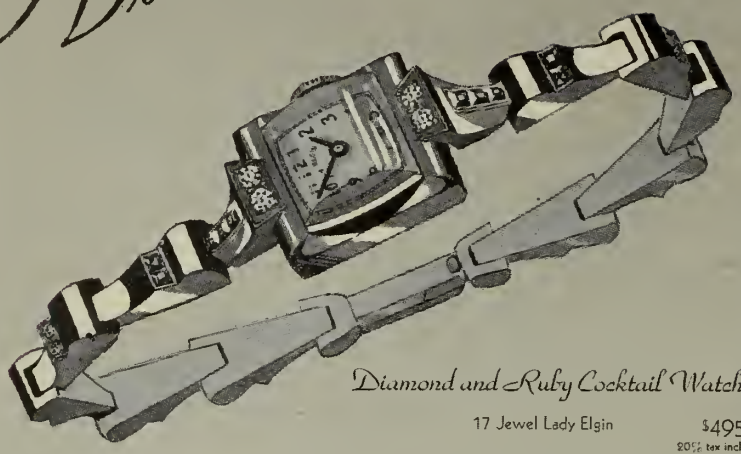
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baths, our faces with masks and with cosmetics, our spirits with fragrance. But weary eyes, eyes that are burning from too long concentration on war work, can spoil the whole effect. When you take time off from your job to refresh yourself, try this: Lie back in your chair, apply a cloth mask (it's shaped like a carnival mask) to your eyes. The cloth is saturated with a lotion especially prepared for the eyes—to soothe and refresh them. All this may be accomplished with Mastin's Eye Lifts, the cloth masks to soothe weary eyes and give you brighter eyes and brighter spirits on and off duty.

Relax in Luxury

. . . WHAT is more soothing to tired jangled nerves at the end of a strenuous day than a bath. Relax in the luxury of millions of opalescent bubbles, perfumed with the delightfully familiar Jean Naté fragrance. Jean Naté's new bubbling bath comes in a darling ceramic jug which contains enough liquid for approximately thirty baths. Jean Naté is favorably known for her wonderfully refreshing Friction Lotion which carries a fragrance that is unforgettable. And that doesn't mean that it is potent, but it is just one of those fragrances that is rarely found. Amusingly enough, it is used by many men. This odor characterizes all of Jean Naté's products. the newest of which is the bubbling bath preparation.

Flatters Faces

. . . THERE is a wonderful cream powder base to be had. Just "dot" it on over the face and neck in the morning, smooth it over the skin, and through some magic way it keeps makeup in good order. It is flattering to all types of skin. Doraldina Allura is its name—Allura Regular and Allura for dry skin. All the research and testing work on this product dates way back to 1920 when it was produced by a ballet dancer for use over her entire body for her active stage performances. It is really a cover-all type of make-up in cream form which helps to hide minor blemishes or freckles. The fascinating thing about it is the iridescent finish it gives the skin. It is available in an intro-

ductory size and there is also an economy jar. There are five exquisite, fashion-right shades, and the trained consultant will suggest one for your own skintone or fashion costume. You can get Doraldina Allura at Jordan Marsh and Filene's. Try it.

Young Skin

. . . WHAT is more pathetic than a teen-age youngster with blotchy skin? All the party dresses, the first tuxedoes, are useless in bolstering up the self-confidence of a boy or girl who knows that his or her skin "looks awful." Some time ago Rose Laird created Young Skin preparations—created them especially for the problem skins of the teen-agers. The keynote of Rose Laird's method is cleanliness. A healthy child's skin depends on clean, active pores—free from clogging dust and impurities—energetic, able to expel oil secretions. Adolescent skin, so called, results from excess oil being clogged in the pores. For the problem skin of this description, Rose Laird advocates thorough cleansing—not with creams, the skin is already overstocked with oil—but with her Young Skin Liquid Facial Soap which is applied with a little "shaving brush." This is only one of Rose Laird's preparations. There is a series of Young Skin preparations carefully thought out to fill junior needs. Do you have a problem skin in the family? Visit a Rose Laird consultant.

—CAROL THOMAS



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COCOANUT BARS

. . . The counterman sighed disgustedly. It was nearly four a. m. and they were in the diner again, the big man in the wrinkled suit and the little Syrian with the bright creases and the imitation gardenia in his lapel. For two weeks they had been coming every morning at this time, always ordering ham and eggs and coffee, always going through their same conversational rituals. What they said and the way they talked puzzled and confused the counterman, and he hated them.

They took their usual stools and the counterman went forward with two dripping glasses of water. "Mornin'," he said, fighting his drowsiness and annoyance. "What'll it be?"

The Syrian glanced over his shoulder at the door, cautiously, and the big man sat massively erect on his stool, his hands in his lap, his deepset eyes roving from side to side, seemingly checking that there was no one else in the place. Presently he turned to his companion and they nodded, two short, decisive nods of agreement. The Syrian leaned forward.

"Franz!" he whispered. "Franz . . . haf you got the blans?"

The counterman stared back scornfully. They had been doing this since the first night, and he was damned if he was going to play to them.

"Quickly, you fool!" The big man slapped the counter with an impatient hand. "Vat iss fomm Frieda? Did you get the papers, you fool you?"

"The blans!" hissed the Syrian, throwing another glance at the door. "The blans for the bomb-zite!"

Abruptly the big man began to laugh, uncontrolled bursts rocking his body. "Lou!" he shouted, slapping the Syrian's back. "Lou, that Nazi routine!"

The Syrian looked at the counterman and his face became glum. "He don't dig it."

The big man turned to the counterman imploringly. "That Lou! He kills me with that accent! Terrific!"

"Okay," said the counterman dryly. "He kills you. Now what'll it be?"

The Syrian leaned forward again, his face unchanged. "Frogs' legs and swallows' tongues."

"Lou!" the big man pleaded hysterically. "Lou, stop it!"

"What was that?" the counterman asked.

"The usual. Two orders of ham and eggs, coffee."

The counterman moved away gladly, casting a savage glance at them as he went to the refrigerator.

"Jeck," said the Syrian, "look, Jeck. Don't be a dreck, Jeck. Where you station? Futt Midd?"

"Lou! Not that one again! Not tonight!"

"Futt Midd, eh Jeck? Is good kemp? Plenty stoff around, hah? Jeck, don't be a dreck, will you please?" He leaned closer to the big man, putting his arm around him and lowering his voice. "Jeck, I'm hip cap. I wear stuff cops, drep-type coats, dig jive. Sure, Jeck. I listen Louis Armstrong reckeds, Beely Halliday, occasional Counts Besie . . ."

" 'Beely Halliday?' " the big man yelled, the tears streaming from his eyes. "He said 'Beely Halliday?' "

The Syrian nodded solemnly, and lapsed into a sullen silence. Busy at the grill, the counterman listened to the big man's roaring laugh and muttered malevolently to himself.

When the big man's laughs died down a little the Syrian began again. "Jeck," he said, "I ever tell you about this bunch of whacks in Uncle Joe's band?"

"Lou! Not another one about that band! Not again tonight! Lou, you'll kill me!"

"This bunch of whacks, these *characters*. What a crew!" The Syrian looked carefully at the other to make sure he was appreciating every word. "You never saw anything like them. From the character world, see?"



"Lou!" laughed the big man. "Lou!"

"Dig this, this one cat in the crew, this drummer, this Joey Dachs," said the Syrian anxiously, as though afraid he wouldn't get to finish his story. "He was mad, see? Mad. He used to go on these kicks, these panics, and what for? Cocoanut bars, Jack! Cocoanut bars! He had this panic for cocoanut bars!"

The big man looked as though he would explode. "My God, Lou! Not cocoanut bars!"

"Cocoanut bars," the Syrian repeated. "Jack, I wanted to tell you about this cat before. I want you to dig this tale." He put his hand on the big man's arm and gestured with the other. "This Joey Dachs had St. Vitus' dance. Like this, Jack, all the time like this—get it?" He got to his feet and bent the upper half of his body first to the right and then to the left, bobbing his head back and forth and twitching his face, his arms quivering and his knees trembling. The false gardenia in his coat danced madly.

"Lou!" screamed the other, "the way you do him is terrific!"

"St. Vitus dance!" cried the Syrian. "A hospital case!" He resumed his seat at the counter and looked searchingly at his friend. "Dig this, now. Every time Uncle Joe's band would hit some town, this Joey would go out and buy cocoanut bars, about twenty, maybe. He'd have two for breakfast . . . he ate them for breakfast, Jack . . and the rest later on in the day."

The counterman spitefully threw four slices of bacon in with the eggs and drew two cups of coffee, which he set before them. They seemed to have forgotten him completely, although the big man immediately picked up his cup and began drinking in huge, noisy gulp.

The Syrian leaned forward again. "There was this one town they played I want to tell you about it, Jack. I was a one-nighter out in the stick somewhere. Uncle Joe played this town before, and he knew it was a tank." He looked at the big man significantly. "Iowa. From the corn world, Lou. It was a jerk town, see?

"Iowa?" the big man howled. "My God, Lou, this time you're jivin' me!"

The Syrian watched him painfully, shaking his head. "They went there from Cincy on the way to the coast, Jack. A one-nighter on the way to the coast in this drag town, see?"

The counterman put the food on plates, added toast and jam, and set them before the couple, and immediately the big man seized his fork and began eating ravenously. As before, the Syrian seemed uninterested.

"They used to rise this Joey all the time for those cocoanut bars," he said. "All the time. And when they went to this tank from Cincy, before they go out there Uncle Joe calls this Joey aside, this character. Confidential, see. Uncle Joe wants to give him the blans. So he calls him aside and he says, 'Hey Joey, this is a jerk town we're going to.'"

The big man laughed heartily again, bits of egg flying from his mouth. "Terrific!" The counterman looked at the two and shook his head.

"Uncle Joe says, 'Joey, you better stock up.' Now dig this, Lou . . . 'you better stock up. This is a jerk town, Joey, and . . . they don't have cocoanut bars out there!'"

The big man gave a shout, almost choked, and his body seemed to collapse. "Lou," he sputtered, "Lou, that's the best one yet! My God, Lou, you kill me!"

The Syrian began eating his eggs moodily, apparently disappointed. The big man's laughs finally subsided, and the two said nothing more the rest of the time they were in the diner, although from time to time the big man would chuckle and glance fondly at his partner. As they were going out the door he stumbled, almost fell, and caught the back of a booth to steady himself. "Kurt, are you hoort?" the Syrian said, catching him by the arm, and the big man laughed again. When they had gone the counterman stared after them a second or two, then went over and picked up the bill they had left on the counter. He rang up the cost and pocketed the change. Cursing softly, he settled down with the morning paper to wait for six o'clock. As usual, he was sorry they had not noticed that he'd given them bacon instead of ham.

—Richard B. Gehman

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THEATRE

. . . WHAT amounts to the deep doldrums has set in with a vengeance in Boston theatres. With *Three's a Family* possibly concluding its amazingly profitable run in the air-cooled premises of the Colonial Theatre, no attractions will remain locally except in Cambridge. And even the sturdy Cambridge Summer Theatre is not prepared to give its schedule three weeks in advance of this issue (18).

The only thing to do in this case is to look ahead, sort out the plans for the fall season, and hope that the crystal ball of prediction will hit on a fair average of correct answers.

First things first. The plans of the Theatre Guild for autumn include the production of *Embezzled Heaven,* with Albert Basserman making his first appearance on the American stage. Mr. Basserman will portray the Pope in the Ladislaus Bus-Fekete—Mary Helen Fay dramatization of the Franz Werfel novel, and Ethel Barrymore will be starred.

Apart from the treat in store for those who have never seen Albert Basserman, one of the great actors of pre-Hitler Germany, the announcement that Ethel Barrymore will be starred is of great interest to the American Theatre. Whatever Miss Barrymore does has the hall-mark of superb acting stamped clearly on the portrayal, and her appearance in *Embezzled Heaven* will be no exception. It needs no crystal ball to make that prediction.

For many decades, Basserman was Europe's best-known actor, famous for many memorable portrayals in the classic repertoires of Ibsen, Shakespeare and Schiller. He was the outstanding star of the German, Austrian and mid-European stage for almost half a century.

Upon his arrival in America in 1939, he established himself in a new career in Hollywood. Many readers will remember his memorable characterizations in such movies as *Foreign Correspondent, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet,* and most recently *Madame Curie.*

The announcement of these two great stars of the stage appearing together in the dramatization of Franz Werfel novel *Embezzled Heaven* is a bright spot for the future. Boston is certain to see the Theatre Guild production during the coming season.

George Jean Nathan's recent statement that Robeson's portrayal of the jealous Moor in *Othello* was the most over-rated bit of acting in the season past has aroused the sort of a tempest that the critic seems to enjoy arousing. Letters have already drifted down on our desk, howling the polite version of "moider de bum." Only one has came to hand which agrees with Nathan. This writer points out that there were moments when he could hear the scenery being chewed, but that the overall beauty of production and portrayal more than balanced any complaints he could make.

As far as our own critical judgment is concerned, we are inclined to agree with the writer quoted above. There have been many Othellos treading the boards of the world; there will be many others. As in the case of Hamlet, what one person prefers, critically, may be the next person's poison. Robeson, as Othello, did a brilliant portrayal, and one which had never before been seen by so large a section of theatre-goers in the United States. There may be others who will do the role in years to come who will be more to George Jean Nathan's critical taste. There's no doubt, however, that Nathan has a strong point in his argument. It is easy to be swept off critical base by a "first - time - in - the - history - of - the-theatre" portrayal such as Robeson offered. Other interpretations may be great in their own right, without the fanfare naturally attending this portrayal.

•



According to information, the first important theatrical attraction which Boston will see in the fall will be *Bloomer Girl.* John C. Wilson, linking his directorial and financial talents with Hollywood money, will produce and direct the opus. What its theme will be, we don't know. But it is a definite probability for the early autumn scene.

News that Billy Rose has signed Bea Lillie for his mid-winter production of *The Seven Lively Arts* makes the possible Boston opening of same of particular interest to this department. Beatrice Lillie, too long away from this country, has lost none of her talent for making people laugh, according to reports from those who have met her on their USO tours abroad. And this is great good news. The broad, bawdy humor that has been so thoroughly plugged the past two years in the theatre's musical comedy sector, can stand a lot of Lillie "leavening." It will be nice to be able to laugh at a double-entendre which is not wielded like a club.

The additional information that Bert Lahr, Alicia Markova, and Anton Dolin have been signed for the revue is good news, too. At this writing, only 5 sketches are planned, each to run ten or twelve minutes. And there are no "blackouts" or quickies scheduled, either.

The Seven Lively Arts is currently planned for a New York premiere on December 7, 1944, and with any sort of luck at all, Boston may see it first.

Of the shows in New York which look good for an early fall appearance here, *Wallflower,* the Mary Orr-Reginald Denham comedy, seems the most likely. The press agent for the play has already booked hotel accommodations here as of August 28.

Another new play mentioned tentatively for August is a new Owen Davis psychological study, *A Perfect Crime.* The theatre is equally tentatively named as the Wilbur, and the possible opening date as August 21.

— KELLER

. . . WHAT adds up to one of the finer adult movies is Paramount's *Double Indemnity*, due soon at the Metropolitan theatre. The legalistic touch of the title is a fair clue to the plot which revolves around insurance. But the rare quality of this movie is achieved through the closely knit plot and the superb portrayals offered in the picture. It rests also upon the interest of the subject.

Plays are often praised for their timelessness. Here is one recent picture which rates ditto. To be sure, the "kiddies" are not the right audience for the hard-packed suspense and the crime of murder. But to be equally sure, *Double Indemnity* is so outstandingly good that it makes you watch it with the same intensity and the same feeling of inevitability that you had (in reverse, of course) while watching an old-time Pearl White or Eddy Polo opus.

Briefly, *Double Indemnity* is the story of the clause which is written into many insurance policies. In case of accidental death, the stakes are doubled. The picture emphasizes what can happen when the idea of murder fixes itself in an insurance salesman's mind. Not, of course, that you walk around suspecting your best insurance friend of cutting up capers. It is simply the fact that the elaborate schemes of illicit love fail under the impact of murder for profit.

Barbara Stanwyck, in her role of the murdered man's wife, gives another of her superlative performances. It would be perfectly all right to say that she is even better than usual. As far as Edward G. Robinson is concerned, in his part of the Claims Adjustor, he is ditto in the superlative division. To Fred MacMurray falls the more unexpected trophy for a brilliant portrayal.

As a hero for assorted ladies, Fred MacMurray has rather come to rate the title of "standard equipment." In this picture, as the star salesman, he achieves a new and tremendous stature of fine actor. As we have said before, it is not unusual for Stanwyck and Robinson to turn in fine performances. It may not be unusual, judging from this performance, to think that MacMurray cannot do the same thing. The fact is, however, that in *Double Idemnity*, you have a four-ace hand. In other words, you will see a superb movie.

In this movie, Paramount more than maintains its excellent record of fine pictures. Better still, it underscores its willingness to give an actor or actress a chance at something different.

For the records, and without spoiling the plot for anyone, *Double Indemnity* is the grim and inevitable account of an insurance man, an insurance claim adjustor, a beautiful wife and step-daughter, and a crime of the first dimensions of sordidness.

Fred MacMurray, the insurance salesman, makes his call at the home of a woman whose husband's auto insurance is in danger of lapsing. She is, as it happens, what is known in technical circles as a fine "dish" in attractiveness and mental equipment. The first difficulty is that she makes the mistake of wanting to know whether an accident policy can be taken out on her husband's life.

The device of "cut-back" and narration is used more effectively in this picture than in any other we have seen in more than a few months. But the way in which the plot works out hinges on this, and it would be a waste of time to spoil the first showing of the movie by relating this. Although we intend to go back and find out where our sympathies lay, we won't assist you in this direction.

In any event, the picture is brilliantly done in point of direction as well as acting. The manner in which the murder is achieved so that the demon claims adjustor, Mr. Keyes, is confused and thwarted, is in the best tradition of pyramidal suspense. The heart-twisting understandability of the action plus the gripping suspense are something you will not see in a long time.



Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray in a scene from "Double Indemnity."

All right. Suppose you and another person have committed a murder. As you prepare to leave the carefully-framed scene, the starter of your car won't work. In such details as this lies the great artistry and appeal of the picture. In such details the calibre of the cast is tested. Stanwyck and MacMurray more than rise above the test. And as a testing ground, Robinson achieves a new type of portrayal about which few confirmed movie-goers can say more than: "He's terrific." —B K P

ENTERTAINMENT

. . . THE night spot picture as of August 18th is something extra special. The clubs which shuttered for the summer are, of course, still on the closed list. But there is plenty from which to choose your own favorite type of entertainment.

At the Statler's popular *Terrace Room,* John Hoysradt is holding forth with his satirical impressions of the famous names in theatre, movies, and political life. Hoysradt works with an hilarious but razor-edged wit, and the laughs come crowding with a spontaniety from the nightly crowds in the room.

On the same show with this talented young man are Columbus and Carroll, a dance team that has a routine which is out of the ordinary. To be sure, when dance teams are mentioned, most people think of a couple in evening costume twirling gracefully around the floor. Well, this they do. But it is in the apparently minor but important details that dance teams differ. Columbus and Carroll raise themselves far above the average dancers by the amazing lifts and turns which keynote their act. They have also developed a style which is impossible to describe in words but which is an eye-treat.

Leo Reisman's orchestra continues to please dancers nightly. As a matter of fact, Reisman puts on a good "floor show" as he conducts. The maestro sings snatches of songs, plays his violin, and keeps the conversation with dancers going at a high pace.

The food in this room is very reasonably priced and superbly served. You had better make reservations for both the dinner and the supper show. Call Victor, Han. 2000.

At the Copley Plaza

. . . WHILE the definite talent for this hotel's fine *Oval Room* is not set at this writing, you can be sure that a visit here will be worth your while. The food is excellent, the prices well within reason, and the cover charge of $1 does not go on until 10 p.m.

Harry Greene's music for dancing is smooth and enjoyable. The show, whatever it happens to be, is always tops. For reservations, call Mario at Ken. 5600.



Harry Greene and his Orchestra at the Copley Oval Room

Latin Quarter

. . . To regular readers of this section, it may seem strange that we are always telling you how outstanding each new show is at this handsome theatre-restaurant. The simple fact happens to be that we have yet to see a weak show here. And each succeeding one seems to get better.

To be sure, there have been some very high spots, like Harry Richman's appearance there and Beatrice Kay's regular visit. But consistently, the entertainment is excellent.

On August 13th, a new show opened at the club, bowing in too late for a detailed review. But from the advance data plus a look-see at the rehearsals, we can tell you that Michael Redstone has hit the entertainment "jack-pot" again. The production numbers staged by Don Arden and the line of 18 lovely chorus girls are thoroughly eye-appealing. The individual acts are tops, and the general effect one worth seeing.

The Latin Quarter is comfortably air-conditioned, too, which adds to your enjoyment, and Tony Bruno's music for dancing is very well liked.

The food and service at this club are tops. Dinners start at $1.75. For reservations, call Hub. 1920.

Mayfair Cocktail Lounge

. . . THE plans to set an ice show in the Main Dining Room at this smart night spot have gone up the spout. The rooms remains closed until September, with redecoration and painting taking place.

For your entertainment, however, the Mayfair Cocktail Lounge is open weekly and Sundays, and you'll find a good serving of entertainment taking place. Plan to drop in of an evening and see and hear for yourself.

Hotel Essex

. . . THIS attractive spot opposite the South Station has been providing worthwhile entertainment and good food with a consistency which has built a regular following in Boston. Although the floor show which is put on three times nightly contains no names famous in the entertainment world, the acts which appear there are very good, very worthwhile. The policy, too, of offering only dinner music until 9 p.m., thus missing the tax, is a wise one. You can have yourself an inexpensively happy evening at the Essex. Better stop in some night.

Sheraton Roof

. . . ONE of the pet places to go with Bostonians is this beautiful roof spot. The cool breezes that come off the Charles River, the charm of the red-gray-blue decor, and the soothing music for your dancing pleasure are thoroughly satisfactory.

By the way, dinner music is provided until 9:30 p.m., thus letting those who only want to dine have a thoroughly pleasant, tax-free time of it. There's no cover charge at any time here.

Satire Gardens

. . . THE cool and charming Terrace of the Fensgate Hotel has proved a very popular place with summer-night visitors. Andy Jacobson's music for dancing plus the excellent food and drinks served here have built a sizable following since the opening of the Gardens in early summer. Spot is nice for luncheon, cocktails, and dinner, too. For reservations, call Adolph, Ken. 4460.

—BKP

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SUIT SALE

. . . "FENTON'S suit sales are always worth while," Mrs. Borner said to her husband as they walked towards the clothing department, "and I'm tired of seeing you in that horrible gray."

"I'm a little tired of it myself," Mr. Borner confessed. "I thought I'd like brown for a change."

"Brown?" Mrs. Borner said. "Not if I have anything to say about it. Especially those ugly browns you pick."

"Well, I thought—"

"And besides, you have a brown suit that's practically new."

"I've got a blue one, too. That's what I tried to tell you. I really don't need a suit."

"I've seen you wear this gray one almost every day, so if there's a good sale like this going on, there's no reason why you shouldn't take advantage of it."

The salesman approached the Borners with, "Are you being taken care of?"

"He wants to buy a suit," Mrs. Borner answered quickly. "Size 40."

"Will you let me talk for myself," Mr. Borner snarled as he followed his wife over to the racks, but Mrs. Borner was too busy watching the man across the aisle trying on a checkered coat.

"Look, Jack, that's nice."

"I'm not like you, thank goodness. I don't want something just because the other fellow's buying it. And let me talk to the salesman for a change, will you?"

The salesman returned with a gray coat and said to Mr. Borner, "Slip your coat off and try this one just for size."

Mr. Borner slipped off his coat and picked up the one the salesman had brought.

"Jack, you're not going to buy another gray."

"I'm trying it on just for size."

"Well, try another color on just for size. I'd like him to have a nice check or stripe," Mrs. Borner said to the

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salesman. "Something like that man's trying on over there."

"Very well."

No sooner had the salesman left than Mr. Borner began, "For heaven's sake, will you let me talk to him?"

But Mrs. Borner had been waiting for this opportune moment to say, "I might as well tell you why I'm so particular about this suit. I want you to look especially nice—mother's coming to visit us next week."

"And she likes checked suits, I suppose."

"You know she's always complaining about how you look, and I want you to wear something that'll please her for a change."

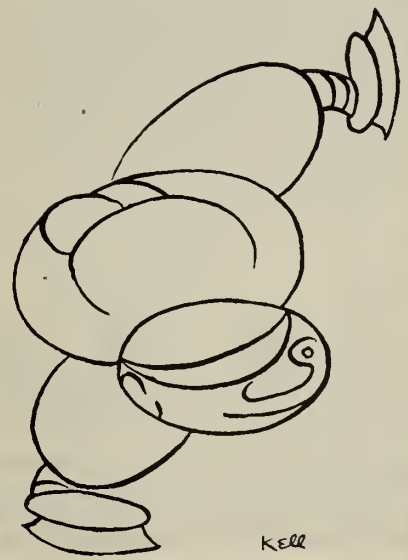
The salesman returned with two coats, a blue chalk stripe and a black pin stripe, but before he could speak, Mr. Borner said, "I'd better not try anything on until I make this clear—I want a suit with three pairs of trousers."

"Three pairs?" the astonished salesman said.

"Three pairs?" Mrs. Borner repeated. "Why three? I never heard of that before. You can't even buy two—this is war time!"

"Well, it's this way," Mr. Borner said grimly to the salesman, "my wife wears one pair, and now it seems my mother-in-law wants to wear the other, and I'd like to have a pair for myself."

—A. L. Laufe



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MUSIC

. . . The first week of the 16th season of Esplanade concerts may be said to represent a new high in popularity and audience contributions. Nearly every night Arthur Fiedler and his orchestra of Boston Symphony men attracted crowds in the vicinity of 20,000. Each night also averaged $500 in the fund boxes placed upon the concert grounds before the Edward Hatch Memorial Shell on the Charles River Esplanade.

In the past audiences of 20,000 were not uncommon, but they were not always to be found on consecutive evenings. But never in the history of the free, open-air concerts have the fund boxes contained so much money.

Mr. Fiedler, his players and the public enjoyed good weather during the first seven evenings, which is obviously a consideration of major importance down on the Esplanade. Both customers and performers can take quite a whiff of rain, but let a hard shower develop and watch everybody scurry for cover. This year Saturday evenings will be unfailing at least for the radio audience.

Charles O'Connell arranged a more or less straight symphonic program as first guest conductor of the Summer. Leading off with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, he continued with his own orchestration of the Bach chorale "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"; Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," the "Briar Rose" waltz from the same composer's "Sleeping Beauty" score, and wound up with that rousing Sousa March, "Stars and Stripes Forever." Mr. O'Connell's talents and characteristics as conductor are well known by virtue of past appearances at Pops and on the Esplanade.

Mr. Fiedler's opening concert for children, coming on the first Wednesday morning of the season, attracted about 3000 youngsters. While the children's programs have been heard by more kids than that, this figure set a record for an opening concert.

—Cyrus W. Durgin

. . . THESE are days which try a book reviewer's soul. Not to mention his patience. There's a paper shortage and publishers are far more than usually cagey in their ventures. And you, and the family next door, are buying books with the appetite of a kid who has found a five dollar bill in front of a drugstore advertising double sodas on a hot August day. And there just aren't enough review copies to go 'round and the supply of office boys in publishing houses is limited and the review copies mailed miss *the* mail.

So there's little to do except concoct a one-dish reader's meal out of oddments of this and that and a smidgin of something else and serve the lone review as a dessert course to this pot luck fare.

First, Little, Brown's publicity gal, informed of our last week's review of "Cluny Brown," called up to protest that we beat the gun on the release date. And to remind us that "Cluny Brown" is likely to be a best seller and maybe even be blessed by top-flight reviewers. We're sorry we violated the release date for reviewing the book; we had no intention of misbehaving so.

So we reread "Cluny Brown" on our knees before the shrine of the late Alexander Woolcott (may his spirit smile upon us) and with special intention toward the standards of the late lamented *Boston Evening Transcript*.

Having done this, and with all due respect to the possible and probable blessing of the book by Clifton Fadiman, I am still of the opinion it is hammock and bonbon reading for a fat lady in a ruffled pink wrapper.

Next, our apologies to Harcourt, Brace and Company for messing up their release date on Jean Stafford's "Boston Adventure." Actually the publication of this item seems to be indefinite, "either late in August or early in September."

Being mindful of the ease of sinning by lack of charity I toiled through portions of "Boston Adventure" again lest I might have misled you. I still cannot imagine why it was written or published and for the sake of adventuresome readers I hope they release it on a cool day. It's *that* tough going.

If Harcourt, Brace and Company feel I've been unjust I'll cite them page and paragraph in which the author perpetrates 150-word-long sentences. And inventory sundry other crimes.

I know I'm vulnerable in so doing but it does seem to me such a fine house might have read or edited this manuscript before having the plates made.

There is the chance that some reviewers will forgive this verbosity and make excuses for comparing this book to those of the late "Tom" Wolfe. If there be such I hope Wolfe haunts them heavily. But I anticipate some such reviewer's daring and would take out insurance against such a belated belittling of Wolfe.

J. B. Lippincott sends enthralling news by special courier: Major Munro Leaf has just created "Gordon the Goat." He did it, illustrations and all, on a tablet on a borrowed desk in their office . . . in three hours flat! And that was portal to portal timing. They plan bringing it out in the Fall and are ready to tell the world it's as good as "Ferdinand." We wait.

There's a note in a Random House news release we *must* share with you.

Says it: "Three of the biggest successes on the Random House list were written by graduates of Brown University: Quentin Reynolds' "The Curtain Rises," S. J. Perelman's "Crazy Like a Fox," and Howard Hunt's "Limit of Darkness." Explains a director of the publishing house: 'There is a Providence which shapes our ends.'" Will Providence and Brown take a bow, please?

Dessert coming up! And what a dish!

. . . I HATE to go rhapsodic over a book, any book. I have read war books for years until I am satiated, I think. I can't read another one. There can't be anything more to say. My prejudice stands ready with a bayonet upon opening *another* war book.

Hobert Douglas Skidmore's *Valley of the Sky*, issued last week by Houghton, Mifflin Company, ran that gauntlet so successfully that I felt emotions so long atrophied I had forgotten they could be evoked.

Valley of the Sky is a slender volume running to only 170 pages. But it is a hauntingly beautiful book capable of resurrecting every bit of your



"She's the best cook I ever had. Just wait 'till you taste her angel cake."

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pride in having the good fortune to be an American, a citizen of the United States.

The story is a simple one, the day by day camaraderie of the ten man crew of the *Heartless Harpie,* an American fighting plane. You live with these men. You know them far more intimately than you know the chap in the next office. Despite the brevity of your association with them they will be unforgettable companions.

In these men you have the story of the persistence of the best of what we frequently too lightly and thoughtlessly call Americanism. Sometimes they seem to the reader weak; sometimes strong—but they are always human, the kind of folk most believable.

The publishers indicate that this is Skidmore's first novel. If that be so, whether he ever writes another, he has a right to feel that he has achieved a superb job of craftsmanship. His sentiment never jellies into sentimentality. He has been wisely unafraid to endow his men with sensitivity and he has left a residue of boy in almost every man.

Valley of the Sky moved me as I felt myself moved in the First World War when I discovered Rupert Brooks' war sonnets in the poetry page of the old *Literary Digest.* Along with a good many others of you I had told myself that I could not feel so again.

Has the book no faults? I suppose it has technical flaws, yes. But the emotional satisfaction of reading it is so powerful that the flaws are undetectable and to seek them out would be like looking for a rusty needle in a well-stocked granary in time of starvation.

For we are a starved folk in many departments of our reading lives these days. The publishing world has been commanded to do an amazing performance of infusing us with all kinds of emotions. And this forced feeding has left us with a soured stomach.

In *Valley of the Sky* you'll find an antidote for much of the war-enforced boredom of ideological books. And you'll get a shot in the arm for your flagging emotional patriotism.

No! I'm wrong. *Valley of the Sky* is not a stimulant. It is far more akin to the use of glucose for intra-venous feeding. It will get into your blood stream. It will starch your chin. It will make you in your capacity as a civilian more vitally a part of the war effort. And it will achieve this without creating hatred or bitterness.

—Raube Walters



"I was watching my hat and coat, and somebody stole my steak!"

WITH THE THOROUGHBREDS

. . . Sandwiched in between the conventions of the two major political parties at Chicago this summer was the convention of The National Association of State Racing Commissioners, held at the Stevens Hotel, July 5 and 6. President Charles F. Connors, of Boston, the chairman of the Massachusetts State Racing Commission, gave the keynote address which fairly sparkled with sage advice. Highlighting the fact that racing at present is at the peak of its popularity, Mr. Connors urged that every effort be made to hold the public confidence in the sport. The amount of money turned over to the various charity and war fund agencies, by the promoters of the racetracks throughout the country, continues to increase as the season goes on.

The meetings in New England are still drawing big crowds, especially on Saturdays and days when the stakes are run. Glancing over the stakes book for the Rhode Island Autumn meeting at Narragansett Park, one notes that The New England Oaks will be run on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 4. There is no three-year-old who can match strides with the 1944 sensation Twilight Tear from Calumet Farm and should her trainer, "Plain" Ben Jones, ship her here for the race, New England racegoers will have a chance to see one of the greatest fillies of all time. The daughter of Bull Lea and Lady Lark by Blue Larkspur has made a wonderful record this season and proved herself to be worthy of a place alongside of Miss Woodford Beldame, Ruthless and Regret all of whom were speed marvels. These fillies defeated colts time after time. Beldame was the only filly to win the Saratoga Cup. Bull Lea will be remembered by turfites in this sector for his winning performances in the James C. Thornton Memorial, Autumn Handicaps, and his bang up second to Stagehand in the Narragansett Special of 1938. In the Classic Stakes at Chicago on July 22 Twilight Tear ran away and hid from the field which included her stablemate, the Kentucky Derby winner Pensive, crossing the finish line of the mile and a quarter race in 2.03 3-5. For this she garnered $62,-050 for her owner Warren Wright, the Baking Powder King, Kate Smith's boss y'know. Mr. Wright, one of the most popular and successful sportsmen in America, maintains one of the finest breeding establishments in the world and with his great horse Whirlaway in the stud will probably lead the American breeders in years to come.

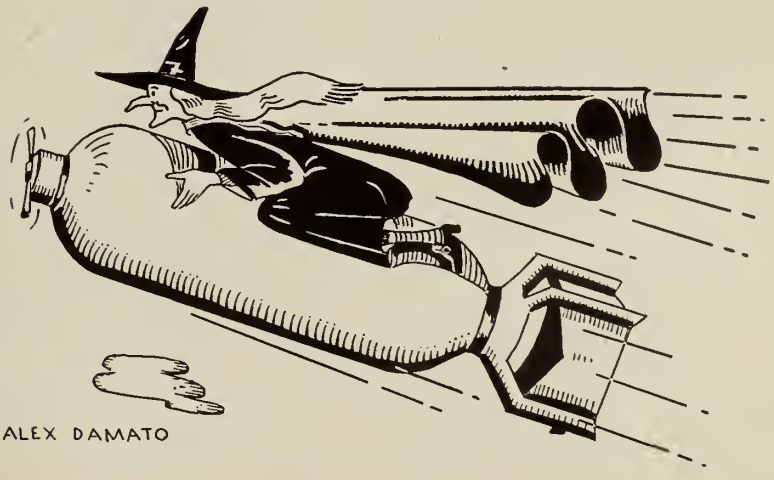
His father, William Wright, who established and made a fortune in the baking powder business, was a breeder of harness horses, purchasing acre after acre of the best land in the Blue Grass State. After his father's death in 1931, Warren Wright sold the trotting stock and went in for Thoroughbreds. At first he had some broodmares and the stallion Hadagal, a son of Sir Galahad III. Later, he purchased Bostonian and a quarter interest in Blenheim II, sire of Whirlaway.

Although he has won the Kentucky Derby with Whirlaway and Pensive, Mr. Wright believes that such an important three-year-old stake as this should not be held so early in the season. He has been very fortunate in having for a trainer a man like Ben Jones. Like many other trainers of the older school of horsemen, the affable Missourian is at his best in prepping a horse for a distance race. Many of the patrons of the tracks in this section of the country complain about the small proportion of races at a mile and over.

As there are more sprinters than distance runners, the short distance events attract large fields. It is generally believed that big fields lead to big wagering. Statistics published by the State Racing Commissions show that wagering is heavier on the races over a mile than under a mile. Realizing this the management of Narragansett Park will hold a series of distance races on Wednesdays during the meeting. These will be handicap affairs for three-year-olds and up. Beginning August 16, the first one will be at a mile and a sixteenth and the distances lengthened till on September 27 the final race at two miles and a sixteenth. Besides the purse of $2500 for the winner of each race there will be additional awards for the owner and trainer scoring the greatest number of points.

In the early days of racing in America horses raced three heats of four miles each. At the Union Course, Long Island, New York, in May, 1823, Eclipse, a nine-year-old, carrying 126 pounds, defeated Henry in a match. The times for the three heats were 7.37, 7.49 and 8.24. Many horsemen and breeders claim that because of the emphasis placed on sprinting races here in the U.S.A., that it becomes necessary to import breeding stock from England to impart stamina to our Thoroughbreds.

—Ed Cushing



Pvt. Alex DAmato

DOG RACING

. . . The offspring of the famous dogs of other years are doing all right at Wonderland. You'll hear a comment or two about the dogs not running right this year, but on the whole, blood seems to tell. If you wonder why your hound lost by a nose, you may find that his grandparents also tended to lose by noses.

Rural Rube is a name that every dog follower knows. He made an impressive record at Revere and all over the country and his offspring are now coming in, in the money. Rube's myriad offspring are very active now while the old man himself is out to pasture.

A couple of Rural Rube's offspring doing well this season at Wonderland are Little Rube and Keen Rube, who are earning their own popularity in the shadow of their great papa. Little Rube was favored to walk away with the All-Florida Derby last winter but encountered trouble in that annual racing classic and had to be denied that canine honor. At Wonderland with an enviable record on his head, this Mildred B. Cotter kennel representative appears ready to compensate for his southern disappointment, while Keen Rube is also heading places with a good in-the-money record behind him.

Rural Rube is only one of the great family sired by My Laddie. Fern Nature, sister of Rube, and Big Laddie are two other members of the family who have made big names for themselves. Two consistent performers of the current season at the track bred from My Laddie are Juanita and The Man, from the kennel of Mrs. Ethel Jones, one of the foremost woman-owners in the country. In topnotch competition at the beach track this year, Juanita has already attained a record of eight money finishes in fourteen starts, not bad for a juvenile kennel star. Her litter mate has a record of three money finishes at the present time.

My Laddie was one of the most prolific of the great dogs. Among the racers at Wonderland, his kin are Top Note, Golden Mane, My Troubador, all slow breakers, notorious tailrunners, and strong finishers.

Rube is the best known of all the My Laddie family. He was a genius as racing dogs go and more than once a wave of handclapping went through the stands as he passed. He had a football player's sense of timing and broken-field running. He would tear along behind the pack, letting some other dog set the pace, see an opening, and drive over toward the rail and through ahead to win. Often dogs running in front of him would get tangled or pushed, but Rube would evaluate the situation and without breaking stride he would slow down or speed up to take advantage of a hole. His change of pace was uncanny and his smooth running won a staggering number of races. He once leaped over a dog who was in trouble in front of him and went on to win.

Rural Rube's sons and daughters are all good rail runners. Of course, a dog can be trained to run the rail, but the trouble with that is that he will try to get to the rail too soon and spoil his chances by messing up the other dogs. It is better to have instinctive rail runner like the Rube who had enough track sense to run the rail when it paid. Running wide means covering a greater distance to get to the same place, and it takes a faster dog.

Both the management at Wonderland and the kennel owners themselves have come to recognize that good breeding is the answer to a lot of canine problems. Got a dog that breaks fast from the starting gate? Combine him with a strain that has stamina as its strong point and you have the perfect dog—maybe. That is the dream hound and the goal of every trainer and owner.

By way of encouraging good breeding, the track at Revere is offering prizes to the breeder of a winning dog in addition to the regular purse to the owner. There have been a few $500 prizes given this way and there has been one of $1000.

It might seem that some of the systems for picking dogs would have a chance if they consider breeding. Owners themselves buy and breed dogs to win, so the fellow who knows where the two dollar window is might do well to follow their lead. It may well be that a winner can be picked on the basis of breeding alone.

While it may be significant, breeding alone is only one factor in a race.



"I hear that Joe's cow died."

The condition of the track and the condition of the dog itself are obviously important too. There is probably someone who will say that atmospheric pressure determines the winner in the race.

A dog's mama and papa do not always have a perfect litter. Some of the animals will be useless for racing. There can be black sheep in every family. To make selecting dogs on the sole basis of breeding more of a gamble, once in a while the offspring of a famous canine will be good enough to win consistently.

Motorman was a great dog when he raced about 1935, but he would only be second-rate if he were competing now. The sport had just become popular about that time and Motorman became the idol of the tracks. Motorman was a front runner. He would break fast from any starting position and stay on top. Even if he did stumble a bit at the start once in a while, old track fans will tell you that he could still pull right out in front.

Motorman's descendants are now obscured by other strains. His sons and daughters have made him a grandpa so many times that it is no longer possible to follow the family except in those large volumes. He was not the best of dogs, they will tell you, but he did transmit some important characteristics to later generations.

Out West about the same time, the Traffic Court strain became the first real money makers. The original dog made about $30,000 in purses and stud fees. Out of eight starts, he once had six wins.

The purses do not usually make up the bulk of the dog's earnings. With the greater consciousness about breeding, stud fees often overshadow anything the dog earned in competition. The usual procedure is to race a dog for a few years and then retire him to stud. Fees range from $100 to $500, with most of them falling between one and two hundred dollars.

The Traffic Court dogs had the real athletic fighting spirit. Fast breakers, they had the innate strength that made them famous for their strong finishes.

Breaking four world speed records and tying another was the record hung up by Never Roll during the 1942 season. Never in the history of the sport has one greyhound hung up such a succession of world records. The Never Roll strain has gone through ten generations and they all show the characteristics of the family, slow breaking and tremendous finishing. Lucky Roll, son of Never Roll, is the papa of the current Revere track sensation, Meryle Ann. This little bitch, weighing ten to twenty pounds lighter than her competition, has set a record of eight wins in ten starts at this writing.

Breeding, to repeat, is the best start for a good dog. The odds are that the little pup will be grateful that you recognize his superiority by putting dough on his nose. Horse owners have found that it means everything in some races and dog followers are not far behind in seeing that the same applies to their housebroken favorites. Training can ruin a dog by bringing him along too fast, just like the boxer who gets into high-powered competition before he is ready. The animal has to race within a pound and a half of his best racing weight as registered with the Racing Commission.

Several of the owners at the Revere track are women. Juanita and The Man, kin of My Laddie, are owned by Mrs. Ethel Jones. Little Rube and Keen Rube are owned by Mildred B. Cotter. Other feminine women-owners and breeders now at Wonderland with their kennels are Mrs. Myron A. Haughn, Mrs. Elena A. Boyle, and Miss Georgianna Hall, the latter hailing from nearby Malden.

The competition between the leading women and male kennel owners has helped no end to produce several of the finest racing thoroughbreds ever to run at Wonderland. With winning the race as their goal, these intent dog owners and dog lovers have improved the stock even during the few short years that the sport has been popular in this country. Motorman would hardly be a match for Meryle Ann. Remember, though, the next time you look at the form chart —they are still looking for the perfect dog.

—Sid Shear

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Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Payson Re's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hote Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East a Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service n only $1 for dinner and show; no co , no min.).

Green Room, Hotel E son, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Di er from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min 2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Cha terbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75 No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent c sine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.

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Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

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Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

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La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

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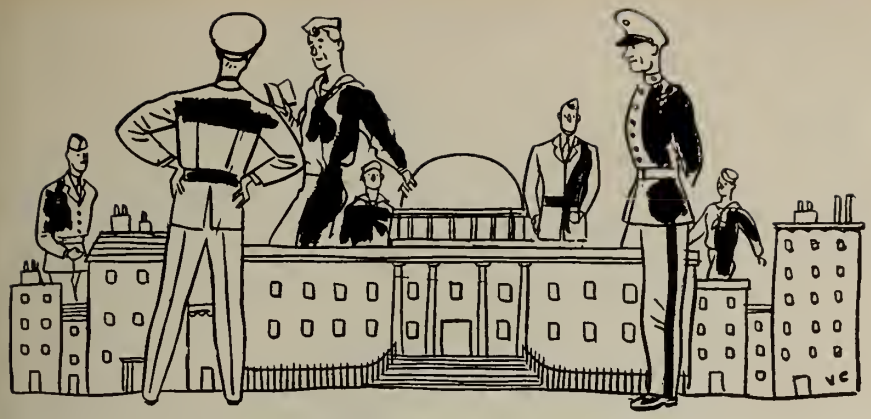




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Atlantic Service Club (near So. Sta.), 641 Atlantic Ave., Boston—Lib. 7794.

Bay State—Buddies Club, Boston Common. Tel. Information, Home Hospitality and Social Events. Ticket Office—Lib. 1381.

North Station Service Center, 149 Staniford Street, Boston—Laf. 1259.

South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.

Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Patterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.

Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.

Christian Science Service Men's Center, 80 Boylston St., Boston—Dev. 8676.

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Boston Y.M.C. Union (Sat. only), 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

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Cambridge Y.M.C.A., 820 Mass. Ave. at Central Sq., Cambridge—Tro. 3860.

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Sailor's Rest (for Seamen & Navy Men), 287 Hanover St., Boston—Cap. 6357.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

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The Argonne, 4 Bulfinch Place, Boston—Cap. 9494.

Lodging for Service Men's Families, Call Liberty 7715, 11 A.M.-11 P.M. Call Han. 0733 if unable to find lodgings.

Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.

Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

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Soldiers and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

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Volume 2, Number 11 *September 8, 1944*

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The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

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Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners. Good music for dancing here. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise.

Locke Ober Co., 3 Winter Place (LIB. 1340). Patronized by lovers of fine food that's prepared by chefs who know their business. Always superlative food.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

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Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served. $1 cover charge after 10 p. m.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p. m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.



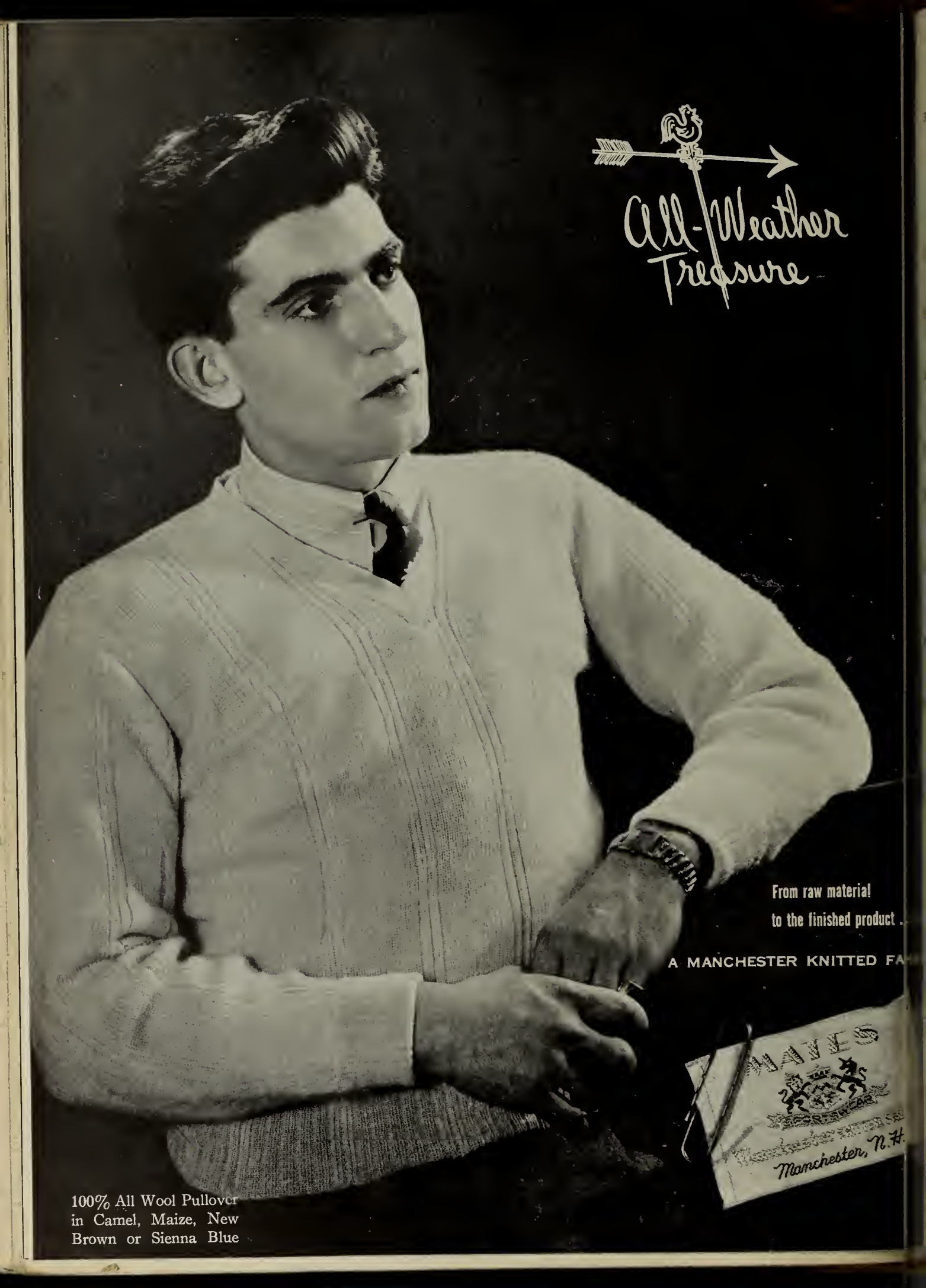
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PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury St. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sundays.

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Garden with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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MIGAWD, SHE'S DEAD!

. . . You order your dog to play dead. It lies down, still like a tragedienne shot through the heart in the third act. Your guests politely applaud: clever doggy, how quickly he died!

The director gives a sign; his actress falls down. The script says she is dead. The audience must believe she is dead. Her lover accepts the script girl's word for it. He sobs, wrings his hands, and proclaims to the world:

"She is dead!"

Or grinds his teeth in nobly restrained grief and lets it go at that.

Is it fair? You would treat a dog better. When your pet is only playing dead, you are satisfied with its laying down. Nobody expects any particular realism from parlor tricks. When you suspect that the animal is really dead, or want others to believe it, you spend some time on diagnosis. You turn the poor brute over, listen for heart beats, or at least kick it, to see if there are any signs of life. But I have yet to see that being done to a would-be leading lady. Nobody turns her over. Nobody even kicks her, although some of her rivals may be longing to do so.

I, too, assumed that in a drama a playwright may kill any human by the simple admonition, similar to:

"Die, doggie, die!"

But a physician, present at the rehearsal of one of my plays, set me right.

It was NITRATE, staged in the Miami Civic Theatre. We were rewriting it as we went along,—no play is ever the same after a few rehearsals. I thought my heroine's death scene just about perfect, with the lover testifying to it according to the best dramatic traditions, when a loud guffaw from the audience startled me.

"What is so funny about it?" I asked sharply.

A gray haired gentleman stood up.

"If you allow me, I would like to explain. . . . You see, I practice medicine, and know something about death scenes. Now, this lady," he pointed to the suddenly resurrected actress.

"lies down and dies. The young gentleman picks up her hand, looks into her face and pronounces her dead. Why, she may be just in a faint. We would never diagnose it so quickly. Even if she swallowed poison, she may only be in a coma. How about pumping her stomach out?"

And he told me about the numerous ways in which doctors make sure that their patient won't get up for an encore.

We listened in embarrassed silence. It had not occurred to anyone to even put a mirror to her mouth. I re-wrote the scene again.

When a man drowns, rescuers sometimes spend hours trying to revive his apparently dead body. Do you remember that lifeguard who actually blew the breath of life into the mouth of a small boy believed dead by his father? Even when the heart actually stops beating some people are revived by the injection of adrenaline. Disinterested strangers do that for a human being, sometimes even for a cat. But in the overwhelming majority of stage and movie productions, if there is the slightest possibility that you are dead, everybody takes it for granted. Even your nearest. It is much safer to die in real life,—people are not so eager to bury you alive.

My plea for the poor, die-easy performers:

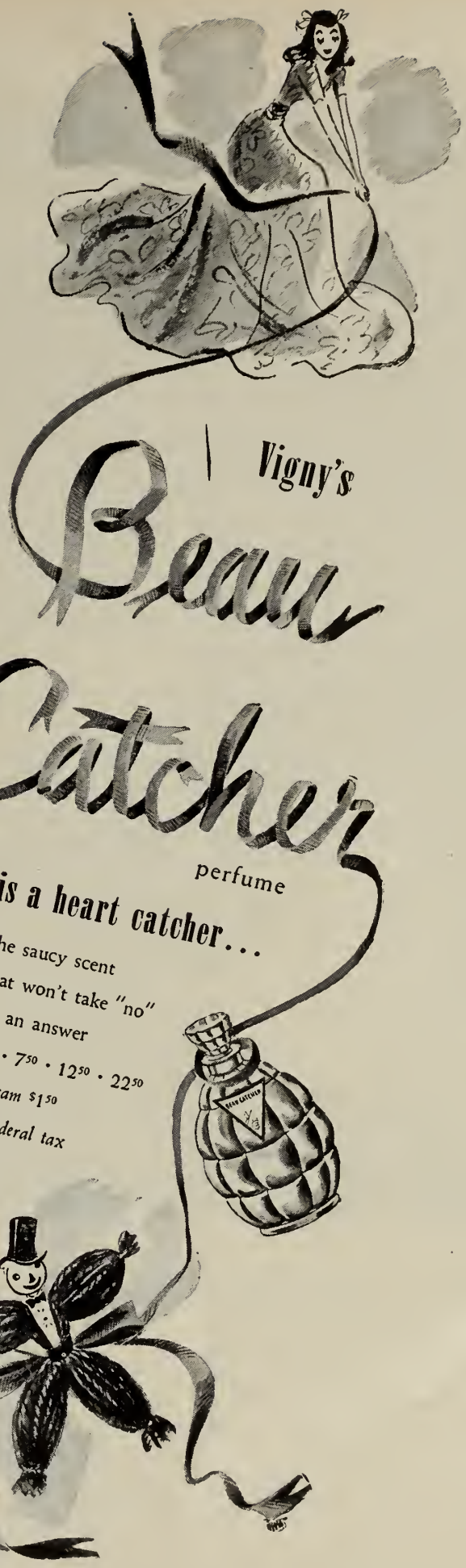
Please, in the future, at least give them a kick, to make sure that they are dead. Or push your toes under the body and turn it over. It would seem more realistic if you announced only then:

"My God, she is dead!"

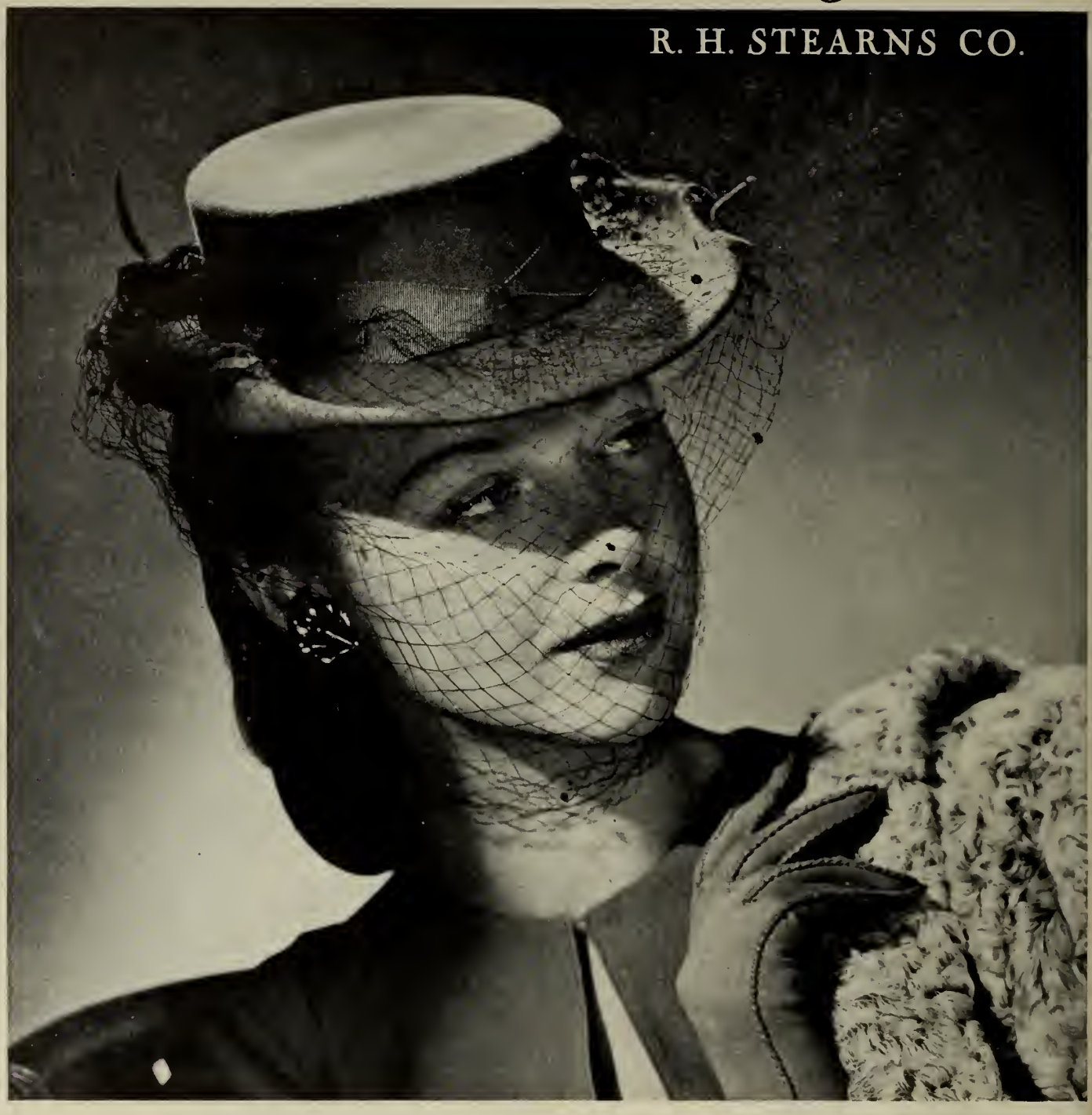
—Maria Moravsky

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COMMON TALK

Yes, Yes

. . . DURING the unlamented heat wave of early August, we came across a news story which rated a mild chuckle. The few lines under a picture of two girls frollicking at the beach read this way:

"Doubly Cool. . Trying to keep cool while enjoying their sun-tanning and surf-bathing at Carson Beach, South Boston, —— ——, of Lawrence, gets doubly cooled off with a shower from a bucket of water wielded by Saturday a mass of cool air, moving down from the north, coupled with a cool sea breeze, resulted in a drop in temperature of 14 degrees."

Notes

. . . THE humor inherent in the present rationing and restricted daily life of all of us gets a clever pointing up in Juliet Lowell's new book *Dear Sir*, published by Duell, Sloan & Pierce. Letters received by various war agencies comprise the bulk of the unconscious wit, and there are plenty of funny ones.

"Dear Sir: I received your notice of Seduction and will be there March 29." So read a note to California's Selective Service office.

In New York, the same office got this bewildered plea: "I was born in Omaha, raised in Pittsburgh and registered for Selective Service in Tampa. I made the mistake of giving Brooklyn as my permanent address. I have never lived there. Why is this?"

The Office of Rent Control on the west coast collected this prize:

"Gentlemen this is to tell you that I have a room to rent with marriage certificate 2.50 without $4."

Blue Hair

. . . ONE very chic matron we know has had her hair "touched up" with blue. In place of the usual snow-white effect, she strikes a solid blue note in the fashion scale. And she is perfectly aware how her pastel-toned hair affects the passerby. She ought to.

The other day, as she was walking down Boylston street, she noticed two ensigns and their girls staring goggle-eyed at her. Being an Army officer's wife, she knew that they could not take the liberty of giving her a loud haw-haw. She also knew that one of the young men was set to explode if he didn't let out his laughter. So, just as she came abreast of the couples, she leaned over and whispered into the young man's ear:



"It didn't grow that way!"

The explosions of laughter are still echoing along Boylston street.

Train Calling

. . . THE days when trainmen boomed out the track number and route of the various trains seems to have passed into history, leaving no one disturbed by same. Today, about the only remnant of mumbo-jumbo surviving is the tobacco auctioneers' chant. Today, the little man behind the microphone in railway terminals tells you exactly where you'll come out if you take such-and-such a train.

Working on the theory that there must be a local survivor of the train-callers' club, we scratched around looking for one. Not just anyone but a trainman who had the loudest voice and the fastest delivery in the memory of the railroad. It required a trip to the suburbs south of Boston and a written guarantee that we wouldn't use the retired railroadman's name.

"After all," said our subject, Mr. X, "it would be like biting the hand that feeds me, wouldn't it, if I did too much talking? I've got my pension to think of, too, haven't I?"

Put that way, we figure you'll have to accept our hero as Mr. X.

Train calling, we were told, used to be a bit of an art. No puny voices allowed. If the job narrowed down to the point where there were two men with equal Brotherhood rating, the one with the louder voice got the nod. A strong set of pipes were required to



break through the usual station clatter.

"Notice how the youngsters they have now on train crews, brakemen, go through the cars and don't call loud enough?" Mr. X asked. "That's because the kids are shy-like. They don't like to bellow it out.

"You can tell an old-timer by the way he calls the stops. Each one has a distinct style. Some call high, others space it out. But you know where you are when an old-timer goes through your car."

About the little matter of the train caller who seems to be making his spiel purposely indistinguishable, Mr. X is indignant. In the first place, he doesn't believe "that nonsense." It was all vicious "propaganda." And if it ever *did* happen, Mr. X says that the man might have had a cold. "Standing in the doors with a freezing wind blowing down your neck makes a man likely to pick up a lot of colds. He's warm on one side, cold on the other."

Our train-caller, retired, is a tall man with steel grey eyes and a briskness of movement that makes his seventy-three years seem about fifty-odd. He lives alone in a small cottage, and his hobby appears to be carrots. In the ten by twelve foot garden at the back of his house, he is raising enough carrots to see him through next winter. The reason he favors carrots, he explains, is because eating them kept his eye-sight up to scratch.

"Why the missus was after me to eat carrots twenty years before those flyer doctors decided they helped you see at night!" he says with pride. "Look at me. Never wore goggles in my life!"

Getting back to train calling, however, Mr. X is certain that a lot of the glamor (he called it guts) has gone out of railroading today. "They got gadgets for this, buttons for that, and when this war is over, I'll bet they put the boys in 'monkey suits'!" Monkey suits being uniforms with gold braid, like movie ushers'.

The longest "call" he remembers making was during a blizzard a flock of years ago. One of the crack expresses through to Washington had to do yeoman duty and make twenty stops along the way. Mr. X, on duty at the gate, had to call the whole "durned" list so that all the stormbound travelers could get home.

But that business of railroad men purposely garbling their calls in the old days is rank falsehood, according to him. It ought to be "squashed, once and for all, lady!"

Mr. X never took a local from Grand Central Station in the "old days." But we didn't remind him of that. He gave us one Boston "call," just to prove that his voice was still good. He also gave us a well-scrubbed carrot on which to chew.

Profit

. . . ONE of the USO's recreation enterprises paid off nicely for a serviceman recently. The boy had been doing finger-painting and had completed a picture. With his creation under his arm, he left the Buddy's Club. A few days later, he came back, smiling.

"You know that painting of mine?" he asked. "Well, I'm forty dollars richer. I sold it to a wallpaper company."

Which is one way to take your art —not too seriously.

Big City Hazards

. . . SOME of you will remember the rib-tickling cartoons and covers which Robert Gustaffson used to do for the BOSTONIAN before a New York syndicate tapped him on the

shoulder with a nice offer of a job. Anyway, he's toiling away in Manhattan, and getting an occasional weekend in Boston.

One day a few weeks ago, he went to the Zoo. Stopping in front of the wolf cage, he began watching the bored animal. A little man standing beside him kept watching him. Finally, the little character prodded Bob with his finger, and said with a knowing smile:

"They live in the woods, bud!" He gestured to the wolf. "Pretty slippery customers, too, in the woods!"

. . . ANOTHER Big City incident which gives us a chuckle was the man leaning against a stop light sound asleep. After watching him for a few minutes, in case the man was sick instead of drunk, Bob walked over and shook him awake.

"Want me to get you a cab?" he asked.

The drunk shook his head. "No thanks, I'm just waiting for the light to change."

And he went back to sleep.

Delighted

. . . THERE'S a neat green sign lettered in white near the Frog Pond on the Common. It has a lot of people fairly confused. It stands in front of a tree, and the only word on it is:

"Please".

Put that way, we'd be delighted to oblige if we knew what was wanted.

Information

. . . FROM the Statler Hotel comes some incidental intelligence that deserves being passed along. It concerns one phase of war-time hotel keeping about which we have done little thinking. It's about the children of the servicemen.

Bell boys, once used to toting luggage exclusively, are now being trained to tote babies, keep same amused while the parents register, and being generally helpful in this little matter.

Hardly a night goes by without most of the hotel's supply of cribs being put to good use. High chairs in the dining roms, too, are a regular sight.

In many cases, we are informed, the youngsters are seeing their fathers for the first time, and if they are in the walking age-bracket, this results in incidents like the following.

Peter, son of a Pharmacist's Mate, came to the Statler the other day to meet his father for the first time. Peter is two and a half, and when he entered the lobby, he had only a vivid mental picture of what his dad should look like. Apparently he was sure that he could find his father the minute he got off the elevator. But there were so many Navy uniforms in the lobby that Peter was bewildered. Finally, he figured out a way to solve this problem. He approached every sailor politely, and asked in a hopeful yet soft voice:

"Daddy?"

It worked, finally. He found his father on the twentieth try.

India

. . . THROUGH information garnered at first hand by someone else, we are now able to bring you some data on India. Rev. Dr. Harry A. Hanson, of 31 Brooks Avenue, Newtonville, went there as a young missionary 28 years ago. He took with him his bride, the former Jean Dorchester. And he is now on the high seas on his way to India again.

Perhaps the Hanson family is more widely known locally for including America's top Marine ace, Lt. Robert Murray Hanson, as one of the four sons and daughter among its number. But Rev. Hanson and his charming wife, Jean, are well and widely known to many people in their own right. It is Mrs. Hanson who is our authority on India.

Mr. Hanson taught economics at Lucknow University there and did much work with the natives. Mrs. Hanson, describing what she found in India, contributes a lot of data to our limp sense of geography.

"You forget about color," she says. "You find that human nature is pretty much the same everywhere. The hills people seem almost like Americans because they joke and laugh so much. They are short, squatty, sturdy and hearty, and are a promising group. They live in the hills where the dry farming is similar to that of New England. But high up in the hills there is snow.

"The plains people, in contrast, are a quiet, more reserved type. But they are also cordial and friendly when you become acquainted with them.



"Bert, tell him about the chicken that pushed the egg across the road because she couldn't pullet."

"The people of India live very simply," Mrs. Hanson adds. "Their houses are made of mud and are covered with straw. My, but those people like to live together. The huts are crowded close together while they go out to the fields to work.

"The money-lender is one of the curses of the land. So many people just live in debt all their lives. Their children even inherit their parents' debt and go through life with it.

"There is a good side to India. There is happiness there. The people have higher thoughts. But sanitation is very poor. Water comes from a village pond, and the same water is used for bathing, cooking and washing, not to mention the bathing of animals.

"The caste system makes the life very uncomfortable for millions. Ghandi has been trying to do away with this. A non-Hindu must be very careful when he enters a Hindu home. If he, the non-Hindu, touches any of their food and such, according to those followers of the Hindu faith, it becomes polluted. The people have been exploited to a certain extent by their own people, too, for greed the world over takes its toll of the underdog.

"You can't judge India as a dirty place by the port cities. On one of our trips to India, the Dutch captain of our ship said to me: 'My, what a dirty place America is!' I was surprised and told him that it wasn't. He said, 'Wait until we reach Batavia, Java. That is a clean land.'

"When we got there, I didn't notice any difference between their port cities and ours. You must travel through a country before you know it."

On one point, Mrs. Hanson is very firm. It makes her angry when people talk about the British treating India badly. She points out that when an Indian goes to court, he wants a British official to try the case because he knows that he will get a fair trial.

She feels, too, that England has given India a great deal in return for what she has taken. And if all Indians were like their leaders, Ghandi and Pandit Jawahir Lall Nehru, she feels that they could be independent. But so many of them are ignorant, and others are out for their own good



"Hey, Marie, where'd the foreman say he got that new inspector?"

• •

that the situation is highly complicated.

Future Night Club

. . . MIGHT as well give you a slight preview of your future evening fun spots. One New York club, dubbed the "best dressed night club" by its alert press agent, explains what is being done to welcome the boys back home. Adjoining the main dining room and bar will be something new in the way of an intimate theatre. It will, the management feels, "cause a revolution in the design and handling of such places."

Guests in the club are to enjoy the ultimate in comfort and good taste in which "to enjoy leisurely and elegantly the superb cuisine and the finest screen fare produced by the major motion picture companies."

A complete post-war projection room (air-conditioned, too) has been ingeniously housed over the new oval ladies powder room, with the projection ports masked into mirrored walls and ceiling.

As the press release states, "One of the tricks of the room, when it is being used for luxury dining with no program being shown on the screen, and with the projection ports closed, guests will wonder where the films are shown. There is no semblance of a motion picture theatre. But lo and behold, with the pressing of buttons, before the guests' amazed eyes, similar to the operation of the stage of the Radio City Music Hall, decor, electrically driven by remote control, will move in no seconds flat, turning the room into an intimate picture theatre . . . with full size screen with modern sound equipment."

The idea sounds good enough. Only we wouldn't want to have to own a pair of "amazed eyes" every night. And what about the girl in the big hat who will sit directly in our path?

The release concludes with the prophetic touch. When the boys come home, they can enjoy their television in such pleasant surroundings at the night club of the future.

This is the first hint as to the post-war night spot plans. From now on, the hints will come thick and fast.

Boston

. . . THANKS to enterprising young bootblacks, two sightseers saw both ancient and modern Boston in back of the old South Meeting House the other day. There is a bronze sign there which reads:

"1634, Site of Public Market. 1657, 1st Town House, Burnt 1711, Rebuilt 1713. Occupied by the Great and General Court and the Royal Governors under George 1-11-111." Under this plaque is a neatly lettered bootblack sign:

"Shine 10c, tip 20c."

WAR HASN'T CHANGED WOMEN

. . . Is war work and the new careers it opens for women killing the finer feminine instincts? Not if sales at Boston perfume counters mean anything! In one of the exclusive shops for young women and girls, it isn't an uncommon sight for one of the independent young war workers wearing dungarees and the rest of her working outfit to walk in and, without the least hesitation, pay two days wages for a bottle of some exotic perfume. Just what male gets the benefit of that costly allure is anybody's guess, but the chances are that someone is getting shore leave and should go out to sea with the memory of faint perfume to lure him away from foreign menaces.

Boston women may be the career type on the surface, but underneath they are full of primordial urges that make them buy *Tabu* because some smart copy writer called it "The Forbidden Perfume," and other such suggestively-named odors as *Menace, Cobra, Cassandra* and *White Shoulders.* The man who named the Pullman cars must be sitting up nights thinking up exciting names for perfumes these days.

Maiden ladies who look as if they suffered from frustrations buy *Intoxication* because, as Mrs. Lee the buyer at Crawford Hollidge explained, "they want to think that they look like the pictures in the magazines!"

But a group of Waves stationed near Boston have just about exhausted the stock of that concentrated cologne called *Menace* because it seems that one of them bought a bottle and very soon thereafter got married, and since then every Wave who comes in says that she, too, has had a proposal as a result of that tantalizing scent on her tailored uniform.

If there is any thought that the siren-spirit is submerged in career complexes and the intellectual approach to life, consider how much of that rare and expensive scent which, tradition says, was the special man-bait of the amorous Empress Catherine the Great is still sold. It is about as subtle as was Catherine's way with her army men, but the idea that it was the choice of a lady who had such a list of lovers that all Europe gossiped about her does something to even the most proper Boston matron — with the result that this two hundred year old perfume formula sells well at war-time prices plus taxes. There is no extra charge for the glamour that surrounds the royal lady for whom it was first mixed.

White Shoulders on the other hand is, if our nose knows lush and exquisite scents, something to hope that you can afford or that someone else will think you must have, as it has everything. It is one of those hauntingly lovely odors that are a pleasure to have around even when there is no objective in making yourself alluring. The saleswoman says it is "intended for blondes" but we can't see why a favored few should be picked out to luxuriate in a fragrance that suggests romance, beauty, charm, full-blown and mature feminine allure and — well, isn't that enough?

According to our favorite perfume authority, Mrs. Gertrude Lee, who has been advising and assisting the fastidious shoppers at one of Boston's exclusive shops to pick their perfume for the past fifteen years, blondes are also supposed to be the only ones to use *Platine,* which costs $22.50 an ounce but has a few grains of real platinum (so the sales talk goes, anyhow) floating around in the little bottle to give you your money's worth. It is one of those sweet, simple and girlish flower-like odors that is alleged (to use an old newspaper term) to be associated in the minds of men with blondes only. Just why, we brown and black haired types haven't found out — but the same legend gives the brunette types all the exotic perfumes that are supposed to make strong men weak and break down the sales resistance of the most Puritanical female. That is, when you buy scents that are named *Escape* and *Menace* and *Cobra,* you shouldn't blame the men if they get ideas.



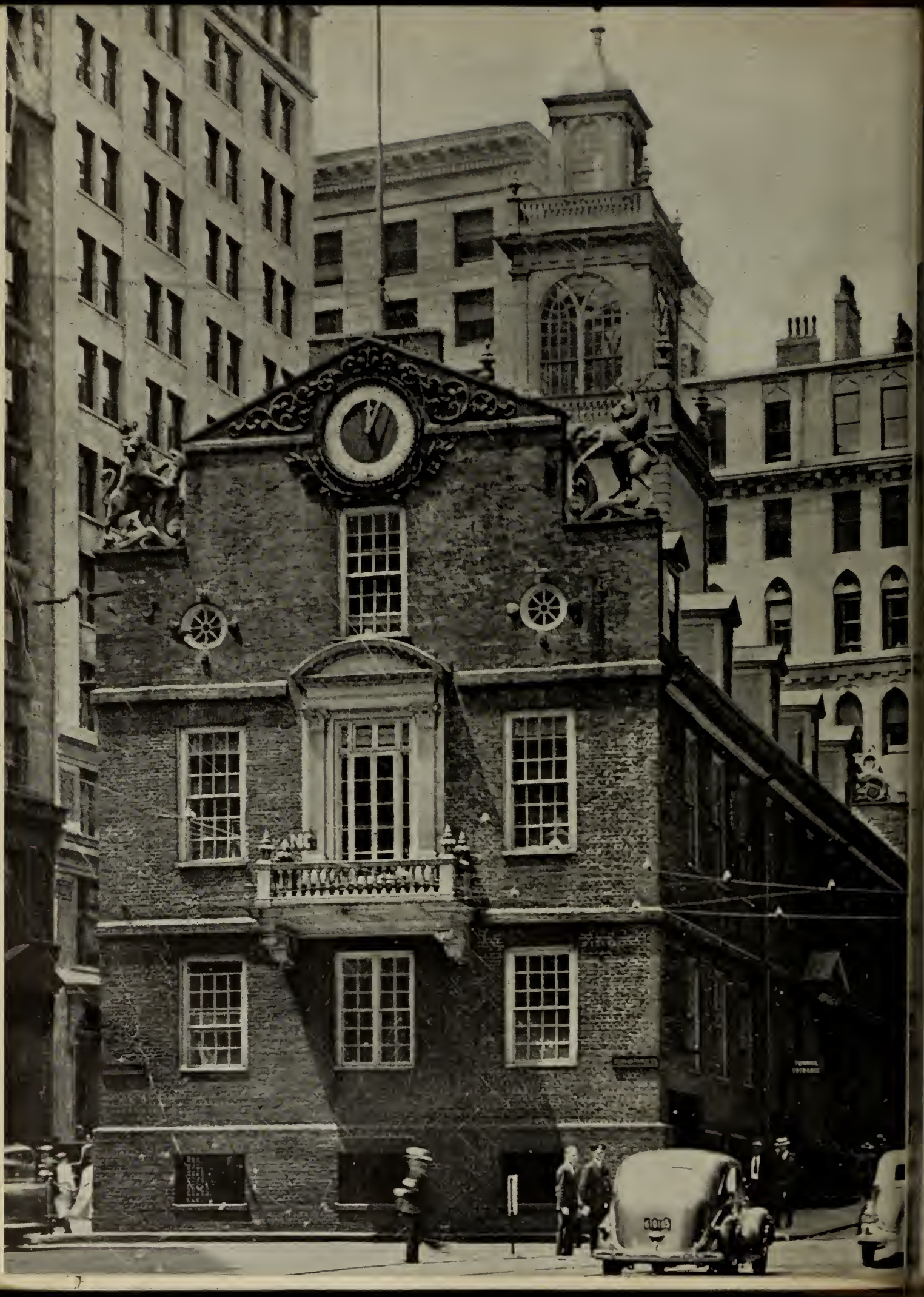
There's more to a name than its advertising value in perfumes, too, although all the perfume saleswomen say that practically no one will buy an unadvertised brand of even the finest scent. Attar of Roses couldn't be sold in this advertising conscious age unless it was called *Amour* or *Je te Adore* or something reeking of what every woman wants to think she inspires.

"A man is really the hardest to sell perfumes to," Mrs. Lee confided, "especially if he is buying for a woman he's in love with. Unless she has given him specific orders as to what she wants, he insists on smelling everything and picking something that reminds him of her. Usually suggestive of sweet innocence and girlish charm! Most men detest heavy perfumes — and yet they certainly seem to fall for them, if the number of bottles which women buy is any indication. Or maybe they don't — our results with certain odors aren't always as well known as in the case of the Waves who insist upon *Menace.*"

The most amusing purchase of perfume was made by a man who was, as he explained, "in very bad" with his favorite date. He looked all the perfumes over, trying to decide upon what would soften her heart.

"And what do you suppose he finally bought, without even bothering to ask the price or caring what sort of odor it was?" Mrs. Lee asked. "An expensive bottle of a new perfume named *My Alibi.* We all hoped it got things straightened out for him."

—Nora Kay



IT'S ABOUT TIME

. . . "History broiled and seethed around here," one of Boston's best known what-to-see authors wrote of the Old State House which stands on the corner of Washington and State Streets. After you finished that U. S. History course in school, you probably relegated this ancient edifice along with Cicero's Orations, St. Mark's Cathedral and the Gettysburg Address to the "nice-to-have-known-you" department, accepted your diploma and busied yourself with matters mundane and modern. This is a reminder that the Old State House was the important focal point when some rebels with a freedom fixation really got mad. It might be worth a bit of your time to look it over, especially since you pass by so often.

In Colonial times, fires were rampant in Boston. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Old State House, built as a Town House in 1748, inherited its site and three of its walls from the Town House that went down in a blaze. Without any waste of time, the new structure became the quarters of the courts and legislature of the colony and of the Provincial council. At the close of the Revolution, it housed the General Court of the Commonwealth. It further adapted itself to the needs of the community, after Boston Town became a city, by successively taking on the function of City Hall, temporary Post Office, and a "homely place of law and general business offices."

One of the last surviving anti-Revolutionary buildings in the city, no effort or expense has been spared in restoring it as nearly as possible to its original Provincial appearance. But before worthy citizens secured its preservation, Big Business threatened to make good use of its convenient location. The wheels of progress nearly squeezed it out of existence for more than a century as the city grew, but, somehow, the State House held its own.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said "You can't pry the old building out of a Boston man if you have the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar." Yet, after the Autocrat died, a rumor spread that the Old State House was to be razed and the square parceled off in building lots. Chicago put in a discreet bid for it, planning to transfer a smattering of Colonial atmosphere out west. But that bid was what settled it! Boston clung tenaciously to its landmark. It's right here for you to see today.

Before it was duly venerated, the Old State House suffered countless architectural indignities and was refashioned and patched for business purposes. The city squeezed the largest possible rentals from it, blissfully ignorant of its distortion of an historic high-spot. In 1882 and later in 1908, municipal penance was done, and both the interior and exterior original architecture were reproduced. Today, the second story balcony has the window of twisted crown glass through which all the later royal governors of the Province and the early governors of the Commonwealth looked. The main halls retain the same floor and ceilings, and the three original walls they had in 1748. On the second story, separated by the Hall of the Representatives, are Ye Old Council and Court Chambers, typical of the simple dignity of colonial settings.

The Bostonian Society leases the restored rooms above the basement where it has a public exhibition of rare antiquities relative to the early history of Massachusetts. You can see "a rich variety of interesting relics; historical manuscripts and papers; quaint paintings, engravings and prints; numerous portraits of old worthies; and many photographs illustrating Boston in various periods", one Boston Baedecker points out. Too often, though, Baedeckers guide Beantown's visitors rather than its citizens who are somewhat inclined to take their tradition for granted.

Restoration of old buildings never does full justice to them. The sundial on the Old State House tower has been replaced by a fairly accurate clock, and from deep down below the basement, you'll hear rumbling trolleys from the State Street station of the subway. Aristocratic carved figures of the lion and unicorn at each end of the building were burned in 1776, with "every sign that belonged to a Tory," in a pile in the middle of King Street (now State Street). When the building was restored, copies of the lion and unicorn were mounted on the eastern gables, but not until a bright gilt eagle dominated the western front with the state and city arms. Chauvinists got their way.

In and about this modest state property, many stirring historic events evolved. In front of its doors, an angry mob demonstrated against the Stamp Act and burned the stamp clearances. In 1768, British Troops were quartered there, taking possession of every part of the building except its Council Chamber. And only within a few hundred feet of its eastern porch, the Boston Massacre broke out, with the despised Lobsterbacks firing into a mob, killing four men, and wounding several others. You remember, probably, that the next day a committee headed by Sam Adams met in the Council Chamber and demanded of British Governor Hutchinson that "all soldiery be forthwith removed from the towne".

Here, before the battle of Bunker Hill, Generals Howe, Clinton and Gage held a council of war. From the stone balcony, the populace heard news of the Declaration of Independence, and Washington received a great ovation. In more recent times, Mayor Lyman gave refuge to William Lloyd Garrison in the Old State House, while he was keeping a pace ahead of a violent mob. These are a mere handful of men of destiny who passed through the building.

A little time spent here helps to recall and revitalize our history. One of Paul Revere's handsome tankards and one of his original prints of the Massacre are on display. Also a few of the world's most celebrated tea leaves, brought home from the Boston Tea Party by a participating "Indian". Architects say that the most beautiful stairway in New England is the one leading up to the Council Chamber, "graceful as a coil of lace."

Those were lusty days when the State House played its official part in history. It will pay you well to take a good look backward into time. The days ahead will be better served.



"But I want cigars, not pajamas! Is this a tobacco store or a toggery shop?"

THE GREAT REPUBLIC

. . . That paragon of all sailing ships — the Great Republic — gained its world-wide fame, oddly enough, before a scheduled maiden voyage which was destined never to take place.

Constructed in East Boston by Donald McKay during the middle 1800's, the ship o' ships represented a degree of perfection never before attained and never to be surpassed in the history of sailing craft.

It was McKay who revolutionized the construction of the packet and the clipper. It was McKay, also, who banished for all time many of the superfluities connected with the trade.

Among the few McKay memorials in existence today is the beautiful home on Eagle Hill, East Boston, which he built for his family a few years after establishing the East Boston yard.

In this same house, the McKay mind first conceived the Great Republic. Here the vessel grew slowly into reality, as Donald discussed it with his devoted wife, Albenia — changing a contour here, streamlining there.

Albenia died quite early in life, leaving McKay to find his only solace in planning the clipper. It became an obsession with him, an obligation to be fulfilled as a memorial to the beloved mate who had inspired him on to great things from the initial stages of his career.

Unlike most McKay ships, the Great Republic was built for her maker. She was to be entered into the Australian trade, and was especially constructed to sail unhampered around the Cape of Good Hope, where meteorological conditions provided a vessel plying those waters with its most trying tests.

On October 4, 1853, Boston closed shop, and its entire populace made its way to the East Boston shipyard to witness the launch of the giant.

The Great Republic was christened with Cochituate water from the East Boston reservoir (situated where the East Boston High School now stands) out of deference, McKay explained, to the current temperance movement. It was revealed some years later, however, that his eldest son, Cornelius, and a group of friends had been first in reaching the champagne originally intended for the launch. Finding the bottle dispossessed of its contents, the elder McKay had the presence of mind to substitute with water from the reservoir, a stone's throw from his home.

By December, the Great Republic was finally rigged to the last detail. Preparation was made to sail her to New York under the command of McKay's brother, Lauchlan, for a maiden voyage to Liverpool.

She was enormous! Her mainmast, from keel to peak, was 237 feet — easily as tall as a 20 story building. She was as long as an average city block and as wide as a city street. In addition, her tonnage was greater by 1,500 than that of any other ship constructed to that time.

The Great Republic made New York without mishap. Indeed, it has been told that while rounding Cape Cod, she was travelling so swiftly that she dragged a guiding tug boat astern of her.

At New York, she was docked at the foot of Dover street, East River, and loaded with wheat and other freight for the Liverpool trip. But she was destined not to make that trip — at least, not in the pomp and splendor her maker had planned.

On the evening of December 27, 1853, a trivial fire burned in a warehouse near Dover street. Abetted by a stiff wind, the blaze grew out of hand, and embers flew through the night air like huge pyrotechnic fireflies. The immense sails of the Great Republic, yet unfurled, were an easy target. In short order, the rigging and masts were burning. Here, the very enormity that made the ship famous proved her doom. Streams of water played upon her masts by fire fighters fell far short of the flames.

McKay was contacted at Boston, and it was decided to cut the masts down. With the crash of the great shafts on the deck, embers fell into the hold, and flames broke forth in the vessel herself. No course of action was left but to scuttle the ship where she lay, and she sank alongside her pier.

Nathan Hale's *Boston Daily Advertiser,* in its morning edition of Thursday, December 29, 1853, said

"There is something poetical and romantic in the fate of the proud vessel, the 'Great Republic'. In earlier times, it might have seemed as if Neptune, trembling at the approaching invasion of his domains, and despairing of the result of a contest with an antagonist of so perfect a frame and so completely armed against the ordinary incidents of the ocean, had called to his aid the Spirit of Fire to effect by a conflagration the destruction which could not be effected by a storm. It is sad to be called upon to chronicle the loss of a vessel so much admired and in whose success so much interest was felt, before she had even made her first voyage."

Previous to the disastrous fire, Donald McKay had refused to sell the Great Republic for $280,000, pointing out that she had been constructed and outfitted at a cost of $300,000. A substantial part of his loss was restored to him through insurance policies.

She was sold following the fire "as is and where is," for considerably less than her original cost. Her new owners raised her and rerigged her on a smaller scale and for a lesser trade.

Great disappointment that the burning of the Great Republic was to McKay, he nevertheless produced nine ships in the one year following the tragedy. These represented such outstanding achievements as the ships Lightning and Champion of the Seas.

As for the home, its famous twin parlors with their gracefully curved partitions and elaborate black fireplace retain the air of grandeur which greeted such McKay guests as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Edward Everett. In the barn, adjacent, five stalls remain scratch-scarred from the hooves of the McKay horses.

Yet, as that pompous structure stands atop its hill, weathering both time and the elements with the same fortitude as did the Donald McKay ships, few who pass it realize its historic significance.

—Angelo Alabiso

YOU'LL DO, JULIA

. . . It was a lovely handkerchief, even if it did cost seventy-five cents, which Julia well knew was too much. Except in this case, when the handkerchief was to serve as an ambassador of goodwill.

Julia drew the handkerchief from the little paper bag in which the clerk at the Linen Shop had placed it only a few moments earlier. It was neatly folded, so she rumpled it just a bit and fluffed it in her gloved hand to show the dainty lace edge that was supposed to impress the first United States sailor she saw on her walk across Boston Common.

There he was! He was sitting on a bench, all alone, and he looked as though he felt alone. He was dark, slim, tall, and his white cap was far on the back of his wavy hair.

Julia could just picture how he would look at Letty's party tonight, if the plan worked. If she could only get him there and let the girls see for themselves, Julia would emerge from her wallflower status, and thereafter could say that her boy friend was at sea. If she never saw him after this evening, they wouldn't have to know.

Her heart beat faster as she approached the bench where he was sitting. He was looking down, apparently at the toes of his well-shined black shoes.

She dropped the handkerchief, and it should have fallen right at his feet. She blushed as she thought how embarrassed she was going to be, when he sprang up from the bench, stooped quickly to pick up the filmy white square, and handed it to her with a Sir Walter Raleigh gesture. What should she say besides, Thank you? How keep his attention long enough to make the invitation to Letty's party seem not too abrupt, not too obvious?

Boston's east wind played her false. A sudden gust took the seventy-five-cent handkerchief and wafted it along, only to fall just beyond the end of the sailor's bench. Waiting in vain for the sailor to overtake her with the handkerchief in his hand, Julia ventured a cautious peep over her shoulder.

He was still staring at his shoes, and the handkerchief lay in a desolate little heap just off the gravel walk.

Well, it had been worth a try. If she walked back and never even glanced at the sailor, she could pick up the lure and try again. He could look at his feet forever if he chose. Down towards the Buddies Club she might have better luck.

A stout middle-aged woman, walking briskly in her low-heeled shoes, swooped down and picked up the handkerchief just before Julia could reach the spot. Julia was out of ammunition.

She walked in double-quick time to the nearest entrance to the Common, where the peanut man had his stand. She stuffed peanuts in the pockets of her camels-hair coat as she went back towards the lonely sailor.

She was fully conscious of her lack of charm, her too-wide mouth, her hair of a nondescript light brown, her pale blue eyes, and worst of all, the freckles.

She had her good points, too, but they weren't the things men notice, especially on first acquaintance. Julia knew. She didn't try to kid herself. That was why she had to use strategy today.

She calculated the distance, and at what seemed the right spot, she cracked the shell of a peanut and tossed the nut upon the gravel path. A lazy pigeon eyed the nut and finally decided it worth the bother of going after it.

Julia tossed out two peanuts, and two more pigeons were at her feet. She was getting nearer the bench—and the sailor.

A feminine instinct made her rearrange the soft blue wool fascinator she wore on her head, before she began to scatter peanuts with a lavish hand. The air was filled with fluttering gray wings, and the birds settled on the path just in front of the bench where the sailor sat.

He looked up. Julia smiled at him.

"The greedy things!" she exclaimed, and laughed.

The sailor laughed too.

"Here, want to feed them?" she asked, thrusting some peanuts into the sailor's hand.

"It's fun, isn't it?" he said.

A bag of peanuts wouldn't last forever. Julia tried to think of another topic of conversation. The sailor turned to point at two pigeons fighting over one peanut.



PVT. ALEX D'AMATO...

"The eternal triangle," Julia observed brightly. "Two and one of anything means trouble."

The sailor stopped smiling. What was wrong with that remark? Julia wondered. Well, a sailor will always talk about his rating, and his was one Julia had never seen before.

She indicated his left sleeve. "A hook and eye, with an arrow through it! Dressmaker—or Indian?"

He kept her guessing a few minutes before he explained about being a soundman's mate, and she listened with genuine interest. It's always a good line to talk about a man's work; everything was fine. And in just a few moments there would surely be a heaven-sent chance to invite him to the party. It was as good as done!

Without looking at the pigeons, Julia kept tossing an occasional peanut from her pocket.

A harsh voice broke in. "Have yer pitcher taken with the pigeons. Nice souvenir for the folks back home."

"Yes, nice souvenir! Just what I want." The sailor's voice was hard and eager. He turned to Julia. "How about it?"

"But we're strangers—"

"I want this picture to send to a girl in Indiana," the boy explained. "I just found out she's been two-timing me, so I'd like to show her she's not the only girl in the world."

His glance swept over Julia from head to toe. "I only wish I had time to find a glamour girl, but you'll do."

The smile left her face. She swayed a little, as though she had been struck.

"I'll do, will I?" she repeated slowly.

Then the full force of his remark reached her brain.

"Let me tell you something, sailor. Why do you think I took the trouble to speak to you? Maybe you think you're God's gift to women, but all I want is a man for a party, just for one party. Then if I never saw you again, it would be too soon. Just to stop being a wallflower for as long as one party lasts! And out of the whole Navy I had to pick you. I thought maybe it would do you good to go to a party. So I looked at you, and I said to myself, You'll do."

The boy's eyes brightened. He looked at Julia with frank admiration.



"No, No! Baby musn't hold daddy so tight!"

• •

"Gee, you look cute when you get mad. You ought to do it often. And you're a new kind of girl to me. You tell the truth. I didn't know girls did that."

The waiting photographer walked away. Nobody was paying any attention to him.

"Listen, girlie," the sailor said in an earnest voice, "did you ever double-cross a guy?"

Color flooded her cheeks.

"No," she replied, almost in a whisper. "No, I never did." She wasn't even good at one-timing, but she'd keep that terrible secret under her blue wool fascinator.

"I like parties," suggested the sailor. "Maybe if I got invited—"

"Would you really? After what I said?" Julia's blue eyes blossomed like forget-me-nots.

"Is this an invitation?" asked the boy.

"Oh, yes," breathed Julia. "Yes, indeed."

"I think I'm going to like you, kid," the sailor said, with a smile the girl back home should have seen. "I think —now don't get mad again—I think you'll do!"

The overstuffed pigeons drooped their feathers and looked bored. They'd seen the same thing so many times, a sailor and a girl, laughing over nothing, walking hand-in-hand along a gravel path on Boston Common.

—Madeline Corse

COUNTERBALANCE

. . . Sitting stiffly erect in the straight-backed chair on the stage, gray-haired, somber-eyed Professor Maljamar Hydenski faced the student body and listened with dismay to the guest speaker's words. He saw the rapt, intent expressions and knew the man's magnificent personality was taking a firm hold upon the youthful minds of his American students. Once before, in Europe, he had seen it happen this way—the beginning of the road to hate.

"It must be done!" the speaker, Henry Maitland, famous author of "This, Our World," was saying. His blue eyes snapped vitally, his white hair on his aristocratic head was disheveled as he leaned from the speaker's platform, taking the students into his confidence.

"Capitalism is destroying human peace, the little man, the common man, the backbone of society! Put your heart and mind and soul into restraining it, abolishing it! Learn well, for this is your task—for your sake, the sake of your sons and grandsons!"

Henry Maitland paused, took a white handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his lofty brow. He moistened his lips with cool water from the pitcher on the stand.

Professor Hydenski knew that Henry Maitland was honest in his belief, but honesty alone was not enough. He knew, too, that the man thought he was fighting, in his own way, for a greater freedom. But he was missing its delicate meaning, and his power was beating ruthlessly at the very foundations of the need for tolerance and understanding that Maljamar Hydenski had so painstakingly taught his students from his own bitter experiences. Wasn't Maria, his wife, lost somewhere in Poland, his old school now a mass of tragic rubble? Wasn't John, his beautiful young son, dead at the hands of the Nazis? Had he not himself suffered the tortures of the damned before escaping and finding his way to America and this modest job as history professor in a Mid-West high school? Why, then, he wanted to scream, why could not they understand this man was preaching hate, that virulent germ of destruction?

Professor Maljamar Hydenski seemed to shrink a little in his chair. The world today was such a strange, wild, chaotic place! How, he wondered desperately, when he arose at the conclusion of Maitland's speech, could he briefly comment on its greatness—for he conceded it was great—yet neutralize in the few words that would be his the essence of the man's philosophy?



Now Henry Maitland had moved from the speaker's place behind the stand, and was walking toward the front of the stage. He lifted his hand above the white sea of youthful faces, behind which rested eager, impressionable minds. He was like some great Greek or Roman orator, and his words flowed with the mystic power and cadence of music. He was closing impressively:

"Thomas Carlyle once said, 'The task will wear away your lives, the lives of your sons and grandsons; but for what purpose were lives given to men if not for tasks like this?'"

He kept his hand raised during that brief, psychological moment, then let it drop with a gesture of utter finality, like the falling of a guillotine blade. There was a breathless silence, and then the applause began to roar, sweeping upon the gray, stone-like figure of Maljamar Hydenski in wave upon wave. He sat as if transfixed, in acute mental agony, and wondered almost wildly if his heart showed in his face.

Henry Maitland, the smile of a conqueror upon his lean, handsome face, bowed back and away from his enthusiastic audience, and came to his chair beside the professor.

Professor Hydenski arose slowly, without looking at the famous author. He walked a little uncertainly toward the front of the stage as the applause dropped away to isolated patters, and stood for a moment, silent, swaying slightly on legs still weak from the ordeal in Poland. He still did not know what to say, afraid that it would be futile, empty, alongside the noble-sounding words and beautiful phrases of Henry Maitland. But he knew he had to try. The world would never know, but his own conscience, and Maria and John, would know if he made no effort to counterbalance this dangerous theory of hate.

"You have heard," he said hesitantly, his voice faltering, "the words and philosophy of a great man. Always remember them."

Suddenly it seemed his mind was sharp, brittle, brilliant. He saw the image that would make them understand what was in his heart. It was like a light, clear, bright, shot through with the blood, sweat and tears of victory in the human struggle on the long road upward. The voice of Maljamar Hydenski became confident, gained power. It swept against the upturned faces of his students with resounding clarity, the passion of dignity, honor and faith.

"But in remembering, my young friends, know that good has bad, bad has good. When you draw your evaluation, remember that when the thief was nailed to the cross Christ also was crucified beside him!"

He turned then, and walked down the steps from the stage, up the aisle and out of the auditorium. Following him was a startled silence, and he knew his words had touched the heart of analytical thought, and he no longer held a fear of the philosophy of Henry Maitland.

Maria and John would be proud of him.

—Clyde B. Ragsdale

IN OLD NARRAGANSETT

. . . South of Wickford, on the west shore of Narragansett Bay, a right turn from the main road brings one to an old brick building buried deep in the woods at the head of a small pond. It is an odd building, gambrel-roofed, low-portalled, and at once a house and a mill. To lovers of art it has a special interest, for it is the building in which Gilbert Stuart the great portrait painter was born.

Here, a few years before Gilbert's birth, his father of the same name made his home, and made his living by the business of grinding tobacco into snuff. It may seem incredible that a man could make his living by this means in such a lonely, forest-surrounded spot. And skepticism is likely to grow as one passes beyond the old mill and notes both the wildness of the country and its sparsity in population.

But in the years when Gilbert Stuart's father set up his snuff mill (that is, about two hundred years ago) the region presented a very different appearance from that of today. It was then the scene of a prodigious activity, the seat of vast plantations worked by negro slaves and conducted by some of the most interesting figures that have passed across the stage of New England history.

And the part of Rhode Island they occupied, a great strip two to four miles wide, running southwestwardly along the bay and seacoast from Wickford, was among the most fertile districts in all New England. Yet it was late in being opened to cultivation, for a good reason. Favored above all other places by the Narragansett Indians it was virtually closed to white settlement until after King Philip's War in 1676.

Then settlement of southern Rhode Island began in earnest, mostly by two land companies of limited membership. Because the membership was limited and the members were men of means, estates measured by the thousands rather than hundreds of acres became the rule. To work these, slave labor was brought in from Africa, great mansions were built, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century the Narragansett planters were firmly established as a landed aristocracy akin to that of Virginia.

Between the plantations of Narragansett and those of Virginia there was, in fact, much visiting back and forth. But while the Virginia planters got their wealth by cultivating staples such as cotton and tobacco, their Narragansett friends prospered from grazing sheep, raising cattle, and breeding fine horses.

The origin of the famous Narragansett pacers still is in dispute. One tradition has it that Old Snip, the first of the breed, was found among some wild horses at Point Judith. Another and more likely story is that he was imported by William Robinson from Spain. In any case the pacers helped to bring fame and fortune to the Narragansett planters.

And the planters lived, as one might expect, in an elegant, sumptuous, leisurely way. They entertained lavishly, hunted and raced, and were far from frowning on the dance as did the Puritans to the north. Closely interrelated they viewed with a searching eye any outsider aspiring to become allied with them through marriage. Whereby hangs a romantic, if tragic, tale.

It has to do with an eighteenth century belle, Hannah Robinson, daughter of Rowland Robinson, whose fields and meadows took in much of the country around Saunderstown. In Rowland's time the custom of the planters was to have their sons prepared for college by the rector of the nearby Anglican church, the celebrated James McSparran, while they sent their daughters to Madame Osborne's school in Newport. To Newport accordingly Hannah Robinson went, and there she met and fell much in love with Peter Simons, teacher of music and dancing in Madame Osborne's school.

Hannah, the Narragansett country's reigning beauty of the day, well knew that her father, one of the proudest of the planters, would never approve of an obscure young music-teacher as her husband. But, infatuated, she had secret meetings with Peter, even in the grounds of the Robinson estate. A night came when Rowland discovered Peter lurking in the lilacs, drove him away, and set a close watch on his daughter to prevent her from again meeting her lover.

In some way they kept in touch with each other, until, in a thoughtless moment, Rowland permitted Hannah



"Look, Trigger, Annie sent me a pin-up picture!"

to visit an aunt in Wickford. There she joined Peter, and together they drove to Providence one fine evening, and in Providence were married.

Rowland, almost apoplectic when news of the elopement reached him, vowed never to forgive his daughter, never to see her again. For a few months, but only for a few months, did Hannah and her Peter know happiness. Then she fell victim to that dread malady of the hacking cough and the hectic flush. Rapidly it progressed. Only when death drew near did Rowland relent sufficiently to grant her wish to be taken home to die amid the scenes of her childhood.

Whether Peter Simons returned with her is uncertain, but highly improbable. Indeed, one version of the story has it that Rowland had done wisely in opposing the match, Simons deserting his wife so soon as he found that her rich planter-father really meant to cut her off. At any rate, back to the Narragansett country Rowland Robinson finally brought the unfortunate Hannah.

The evening of her arrival a whippoorwill sang under her window. The slaves shuddered as they heard it sing, knowing this to be a sure omen of death. So they were not surprised, though sincerely grieved, when Rowland Robinson's daughter did die the very next day. They buried her near her home, and at the head of her grave put a stone that to this day marks her last resting-place. And to this day her memory is kept green in the Saunderstown neighborhood as that of one who sacrificed all, even life itself, for love's sake.

Of Rowland himself other stories are told, most of them greatly to his credit. He may have been hot-tempered, but taken all in all he must have been a pretty fine type of man. It is told of him that he was so moved by the pitiable condition of a cargo of slaves he had imported that he refused to sell any of them but kept them on his plantation and brought them back to health. So kind was he in his habitual treatment of slaves that, one legend runs, one of them, Abigail, went back to Africa for the express purpose of bringing over her son that he might be a slave on Rowland Robinson's estate.



"Just close your eyes and picture a washer that will sort, wash, dry and iron your clothes . . . yes, and even dress you in five minutes."

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Nor was slavery an unmitigated evil on the estate of any Narragansett planter. There were not a few holidays and much merrymaking for the slaves as well as for their masters. "When the kitchen was removed from the old John Robinson house," H. L. Koopman tells us, "sixty ox-cart loads of sand were taken from the space under the floor. This sand had been used in sprinkling the floor, and had literally been danced through the cracks between the boards by generations of jolly darkies."

Every June there was a summer festival, capped by the election of some slave as their "governor" until the following June. After the election there always was an open-air dinner at the expense of the master of the slave elected governor. So costly were these dinners that planter E. R. Potter, politician as well as planter, is said to have warned one of his slaves, that year elected "governor," "Either you or I will have to give up politics, or the expense will ruin me."

Thus life continued for the planters and their slaves in the delectable Narragansett country until the outbreak of the American Revolution. The loyalists among the planters, and there were many loyalists among them, fled the country. War brought desolation even to the estates of those who chose the patriot cause, and the abolition of slavery in Rhode Island soon after the war made plantation-working thoroughly unprofitable. Gradually the wilderness began to reclaim its own.

So that today, to the wayfarer who visits Gilbert Stuart's birthplace, toils up McSparran's hill, and makes his way to the spot where McSparran's church, St. Paul's, used to stand, the story of the Narragansett planters may well seem an amazing fiction. Woods, thickets, underbrush make weird and dark the roads which once rang to the laughter of the cavaliers and their ladies. None the less, they and their plantations constitute as real and as picturesque a memory as early New England history affords.

—H. Addington Bruce

HORACE CAHILL—LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

. . . YEARS ago a distinguished gentleman in Massachusetts was being good naturedly twitted because of the fact that, after all, he was not a "native son." Smilingly, he turned to his tormentor and said, "Look here, son, you are of Massachusetts by an accident of birth. I picked Massachusetts as my home after I had sense enough to realize that it was here I really wished to live and make my home."

Perhaps Horace T. Cahill, the Bay State's militant, doughty, but always cordial Lieutenant Governor never quite said that but he might well have done so.

Born on the East Side in Manhattan—New York to you—this two-fisted American of Scotch-Irish-Canadian ancestry was left fatherless when he was six years old. The mother of the young Cahill—there were two younger sisters—worked hard to support her little family, and Horace, a sturdy youngster, peddled papers, shined shoes and did errands for the neighbors.

Then followed that period of youthful development during which if ever a self made man was created it was in this same Cahill who was one day to mount the steps to the State House on Beacon Hill. Horace held numerous jobs, waiter, bus boy, usher in theatres, ball park attendant, swimming pool aide, cabin boy, delivery boy for O'Keefe's grocery store, telephone operator; he sold Fuller brushes, became a typist and a stenographer by going to school nights, has been a soda jerk, a bell boy and a hotel clerk.

And this boy, who once peddled papers and shined shoes on the streets of Roxbury, holds no less than five Honorary degrees from colleges. One of these citations from the Calvin Coolidge College suffices to show what the people of the higher institutions of learning think of this one-time bootblack and newsboy. It reads thusly: "Grounded in humble beginnings, through marked diligence of effort, broad sympathy of understanding and deep integrity of character, he has built his own pathway to the heights of an astute legislator, able Executive and master Parliamentarian, a true product of Democracy."

In 1912, this typical small American family moved to 23 Dana Street in Roxbury and lived there until 1919, when the family moved to 28 St. Stephens Street, near Symphony Hall. There the mother still lives and owns her home. Horace, in 1921, married Josephine Gates of Fall River, and after a short residence in Boston, the couple moved to Braintree where they



Horace T. Cahill

still live, and are property owners. Ruth Ann, now Mrs. Louis G. DiBona, whose husband is a corporal in the United States Army, and Jeanne Gates, a sophomore at Thayer Academy, were born of this union. Mrs. Cahill, a graduate nurse from Morton Hospital in Taunton, has been a Volunteer Nurse at the Boston City Hospital and at Quincy Hospital. In the main, however, she has kept very busy running a household, which she successfully operates without help, and in covering the official duties as the wife of the Lieutenant Governor. Gracious, charming and attractive, Mrs. Cahill has been a tremendous asset to her gifted and hard working husband.

Working his way through school, Horace Cahill found time to become a member of various athletic teams and to take a prominent part in the Glee Club, the Debating teams, and various extra curricular activities. The boy finally entered Northeastern Law School and received his Bachelor of Laws Degree from that worthy institution in the original class of 1918. His own service in World War One interfered and he did not complete his course until 1921. He was picked as Class Orator, and his eloquence and oratorial ability were as marked then as now. In 1940 he was awarded the Honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by his Alma Mater, but long before this he had found time somewhere, somehow, to attend Tufts College and to receive his Bachelor of Arts degree there, after the war, in 1920.

In World War One he served successively as a private, a corporal, sergeant, first sergeant, lieutenant (A. S. S. R. C. flying status) and was graduated from the Flying Officers School. While in the Army, he graduated from the Fort Sull School of Fire, Post Field School of Observers and Princeton University School of Military Aeronautics. He was honorably discharged January 23, 1919.

Cahill was one of the organizers of the American Legion, being first a member of Oliver Ames Junior Post in Boston, and then later transferring to the Post Eighty Six in Braintree.

Only recently, he was awarded the 25 year service citation. Over the years he has served the Legion in many offices and capacities, and was only recently honored by appointment to the Distinguished Guests Committee by National Commander Warren H. Atherton.

One could go on and on detailing the work of this American boy, a boy born in the shadow of the skyscrapers and the tenements of the East Side of New York. One could tell of the fact that 45 times he has been chosen to positions of trust and honor. Horace Cahill, one time bootblack and newsboy, holds the record of never having been defeated.

One could, we say, continue in this strain interminably. The pages of this publication are not sufficient to contain a record of the achievements and the work of this remarkable yet still typical American boy. But to do so would be only to emphasize the op-

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portunity which does lie here for the boy—or girl—who will actually follow in the path marked by a man like this.

Horace Cahill is a man's man. There can be no doubt of that. He was Interscholastic Hurdle Champion when a student at English High School, and over there they still tell reverently of his feats. He was a member of the Relay Team that won the City, State, New England and National championships. He bowls, he loves baseball and football, likes to watch a good "hoss race," and at school also held wrestling and boxing titles.

It's hard to believe that this boy of the East Side was able to win all of the scholastic honors and all the civic and state honors that have since come his way. That is, it's hard to believe unless one knows Horace Cahill and knows that when he sets out to do a thing it will be done. He has that rare quality which makes and retains friendships. His entire life has been one of consistent and constant effort, constantly striving to advance but never at the expense of someone. On the contrary, remembering his own childhood, he has tried hard always to be of aid to others. Today we know Horace Cahill as an outstanding expert on State Government, and an efficient administrator, a vital part of the "team" which restored good government to Massachusetts. We know him as an eloquent speaker, a warm personality, and a man of forthrightness and honesty. But one time they knew Horace Cahill as the youngster who wouldn't be beaten, the boy who wouldn't give up, the young man who set a goal and reached it. He has been an advocate of modern legislation to aid modern people. He has progressed with progress and today this doughty Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts has become a national figure solely through his own efforts and his own determination.

He is a great fellow, this Horace Cahill of Braintree, Roxbury, the East Side and Beacon Hill. He is equally at home today at a clambake or a reception to the internationally great. He is, in other words, the sort of man one really points to with pride when listing the assets of this old Bay State.

—Floyd Bell

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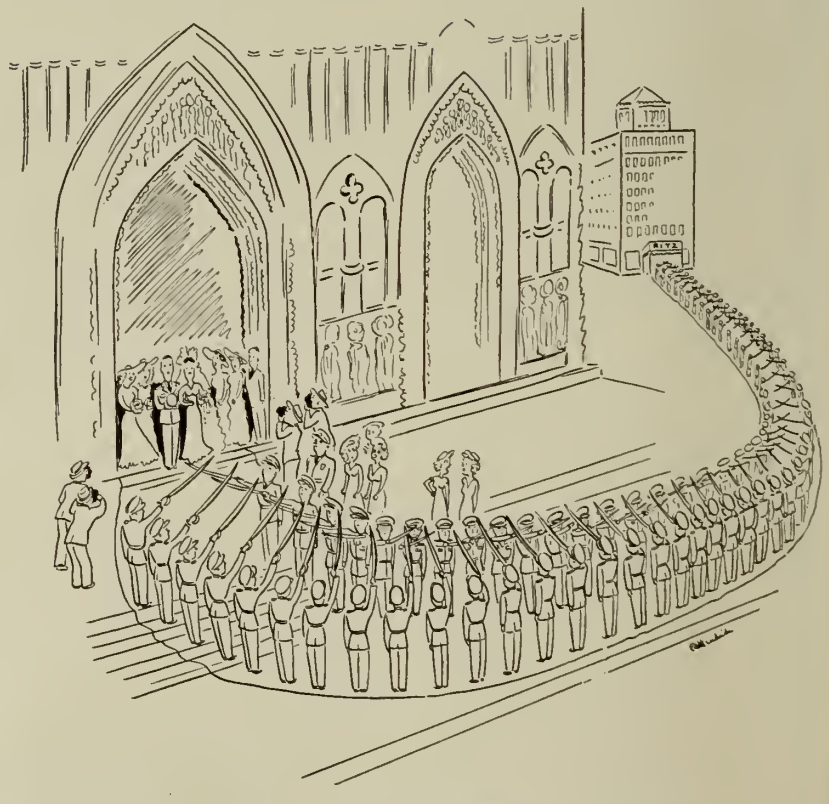
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SHOP TALK

. . . A STROLL about town these days will confirm your wavering suspicion that the weight of Rockefeller's billions might be a rather buoyant burden to tote around, at that. Although gasping for breath under the numerous restrictions and limitations total warfare has heaved on them, manufacturers have come out this fall with lots that's desirable and "just what you've always been looking for." As we've mentioned before, it's the shopper's problem to get there first and benefit by the variety of first showings.

. . . WANT to have your pictures taken? Then let experts do it for you, men and women who have had long experience and know the secret of emphasizing your best features and making you look your natural best. *Strem Studios* at 49 West Street have the distinction of giving the quickest service in Boston which means you can have your photographs finished and ready for distribution to your admirers in just one week. And that's fast work, considering the quality of the finished product!

Portraits are definitely the specialty of the house, as is evidenced by not only the praiseworthy samples displayed there but by the fact that fifty million Americans can't be wrong. The place smacks of prosperity, still they'll find plenty of time to do justice to you. You may have three 8″ by 10″ portraits done for the trifling amount of $6.00 and, if you're in uniform, you'll be presented with a gratis portrait with your order. Portraits, which always seem to catch your most characteristic expression, may be colored to give them a natural glow and make them more lifelike. Just $1.50 for coloring!

Babies, you know, take the best pictures — maybe because they're so wonderfully uninhibited. It's a fine idea to capture their wide-eyed cuteness while they're still wide-eyed and cute. If you'll bring Junior up, you'll have a picture that'll truly delight the family and Junior, too, some day. We saw one portrait of a baby that personified all the gurgling spontaneity of an infant who's tickled about something. The family album deserves one of these!

And brides should make an appointment to be photographed in full bridal attire with their grooms. Once-in-a-lifetime occasions should be recorded photographically. In fact, the entire wedding party can be "snapped", bridesmaids, best man, guests and parson, giving you an over-all coverage of a very significant affair. Extremely popular now are the convenient size Miniatures, complete in their leather cases for $5.00. Easily carried around in coat or trouser pockets or handbag, they can hardly be put into the "excess baggage" category.

Smith Patterson, now at 45 Summer Street, houses a collection of fine English bone china that would warm the heart of any hostess who goes about setting her table artistically. To grace your dinner parties, you may select one of the three Anysley patterns they have there, Berkley, Savoy or Keswick. We give our vote to the Berkley. It's a lovely white china with a Ruby Red border delicately decorated with fine gold foliage tracery. In the center of the plates is a Rose, Poppy and Forget-me-not spray which picks up the coloring of the border. You may have four sizes in plates, boullion and cream soup cups and regular cups and saucers. This is an aristocratic china which makes entertaining a pleasure.

Another Anysley winner you'll love to have in your china cabinet is a service-for-one breakfast set you can put to good use when some member of the household requires breakfast in bed or is otherwise served apart from the others. Of course, it's the fine bone china, and comes in white with a border of Turquoise embellished with a lacy gold design. The center holds a lovely Rose cluster, and we recommend it to cheer up dull morning. Also put out by Anysley is an individual creamer and sugar bowl with a slight ripple in the china which is a flawless white. A shower of Kelly Green shamrocks is its only decoration, but we know you'll agree it's quite enough and very appealing.



There's some Colclough English bone china with merit all its own. A tea set we'd like to sip from comes in white with varied borders in pastels, Pink, Green, Orchid, Blue and Yellow. The center has a delightfully informal bouquet. Collectors of rare or unusual cups and saucers will get excited over the dainty wooden stands which display their individual cup and saucer to best advantage. Odd and colorful collector's pieces to place on them aren't lacking either. Shelves crammed with intricate and different foreign-make cups and saucers have enticed connoisseurs to spend hours choosing theirs.

On our side of the Atlantic, Fondeville, N. Y. to be exact, plates are made that "take the cake" in more than one respect. Perfect for salads, desserts or fruit, they have pastel borders and luscious fruit design centers. One has pears and cherries; one, apples and grapes and, the third has peaches and plums. Their coloring is subtly mellow and suggestive of ripeness and abundant harvest. You'll hardly believe they're just $3.00 each.

. . . WE found one of the best assortments of gloves in town at the *London Harness Company* at 60 Franklin Street. Not the type for opera wear, mind you, nor any bedecked with sequin butterflies or the like, but superb quality, good-fitting, practical, classic gloves which can take you all the way around the clock. Though most of them are tailored, some would make chic complements to your more elaborate costumes.

Slipons seem to be most in demand. A Boxlav slip-on comes in fine, durable Capeskin in Tan, Navy Blue

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and Black. Hand-sewn with smart White stitching, it provides you with an excellent all-purpose glove. A pair of miracle gloves in English Wear-clean Lambskin are chemically treated so that, after wearing them, if you roll them up and tuck them in a drawer, you'll find their soiled and grimy surfaces immaculately clean when you're ready to wear them again. These are well-tailored slip-ons with hand-sewn detail and are yours in Gray, Taupe or Chamois color for $5.00.

At $4.00, you can get a pair of Merry Hull's Finger Free gauntlets that have a comfortable, seamless palm and absolutely no binding on your fingers. If you object to over-snug action-discouragers, these Finger Frees are definitely your speed. You may have them in Tobacco Brown, Navy or Black with contrasting stitching. Every woman wants a pair of White gloves; they're as proverbial as a White dress. A pair in White washable Lambskin makes a lovely accessory for any of your new fall clothes, or a soft White doeskin shortie (wrist length), slit on the back, with bright Red or Navy whip stitching. There's something elegant about White, especially when it's whipped together in such style.

Sportswomen might well look into the impeccable Peccary Pigskins in creamy Beige, so appropriate with tweeds and woolens. Cut by a masterly hand, they're for fastidious femmes who insist on quality plus. And this is it!

. . . CANDLELIGHT and scintillating crystal add magic to your dinner settings and *Jones McDuffee* at 640 Commonwealth Avenue will give you a practical demonstration of how it's done. Their collection of crystal is so overwhelming in its extensiveness that you'll certainly find several patterns in stem wear you'll want in the worst way. "Which one" is the question. Well, if you're one of those people who enjoys a colorful dinnertime, see the graceful Seneca goblets with Cranberry glass bowls and crystal stems and foots. Besides the goblets, you may have champagne glasses, all sizes in wines, and finger bowls. Rich Cranberry glass on your heirloom banquet cloth will look regal,

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what a blissful feeling . . . how you glory in its lavish furs and elegant styling . . . how satisfying to know it's exclusive . . . how deliciously luxurious you feel in its light warmth . . . and how pleasant it is to be certain of season after season of proud wear ahead. . . .

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to say the least. And it's very moderately priced.

Two patterns in Bryce glass had us in raptures over their sparkle and brilliancy. One is a Colonial type with a dexterously cut crystal bowl and a model stem consisting of three balls. All items are available in this particular pattern, and our advice to enthusiastic crystalgazers is to "come and get it" — but quick! Another Bryce inspiration is a sharp conical glass whose beautifully cut lattice design has true diamond glitter. One of the most important designs shown, it's striking and different and is a choice container for your most delicious beverages. Only $15.40 for a dozen.

Exquisitely clear Hawkes crystal will intrigue you in the Colony Waterford pattern which has thumb prints, or polka dots, if they look that way to you, arranged in series of three. These series are separated by bold flutes, and the effect is one of simple elegance and distinctiveness. You'll like the square pedestal upon which this autocrat among glasses stands. And bottoms up! A center-piece of vivid, late summer flowers in a low crystal bowl by Pairpoint with a bubble ball base completes your setting charmingly. And now we're ready to dine.

. . . ENTER September, with the hint of harvest in the air and a thrilling array of the most exciting clothes you've seen in many a season! Have you noticed the trees are beginning to turn scarlet and yellow; gardens bloom with purple and orange autumn flowers; days are growing cooler. And it's time for you to see what designers have turned out for you in the spirit of the moment!

R. H. Stearns introduces a group of Vera Maxwell creations in its sixth floor coat department that merits careful scrutiny. From our corner, we watched a busier-than-ever socialite deciding which one of two Black basics it was going to be. One, a collarless, feminine version of the new Officer's Coat, was tailored in a fine all-wool fabric. Silver ball buttons lent liveliness to the double breasted front detail and belted back. Army tradition at its best! Number two was a Forstmann's wool trench coat type with twisted gold hoop buttons up to its close collar and on its pocket flaps. Soft dressmaker detail assures its suitability for any hour of the day or evening. And despite their expertly tailored lines, these coats are completely feminine.

Another Black wool we saw had a smart Mink collar and revers to lend it importance. A slightly bloused effect is achieved by soft gathering at the waist which falls into a set-in belt that ties sweetly in front. All this for $190 plus tax. On the vibrant, colorful side is a coat you may have in American Beauty or Military Blue wool. Lustrous, deep-piled Beaver is used for a close collar and vestee which comes down hip-length and swirls gracefully over the pockets. This coat is slated for a smashing victory in vogue!

A young, double breasted Gold wool with wide Ocelot revers and big bone buttons is perfect for the mademoiselle who goes in for higher education or a career. Deep arm holes and raglan sleeves give it the roominess desirable in coats that are worn over suits on nippy days. If you've set your heart on a tuxedo, there's one in glowing Apricot piped with Black Persian. This eye-catcher has a folded shoulder ledge and is cut on straight, boxy lines, disguising that extra bit of avoirdupois you acquired on your vacation in a slimming perpendicular sweep. Stunning insulation against cold weather for $135 plus tax.

. . . EXCLUSIVE with *Jordan Marsh Company* is a triumphant trio of All Seasoners, exciting new coats you can wear twelve months a year. Smart double-talk in coats, they're self-sufficient in themselves, but have a supple, light-weight fur lining to button in whenever you need extra warmth. Remove the lining and you've got a dandy topper. These are non-taxable, incidentally, which gives your budget a lift without any reduction in style and quality.

There's a Chesterfield in American Duvbloom with a Black velvet collar and rounded lapels. It has a flange front, three large buttons, slash pockets and loads of expensive-looking

Looking Toward Autumn

One of a brilliant new collection of suits, coats and dresses that will make fashion headlines this fall.



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tailored accents. Yours for $55 in Rust, Green, Brown and other colors. And at $45, there's a wonder of a Boy-coat for town and country wear with beautifully cut lapels and functional flap pockets. You can choose yours in American Beauty, Plum or the good old standbys Black and Brown. Combining beauty with utility, these All Seasoners are going to take numerous young ladies over any rough hurdle our changeable New England weather makes them jump.

Against the days when the rains come, browse about the Shower Shop and see if you can find a radiant, rayon-satin raincoat to throw over your woolens comfortably. There's a kaleidoscopic variety in new durable, water-repellent fabrics from solid Purple and Green to combination Red and Black pin checks. We chanced upon some campus-bound lassies trying on a few of them with very satisfying results. One chose hers in a Copen Blue trench coat model with exaggerated revers and buckles holding multitudinous waist gathers within limits. Her friend selected a little number in vivid Red with a fly-front, set-in belt and handsome full sleeves that button at the cuff. Only $19.95. Perhaps you'd like to attract some attention between raindrops too. A swashbuckling trench coat in snowy White Duratwill with two rows of big Black buttons performs the feat for you nicely. Try it on and you'll certainly pray for showers!

• • • Ask any woman what fall means to her and, chances are, she'll answer unhesitatingly, "A new suit." With this echo ringing in its collective ear, *Chandler's* third floor Suit Shop presents suits and more suits for fashion-minded females from tailored career-pursuers to sophisticated socialites who bustle smartly about town. For the former, a tiny Brown, Blue and White check in a 100 per cent wool classic is suggested because it's young and casual and right up to the minute in detail. This can be had in rich, solid colors as well as checks and it sells for a mere $25. Snatch it—if you're a tailored gal!

Along similar lines is a fine Black and White tweed with clever yolk detail, self buttons and a versatile velvet collar you can wear buttoned high or just open. It has an air of simple elegance that's almost English. A miracle in silhouettery, their Military Blue wool Cossack suit has a dashing tunic coat, softly tucked and belted at the waist. Who wouldn't beam all over at the prospect of inaugurating the new season in such an ensemble?

And speaking of prospects, we couldn't refrain from staring at a delighted little bride-to-be who discovered the "open sesame" to her travel problem in a deep Fuschia wool suit whose designer is nothing short of a perfectionist. Smooth fitted lines are shirred below the shoulder and little gold buttons brighten and emphasize their shirred folds. On the pockets, the same theme is repeated. A couple of Military Blues intrigued us, suave, fitted models to wear with assurance at bridges, teas and those important luncheons at the Ritz. A feminine dressmaker suit has self-scrolling on its yoke and large lucite buttons. Pressed trouser seams make its skirt pencil-slim. Loops which give a youthful bow effect at the



neckline of the other are trimmed generously with soutache, so favored by designers this season.

. . . Did you know that beanies and half hats are now anachronistic faux pas? And *Jays* on Temple Place is all aflutter with heavier, wider, more important and much more romantic head gear than you've seen in seasons. Service men have laid down an ultimatum for true femininity and New York's leading millinery designers are only too willing to oblige. You'll see hats from almost every period in history and every country on the globe. Lusty Henry VIII inspired the new Beef-eater which adapts itself beautifully to high coiffeurs or low chignons. A Gay Fuschia felt one has fine knotted strips ruffling gracefully around its crown. Wear it straight, if you like, or give it a sirenish tilt forward. Beef-eaters are treated with cords, tubular effects and reams of veiling and maline to accent the thickness of their crowns.

As a chic complement to your furs, Black felts decorated in a new reddish-brown tone, Tropic Spice, are definitely distinctive. We saw one of the better-known Boston celebrities try one on with her Mink coat in mind,—a tiny mushroom brim and full blouse crown lavishly draped in Tropic Spice maline. She took it! A French period adaptation for ladies who take to the ultra in fashion comes in a Black felt sailor with two tiers of Black satin ruffling for its brim. A far more gracious sailor than any you saw last year! A Gay Fuschia satin Padre hat has veiling swathed over the top of its brim and a handmade satin rose posed in front. An American version of the Chechia comes in Black velvet, edged with delicate silver sea shells, a prize of a profile hat for those whose features warrant emphasis.

From Russia, there's a high, draped fez inspiration, worn off the face, stunning in Seal Brown belting ribbon. And straight from the studied grandeur of the Victorian era, a Black velvet bicorne steps into the spotlight, one which sweeps forward in a youthfully dignified fashion with a Pink hot house rose and dotted veil as finishing touches. A charmer to complete your tea, musicale or cocktail ensemble! Lots of berets are coming in each day, high, puffy, deftly dented ones, smart with suits and toppers. Get yours early in a rich autumn tone.

. . . We did a bit of suit-previewing at *E. T. Slatterys* and saw a truly irresistible collection of what style-conscious women delight in. Their second floor Suit Salon brings forth evidence that dressier cocktail suits are just as desirable this season as they are indispensable for the woman who goes places and keeps astride of the times. A Black Forstmann suede-cloth silhouette suit is lined with lustrous, slippery satin. It has wide flanged shoulders that narrow your waistline inches by contrast, a fringed satin sash and a collarless, convertible neckline. Wherever you may wear it, you'll be the cynosure of all eyes!

We practically monopolized the model who was showing a new saucy and provocative bustle suit with a slim-as-you-are skirt. It's cut along perfectly classic lines with plenty of width across the shoulders and little self berry-like buttons. Handsome in Fuschia! Slick Black "Sharmeen," a fine-textured worcestered, makes a suit that fits flawlessly and looks custom-made for discriminating Beacon Hillers. They'll love its rounded lapels, outlined in novelty braid, and keep it for years of pleasurable wear.

One that's shown in glorious shades of Forstmann wool has a Black braided edge on its lapels and cartridge tucks on its shoulders. Nobody could possibly object to the trim hipline or large lucite buttons which are two more reasons why it's one of the season's winners. Colors: Fuschia, Pimlico, Lorelei Green and Black. For the gay and daring Junior Miss, something different in a Cutaway suit, giving a vestee effect, with two rows of buttons straight down the front, would make her a topnotcher in fashion. It can be had in Orange Rust, Russet and Fantasy Pink in the lovely Juilliard garbardine, "Juleen." Attractively priced.

—Phyllis

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Prince Matchabelli, famous perfumer, creates Echo-tone, a new make-up

dation as vital to a lovely make-up as essential oils are to a perfume. And since each, in its own range of color, is a harmony that echoes the underlying tone of the other — and echoes your own type of beauty — blond, golden taupe, brunette or titian, Prince Matchabelli calls his contribution to beauty, *Echo-tone.* There are five foundation shades (both cream and liquid), eight lipstick shades, eight face powder shades, four rouges (both cream and dry), seven eyeshadow tints, and two shades of mascara.

The interesting thing about this newcomer in cosmetics is what it will do for you. Try an Echo-tone complete make-up and see for yourself!

. . . THAT bridal march — probably the most important day in your life — deserves a coiffure that is individual, different, yet unusually becoming. *Charles of the Ritz* has created a soignee arrangement for this important occassion. The back of the hair has been kept smooth with the long locks fashioned into an opera-glass chignon to accommodate any type of bridal bonnet. The hair is parted up off the face with graceful swirls piled high on the crown, making the finished picture one that is long to be remembered and admired. Let Charles of the Ritz Salon style your coiffure for your wedding day.

Dry Perfume

. . . IF you are seeking an overseas Christmas gift for that attractive private or favorite sergeant of yours — just remember — though her uniform is masculine, her heart is strictly



A soignee arrangement created by Charles of the Ritz

feminine! That is why *Yardley* powdered sachets, in two floral scents, *April Violets* and *Red Roses,* and *Fragrance,* a bouquet, should make an ideal holiday remembrance. Yardley powdered sachet is really a dry perfume, possessing the same lasting qualities of liquid perfume, in highly concentrated form. Applied behind the ears, on the wrists, and at the base of the throat, Yardley sachet weaves a flower-fresh, enchanting scent the whole day through. Aside from its use as a perfume, it is also delightful sprinkled on lingerie and handkerchiefs in dresser drawers. Packaged in an attractive, square glass bottle with durable plastic top carved in a petal design, it is practical for overseas shipment and use.

Something for the Boys

. . . THE answer to "what to give him" for most any occasion or just as an extra in between occasions, is *Charbert's "Something for the Boys".* This is a practical as well as a sleek-looking combination of three accessories to good grooming that every man will appreciate. *"Something for the Boys"* consists of Charbert's popular flasks of tingling After-shaving lotion, Gentleman's neutral-tinted talcum, plus a tube of shaving cream — all designed to make his daily chore more pleasant. This trio is packaged in a handy box with red, white and blue stripes. He will appreciate its smart, simple lines and admire your complete understanding of his requirements.

Helpful Beauty Aid

. . . CAN you put your make-up on without a mirror? Of course not! And the better the mirror, the more



Free-Vue Beauty Mirror makes a helpful beauty aid

successful your make-up will be. The *Free-Vue* beauty mirror is a step in this direction. You can hang it around your neck and take it where the light is best. *Free-Vue* leaves both hands free to try a glamour hair-do, or give yourself a home facial. If you don't want it around your neck, hang it on the wall or prop it easel-wise on any flat surface. The handle or the mirror may be adjusted to any angle. When not in use, it can be folded so that it is absolutely flat. Men too, may like *Free-Vue* — it enables them to shave and smoke at the same time. One side is regular and the other magnifying. The many purpose *Free-Vue* mirror is really quite a helpful beauty aid.

Protection Plus Glamour

. . . MADAME Helena Rubinstein has long been interested in doing something constructive about a protective, beautifying foundation. *White Flame Cream Tint Foundation* which will be on sale September first, is the result of Madame Rubinstein's long and careful research in the field of foundations. "Women over thirty should give special thought and care to everything they do for their skins," she declares. "Neglect in your thirties means regret in your forties, fifties, and sixties. As pretty as a woman looks when wearing Filmpact, or any other cake foundation, she should look just as attractive early in the morning without it. Regardless of her age, this becomes entirely possible with the new, protective, beautifying *White Flame Cream Tint Foundation.*" Smoothed quickly over the face, this foundation produces a delicately tinted, porcelain-like surface that is smart for daytime grooming and beautiful in the evening under electric lights. Delicately scented, it is available in four shades. To remove *White Flame Tint Foundation,* Madame Rubinstein suggests her Pasteurized Face Cream, or Water Lily Cleansing Cream, cleansers that leave your skin clean, refreshed and soothed. The tint comes off easily and quickly in this way. Never retire until you have cleansed all make-up from your skin.

Perfume for the Prosaic Tub

. . . DEVOTEES of Schiaparelli perfumes, *Shocking, Sleeping* and *Salut,* may purchase bath essence in the same repeat fragrances, neatly done up in attractive boxes holding six vials each. *Shocking Bath Essence* is an old favorite; however, the presentation in small flacons is new. In the case of *Sleeping* and *Salut,* bath essence is making its first appearance. There is an accompanying soap for *Shocking* and *Sleeping Bath Essences.* One is pink and heart-shaped and the other is a dainty little blue "pillow." The combination of soap and fragrant bath essence in your favorite scent will make the prosaic morning tub a luxurious ritual of fragrant cleanliness.

Never Lovelier

. . . YOU may be quite young — early thirties, perhaps — but is your skin beginning to have that mature look? Do you have "thinking lines" in the danger spots — around the eyes, forehead, mouth and neck? There is a special line of products created for mature skin, called *Velo-Derma. Velo-Derma* takes care of



Ann Rutherford, MGM star, tries Houbigant's new translucid Deep Beige face powder

three essentials: cleansing, lubricating, and protecting the skin. The ingredients are rich, the cream is micro-emulsified, and all have been produced to give the maximum benefits as they work together.

Cleansing is the first important step in caring for the skin. Be just as careful to remove your make-up at night as you are to put it on in the morning. Velo-Derma cleansing cream feels as smooth as white velvet and leaves the skin clean and refreshed. For lubricating, try *Velo-Derma Texture Cream.* Apply it before getting into the tub at night. For protection try *Velo-Derma Lotion.* Only seven drops are needed for a complete beauty treatment. Use it as a foundation before make-up, or for overnight work. You can toss about in your sleep without worry about its transfer to your pillow. This complete beauty ritual gives your face a glowing, dewy finish that helps it to look young. The entire plan in back of Velo-Derma is based on humidity for the skin. The initial cost may be high as prices range from $3 to $40, but the products last an unbelievably long time.

Devastatingly Different

. . . DEEP Beige is the name of the flattering new face powder shade created by *Houbigant* as an addition to the Translucid sheer make-up presentation. It is grand for toning down redness from too much sun and a boon to women with a highly colored skin. A clear, creamy tone for anyone who must avoid pink shades. *Deep Beige* is allure put on with a powder puff and it can be used either as a standby or for that special occasion when one may want to look devastat-

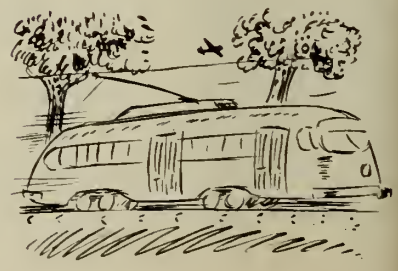


Velo-Derma products are especially designed for the mature skin

ingly different. It is a shade which will help acquire that magnolia petal skin tone and texture. A shade of face powder can help to do just what it is meant to do if understanding is used in its selection. So, whether it is to tone down, blend or produce an entirely new effect, the texture and color of *Deep Beige* will help turn the trick.

—CAROL THOMAS

•



JEANNE AND I

. . . The Full Life is made full not by essentials but by certain decorative luxuries. Duty to home, kin and country is not enough. It is such things as all-day suckers and, later, music, books, tobacco, alcohol and sex that make a rounded man. One just doesn't omit them without risk of arriving at the grave-side with definite regrets.

You might—and I certainly do—include bicycle riding among these enriching experiences. Especially if you learned to keep astride two slender wheels, as I did, when you came to the realization that decay has set in. That is, at 36.

My childhood had been underprivileged. I had never ridden a bike. Tears obscured my vision and sorrow quivered my lip when my friends went steaming by. Gradually my wounded psyche became warped as with false philosophy I made myself believe that cycling put you in a ridiculous position anyway, as your feet went 'round and 'round and your torso was hunched over so that you appeared to be testing your endurance on one of those voltage gadgets at a penny arcade.

I might have gone through life a hideous and unregenerate Hyde had it not been for Nantucket. My very first step off Steamboat Wharf brought a hot blush of shame and the understanding that my philosophy was so very wrong. For on Nantucket, that island paradise which Nature understandingly placed at good distance from Martha's Vineyard and not too near to condescending Cape Cod, everyone rides bicycles. Yes, everyone, from nine to 90, and they all ride with that grace and fluent ease which bespeak mastery to a degree of artistic achievement.

If there had not been an impatient arriving crowd behind me I would have ducked back into the obscurity of the steamboat's lunch room. I knew I could never hold my head erect in Nantucket, I could never take my place with my fellow beings there unless I, too, learned to ride.

What to do? My abdominal equator was one difficulty. What would people think if they found a younger sort of Pickwick on a country side-road trying to gain ascendancy over equilibrium and co-ordination? Sidney Carton must have felt when removing his neckerchief as I did when I resolved that Durgin Would Ride or else be laid adjacent to the founding fathers at Capaum.

Stiffened by the courage of desperation I ascertained the names and addresses of the local physicians and hospital, composed a final testament and set out to acquire a bike.

Nature's ways are often benignantly devious. She must have intended that some day Durgin Would Ride. How else explain Jeanne? In these days of cyclic scarcity and priorities, Jeanne is a lovely vision, a noble, if second-hand, mount.

Like myself, Jeanne has known first bloom but has not gone beyond that meridian prime wherein great things may be accomplished. Her mudguards, like my knees, may be scarred yet they are firm. Her pedals may creak like my fibula and tibia, but they are capable of bearing many a pressing load.

What made me fall in love with Jeanne in that first, rapturous moment of acquaintance was the generous and bosomy curve of her handle bars. They were the outward and visible manifestations of an inward and unseen quickness of intelligence, purity of spirit and a mettlesome temperament which, I divined, must leap as a white flame.

"Well, my lovely," I murmured, adjusting clips to the cuffs of my trousers to obtain that bag-of-thighs effect so dashing upon the highway, "let us be off."

Jeanne contented herself with an enigmatic smile as I swung into the saddle and in the same motion crashed into the gutter.

"Is that how you treat one who

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loves you?" rose my hot protest.

"My dear," she answered in a voice clear, poised and free of Yankee rasp, "you are old enough to know that he who would love first must master."

"Very well, wench," I flashed, "you'll be mine 'ere nightfall or off Straight Wharf you go."

That time it was a little better. One foot gained a pedal and the other nearly reached the second before Sir Isaac Newton's law again claimed me as its own. The third attempt was still more successful. I managed two complete revolutions, though not without laceration of the left ankle, grease on my nice, white trousers, and a rip in one sock.

"First blood to you, Jeanne my darling," I panted, "but you are mine and I mean to have you."

She made no answer, but her blue enamelled flanks quivered as they sustained another lunge. For 90 minutes that afternoon on Coffin Street two mutually adoring temperaments fought with each other as people in love so often do. In all modesty, I must say that the result was more than a draw—in my favor.

If Jeanne had not become docile she at least had not remained utterly intractable. I gently placed her on the greensward to rest and took myself away for a drink. Soon refreshed I rejoined the issue, and that time, with all the dazzling revelation of a miracle, I stayed aloft. Down the street I went, approached the corner, felt Jeanne respond gently to the pressure of my foot upon the coaster brake, made a wobbly turn and sped off into what would have been the sunset if the direction had been west instead of east.

Next morning I led Jeanne out of the cellar.

"Please forget that caddish threat to plunge you off Straight Wharf," I pleaded, tenderness in my voice and humiliation veiling my eyes.

"Of course," and there was if I do say so, a certain admiration in her tone. "I knew you didn't mean it. Today let's go to the beach. But keep your eyes ahead, pedal steadily, don't jump off until we've come to a complete stop, and remember that a slight turn of the wheel will keep you aloft and out of the way of cars and people walking."

"Yes, my dear," I answered meekly. "I'll do as you say."

Between Jeanne and myself exists a profound understanding, I might even say mutual admiration. In honesty I must confess that I have not mastered her, and I tremble at the thought of mingling with the traffic on Centre Street at mail hour. But time will bring mastery and my left ankle will heal. My gratitude for her kindness to me I have tried to express as best I may. She felt a bit out of it with no wicker basket slung upon her handlebars and no tinkling bell to appraise the multitude of our approach. I quickly provided those, and she seemed to thank me. Now she knows she really belongs in Nantucket.

—Cyrus W. Durgin

• •



"I gave him his choice last night — either he gets rid of the mushrooms or he gives me a divorce!"

EUGENE HIGGINS

. . . The Boston Public Library has been most fortunate in acquiring the entire etched work of Eugene Higgins, one of America's foremost painter-etchers. This gift by the artist is a most valuable addition to the rapidly growing American representation already in the Albert H. Wiggin Collection.

Any generation in any period of art would deem itself fortunate to produce an artist of Eugene Higgins' status, and it is surmised that no period could have better reason than our own to bestow the title of master etcher upon him.

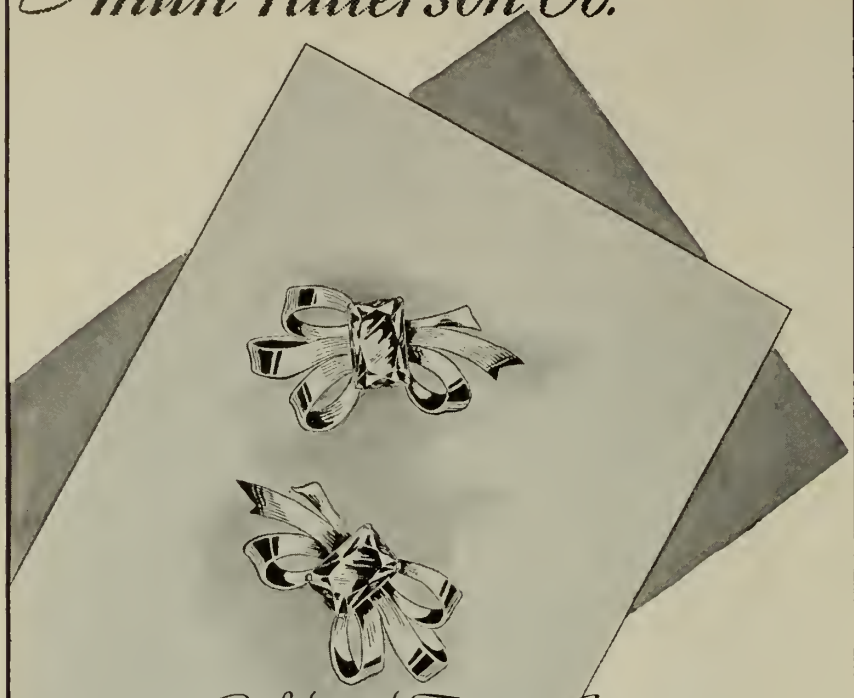
There are very few artists to whom individuality speaks stronger, and to whom subject matter is of greater importance. Higgins will tell you that he belongs to no school, although he is acclaimed by moderns and conservatives alike, but rather produces what he sees and feels with the best of his ability, experience and knowledge. The serious student and seasoned connoisseur have no reason to question his work, and both respect his judgment as his subjects always speak in a timely and authoritative manner. His rise to recognition has not been a rapid one, and he has fought and suffered for his ideals. His work, therefore, is the accomplishment of no trivial experience, and the result is not a mere superficial message, but rather are views on life itself, for which we are the richer for having had the privilege of seeing it.

Higgins' work is dramatic, and in reviewing his efforts many may say that his subjects are too morbid, but when done by a serious and enduring artist in full power and touched with that higher faculty we call inspiration, there is no question of its place in the world of art. His work has stretched over a period of many years, beginning perhaps with the fascinating drawings done for the "Assiette au Beurre," a French publication to which many artists, now famous, contributed. These were done in 1904, when a student in Paris, and were the means of his being able to further his study in the capitol of artistic opportunity. By temperament, he is as much a sculptor and painter as he is an etcher, and having the skilled hands of a craftsman he has the perfect equipment for the copper plate medium. Few artists enjoy the distinction of having received equal recognition in painting and etching. Honors have been bestowed upon him by Societies and Museums alike, and his work may be found in the most important private and museum collections throughout America. There never seems to be any indication of incompleteness or uncertainty in his compositions, although the purist might say that his technique is coarse and heavy, there is never anything halting or insufficiently controlled. With him it is the conception that is of utmost importance, and he will tell you that many of his subjects were given birth through personal experiences, the witnessing of an accident or street occurrence, or possibly reading from a report in the newspapers. Ideas come easily to Higgins, and are recorded on copper or canvas immediately, for if too much time or thought is expended on the subject, the idea will be buried and will perhaps never be attempted.



Influences of past great masters were very few, but it is only natural that Higgins' early love of sculpture should show great admiration for Michelangelo. He believes that influences are good for the young student, and not until the artist becomes indifferent to all other art except his desire to express his own ideas, will his originality take form. Young painters and etchers have heard him

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say, "One cannot show improvement until the desire for success has been eliminated."

Eugene Higgins was born in Kansas City, February, 1874, and grew up in St. Louis where his father was in the structural stone business. He inherited his parents' rugged thought and the rich imagination of his Irish ancestry from them, for from the first, he expressed himself with strong and original ideas, devoid of all prettiness and surface thinking. Sculpturesque peasants in rich deep tones, bathed in strong light and half shadow, make an early appearance in his efforts, and although resembling Millet's work, we are told by the artist that they were done from memory after seven years of study abroad (1897-1904). While in Paris he studied under Gérôme, who, although would be considered meticulous today, was a sincere and capable teacher. He also did considerable copying at the Louvre from the works of Titian, Ribera and Rembrandt, but his devotion was most obviously for the latter, and the great master's religious subjects left their mark in Higgins' formative years. Most of this time was spent in France with visits to Spain, Holland and Italy. However, it was during a visit to Ireland twenty years later, when visiting the birthplace of his father in the little village of Bluebell, that Higgins found the peasants, that he felt truly expressed the subjects in Millet's masterpieces.

Higgins' splendidly balanced and drawn figures are etched in rich low tones, giving the feeling of rough hewn sculpture with an amazing clarity of line. They are supported by nature in all its aspects, in fair weather and storm, often very dramatic, strong, calm and reassuring. His prints reflect the deep browns, greens and darkest warm hues, ever reflecting the kindly nature and loving mind from which they were given birth. There is always a sensitiveness and seriousness, combined with a pathetic poetry quite his own, in his successful endeavor to reproduce a section of life, of the kind of beauty of form or thought, which makes it appeal to the beholder.

Typical early plates are "Despair," "The Rent Bill," "Midnight Duty,"

"The Tunnel Dwellers," and "Blind Leading the Blind." These scenes are mostly in deep tones with light, by very skilled treatment, falling here and there on stairway, through arches or upon the landscape. The observation and reality of the figures have at the same time been keen and poetical, and nothing in modern etching with the exception of Forain and Legros, could be more impressive than the study of the action and gestures of these unfortunate people.

Imaginative power and understanding humanity are ably depicted in such plates as "Mother Groliot's Doorway," in which a warm light floods the room with an old woman sitting in the doorway surrounded by two children; "The Coast Watch," a composition of danger and destruction; "The Snags," a beautiful drypoint of a tired traveller; "Forgotten Trench," reminiscent of the last World War; "Solitude," a stark landscape drawn from the artist's imagination and "Despair," perhaps one of the most touching of all the subjects in its sheer sadness.

There is individual interest in each and every one of the more than one hundred and fifty plates in the collection, and as each subject speaks to the observer in its own individual way, it would be well not to mention further subjects that are all of equal importance.

One wonders what more Higgins could have said in his etched work. We cannot answer the question for life has been so active with his talent, so fertile from the beginning, that we feel nothing can arrest even further progress. Eugene Higgins is an artist of perfectly individual greatness. With firm dexterity of hand, he has interpreted the best meaning of a difficult medium, and the future will not have to forget his failures, but will remember the successes so peculiar and personal. Most artists and connoisseurs believe that these plates done by Higgins are not to be denied the future, and that they are a portion of art that will live in the history of American engraving for all time.

—Arthur W. Heintzelman
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BEAUTY . . . GLOSSY HAIR

. . . We've had several queries from the younger set about highlighting hair *without* changing the color. Although they're not looking for an out and out change in appearance, seems the teensters want hair of burnished copper like their story book heroines . . . and why not? Nothing like a mass of bright shiny curls to turn any young man's head. Takes a little care, but here goes. . . .

First of all, your hair must always be clean. Soiled hair cannot possibly be lustrous. Don't rely on brilliantine, as it's a dust collector rather than a brightening agent. Wash your hair whenever it needs it with a good full bodied lathering shampoo, and most important of all, rinse it well. You know your hair will be dull if you leave any soap in it. It's not easy to free the hair from soap, even in beauty salons. A film of soap scum adheres to the hair shaft and only the very softest of water will cleanse it thoroughly. You'll find the better beauty salons use a 'sylk' rinse which is a very efficient water softener. It dissolves all soap scum and allows no more to form. Sylk is powdery crystals that are dissolved in water and poured over wet hair, used with your shampoo. It's easy enough to use at home too. You can then be sure your hair is absolutely clean.

Brush your hair as much as you possibly can. Get a good stiff bristled hair brush and learn to use it instead of a comb. Brush your hair well in the morning, before dates and before retiring. Separate your hair in sections, and brush each part from the scalp to the ends, as vigorously as you can. Don't be afraid of disturbing a fresh permanent or hair style . . . you'll be improving it instead. Keep up this brushing routine regularly and you'll soon know why it's so important. It shows.

If your scalp is dry or oily, start correcting the condition until you have it as near normal as possible. There is a difference between scalp treatments and hair treatments. Hot oil treatments are grand for dry scalps. Heat some oil in a tin cup, and apply to your scalp with a piece of cotton. Part your hair in half inch sections and rub in the oil. Wring out a turkish towel in hot water and wrap it around your head. You can apply several hot towels. Then wash your hair well with a good lathering oil shampoo using a sylk rinse to make sure you rinse the soap and oil from your hair.

Dry hair and a dry scalp do not always go together. We know of cases where the scalp is quite oily, but the ends of the hair are dry. Salt water and sun will make the ends of your hair particularly dry, and so will some permanent waves. You should rub a hair salve into your ends two or three times a week. Use a good oil shampoo, or better still, one of those delicate color accenting shampoos that are often used on children's hair. The shampoo itself is a wonderful hair treatment. Leave the colored lather on for half an hour for the best results.

If your scalp is oily, wash your hair quite often. As a corrective treatment, we suggest you mix quite a concentrated solution of sylk rinse . . . about a teaspoonful of the powdered crystals to two or three ounces of warm water. Part your hair in half inch sections and rub the sylk solution into your scalp with absorbent cotton. The sylk will help dissolve the greasy film on your scalp and hair. Then pour a more diluted solution of sylk all over your hair, your lathering shampoo over this and lather it all up together. The soap and sylk will leave your hair thoroughly clean and free from oil. Of course your hair will get oily again, as you have over active sebacious glands. But your hair will remain clean longer as you have removed oily film that you never have removed before, no matter how often you washed your hair.

. . . You can have even more sparkle to your hair if you use color accenting shampoos. Your folks will never know you used anything unusual, for it cannot possibly make any marked difference in the color of your hair. Instead it accents your own color. If your hair is merely brown (and merely is such an unattractive shade) use the coppertone accent shampoo. Your hair will still be brown, but a shiny lustrous brown. Sunburst will leave dancing highlights in any shade of blonde or light brown hair. There are other shades too, and one for your Mom if she has white hair and wants it to shine. Color accenting shampoos are used on children's hair as well. Many Mothers who have been using lemon rinses to keep Susan's hair from darkening, have found lemon is too drying for that baby fine hair. Besides, nothing you will do can prevent hair from growing darker. You can, however, keep golden lights in her hair as it grows, via color accenting.

That, girls, is the formula for bright shining hair. It doesn't matter really whether you are blonde, brunette or redhead. The gal with the *shiniest* crop of curls has the most attractive hair.

—Lillian Munroe



"I wonder if I dropped my meat stamps?"

WOMEN AND THE WAR

. . . PRESENTING one of Boston's outstanding women, Lily Marie Scanlon, housewife, mother and civic leader.

Foreseeing the immediate need of the first GI Joes as they crowded into Boston on week-ends, long before Pearl Harbor, Lily Marie Scanlon, as chairman of a dance and special events committee for the city, organized the first 1000 junior hostesses, begged hotels and clubs for reservations, solicited punch and cookies, and welcomed these lonely boys, strange to uniform, to a city which might just as easily have turned a cold shoulder. Such a service to Boston and to our first servicemen merits the degree S.C., Servitor of the Community. For one year these dances, well known to boys of every nearby camp and fort, were the place to go on Saturday night. Vitalized by the unlimited enthusiasm of the organizer, it was natural that this project was incorporated into the work of the U.S.O. a year later.

As chairman of Community Service for the Boston City Federation and only woman member of the Executive committee of the Boston Committee on Public Safety, her activities on the home front have been legion, running the entire gamut of service, to Boston, its citizens and its servicemen during the next three war years. She attempted to acquaint the women of Boston with its institutions, conducting special trips to such places as the Suffolk County Jail, Police Headquarters, Boston's Recreation and Report Centers and others.

Among her accomplishments, working always with women and women's organizations in the city, have been the furnishing of guest house rooms at Fort Devens and Camp Edwards . . . the latter as a memorial to the parents of Maurice J. Tobin, Mayor of Boston and presented to him as a birthday present by his friends . . . the furnishing of recreation rooms at Wood Island Park for the first contingent of soldiers there and again at Camp Edwards . . . the organization of a volunteer group of 200 women to help the depleted nursing staff at Boston City Hospital, many of whom have already received 100 hour service pins . . . the organization of a similar group of three to four hundred volunteers for Long Island Hospital, charitable institution for the homeless and friendless of the city . . . the assembling of $3000 worth of new clothing for Boston's De-contamination Center.



Mrs. Joseph E. Scanlon

On the first black-out test in Boston, she flew with the checking-up squad for visible glow. At the request of the War College, Washington, D. C., where men from all over the country train for war service, Boston, under her leadership, was the first city in the country to have a complete file of all city papers in the news racks of the College by yearly subscription. No one can speak with more authority or conviction than she, when she says: "If the activity is well planned, I have always found the women of Boston eager and willing to do anything or everything that will help bring about a complete victory. They are looking ahead to working just as willingly in activities directed toward a just and lasting peace in the world."

Born in Roxbury and living there until she married, when West Roxbury became her home, it is natural that Boston and its place in the sun should be of primary importance to her. Born on Easter Day, she is appropriately named Lily for that symbolic flower by a gentle mother, who reared twelve children to good citizens in the community. Her father, although born in Boston, is of straight Irish heritage while her mother can still remember the little hamlet in County Roscommon, that section of Ireland that gave birth to the great singer of heart songs, John McCormack. Educated in the Roxbury public schools, Girls' Latin School and Madame's Sacred Heart, then on Commonwealth Avenue, she demonstrates the best characteristics of the Irish, cordiality, generosity, smoothness of manner and sincerity.

As a child, responsibility was accepted and others gained from her strict adherence to the right. Every Sunday found her corralling her younger sisters and the neighbors' children, regaled in their Sunday best and marching them to early Mass and then again to Sunday School, a distance of three miles each way. This early training in the problems of a race, seeking liberty and security in a new land, must have unconsciously influenced her ways of thought and action and so sown the seed of living for others which has always been such a dominant factor in her life.

She says that her early years were spaced by a continual stream of visitors, new citizens to this country from Ireland, who on coming to Boston, sought guidance and advice from her civic minded father.

As a young mother, her interests centered in the Home and School Association of Roslindale where she became the first woman president. From there she extended her interest to the Boston Home and School, accepting the presidency and working to raise first year scholarships for aspiring boys and girls and building a closer understanding between the parent and the teacher for the good of the student.

Undoubtedly the understanding of a wise husband, now assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Boston and the love and devotion of her two daughters have much to do in extending her energy and interest outside the home, always of major consideration to her. Marie, with Regis and Simmons College behind her is now a full-fledged social worker in the Welfare department of the Boston City Hospital, and Joey, 1944 gradu-



ate from Regis College, is just engaged to a Lieutenant in the Infantry, world hero of the South Pacific who proudly wears the Purple Heart and the Legion of Merit.

With two attractive daughters, a comfortable Colonial home, white with blue blinds, where the atmosphere of hospitality and cheer is evident to all who step within, it was no wonder that the boys in the neighborhood adopted this home as theirs. Today there are letters in every mail from these same boys, now in the service of Uncle Sam, everywhere in the world, who write . . . I'm waiting for the day when I can drop in and sit around with you again . . . do you still make those swell Brownies?

She well knows in her heart and in her work for others that this is a woman's war too, and that women must and will fight the battle on all fronts with intelligence, with high spirit, and with vision.

—Dorothy Kraus

•

ENTRE NOUS

O woman, listen and be wise!
The mascara, lipstick and dyes
Used on your hair and lips and eyes,
Are things which can antagonize
The man you try to hypnotize.

Should you contend this is surmise,
Then one who knows at once replies;
Of all that lives beneath the skies,
A woman till the day she dies,
Depends entirely on disguise.

So when a man with candor tries
To show a woman should devise
A better way to utilize
The features she would emphasize,
He knows she will not sympathize.

Though you adversely criticize,
I will presume to summarize:
The woman who with nature vies,
Some day will have to realize,
Her glaring make-up men despise.

If my satire creates surprise,
And you protestingly uprise
Because I dare to recognize
That camouflaged you are no prize!
What must I do, apologize?

—G. V. Kenyon-Ashenden

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A LETTER TO HOME

. . . Corporal Peter Garrett lay on his back in his bunk, clad only in rumpled white shorts, and stared up at the ceiling, where flies buzzed lazily in and out among the rafters. His hands were clasped behind his head. One of the flies came down and bothered his bare feet. Impatiently, he rubbed his toes together and shooed away the troublesome insect.

Sergeant Jenkins came into the barrack and sat down on the next bunk. He hauled out cigarettes, offered one to Garrett. "Have one?" he asked.

Peter shook his head. He motioned to the snuffed out stubs that littered the bare board floor about the bunk. "Just finished some," he said mildly.

Jenkins lighted up, flipped the smoking match at the space heater. "What's new?" he demanded. Garrett shook his head again. "Nothing new," he answered.

"Certainly is a dead place here, ain't it?"

Garrett bobbed his head. "Yeah, sure is."

Jenkins folded his knees, rested an elbow on the top one, took a long drag at his cigarette. "Where do you come from, bub?"

"New York state. Huntington."

"New York, hey? I'm from Cleveland, myself. New York's a pretty big hunk of ground. Huntington a nice place?"

"Best in the country."

"What makes you think so?"

"Every guy thinks his home town is the best in the country."

"Yeah, I guess so. I like Cleveland, myself. Like to be home now?"

"I sure would."

"When you going home again?"

"What's that?"

"I said, when are you going home again?"

"Oh, I dunno—yet."

The heat was oppressive. Drops of perspiration beaded out on Peter's forehead. The early evening breeze wafting in through the barrack window above his head did little good. He sighed and wiped away the sweat with a damp handkerchief. More reappeared.

"Warm, ain't it?" Jenkins reminded him.

"Sure is." Peter sat up and swung his legs to the floor. His feet touched the dusty and splintery boards gingerly. Leaning over to the pair of trousers thrown across the foot of the bunk, he pulled a pack of cigarettes from the pocket, and offered one to the Sergeant. Jenkins indicated that he was still holding the one he had just fired up.

Peter took out a silver lighter, spun the wheel. A flicker of flame brightened his face for an instant as he took a couple of puffs to start the cigarette burning.

"That's a nice lighter," Jenkins admired.

Peter turned it over in his hand, snapped the cover shut. The flame went out. The lighter bore a tiny inscription on its side, 'CG to PG'. Peter agreed with Jenkins that it was a nice lighter. "A present from my wife," he explained.

The topic of conversation switched. "There's a USO show tonight, you going over?" asked Jenkins. Garrett shook his head no. "I've got a letter to write," he said.

"Why don't you go?" the Sergeant argued. "You can write letters anytime."

Peter didn't answer. Pulling a bunch of keys from his pocket, he unlatched his foot locker, lifted the lid. He dragged out a worn leather portfolio that opened up to form a lap desk, and returned to the bunk. He first straddled it, found that position too uncomfortable, and finally ended up by sitting cross-legged, Hindu fashion.

Jenkins watched him for a moment, then got up, dropped his cigarette to the floor, stamped it out, and went off down the aisle between the rows of bunks.

Peter didn't notice him leave; he was busy writing. "Dear Carol," his pen traced. "By the time you receive this, I will probably be on my way, exactly where, I don't know. Don't worry about me though, I shall be all right. My job is non-combatant, which will keep me out of the front lines anyway, although I have often wished, if it weren't for you and the baby, that I could see a little real action, as long as I have to be in this mess.

"Be sure and write often; they tell us that V-mail is the quickest. By the by, there is a package on the way home that I mailed this morning. They told me at inspection I couldn't take all of the things you sent down these past few months, as only G.I. stuff is permissible. The box is full of sox and things, be sure to save them for me, I can wear them when I come home again. I wish I could have seen you just once more before I go, but that was impossible, as it hasn't been six months since I had my last furlough. In two more weeks, I could have gotten a ten-day delay enroute and stopped off to see you, but it is too late for that now. Tough luck, I guess. Lots of love to you and the baby. Pete."

He folded the letter quickly, marked the address on the envelope, and wrote his own in the upper left hand corner. He scribbled 'free' in the right hand upper corner, then as an afterthought, crossed it out, and sorted out six cents from the change in his pants pocket.

Jenkins came back down the aisle, dressed for the show. "Sure you don't want to go?" he demanded of Peter. The boy declined. "—But you can do me a favor," he suggested. He handed the letter to Jenkins along with the six cents. "Put an air mail stamp on that and drop it in the box, will you?" he asked.

The Sergeant looked at the money in his hand. "Eight cents for air mail now, bub," he pointed out.

"Yeah, that's right," Peter agreed. He brought out two more pennies and handed them over. Jenkins went out, banging the screen door behind him. Peter lay back down on his bunk, found his pack of cigarettes, and flipped the wheel of his lighter. The 'CG to PG' caught his eye as he fired up. Slowly, he closed the lighter's cover and slid it under his pillow.

—Charles V. Haas




ALARM
CLOCKS
APPLE
ROUTE
1

MUSIC

. . . Chronologically speaking Serge Koussevitzky is now 70. But so far as the ardor of his conducting and the vitality of his musical adventurings are concerned, he is without age. The great leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra turned the corner of three-score-and-ten on July 26. Three days later, in celebration of the event, he opened a Mozart Festival of four concerts in the little Opera-Concert Hall at "Tanglewood" in the Berkshires.

More than 2000 people turned up to hear the A major Symphony (K. 201), the Divertimento for Strings and Two Horns (K. 287), the little three-movement Symphony in C major (K. 338) and three arias sung by Negro soprano Dorothy Maynor. The last were "L'amero saro costante" out of "Il Re Pastore", Pamina's "Ach, ich fuehls" from "Die Zauberfloete" and the concert aria "Non temer, amato bene" and its preceding recitative (K. 505).

From the orchestra of 38 principal and other members of the Boston Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky drew sounds of tonal richness and a grace of phrasing equalled only at the regular Winter concerts in Symphony Hall. True, the opening movement of the A major Symphony did not share the superfine blending and precision of all that followed, but that in retrospect was only a detail. Otherwise this was orchestral performance of highest quality.

You never can be quite sure about Berkshire weather except that it is likely to rain almost any day. In the afternoon there had been a whopping thunderstorm that, by concert time, had left the air cool and misty through which fireflies winked over the green lawns of "Tanglewood." Dampness is not good for strings, of course, and even the Boston Symphony men could not produce quite the vibrant tone which is their glory.

Miss Maynor is an artist of considerable talent and musical discrimination. I do not think her voice has retained all that natural, lyric beauty it had at the outset of her career, and I do not think she has developed into the great artist which her early promise suggested she might become. Nevertheless, all her singing, however uneven, seems to be carefully prepared and it is musicianly. She, together with Mr. Koussevitzky and the instrumentalists, received a resounding welcome.

Old Man Weather again floated over the hills on Sunday afternoon to do what he could to spoil the second concert. The "Haffner" Symphony had been gone through very nicely, and the first movement of the E-flat Concerto for Two Pianos (K. 365) had begun, when the thunder, lightning and rain burst upon us. After the first movement, soloists Pierre Luboshutz and his wife, Genia Nemenoff; Mr. Koussevitzky, his orchestra and the rest of us sat patiently waiting for the disrupting noises to cease. Finally the musicians tackled the lovely andante — which was punctuated with thunder — finished it, and launched into the finale. Then the rumbling forced the conductor to declare a premature intermission.

After the storm had passed—temporarily — the slow movement of the Concerto was repeated and the champagne finale played without further interruption.

Mr. Luboshutz and Mme. Nemenoff were in their best form, which is to say a marvel of digital dexterity, precision so keen that their four hands might be a single instrument, and a range of dynamics amazingly broad. What is more, they approach Mozart with complete mastery of style and a melting tenderness of expression. Coupled with Mr. Koussevitzky's reading, their performance made the Concerto the peak of the afternoon. There was applause of tumultuous proportions. Mr. Koussevitzky was obviously pleased and he rewarded his soloists, Mr. Luboshutz with a hearty shake of the hand, Mme. Nemenoff with an affectionate kiss on the brow.

The program ended with the Overture — not often heard — to "La Clemenza di Tito", and the "great" G minor Symphony (K. 550). Just as the audience left the storm returned to give all hands a nice wetting with pure Berkshire rainwater. (I find Berkshire rain no better than any other.)

This is not, of course, a festival on pre-war lines. Travel limitations forced temporary abandonment of the full-orchestra Berkshire Symphonic Festivals after that of 1941. The smaller Festival in 1942 was a student affair by Mr. Koussevitzky's Berkshire Music Center, which in turn was closed after that season. In 1943 not a note was heard at "Tanglewood".

It is, therefore, a good deal that even a small Festival has been arranged for this year. In 1944 it is the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., and not the Berkshire Festival committee that is presenting the four concerts devoted to Mozart.

While a holiday mood was in evidence among the audience, there was proof on every hand that we are still in the midst of war. The huge, fan-shaped Music Shed is boarded up, "Tanglewood" house is closed and there is no refreshment tent. The ODT did not permit the chartered bus lines to extend their mileage from Lenox to the concert grounds, so transportation has depended upon private automobiles and individual taxis. For the first time, women are ushers. It is probably not so easy to find meals and accommodations now as before the war, yet this chronicler and doubtless most others found no desperate problems to solve.

But people obviously wanted the music. Otherwise it would not have been necessary to seat about 200 persons behind the orchestra on the stage of the Opera-Concert Hall, and to place others in a tent set up in front of the hall where they could listen through the open doors. If any had thought that wartime interruption might cause eventual collapse of the Festival idea, this Summer's accomplishment ought to give them a bit to consider. Granted continuing interest on the part of the Boston Symphony and the people in the Berkshires, these Festivals ought to resume triumphantly after Peace.

—Cyrus W. Durgin

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER
FOR SALVAGE

THEATRE

. . . After a long session of brooding because Boston has had a fairly thin summer, dramatically, we are now beginning to feel better about the whole thing. This could be due to the fact that local theatres are already lighted again and in action. It could be due to the fact that the one production promised for Boston in mid-summer and then cancelled, has turned into a mild floperoo in New York. *Catherine Was Great,* Mike Todd's lavish opus starring Mae West, bowed into New York to collect a pasting from even the most gentle of critics.

The consensus of opinion, even from opening day in Philadelphia, was that Mae West had bitten off more than she could chew. Pitching curves and double-entendre lines with far less skill than in her movies, Miss West played Miss West, and Catherine got lost in the shuffle.

What remains to be seen, however, is whether the drawing power of the West name and reputation will be sufficient to keep the "historical play" running profitably. From the records of other tepid musicals which have made a fair run on Broadway, it seems likely that *Catherine Was Great* will survive profitably. And both Todd and Mae West, following the critics' reviews, won't hesitate to wield the scissors to better things.

. . . The second Broadway opening which missed Boston by a big margin (and thanks for that) is *School for Brides.* The play is about a man with too much money who is looking for his seventh wife. He is sold on the idea of starting a school for brides for his own special benefit, his marrying habits being so changeable.

In the process of starting the school, a flock of pretty girls in very sheer nightgowns, etc. give the boys a visual treat. But again the consensus of critical opinion was thumbs down on this unfunny farce. Box-office returns have indicated, nevertheless, that the cash customers like this one, and it will be another "sleeper," lingering painlessly by the time this magazine hits the stand. Just don't strain yourself to see *School for Brides* when you get to Broadway.

. . . One of the interesting develments in local theatre history has been the War Bond prize stunt used in connection with *Life With Father,* which has been here since August 28th. The planned two-week engagement of this perennial favorite featured a contest in which the public was invited to mail or deliver a list of numbered English words made from the phrase: "Funny Life With Father". To the ten contestants with the longest list of acceptable words, $25 War Bonds were awarded.

This contest stunt, comparatively new to the local theatre scene, is something to ponder. Prize contests of this type are no novelty on the movie scene, but they represent what seems to open a new era in the theatre. This method of winning audiences and public attention for a play is a tried and true promotional stunt for product advertising. It is also a method whereby audiences have been lured into the movie emporiums. And it may well be a shrewd although faintly undignified way of sustaining interest in this long-run play.

But to regular theatre-goers, used to selecting favorite plays through advance notices or "names", the next step in hypoing box-office business may be the sale of peanuts, popcorn and soft drinks between the acts in the aisles.

. . . On September 18, barring unexpected delays which may develop between the time of this writing (8/18) and our arrival on the newsstands, *The Perfect Marriage,* with Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory. With two such top-quality actors in the cast, audiences are certain to get a good performance. What the play is about is fairly obvious from its title, but details are lacking as to how or from what angle the subject is approached. The Plymouth will house this play.



Moving backward in the theatre calendar, on September 11, *Men to the Sea* is set to appear for one week at the Plymouth. And for the week of September 4, at the same theatre, is the play *Wallflower.* This heavy schedule of one week stands, opening the month of September at the Plymouth gives some clue to the intense activity about to take place locally.

. . . A review of the Broadway hits, many of which were seen first in Boston, ought to prove mildly diverting, especially as regards the number of performances to date (8-11-44).

Chicken Every Sunday which opened here in town has been on Broadway since April 5th, 1944. To date, there have been 141 performances of the comedy, but it is scheduled for overseas G.I. production and may not linger longer on the scene.

One cast change in *Jacobowsky and the Colonel,* with Herb Ratner as the new air raid warden, has been made recently. This smash hit which we saw first in Boston has given 169 performances on Broadway.

Of the musicals which have held up well on the Main Stem, *Oklahoma* is still proving a sock attraction. To date, cast has given 585 performances, most of which have played to standee business.

Follow the Girls, another first in Boston, continues to please New Yorkers as much as it did locals. It is now in its 137th performance, having opened on Broadway April 8, 1944. For those who remember the musical, it may be interesting to know that Tim Herbert is now receiving feature billing, sharing the comedy stint with Jackie Gleason.

Another long-run show is *One Touch of Venus* which you probably saw when it was here. To date, the musical has given 351 performances

—Keller

ENTERTAINMENT

. . . With the arrival of September, the entertainment plans begin to flourish like a green bay tree. Not, of course, that the summer months haven't been topnotch in the way of talent in Boston. It's just that the vacation months have made a schedule of definite bookings very nebulous, one way or another.

. . . Future things first puts the spotlight solidly on the Copley Plaza *Oval Room*. On September 14, Myrus, the amazing mentalist who built such a loyal following on his last appearance in the Oval Room, will open in the room, with another Boston favorite, Marina, on the same bill. The combination of these two superlative entertainers makes the Oval Room a place to visit. It also emphasizes the need of making a reservation in advance. It is a new high for the Copley Plaza's management to combine so much talent on one bill. It will be a new high for the guests, too, who visit the Oval Room.

Myrus, by the way, successfully confounds the hard-shelled skeptics, not only for his amazing stunt of reading the sealed questions but for the answers which he has given to the asker. His score for accuracy is extremely high in Boston, so high, in fact, that those who received his attention won't be kept away from the Oval Room. They will want more of same. Actually, the fans which Myrus has locally would go far toward filling the room nightly. And you, too, will be added to his list of followers after seeing him work.

Marina, one of the great young voices in this country, comes to the Oval Room from a sensationally successful engagement at the Waldorf Astoria in New York. She is, among other things, the daughter of Nina Koshetz, Russia's greatest Wagnerian soprano of a few years ago. Except as a bit of incidental information, though, the relationship is secondary to Marina's singing. In her last engagement at the Oval Room, she proved again a tremendous attraction, and this visit will be no exception. The New Opera Company star has a great voice and a friendly sense of showmanship that will please you.

The cover charge of $1 does not go on until 10:30 p.m., which means that you can see the first show, dine superbly and at a very moderate price, in the Oval Room. For reservations, call Mario, KEN. 5600.

. . . Current at the Statler's handsome *Terrace Room* is John Hoysradt, satirist and impressionist whose work is tops. Although his engagement in the room ends this week, you'd better try to catch his show before he leaves.



Marina, famous young operatic singing star, direct from the Waldorf-Astoria, opens at the Copley Plaza Oval Room, on September 14th

Just by way of keeping the records straight, the Terrace Room is one of the nicest places to go for dinner, dancing and floor show. There are always top names there to entertain you. There's a famous name band for smooth music, and there's everything you'll need for a very enjoyable evening's entertainment. Unfortunately we can't, at this writing, tell you what name attraction follows Hoysradt, but you can count on it being topnotch.

For reservations, call HAN 2000. So many other people like the Terrace Room too that you'd better get yourself a reservation before you go.

. . . Another very pleasant place to go is the Fensgate Hotel. There, the Satire Gardens offer some of the nicest food and dancing under the stars that you'll find anywhere in town. The Gardens are open for luncheon, cocktail hour and dinner, so plan to drop in and enjoy yourself.

By way of additional information, Bernard Sheperd Snider, the general manager of the Fensgate, says that the famous Satire Room will open again around the middle of September. The smart room has been completely redecorated and will present big name stars. This will be good news for those of you who like the room, and if you have never been to the Satire Room before, be sure to hurry up there when it re-opens.

. . . The *Latin Quarter*, easily the most beautiful and interesting theatre-restaurant in Boston, is currently presenting another of the super shows which have made the club famous. The Don Arden production, making full use of the line of 18 beautiful girls, is tops, and the individual acts which add up to a terrific show are excellent.

By way of giving you an entertainment "tip", be sure to visit the Latin

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The food at the Latin Quarter is very good and moderately priced. And the music for your dancing, as turned out by Tony Bruno, is completely satisfactory. Sunday night is guest star night at the club, so you might keep that in mind when you plan a Sunday evening out. For reservations, phone HUB. 1920.

Food Division

• • • WHILE we're on the subject of entertainment, let's not forget the importance of those who "just want to eat" and be happy. There are plenty of nice places to do same around town, certified by this magazine as strictly okay.

There's the *Hotel Puritan*, for instance. The food and the service here is completely outstanding. Try to find anything better than the hotel's specials. And before you put a finger in our eye and say "what specials?", go ahead and ask the waiter what the specialty of the day is! We do that at the Puritan and the results are perfect. But *you* ask.

• • • ANOTHER superlative place which rates high in our eat-department is the *Gardner Hotel* on Mass. Avenue. The Gardner Grill has concentrated successfully on serving fine food even when finding a frankfort on the menu was considered lucky—from a point "pernt" of view.

—BKP



"Did your coin return, sir?"

BOSTON'S TEA PARTIES

. . . THE gentle art of tea tasting, a profession as rare as it is little known, is, like a lot of other things, feeling the effect of the war on the supply of the material with which the tea taster works.

Tea, as every Bostonian who brews the cheering cup knows, isn't what it used to be in quality, variety and flavor. The percentage which came from Japan is conspicuously absent and the Chinese have been so busy fighting a war for several years that the art of tea culture has suffered noticably. Now the Netherlands Indies, Ceylon and India, from which eighty per cent of the tea used in the United States once came, have joined the war disturbed sections of the world, and instead of picking and choosing choice blends, as the Boston hostess once did, she is glad to get anything and doesn't ask whether it comes from the bud, the old leaves or the cream of the crop.

In fact the tea that gets on the tea table now because there is so little choice in the matter would have curdled the mouth of the elderly Spanish war veteran who, as late as 1940, was official taster for the United States Appraisers Stores here in Boston. That was the year when the official tea taster made up his last "tea chop list" of brands worth buying and settled down to the life of a private citizen who refused to be interviewed as to his once honored profession.

So much was written about Boston's tea taster in the past, however, that the process of tea tasting can be reconstructed from those earlier stories of the little man who rated as the expert of experts in this odd profession in Boston.

For twenty years he checked tea coming in from every New England port from Rhode Island to the Canadian border. He even tested samples sent by mail from the port of New Orleans. The combination of the most delicate sense of smell and taste plus keen eyesight to discover any defects in the tiny curled leaves was his stock in trade, and in order to keep it in shape and continue to be a man who knew his teas, he could neither smoke,

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drink or even have a dish of chili con carne or curried chicken on the days when he had a tea tasting job to do. Highly seasoned foods take away the tea taster's ability to distinguish flavor and flavor in tea is the thing that brings price.

One could gather hints on how to brew a tasty cup of tea for the afternoon social gathering from a visit to the taster's small office in a back street in the commercial section of Boston the day he did a bit of tasting and testing of a new shipment.

The old testing table, used for many years, held only white cups, for the object in serving tea to the tester isn't decorative but practical, and white cups show the true color of the tea. An old and much-used kettle boiled furiously on a small electric stove, and that means furiously. Nothing so shocks a true tea drinker as tea brewed with water which is less than boiling.

A rounded teaspoonful of the sample taken from deep in the case to be tested is placed in the cup, and the boiling water poured over it. A tiny sand glass, which takes four minutes to run the sand through, shows exactly how long the tea should be steeped.

Exactly at the end of that length of steeping time, the critic of teas sniffs at the brew with a knowing nose, just as he previously sniffed at the leaves from which the brew was made, and then took a spoonful and swished it around in his mouth. But he didn't swallow it. That would be unthinkable. All he did, as he explained, was to "spray the palate" with the beverage. Then he gave it the once over for color and pronounced it a blend that met with his standards for good tea, the sort that he would be willing to have served in his own home.



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If the tea tested doesn't prove up to standard, the owner of the chest — which ran from forty to more than a hundred pounds — was given a certain time to peddle it in some other country where the tea tasters are easier to please. If he failed to remove it, it was destroyed — probably the same way the Bostonians got rid of that pre-Revolutionary consignment of English tea that was unloaded in Boston harbor some centuries back.

Of course an importer could appeal from the taster's critical opinion of his product, in which case the Department of Agriculture permitted three selected employees to act as a court of last appeal to determine whether the tea was up to standard, but few importers went that far to get their product past the Board of Tea Experts of which Boston's old tea taster was a member.

The job of that now defunct board was to pick ten standard brands of straight teas from some two hundred fifty samples submitted. These teas picked represented minimum standards, and until war changed a lot of standards of food, these were a long way under the finest teas sold in Boston. There were only four tasters of tea in the country, and like most arts, it was a poorly paid profession, since a taster got only expenses and $50 for attending a board meeting in any city where the tests were made. But, like artists, they had great pride in their work and insisted that one must be "born" with a taste for tea that could



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distinguish even what part of the plant the leaves came from and what part of the world that plant was grown in.

There are still, of course, tasters for some of the large wholesale tea and coffee houses who pick their imports in the same way the government testers did, but these days they, like the customers, are taking the best of what they can get and not worrying about anything but whether it will be obtainable much longer if the war continues to disrupt the tea growing countries and the world shipping.

Boston, so the tea experts claim, has joined the rest of the nation in a growing taste for coffee over tea as a daily drink at all meals, and the restful and soothing effect of the afternoon tea waned also when cocktails became fashionable for ladies. The British, both men and women, are still the world's largest tea drinkers, and like their "English breakfast" tea so strong that it looks like coffee to an American who tries to accept it as the only substitute for a drink that few Britishers can make to American standards.

Just to clear up the point of what varieties of tea are included in the two hundred fifty samples, we are told that there are really only three basic kinds of tea from which they are gathered — black, green and oolong. But there's such wide variation in the flavor from these three kinds that a multitude of blends is possible.

But just to be difficult and ask for something that there's an infinitesimal chance of getting these days, I'll take Chinese jasmine tea!

—KATHRYN BRADFORD



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CAUTION — SOFT SHOULDERS

. . . Out of the corner of his eye Fred saw Milly's little car plow through the soft shoulder of the new highway and come to a sudden stop before the roadside inn. She flung at him, in passing, "Iced coffee with whipped cream, please," and seated herself at an empty glasstopped table.

Now, what's she want, after six months, he mused, tying on a clean apron. She's got a nerve coming in here.

Neither flicked an eyelash as he placed the order before her. He watched her contentedly sipping her drink.

Two children selling magazines scuttled over to her table. "Saddy-eben-pos, miss?" Their eyes were glued longingly on Milly's foaming glass.

"No, I don't want a magazine, but I want company." She glanced insolently at Fred. "Sit down and join me."

The startled children slid into the seats.

When she caught Fred's eye, she said sweetly, "Two orders of ice-cream and cake."

Fred put the plates down and stood expectantly. "Do you want to pay now?" She bent her entire attention upon the children. Several young men grinned as the clerk went back to the counter.

The children finished almost as soon as Milly did and were dismissed rather brusquely: "Run along, children; you've had your treat."

She took out her cigarettes and lighted one. When she caught Fred's eye, she beckoned him. "I'd like to speak to Mr. Greely, please."

"Is anything wrong, Milly?"

She frowned at his familiarity, and Fred noticed that her frown did not disappear as he spoke to his boss. Well, Fred didn't care. He liked old man Greely and it was only his duty to warn him. She owed six dollars and she hadn't taken any notice of the two bills she had received.

Old Greely buttoned up his shirt collar and put on his coat before he approached her.

Her smile was fascinating. "I'm so humiliated, Mr. Greely," she said loudly enough for Fred to hear, "I've left my purse at home. I just wanted to give the children a treat. The haves should share with the have nots, don't you think?"

Fred chuckled under his breath as he saw old Greely melt. Seventy is a dangerous age for a man, he thought, or sixty, or at a stretch, twenty. Milly's smile was like sunshine; Greely rose to it like a fish to a fly, but catching Fred's eye he became severe as he took a seat next to hers. "You know, Miss Milly," he began confidentially, "there's a little matter of an old bill you owe, and—"

"Oh, how could I have forgotten?" she interrupted. "I'll pay at once. How would you like to drive around to my house and I'll give you a check. It's a lovely day and you've never been in my little car."

Fred sighed. Of course old Greely wouldn't resist that smile. No, he'd forget he was seventy; he'd forget he'd been warned; he'd forget—Fred shrugged his shoulders and went back to work.

Swarms of gnats were playing in the warm October air. The golden maples opposite the restaurant lazily waved their beckoning arms in the sunshine. Old Greely perked up like a young dandy. He coughed to hide his eagerness, but again catching Fred's eye he hesitated.

"Come on," Milly coaxed with a side glance at Fred. "I'll run you out to the house and settle the bill this afternoon." She turned to Fred. "Will you have my bill made out again, please?"

Fred went on with his work.

Greely's eyebrows went up. "Don't you hear what the young lady asks you to do?"

The bill changed hands and in the warm sunlight of Milly's smile, Fred's sour look evaporated into thin air.

She started suddenly and Greely's feet went up and his head hit the back of the seat. Then, swinging around on two wheels, she headed off in the wrong direction.

Fred was so busy that he forgot all about his employer until near closing time. As he was giving the final polish to the counter the door opened and the

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old man walked in. His face was red and shiny, and he limped to a chair and sat down heavily. He untied his laces and kicked off his shoes; he groaned as he rolled up his pants and rubbed his sore shins. "Bring me a drink of water and turn on the fan," he groaned.

Fred did so, and the old man motioned him to a seat. "Walked home," he flared. "All the way from Five Mile Woods along the new highway." His face was distorted with pain. "Both feet blistered. Guess I'd better have something stronger than water."

Fred poured him a drink of brandy and the old man went on: "Never thought I'd make such a fool of myself.'

"You're not the first man who's made a fool of himself," Fred sympathized. "How bad was it?"

"Pretty bad, pretty bad. By God, Fred, I almost went in wading, and at my age, too. She said she'd kiss me if I would. Then she began bargaining with me—asked me what I'd give her if *she* went in wading, and I receipted her bill. It was worth it, too—almost." He mused—"She's got a pretty shape—nice round knees. But perhaps you know?"

"She's the village sweetheart," Fred commented. "What next?"

"Well, I wiped her feet with my handkerchief; put on her shoes and stockings and then I made a pass at her. God, Fred, she's strong! Just like a tigress. She twisted herself out of my hands and ran away and left me there." He slumped tiredly in his chair. "So I had to walk home."

"How did you get that bruise on your leg?" asked Fred, reaching for the arnica

"Fred, did you ever see those signs along the new highway—CAUTION—SOFT SHOULDERS? I should have taken notice of warning earlier in the day. I stepped out of the way of a car and fell. Soft shoulders, soft shoulders," he murmured to himself. He pulled off his sock and examined his blistered heels critically. "It'll be a week before I can walk easily."

Fred poured him another drink. "Oh, well," he said sympathetically, "many a man has come to grief because of soft shoulders. Be glad it's no worse."

"Gosh, Fred, it might have been worse. In the scramble I fumbled her wristwatch off her arm, and she rushed at me and grabbed mine—chain and all. Said if I didn't give hers back she'd tell everybody I made her a present of mine. So, of course, I gave it back," he ended disconsolately. "Besides, mine's a valuable watch. I gave ninety dollars for it."

"I gave a hundred for hers," drawled Fred.

—MABEL M. WISHART



"Divine? Yeah! But what'll Joe say?"

WITH THE THOROUGHBREDS

. . . The way that Bing Crosby is kidded about his horses on the radio programs, listeners not familiar with the sport of racing, would naturally believe that the star of "Going My Way" didn't have a winner in his barn. Such is not the case, however. Followers of the turf sport in this sector witnessed one of his horses finish third to Market Wise and Salto in the Massachusetts Handicap last summer. It was Don Bingo, an imported horse from Argentine, winner of the $30,000 Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park that took the show money at Suffolk Downs. Unfortunately he injured himself during the running and hasn't been to the races up to the date of writing.

The writer had quite a long informal chat with the star of the screen and radio when he came to Suffolk Downs in '39 to witness another of his South American importations face the starter in the big handicap. Kate Crosby's boy has made a profound study of the bloodlines of South American Thoroughbreds and intends to bring more horses from the Land of the Pampas. He said that the Argentine Thoroughbreds are not sold as yearlings but as two year olds, consequently are at least two and a half when they are broken and raced. He does not believe that the juvenile racing such as we have at Florida and New Orleans early in the year is good for two year olds. Many of these youngsters are actually only a year and nine or ten months old. Bing's idea is to bring the two year olds to the post early in the summer, race them only a few times and save them for three year old racing. He thinks that it is difficult for a two year old to make ten or twelve starts in three-eighths of a mile scrambles and amount to anything thereafter. Ligaroti the Argentine-bred brown horse turned in a rather poor performance in the race that day over a sloppy track. It was won by Fighting Fox, Jockey Ken McCombs could not get Crosby's horse into contention at any stage of the race. Ligaroti evidently didn't care for the going. The South American had won six races in the previous year, every one a stakes race. His greatest contest was in the Del Mar $25,000 Special losing to the mighty Seabiscuit by a nose, on that hot August day in '38, in one of the greatest battles in turf history. Ligaroti, now in stud at Crosby's Rancho Santa Fe, sent his first crop of two year olds to the races last season. Of four registered foals, three were winners, Ligarotito, Muy Rapido and Minty. Among the horses that the screen star sent to the new racetrack in Mexico City last season were Muy Rapido and a chestnut filly called Tie Score, by Moral Victory, a young stallion standing at the Burns Ranch in Loma Mar. Tie Score won her first start in the cerise and white colors of the Binglin Stock Farm (the racing name of Crosby's stable) and then was sold along with Muy Rapido to the San Luis Stable. She won two five furlongs stakes, running both times coupled with her stablemate Muy Rapido.

During the Empire City meeting held at Jamaica in July Music Hall a brown three year old filly ridden by R. Permane defeated a good field in a $3,000 allowance race at six furlongs, carrying the Crosby colors. This miss, purchased by the Greentree Stable (Mrs. Payne Whitney) at the Keeneland Kentucky sales in 1942 ran a bang up second to the Calumet Farms' pair, Twilight Tear and Miss Keeneland in The Arlington Lassie Stakes at Chicago last year.

Crosby probably intends to send this one to his farm later on to breed her to Ligaroti, for her bloodlines are very desirable. She is a daughter of Snark out of Gay Music by Royal Minstrel, the last named being the sire of First Fiddle winner of this year's Massachusetts Handicap. Snark's sire, Boojum, is a son of John



" Do you still insist that they were pansy seeds ? "

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P. Grier, the horse that gave Man O' War his toughest race. Crosby's track Del Mar (where turf and surf meet) which has been closed since the beginning of the war was scheduled to open June 1st for a thirty nine day meeting but was postponed on account of the track needing reconditioning. The California Horse Racing Board had granted it permission.

Don't be surprised if horses bred at the Rancho Santa Fe do their share in winning the big stakes on the American turf in the near future which may put the quietus on some of the radio wise cracks. The other stallion at Rancho Santa Fe is the imported South American horse Don Mike, winner of the Hollywood Premiere Handicap in '39 and San Pasqual Handicap the following year. He has a winning two year old this season called Timber Slide.

. . . The trainer hired him at Suffolk Downs near the end of the meeting. He was a very black negro, with badly crossed eyes. Said that he was from North Carolina and had plenty of testimonials from former employers as to his honesty. The other colored swipe around the barn, a light colored fellow from Maryland, became jealous of the new hand. Must have thought the cross-eyed one was bad luck. The stable shipped to Rockingham Park and didn't win a race.

From New Hampshire the horses were sent to Narragansett Park. On the way to Rhode Island some where along the road the train rounded a very sharp curve, just at the time when the black fellow was giving the horses water out of the pail, and he was tossed out the side door bucket and all. "Hey! Boss!" yelled the other swipe. "What is it?" asked the trainer, awakened from his nap on a bale of straw. "You know dat dere fella wid all dose character testmonyals?" "Yes", answered the trainer, drowsily. "Well! Dah he go wif yo bucket!"

—Ed Cushing



"Which came first, the hen or the yegg?"

CROQUET

. . . The croquet addict's eyes have never been filled with that light. He was never one to keep you in a corner telling you the clever plays he made last week to the eternal consternation and flabbergastion of the gang at the field. He has none of the missionary zeal; he is devoted to a game that has a reputation of being ever-so-slightly "flub-dubby."

If all the wickets in the country were laid end to end, though, they would go much farther than just from here to there. Every country hotel and every place that passes for a resort has a set of wickets and malletts, not to mention the delightful wooden balls. In many a New England garage there is a weather-beaten oblong wooden box in which the old fashioned croquet set used to come.

In New York, the Circle Croquet and Roque Club has been playing on a specially constructed court in Central Park for over thirty years. In Jacksonville, Florida, the city provides balls, malletts, an attendant, a grounds keeper, and a clubhouse with locker rooms. England has 1700 clubs and a Gazette for croquet players.

That is recognition for you; stark, raving recognition. Boston, so loaded with culture, has not yet come around, but we do have a croquet "underground" both numerous and extensive. There are a lot of people here who think that croquet is the peachiest game we have. The members of the New York club pay as much as fifteen or twenty dollars for specially constructed equipment, including malletts with aluminum heads which have to be balanced just so.

Boston may not recognize the game as real sport, but no less an authority than the Brittannica almost goes bananas over it. There is a certain way to strike the ball and a certain strategy needed to win and the Brittannica details the whole business in scientific polysyllables. They admit that as far as drawing crowds is concerned, croquet will never compete with anything. It is great fun for the old folks, though.

Croquet was originally popular in the late 1800's and early 1900's. The sport reached its height just when skirts were becoming shorter. The people who play today do not consider themselves die-hards, though. They have good reasons for liking croquet as a lawn game. They think there is something mildly exciting about the game and there are other advantages too. Their enthusiasm is a quiet thing.

It took considerable looking to flush a croquet addict in Boston. He turned out to be a normal human being quite unlike the grandmotherly type you may visualize as a devotee of the sport. He talked convincingly about the game as recreation. Starting right in to explain it, he spoke derisively of people who call it an old-timer's "flub-dubby" game.

"There is a lot to the game the way we play it," he said. "The average court is on level ground. We have our court on a slope where the hazards are the slope itself and numerous trees. The play goes up and down hill and takes a great deal of skill. The course is about 75 to 85 feet long. We usually play sides with two or three on a side. The games sometimes last as long as an hour and a half."

Every Sunday and most evenings, this fellow and his group get together to knock off a fast session with the wickets. They have two sets erected, a small one for the women and the large one for the men. When the game continues after dark, they string lights across the backyard.

One year, the games went on right up to New Year's Day when the ground became too hard to play any longer. Gloves and bulky clothing made the game awkward also.

This might give you a rough idea of their absorption when it took them until New Year's Day to discover that the ground was too hard to set a wicket. November and December probably slipped by while the rolling balls kept the ground red hot.

They like the game for several reasons. One is that croquet is one of the few outdoor games, shuffleboard is another, that does not burn up the calories too fast. There is none of the hopping around characteristic of tennis and so tiring. Phooey to badminton for the same reason, the croquet player says. He does not want to burn himself up with his recreation.

It does not take too much effort to push the little wooden ball through the nine wickets. High or low blood pressure, you do not have to worry about straining so much as a corpuscle.

Some thrills of competition are a part of the game also. There are no classic bits of strategy recorded, but a game in which the idea is to hinder the other players rather than to go on to win yourself is bound to have some high points. There are a hundred instances of last-second finishes made by knocking an opponent's ball into an impossible position.

Here is the set-up for a "croquet," from which the game takes its name. This is an illustration of tactics also. Your opponent's ball is lying there and your own is right alongside, they are touching. You put your foot on your ball to hold it down and a good healthy whack will send his ball to the other side of the acre. This is what you try to do all through the game: knock the other guy out where he hasn't a chance.

The directions that come with the croquet sets and from which we assume these fellows got their original training for mallett wielding are remarkable examples of terseness. They have a vocabulary all their own and speak of "the tour of the ball," wickets are called "bridges" or "arches," and players (get a load of this) are called "players."

"A Player may, if he wholly misses the ball, strike again," is a good example of a rule terser than most of the others. Notice the lack of ambiguity. A sentence like that, so pregnant with meaning, does a whole lot to liven up your interest in the rules.

One other aspect of the game was investigated. The croquet addict, when finally flushed, said emphatically that the sport was not just an excuse for elbow bending. He insisted that the only elbow bending was to use the mallett.

— Sid Shear


NO GAS TODAY.
WAIT!
1257?
chism

BOOKS

. . . THERE has been an ever increasing number of books recently covering the events which led up to the present war, the running of the war itself, and the peace which will follow and now Sumner Wells, the former Under-Secretary of State, has set down his own personal observations of the men and events which have played important parts in shaping the course of the world since World War I.

In the aptly titled book, *The Time for Decision,* Mr. Wells examines the past errors of our foreign policy and he sets forth a plan for securing the peace after the present conflict. He probes the channels that led to such a letdown of President Wilson's peace plan and he minces no words or sentiment in his attacks on men or events as he views the past twenty-five years.

Mr. Wells has had a long distinguished career in the Diplomatic Corps. In 1915, he served as Secretary at the Tokyo Embassy and since that time he has held positions of increasing importance at the Embassies of Buenos Aires, the Dominican Republic and Cuba.

The author has seen fit to divide his book into three parts. In Part One, he surveys the course of events in Europe between the two great wars and the gradually changing policy of the United States as the world approached the catastrophe.

Mr. Wells also describes his trips to various countries in 1940 and the interviews he held with the leaders of those countries and he concludes with a discussion of the important decisions this government made prior to and during our participation in the War.

Mr. Wells devotes the second part to a discussion of the Good Neighbor policy in which he had an important role; the situation in Europe and the near East. He describes our relationship with Russia, what she wants from the war and her eventual position in a post war world. Mr. Wells gives an admirable historical background before he discusses these topics which intensifies his personal solutions to these pressing problems. In the concluding section he presents a concrete plan for a seemingly effective world organization, he tells what part he feels that this country must take in world affairs and finally he sets forth our hopes for security and peace. Mr. Wells maintains that the peace makers of the last war were harassed by the press and the peoples of the world to hurry the peace terms so that the world could return to "normalcy." He states that the peace making was weakened by the failure of the "Big Four" to cooperate fully with the smaller nations and the fact that personal, political and national interests were selfish, helped to defeat a successful peace. Mr. Wells then goes on to lay the blame of German military and aggressiveness on what he calls the German General Staff. He discusses at some length his plan for disuniting Germany—dividing it up into sections according to social, economic and political boundaries.

The reader may not necessarily agree with Mr. Wells' method of dealing with many of these problems, but no reader can fail to ignore the problems, which he presents, and remain unaware of the necessity of a sensible solution to them.

Mr. Wells firmly believes that the German menace can be ended and to that end we must work with all our effort and intelligence and when the final day of reckoning does come, we mustn't let "war weariness" blind us to the task at hand. And certainly *The Time for Decision* is now.

Mystery

. . . AN UNIDENTIFIED man is found murdered in an obscure English hotel. The police call in Mr. Tolefree who has been on leave from an important war job. Tolefree is also asked to search for Peter Palliser who is missing. Eventually Tolefree connects these two cases with a third strange happening and he emerges with a solution to the whole affair. All this takes place in *The Corpse Without a Clue* by R. A. J. Walling.



. . . JOHN DICKSON CAN'S new Dr. Fell mystery is called *Till Death Do Us Part* in which Mr. Fell tracks down a most ingenious female poisoner at a charity garden party. Good story, topped off with surprise and mystery makes this new Dr. Fell enjoyable reading.

Notes from a Fly Leaf

The Pleasures of Publishing (Col. Press) reports that ever since Emily Post said it was all right to eat bacon with your fingers, they have had great respect for that lady's common sense. She has, they go on to report, displayed it once more in answering an inquiry in one of her recent columns. The questioner wished to know whether an author who has just had her first book published should give autographed copies to her friends and relatives. Mrs. Post took a firm stand. An author, she said, usually receives only six or twelve free copies of her book and must purchase any additional copies. Her friends and relatives ought to buy copies of the book and try to persuade others to buy it, instead of expecting to receive it free. Thanks to Mrs. Post, herself an author, all authors may henceforth discourage their importunate friends by referring them to Emily Post.

A book to come:

"The biography of the B-29" will be told by Thomas F. Callison in *The Super Fortress Is Born* which reveals the dramatic story of the conception, design, manufacture, flight test and far-flung production program underlying the Boeing B-29. The book also tells the heroic story of Edmund T. ("Eddie") Allen, the world's leading flight test pilot. Duell, Sloan and Pearce Inc. promise that *The Super Fortress Is Born* will be one of the most exciting of the fall books.

—GEORGE MOONEY

WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Payson Re's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hote Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East and Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service n only $1 for dinner and show; no co , no min.).

Green Room, Hotel E ison, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Di ner from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min $2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Cha terbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760) Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent c sine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.

Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.



Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 P.M. weekdays; other days $4.

Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever, Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and Hols.

Number One Bar, 1 Fifth Ave. Dinner and on thru the evening. Ent. and an attractive crowd.

Old Roumanian, 169 Allen St. GR. 3-9595. Famous for Mushk Steak and a big International Revue. Din. $1.65.

One Two, Three, E. 54th St. Soft lights. Distinguished cuisine.

Penthouse, 30 Central Pk. So. See for yourself this lovely dining spot. Luncheon from $1. Din. from $2.

Radio Frank's, 70 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-9258). Continuous fun.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Barn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Bar, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd that's fun to be with.

AMERICAN MENU

Bryant Transportation Room, 54th & B'way. For luncheon and dinner and top notch drinks.

Chesapeake, Madison Ave., bet. 34th & 35th. Outstanding cuisine and delightful atmosphere.

Oyster Bar, Grand Central Terminal. (MU. 9-5430). The Oyster Bar is famous 'round the world for its excellent cuisine and of course, seafood is tops there. The service is speedy.

Skipper, Really Home Cooked Fo d: Famo s for Filet Mignon, Fried Chicken and Lobster I inners. 7 East 44th St, 56 West 47th St.: 160 E. 48th St. Open 1 A.M. daily, Sun. Din. from 1 P.M.– $1.35. Cocktails.

Town & Country, 284 Park Ave. manhattan's newest and definitely the place to dine. Famed Drury Lane food. Country dining room for men only. Drury Lane branch at 47 East 49th St.

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Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 P.M. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

INTERNATIONAL

Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800) Intriguing decoration and superb food Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785) Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

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Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185) Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

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Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511) A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

SWEDISH

Castleholm, 344 W. 57th St. (CI. 7-0873) Smorgasbord as prelude to hearty dining. Dancing to the music of the Norsemen.

Wivel, 254 W. 54th St. (CI. 7-9056) Famous for its Swedish Smorgasbord Dinner from $1.85. No minimum except Sat.

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Swiss Pavilion, 38 E. 50th St. (EL 5-8680). Superb Swiss and Continental food. Paul Burger, Mgr. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.00. Closed Sunday.

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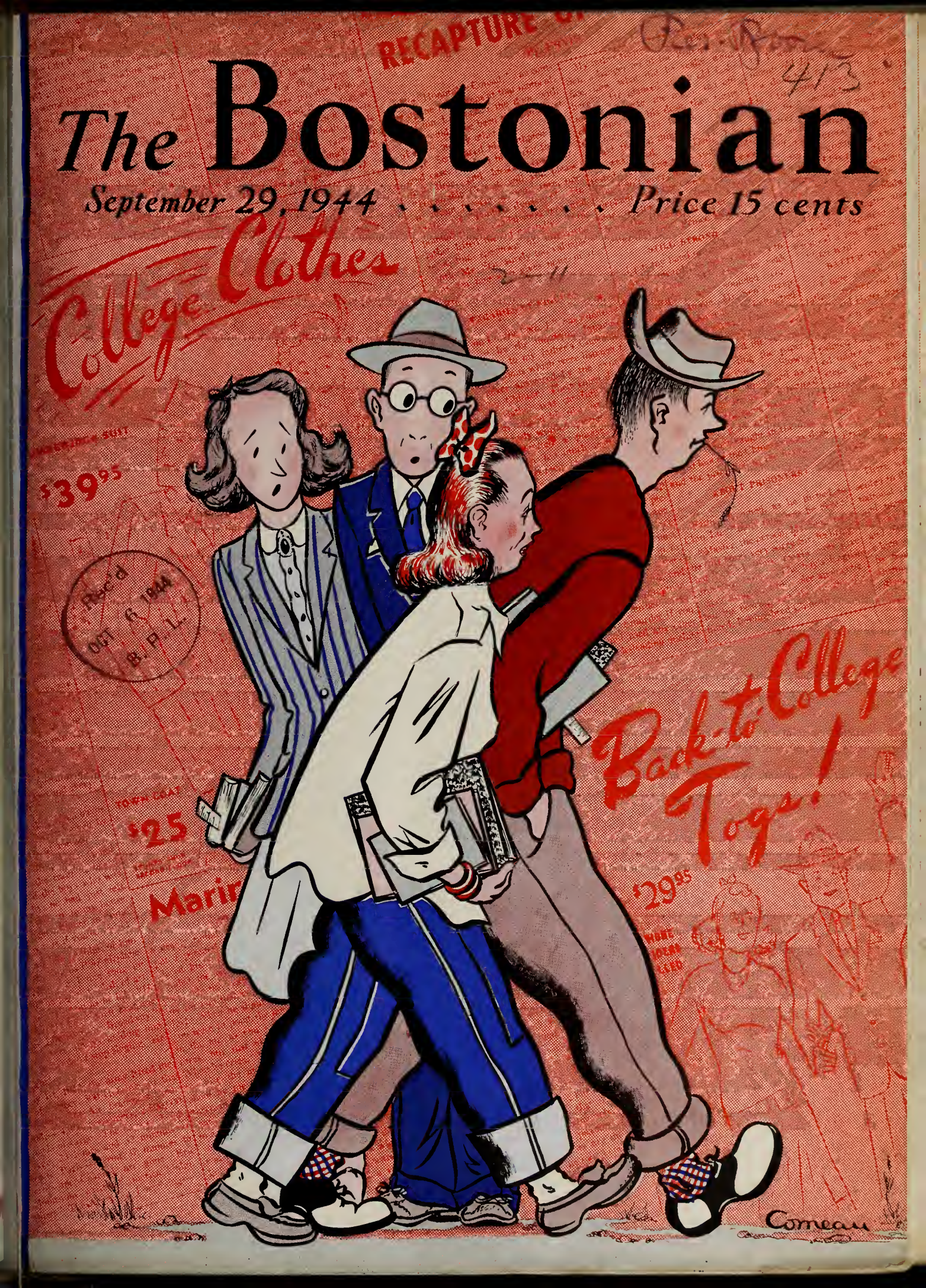
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Helena Rubinstein

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The Bostonian

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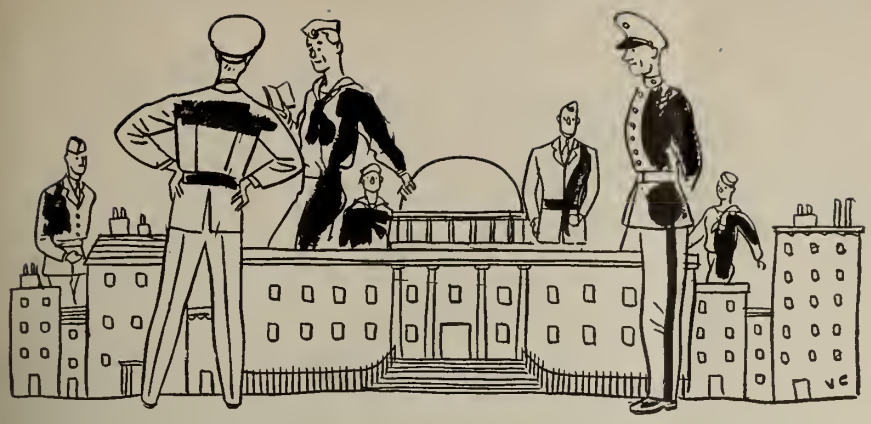


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Atlantic Service Club (near So. Sta.), 641 Atlantic Ave., Boston—Lib. 7794.

Bay State—Buddies Club, Boston Common. Tel. Information, Home Hospitality and Social Events. Ticket Office—Lib. 1381.

North Station Service Center, 149 Staniford Street, Boston—Laf. 1259.

South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.

Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.

Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.

Christian Science Service Men's Center, 80 Boylston St., Boston—Dev. 8676.

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATIONS

All Boston Police Stations provide free bed and bath, Ken. 6700. Dormitory accommodations 50c or less, at these centers.

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Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union (Sat. only), 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Burroughs Newsboys Foundation (Sat. only) 10 Somerset St.—Laf. 5200.

Cambridge Y.M.C.A., 820 Mass. Ave. at Central Sq., Cambridge—Tro. 3860.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave.—Ken. 7800.

Sailor's Rest (for Seamen & Navy Men), 287 Hanover St., Boston—Cap. 6357.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

The Argonne, 4 Bulfinch Place, Boston—Cap. 9494.

Lodging for Service Men's Families, Call Liberty 7715, 11 A.M.-11 P.M. Call Han. 0733 if unable to find lodgings.

Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.

Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Socks Darned. Salv'n Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Soldiers and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

Ocean Cruise to Provincetown. Special rates for servicemen. S.S. Steel Pier sails at 9.30 A.M. week days and Sundays from Foster's Wharf—9 hour ocean cruise—1½ hours in historic Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod. Dancing, refreshments, games and other recreation on board. Call Hub 2650.

Volume 2, Number 12 *September 29, 1944*

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FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Durgin-Park, 30 North Market Street (CAP. 2038). Nationally famous dining rooms. Good substantial food, served the way you like it. Located in the heart of Boston's market district, and plenty of market men eat here, too.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanove Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners. Good music for dancing here. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise.

Locke Ober Co., 3 Winter Place (LIB. 1340). Patronized by lovers of fine food that's prepared by chefs who know their business. Always superlative food.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

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Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served. $1 cover charge after 10 p. m.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p. m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.



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PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury St. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sundays.

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Garden with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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"EXCUSE ME!"

. . . FUNDAMENTALLY, I am not a meek type of woman. I seldom argue, but when the occasion arises I must confess that I have been known to select a weak point in my adversary's coat of rhinoceros hide and launch a parting barb just before taking off for another place, vowing never to return.

That, however, was before the day when one crawled, wormlike, to a counter in practically any store and tried, by pleas, insinuations of having to catch a train, suggestions that you were about to faint from standing too long, and promises to buy out the store if given any attention, to get waited upon for a few of the necessities of life.

It seems years ago that some of the better stores had the slogan that the customer is always — or even occasionally — right. It is almost two years ago that I saw that another slogan had taken its place in one of the larger groceries. It read: "Be kind to our clerks. We can always find more customers."

At first it sounded so out of line with any merchandising policy that it was amusing. It isn't any more — not since the clerks started to take it seriously and act accordingly.

I gave up preparing meals at home when the corner grocery, which is always crowded, took so long to notice that I wanted to buy a few of life's necessities that it was quicker to go to a neighborhood restaurant and obtain them already cooked. I finally gave some study to the situation and discovered that the only way to handle this situation was to employ the old Adam versus Eve technique. Until the advent of a young and good looking male member of the family to stand in line and plead for butter bacon and such, I walked five squares and sought these essentials of domesticity in a store where very elderly men waited on the trade.

A smile got fairly good results there, and compliments on the fine quality of the food and excellent service did wonders to get a steak before the supply was exhausted. The young male in the family got even better results, in the store where the clerks were

females of a somewhat hopeless age. They practically ignored the other waiting shoppers — female, of course — in order to be told how well they were looking that morning and asked the possibility of a date at some indefinite and improbable time.

Unless one is able to employ this modified version of sex lure in shopping, however, the process of buying anything from a comb to a coca-cola is so exhausting and discouraging that it is easier and more patriotic to put your money in war bonds. I long ago discovered that one does not order in a restaurant. One asks "What have you?" at the same time apologizing for coming in half an hour after the rush period. This saves a lot of disappointment and gives a cosmopolitan taste for foods heretofore regarded as unpalatable.

To insist upon any particular color, style or cut in a garment practically invites the outraged clerk to have you thrown out. It is no longer considered even polite to mention price range, and about all that can be timidly asked for is a size that will fit your proportions. If you are over forty, this is also a hopeless proposition and you should be ashamed of yourself for having eaten regularly and heartily and grown so large.

Before you can hope to ascertain whether the garment or article you need is in the store, you must first interrupt the social hour which seems to be going on at any time from opening to closing gong. This is difficult, as there is last night's date to be described, this evening's hope for a better one to be mentioned, and a complete outline of the plans for any future love affairs talked over with every other clerk in the department. Occasionally I have to interrupt a word by word recital of what "he" said at the last meeting, which always gets me off to a bad start with the recitalist when I state my desires and wonder if, after all, I should have intruded business into personalities.



This "the public be—" attitude that once wrecked a railroad magnate when he was misquoted as having expressed himself that way isn't limited to clerks. I raced for a subway car one hot day only to have the platform guard slam the door on my nose and signal for the car to pull out. My moan of disappointment as the car screeched around the curve obviously didn't move him to pity. Instead he looked at me sourly and snarled: "Why don't you get up earlier!"

I heard a recently returned veteran from foreign service get soundly lectured for failing to understand the complicated directions for changing from subway to surface cars, and a perfectly inoffensive young navy man flattened verbally by a young soda clerk when he asked for more ice in his supposedly iced drink. A female drug store clerk whom I had to ask to stop a social conversation with a fellow clerk long enough to sell me a specially priced comb evened matters up by saying that they were "fresh out" of combs at that price — and then selling one to the very next customer who came along, after she'd sold me one twice as expensive.

Of course I could have protested and returned the purchase, but since I needed it and there was no other store nearby, all I could do was to submit meekly and, like the worm I felt, swear to turn and go elsewhere when the store needs my business after the war boom is over.

This excellent policy has but one flaw. After being ignored, snubbed, insulted or snarled at by enough clerks, in enough stores, one reaches the point where there are no other places to go in search of life's necessities. This makes it possible to stay at home and save money, which is what the government wants us to do anyhow.

—N.H.



Looking Toward Autumn

One of a brilliant new collection of suits, coats and dresses that will make fashion headlines this fall.



Anne Starr
1246 Hancock St., Quincy



COMMON TALK

The Rains Came

. . . STRANGEST casualty of the one big thunderstorm Boston experienced in mid-August came to our attention the other day. The storm arrived just as the stores and offices were closing for the day, and as the crowds rushed into the subways, plenty of people were drenched, hair, hats, clothes, and shoes.

One attractive young lady, dressed in a smart white jersey dress, climbed aboard a Watertown car and latched onto the chromium post in the aisle. The car went zooming through the subway, with everyone trying to bring a little order into personal appearance. The young lady was busy tucking her hair back into place when she saw the woman seated in front of her staring fascinatedly at her dress, in the general vicinity of her knees. Looking down, she saw with horror that her dress was shrinking. It had edged above her knees.

Letting go of the post, she tugged the jersey down to its normal position and gave a sigh of relief. In a moment, however, she realized that everyone in the car near where she was standing was watching her dress in the same fascination shown by the woman at first.

The dress had edged its way upwards again, even further than the last time. In fact, it had shrunk above the leg-makeup line. But this time, her tugging did less good. The dress wouldn't go down. It was willing to be pulled to her knees and no further.

A soldier, watching her struggles and her horrible embarrassment, got up and gave her his seat. And still the dress shrank higher. It shrank so persistently that by the time the girl got up to leave the car, it was four inches above her knees. The riders were in hysterics, and even the young lady was beyond embarassment. It was too funny for that.

The courteous soldier who had given up his seat turned to the woman near him and said:

"Someone's kid sister is going to have a new dress tonight!"

In the Mail

. . . A LETTER accompanying a manuscript on our desk gave us a mild chuckle. The writer's choice of words was slightly startling.

"Dear Editor: I suspect that you may like this story. Sincerely yours."

Nope. His suspicion was wrong. We didn't like the manuscript.



Telephone Tidbit

. . . A MIDDLE-AGED woman, rather much of a "character," was walking down Tremont Street the other day looking exactly like all of the other heat-weary people. When she reached the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets, she stopped abruptly, put one hand up to her mouth, the other hand up to her ear, and said into her imaginary telephone:

"Let me know when the light changes, operator!"

Newspaperwoman

. . . THERE is a true incident which happened a few years ago which ought to prove something or other. It concerns a girl just out of journalism school and her first important assignment on a Boston newspaper.

The city editor sent her out to interview Dorothy Thompson who was passing through town on her way to Canada. The girl accepted her assignment, beat her way into Miss Thompson's presence, and began, nervously, to interview the well-known newspaperwoman. Miss Thompson was very nice, and the girl finally admitted that she was "green."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Miss Thompson said, "to save your time and mine, I'll write your story for you. Will that help?"

The answer to that was obvious, and Miss Thompson batted out a neat story on her portable, the girl took the papers gratefully, and the rest of



Bazooka

the time was spent in casual conversation.

When the embryonic newspaperwoman got back to the paper and turned in her copy, the editor let out a howl of rage.

"Look!" he snarled, "you'll never make a newspaperwoman writing this . . . this stuff! It's lousy!" And he tossed the sheets into the wastepaper basket.

A few minutes later, the girl was back before his desk. Very sweetly, she told him what had happened. The story had been written by Miss Thompson as a favor to her. She, the girl, hadn't realized that Miss Thompson was not a good newspaperwoman.

Ten minutes later, the City Room quieted down. The missing story had been located among the apple cores, cigarette butts, and torn sheets in the editor's basket. And it made the front page.

Auction

• • • SOMEHOW, we never stopped to think about what happens to luggage left behind by "skippers" in the hotel business. We found out, however, through the recent auction held at the Statler Hotel. All of the luggage accumulated there during the past four years went on the auction block in the Salle Moderne there, with five hundred people gathered around to put in bids.

Actually, the proceedings were more like a grab-bag than a sober auction. No one without x-ray orbs could know what was inside a fine leather bag with stickers from hotels around the world on its outer surface. No one could tell what might be inside the imitation leather facade of the suitcase standing next to the superior piece of luggage identified by a bell boy as "an English made bag. You can tell by the overhanging lid!"

The span of four years during which the luggage had been collecting covers a whole lot of our history. It takes you back to pre-Pearl Harbor days and rationing. This fact alone would make those bags a fine gamble for bidders. And the imagination tickling "finds" which came to light as the luggage was sold would keep a short story writer in ideas for months to come. Okay, maybe years.

The small, light pieces, the hotel authorities pointed out to us, were typical of the skipper's suit case people who leave a $2 bag in place of a $10 bill. The large trunk stamped with the words "M.S. Gripsholm March 8, 1941" was shipped to the hotel and never called for. There were stickers from French, German and other steamship lines around the world.

"Maybe," someone in the crowd said quietly, "maybe they didn't make it."

What was in the bags? Here's a slight sample:

A gladstone bag revealed a portable radio and an alarm clock.

A jeweled watch appeared in a small overnight case.

One trunk was filled with jockey clothes and riding boots.

Several bags yielded precious nylon stockings.

And more than a few bags, when opened, produced battered Boston telephone books.

More Mail

. . . LIFE as an editor is not always dull. The mail provides all kinds of incidental information. Here's another sample:

"Dear Sir: I assume that your magazine's careful instructions about manuscripts and photographs apply to cartoons, too. This, then, is my 'stamped, self-addressed envelope,' and I thank you in advance for taking 'all due care.'

"Also—would you please return the bobby pin which I've used for a paper clip? It's very valuable to me."

D-Day in London

. . . GETTING to occupy a very important place in our life is the publicity release from Boston University in which a former professor, Harold Whitehead, at B.U., writes from London on conditions there. We'll quote from his letter:

"Comments on the train to London on that historic day were keen and interested, but no excitement, no 'thrills.' Sober, thoughtful optimism would express the general impression I got. Trains all ran on time that day although thousands of troops were being transported to sea ports and to France.

"Riding in the train, a workingman opposite me said, 'Well, little old Hitler asked for it and now he'll get it.' Another man spoke up and said, 'Ah, did yer see that skit in the paper t'other day? Old Hitler asked his Intuition what the hour would be and his old Intuition guessed right for once. It said Eisenhower!' "

About the robot bombs, at the time Whitehead was writing, he had this to say:

"The robot bombs or 'fly bombs' have provided no more than an irritant. Of course, they've done some damage but we're used to that. It is quite encouraging to notice how little effect they've had on us. That's not to say that we don't take them seriously, nor that they don't interfere with our night's rest.

"At home, we had a number of those wretched things and our house shivered from time to time as they dropped. We weren't exactly nonchalant as we saw or heard them overhead. Yet, after the first two nights, we took them as a matter of course and went about work as usual and about sleep more or less as usual."

One thing which Mr. Whitehead relays from London about the effects of rationing is interesting. He says that tailor establishments all over England advertise a "de-shining" service. You send your old shiny suits and they return them looking "quite refreshed."

Retort

. . . FROM one of our friends comes an incident which took place during a performance of *Life With Father*. A lady loudmouth was doing her best to drown out the play with a noisy enumeration of the commodities she could no longer buy. Her companion inserted the inevitable remark now and then, something about "But don't you know there's a war on?"

Finally, a soldier turned around and snapped out a neat squelch:

"Lady, right now there's a piece on!"



Earthquake

. . . THE tremblors of September 5th brought about the usual collection of alarmed phone calls to newspapers, police stations, etc. Some of those about which we heard ought to please the individuals who thought that the nation and civilians were getting soft. Take the man who called the police station and said in a sleep-thickened voice:

"Look, officer, is this an earthquake or have I got to get up and beat the ears off of that jitterbug in the apartment next door?"

Then there were the wails of anguish from the baker in a West End bake shop. His bread was just rising nicely when the tremors knocked a whole oven full of loaves as flat as the traditional pancake. Far from being frightened by the phenomenon, the baker was furiously angry. He tossed pans around for twenty minutes before he calmed down. The din was greater than anything produced by nature.

Then there was the husband who was getting in from his poker game later than usual. He was being very quiet about it until the house began to vibrate. His wife sat up in bed, eyed him with acute dislike, and snapped:

"The least you can do is to walk quietly, John!" And with that, she turned over and went back to sleep, leaving John to hope that the earthquake took it easy from then on in.

Anyone taking a poll of reactions among civilians would find that annoyance was the keynote. Luckily, however, all those who had to return to the city by train were too tired to wake up during the main event. If they had waked up, the chances are that the tremors would have been too unimportant to notice. Traveling back to the city was much tougher.


STAR
PRODUCTIONS
WIG DEPT.
Conrad

THE REALMS OF GOLD

. . . The operating theatre was so crowded that John knew better than to hope to see anything. Even if he were not so short, it would be impossible to catch more than a glimpse of the operation from his place at the back of the room.

The students of Guy's and St. Thomas' complained about that continually. To pay 20 guineas a year for the privilege of "walking the hospital" and then to be crowded out by idle sightseers who visited operations much as they would have attended a bear-baiting . . . it was enough to aggravate anybody. But trying to push aside the visitors meant starting a brawl which invariably ended in cracked skulls, and students as well as visitors being thrown out of the operating theater.

"Be careful, sirrah!"

John's quick temper flared, then died away. Sometimes he was too ready, sometimes a peevish irritation forced everything out of his mind so that he would strike out without realizing what he was doing, forgetting that he was only five feet tall and that his strength could never be counted upon to endure. Today, however, his lassitude was so great that he could not have given vent to his anger even if he had wanted to. He moved aside.

Here came Sir Astley Cooper. John caught a glimpse of him—tall, finely built, handsome and almost young despite his fifty years — surrounded by the burly assistants whose duty it would be to hold the struggling patient. Sir Astley Cooper. He was like his name, John thought: calm, dignified, secure. If only I could be his dresser instead of that Mr. Lucas! Mr. Lucas was ungainly, stoop-shouldered, stupid and deaf—a poor surgeon and a worse lecturer.

John wondered whether anyone could be expected to learn from Mr. Lucas. Certainly not I, he thought, and it isn't for lack of trying. Only yesterday, John had determined to give Mr. Lucas his undivided attention. And I did, he told himself, a little smile touching the corners of his lips and lighting up his sensitive face. I did—until that sunbeam made its entrance through the dusty window.

The sunbeam had ended the lecture as far as John was concerned, for with it had come a whole troop of floating, dancing creatures, and in his imagination he had gone off with them on their golden pathway.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold . . .

Something tightened in John. He had seen nothing and the hubbub in the room had drowned out Sir Astley Cooper's words, but from the increased alertness of the rows of backs between him and the surgeon, he know that the operation was about to begin.

"What is it to be?" he heard a neighbor ask; "I'm sick of these demmed amputations—half a minute —cut, thrust and . . . finished."

A fashionable fop drawled a response. "It is a bore, but one can always hope for something to happen. I'll never forget the time I saw a patient get away; a huge, powerful fellow, he was. Just as the knife touched him, he made a terrific lunge, broke the straps, knocked over the assistants and darted through the crowd. The surgeon was so enraged by the laughter that I thought *he* would have a stroke. But then, all of a sudden the patient dropped like a felled ox; the knife must have cut an artery and he bled to *deliquum animi;* but it was quite a show while it lasted, as good as a boxing match."

"It must have been. There — he's going to begin . . ."

John knew he couldn't stay. And why should he? He never would be any good at surgery anyway, or at anything else for that matter. Just because he had cared for his mother during her final illness did not mean that he was gifted in that direction. Four years of an apprenticeship to Dr. Hammond, grinding drugs and spreading plasters (four years that would have been five if he had not broken his apprenticeship), should have proved to him that he was not meant to be a doctor. But what could he be? He had never enjoyed anything, unless one counted scribbling indifferent verse.

The two students who stood beside him managed to block John's way to the door. "Pardon me," he said, and then, as a fit of coughing threatened him, he suddenly darted between them, pushing them apart.

"Well!" The two students stared after him and then looked at each other in surprise.

"Somebody's going to break that little pip-squeak's neck if he shoves them about like that. I've half a mind to go after him and do it myself."

The other student yawned. "He isn't worth your energy. He's just a little nonentity; I believe his name is Keats."

—Rhoda Truax



" Statuesque, isn't she ? "

ADMIT KELLY JONES

. . . Kelly Jones stopped in the middle of the dusty road that led to the air field, to shift the heavy shoeshine box to a more comfortable place on his back. It was an unconscious act, for he was unaware of its weight or of the hot sun that beat down on his bare head. Kelly was happy.

He shifted his bundle of papers to his left arm, and shaded his eyes with his right hand. He could see the sentry walking slowly back and forth at the air field gate. It was Private First Class Harris again, and he was glad of that. Pfc. Harris was his special, particular friend. It was he who had suggested the shoeshine box. He said Kelly could pick up a lot of dimes on pay day, shining the soldiers' shoes. Today was pay day, and Kelly had spent all his time yesterday, after he got home from his paper route until his mother sent him to bed, building the box. He had done it as much to please Pfc. Harris as for the dimes. Not that he couldn't use the money, but his jobs at the air field were different from ordinary jobs. He would have been happy to do them even for nothing.

It was funny sometimes how he would wake up in the morning and for a few minutes feel just the way he used to feel before he started going to the air field; he would feel sleepy and wish he didn't have to get up, and then he would think about school and make a face. And then suddenly he would remember. At three o'clock he would be going to the air field! It didn't seem possible, even yet, that out of all the paperboys in town, the boss should have happened to pick him to take the papers out to the soldiers.

He thought of the first day, how Corporal Simpson had taken him to Lieutenant Brand to get his pass. The Lieutenant had been very serious about it, not laughing and making wisecracks the way a lot of people do with kids. He asked Kelly his name and address and age, and wrote it all down on a card. Kelly Jones, 14 Maple Street, aged twelve, paperboy. Admit Kelly Jones between the hours of two and five p.m. Then he signed it, and gave it to Kelly, and said, "Don't lose it, Mr. Jones."

Lose it! Kelly carried it with him all day, and slept with it under his pillow. He had bought a black billfold in the Five and Ten in which he kept nothing but the pass. The billfold looked like real leather but his mother said it couldn't be, not at that price. He didn't show it to people much, it was too important. And he never talked about the field. He knew that a careless word from him might mean danger to the soldiers who were his friends. He knew that the enemy was everywhere, listening. Sometimes it was hard not to talk. The time he saw the new P-40 overshoot her landing and rip off a wing—what a story that would have been to tell! But he kept silent. And the day he saw a hurricane warning posted on the bulletin board, it was hard not to tell his father, who ran the ferry. But he knew that weather was military information, and he said nothing. His father and his uncles talked with him in a new respectful way, conscious of his knowledge. He ached to say, importantly, "Ten new ships in today. The boys are assembling them now." Or, "I heard from Corporal Ambers that we bagged a Nazi sub last night." He had even had to refuse when the principal at school had asked him to give a talk in assembly on his experiences.

But that was o.k. At twelve you couldn't enlist, but you could do something like this, if you were lucky. In a way Kelly was almost a part of the Army. The soldiers called him Colonel Jones. He knew they were kidding, but he knew too that they accepted him almost as one of the squadron. Silence was one of his new responsibilities, and he shouldered it gladly.

"Hi, Colonel." It was Pfc. Harris calling to him.

Kelly put down his papers and saluted. Pfc. Harris returned the salute. Kelly took the black billfold carefully from his inside jacket pocket, and presented it.

"O.k., Colonel. You may enter. Man, ain't it hot!"

"Yeah." Kelly grinned shyly. "See my box?"

Pfc. Harris looked it over critically, while Kelly held his breath. Perhaps



he wouldn't like it! Maybe he had made it in too much of a hurry. But then Pfc. Harris nodded approvingly. "That's all right. A nice job. Do it yourself?"

"Sure."

"What do you get—five bucks a shine?"

Kelly laughed. "A dime, I guess. But I'll do yours for nothing."

Pfc. Harris smiled. "Thanks, pal. You're o.k."

"You'll be off guard duty in half an hour, won't you? I'll wait for you," Kelly said, his heart pounding with emotion as the soldier gave his black hair an affectionate tug. They were such *swell* guys! And they liked him.

The boys in the barracks yelled at him as he came in. "Here's the old Colonel." "Here's that brass-hat, Jones." Sergeant Peters, on his way out to look at the guns, grinned at him and took a quick look at the headlines. "Save me one, Kelly," he said, and trotted on out to the field. Kelly folded a paper carefully and tucked it under the blanket on the sergeant's cot.

The soldiers crowded around him grabbing papers, kidding him, sticking out their feet for a shine. He was so solidly surrounded by pairs of feet that he couldn't decide where to begin. He sat down on the floor and laughed for sheer joy.

"The Colonel's drunk again," said 2nd Lieutenant Roberts, who was usually so serious. Kelly looked up at him, and he winked. Kelly did his shoes first. After all, he was a 2nd lieutenant.

He had got around to Private McPhail, who jiggled around so much he could hardly shine his shoes, when he heard Lieutenant Brand's voice. He jumped up quickly, and saluted.

"Oh, yes, Kelly. I wanted to see you. Come outside a minute, will you?"

Kelly's throat went dry with the sudden fear of not knowing what to expect. He wondered wildly if there was any rule against shine boxes in the barracks. The lieutenant walked over to a fence post, and put his hand on it. He rubbed the wood with the palm of his hand for a minute, without looking at Kelly.



"Got a hairpin?"

• •

Then he said, "I'm sorry to have to say this——" He paused, and Kelly's heart leaped into his throat. "I'm sorry," the lieutenant said, facing Kelly and speaking quickly, "but we've got a new ruling about letting outsiders inside the field——"

Outsiders!

The lieutenant looked away again from Kelly's wide eyes. "You see, Kelly, it's vitally important that nothing of what goes on here should get out, even the things that don't seem to amount to anything." The boy made a faint sound in his throat, and the lieutenant put his hand quickly on his shoulder. "It's nothing personal, you understand. Nothing to do with you. Just a general order." He paused. Kelly gripped the lining of his pockets so hard his nails hurt his palms. If you held on hard enough, you could keep from crying. "I'm sorry," Lieutenant Brand said. "We'll miss you." He held out his left hand. "I guess I'll have to have your pass."

Kelly had difficulty getting the pass out of the billfold, it fitted in so neatly. Lieutenant Brand took the billfold and got it out for him. Then he handed him the billfold, gave him a quick pat on the shoulder, and walked rapidly away.

Pfc. Harris was still on guard duty. "Hey, going so soon?" he asked.

Kelly swallowed hard, and made his eyes very wide to keep back the treacherous tears. "I won't be coming here any more," he said. "A new ruling. No more—no more outsiders. I'm sorry about your shine," he went on quickly. "If you ever want to come to my house when you're in town, I'll give it to you. For nothing."

Pfc. Harris held out his hand. "I'm sorry, kid," he said. It was too much to bear. Kelly pulled away and ran down the road, great sobs tearing at his throat.

Pfc. Harris watched him go. Just before he got to the bend in the road, Kelly turned and looked back. Harris saluted. He wasn't sure whether Kelly returned it, or whether the hand he lifted was to brush away the tears.

That night when he walked down the road in his hour off, Pfc. Harris kicked something in the middle of the road. He stooped and picked up an empty black billfold.

—Barbara Corcoran



"The Boss sure stopped Dora's social calls when he gave her that Pay Phone!"

PIPES

. . . The pipe industry is standing on its head these days to keep the briar between the jaws of American manhood—only it won't be briar for some time. While some of the pipes you buy today may be first cousins of your twin beds, most of the substitutes for briar have been tried by hundreds of smokers and found satisfactory. This may be due to the quality of the material or it may be that a veteran pipe smoker can't taste anything anyway.

Sir Walter Raleigh started the whole idea of smoking, and ever since he brought the first tobacco home from Virginia the breathing in and breathing out of clouds of smoke has meant pleasure and relaxation. It is significant that Sir Walter smoked a pipe, a habit he learned from the Indians who had been smoking pipes for generations. It is also significant that the first woman to smell pipe smoke, Raleigh's maid, thought that he was on fire. Whether or not a glowing pipe smells like a smouldering rubbish pile, it has become one of man's favorite habits.

Yes, woman's first reaction to the pipe was that it smelled. There is many a man today who can smoke his pipe only in the cellar or outdoors. The pipe shortage has not hit their habits too severely since they had been used to curbing the habit. To men who were used to keeping their pipes going all the time the shortage is worse than the lack of tires or gasoline.

Just to give a rough idea of how things stand with pipe smokers, an Air Corps Captain, writing to Mr. John H. Williamson, manager of one of Boston's tobacconists, says: "As far as pipes are concerned, in England you have to bring coals to Newcastle. One of London's world-famous pipe merchants gets a few every morning, but they are gone before ten o'clock. The clerk showed me one pipe that they were saving for a British General who had ordered it well in advance. The General has my sympathy. I wouldn't have wanted to burn peat moss in the thing, much less tobacco." He also included in his letter a request for two pipes and a pound of tobacco.

While this shortage may be only a part of the general shortage of things in England, London has been known all over the world for good pipes. If a good pipe cannot be bought there, where can a pipe smoker get one? Most pre-war pipes came from England or France. With the French supply cut off altogether and the English supply gone, what is the American man in the street doing for a good pipe?

With all these buyers for non-existent pipes, the industry has turned to substitutes to satisfy the demand. Cherry wood and apple wood have been used for years, and many an inventive smoker has made his own pipes from a piece of one of these trees. They are not like briar, but they'll do—sometimes.

To beat the shortage, manufacturers have increased their use of laurel and its cousin rhododendron. The upland regions of North Carolina produce this wood, which has been used for many years. Laurel is not very satisfactory, Mr. Williamson says, because it does not have the hardness or weight of briar.

Choosing a pipe has become almost a science to many a smoker. He has judged pipes by the weight of the wood, balance in the mouth, and by the slow burning qualities of the wood itself. If a pipe were not heavy enough, it usually followed that the wood was not of first quality. If the wood was a fast burning variety and relatively soft, the smoker found that he was smoking pine or maple instead of tobacco. The bite of a poor pipe is worse than that of a torturing pincers.

The recently discovered Manzanita root seems, so far, to be the closest to briar in smoking qualities. It is even better than some briars. The beautiful shiny wax finish familiar to owners of fine pipes is also a characteristic of Manzanita.

California produces this root, which is from 500 to 700 years old when mature. It grows slowly, battling against the tough volcanic soil as briar. Roots weigh close to 1500 pounds and are about five feet high.

One of the drawbacks is the backward region where it grows. Going after Manzanita often means building your own roads through mountainous country. The wood is also expensive to work, eighty per cent waste being common.

Other than substitutes, pipe smokers have another way of keeping their supply of smokable pipes. Old pipes thrown into a drawer years ago are being rejuvenated and repaired.

"A real pipe smoker can't throw a pipe away," commented Mr. Williamson. "We have received 54 old pipes from one man who wanted them repaired." Normally this man would have continued to buy new pipes even though he did not have the heart to throw out an old one.

"He had done what every pipe smoker usually does; threw his old pipes into a drawer somewhere and forgot them," Mr. Williamson continued. "Only when the shortage started to pinch did he bring them in for repairs."

Another factor in the current shortage, Mr. Williamson asserted, was the policy of the Germans in North Africa. When they occupied the Mediterranean coast of that continent, he said, they shipped all the briar available back to Occupied France to be made into pipes. When the supply was gone, they scrapped the machines that had been used to make these pipes and used them in the German munitions industry. The pipes were distributed all over Europe by them.

North Africa, mainly Algeria, had been the source of most of the world's supply of briar. Far-sighted American manufacturers had a two years' supply of rough briar roots at the beginning of the war. With the war now in its third year, briar has been all used up and the search for substitutes has been almost desperate.

Good old American inventiveness will take care of pipe smokers if the supply of the various substitutes fails. The corncob has been the standby of many a smoker even when the best briars were available. As long as corn grows green, and as long as there is a jaw to hang it from, the American smoker can turn to the corncob in an emergency.

—S.B.S.

THE LURE OF THE GAME

. . . IF I'd only known," Loranne thought dejectedly as she and Lieutenant Ketcham climbed the ramp of the Fenway Park grandstand, "I'd have worn my navy sheer—and my new pumps—and *stockings.*" She looked down at her old saddle oxfords and blue socks with loathing.

Ed had said something over the phone about would she date a "Louie," but the connection had been poor, and somehow she hadn't understood he'd meant a *lieutenant.* She'd expected another raffish boy like Ed, in middy and tight pants, with a white service cap sagging on an eyebrow—not this cameo-profiled officer in visored cap and carefully pressed blues.

At the top of the ramp, a whiff of fresh-made coffee from the refreshment stand distracted her thoughts. The wind was a bit keen today and the coffee smelled good. Loranne slid an eye toward her escort, but apparently he wasn't hungry yet. Loranne sighed; oh well, later, would be all right.

The Red Sox were taking their turn at warming up. Loranne pointed out Manager Joe Cronin and three or four others she knew by sight, then the lieutenant became absorbed in watching their mannerisms, and checking their names on the score-card, so she fell silent.

The clock hands crawled nearer 1:15—it was a double-header today—and the loud-speaker blared out the line-up for the first game. Presently the commanding strains of the Star-Spangled Banner flooded the big park. The players, caps held over their hearts, stood facing the flag-pole: the lieutenant stood stiffly at attention, his right hand at salute. All over the grandstand and throughout the bleachers, servicemen stood with rigid elbows and grave faces, and as always, Loranne felt the sting of tears at the sight.

A yell went up from the crowd. Tension relaxed. Everybody sat down. The first batter was up.

Just then a fussy bald man and his pouter-pigeon wife squeezed past the boys in the row ahead and sat down a few seats away. The woman's heavily-ringed hand clutched two savory hot dogs in a paper napkin, and the man struggled with two paper cups of coffee.

The coffee smelled even better here, in the cigarette smoke, than it had at the refreshment stand. The man took one of the hot dogs and licked some mustard off his fingers, then he took a big bite. The piccalilli started to ooze out, so he bit again, and a huge bunch appeared in his cheek.

Loranne suddenly realized that Lieutenant Ketcham was speaking to her.

" I *beg* your pardon—?"

"Quite all right—amusing to see these people stuff themselves, isn't it? What I wanted to know—is that the part of the fence that was moved back on account of Ted Williams?"

The woman bit into her hot dog, and Loranne heard the crackle as her teeth pierced the skin of the frankfurter.

"Yeh—over there." She gestured vaguely. She could even smell the piccalilli, now.

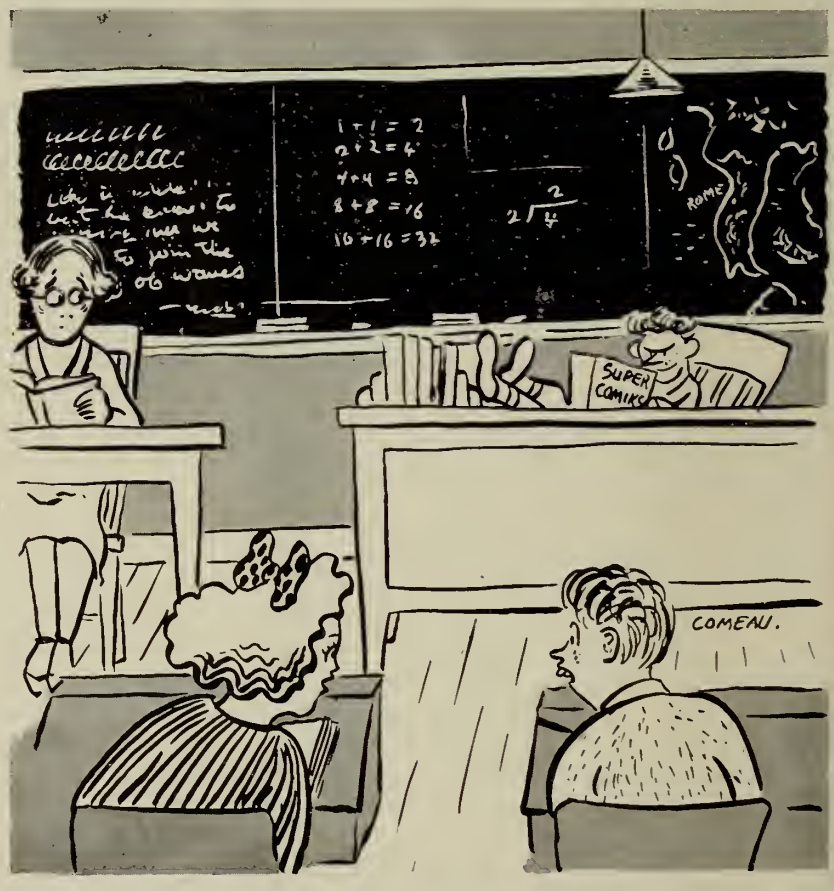
The elderly man in the mashed hat, on her right, suddenly cracked a peanut. He began to munch. He munched and munched, with an occasional click of his false teeth, and the smell of peanuts grew stronger and stronger. The fussy man wiped his mouth with the paper napkin, and his wife brushed some crumbs off her bosom. They crushed their paper cups and threw them under the seats and settled back contentedly.

"Good work!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"Yeah!" agreed Loranne. The scoreboard said one out. She must have missed something.

"Hot dogs!" A boy wearing a white coat several sizes too large, and carrying a metal container several pounds too heavy, went past. Loranne's eyes moved ever so little. The lieutenant was leaning forward in his seat, intent on the pitcher's wind-up.

The boys in front all bought hot dogs. The rich spicy smell of the



" Miss Jones lets him have his own way because, if she doesn't, he gets up and scrapes his fingernails on the blackboard."

frankfurters made Loranne feel faint. She'd had a sandwich and a cup of soup for lunch, and her breakfast had been a sweet roll and coffee.

The elderly man got up, and Loranne hastily pulled her knees aside to let him out.

"Ice-cream!" Another white-coated boy in the aisle.

Crack! Bat met ball. A line drive tore past the first baseman and bounded into right field. It was good for two bases. By that time, the ice-cream boy was gone.

The ice-cream came in little square boxes. Two of the boys in front started with the strawberry ice-cream. The one at this end chose the coffee. And the little chap directly in front of her, with the funny beanie, started with the orange sherbert, the way she always did. It was quite hard, so he'd scrape up a little on his pasteboard spoon, and lick it off, then scrape again. "Thank God," thought Loranne, "you can't smell ice-cream. You can stand seeing food if you can't smell it."

Lieutenant Ketcham jerked to his feet, and Loranne hauled her knees aside. It was the elderly man. He sat down, and in his hand were TWO hot dogs, slathered with mustard.

The lieutenant cocked a humorous eyebrow at the hot dogs.

"You don't care for that sort of thing, do you?" he asked.

"No," said Loranne hastily. "No. Thank you."

That sort of thing, indeed!

She knew just the sort of thing he *would* care for. After both games were over, and they were back in town—that would be seven o'clock at least—he'd take her to some ritzy hide-out where, after the waitress took the order, they'd sit and stare at a glass of water and a basket of hard rolls for a half hour till their steaks were ready. And by then it would be too late—she would be DEAD.

The hot dogs on her right lasted a long time. The smell of them lasted even longer. Her stomach was beginning to growl. The lieutenant might think she didn't eat for a week before she went out on a date.

The elderly man started in on a second sack of peanuts.

It was the end of the fifth inning, and she hadn't eaten anything yet.

The lieutenant leaned near.

"Be back in a minute," he said, and he unfolded his long legs and left her.

Loranne leaned back in her seat, dizzy with relief. Why hadn't she thought of that?

It was forever before she saw him loping down the uneven steps. She got up and met him at the end of the row. "My turn," she said.

At the top of the grandstand she hurried past a door marked "WOMEN" and made for the refreshment stand.

She ate three hot dogs, two cups of coffee, a piece of apple pie, and some ice-cream.

On her way back to her seat, she looked at the scoreboard. Score was 3 to 2 in favor of the Red Sox. Oh boy!

"You missed a double play," said the lieutenant, arranging his legs comfortably.

"Did I? Oh—tell me!" breathed Loranne.

A look of puzzlement flickered over the officer's face.

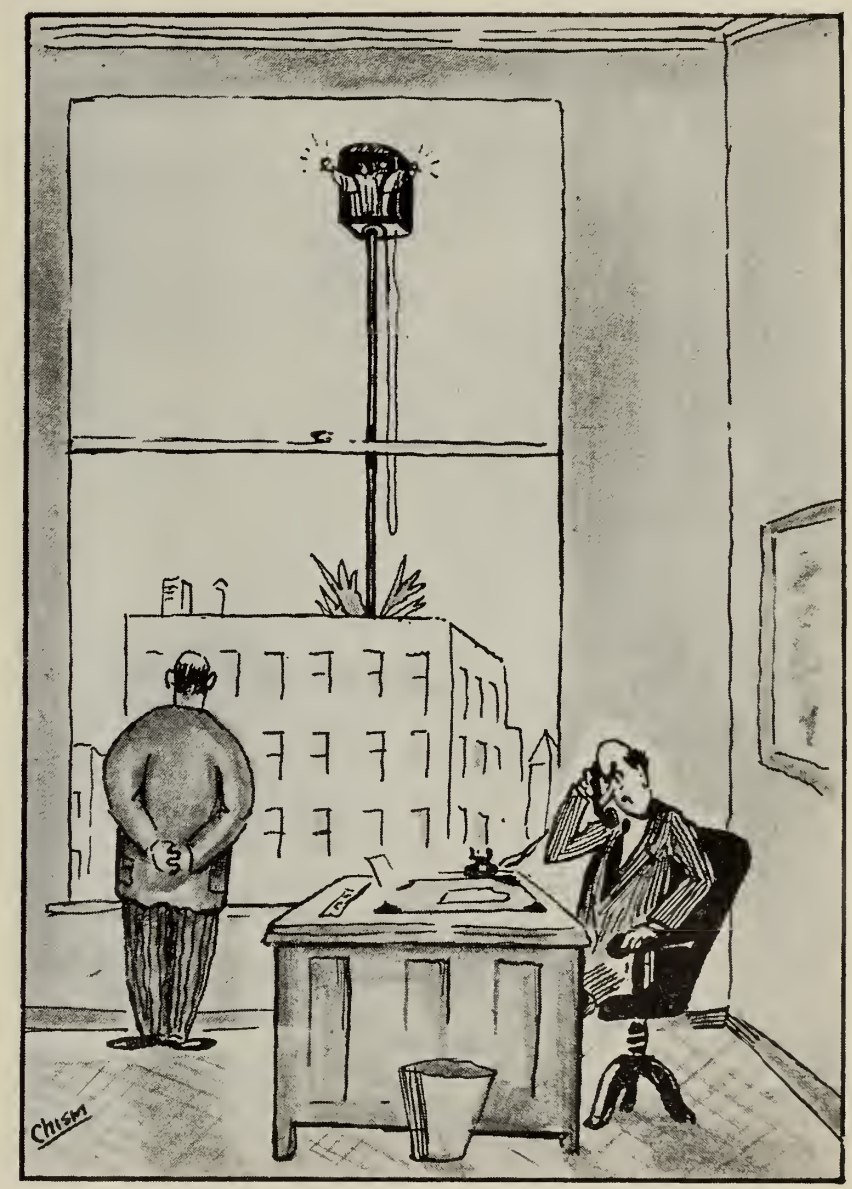
"D'ya know," he murmured, "I had an idea you weren't especially keen on the game. Was going to suggest—"

Loranne's mouth was a large O of protest.

"Why, I've always *adored* ball games!"

—Mary Lombard

• •



"I said — we can't use an eighteen story elevator in an eight story building!"

TRAINING CAMP

. . . Tump-a-tump-tump! Tump-a-tump-tump! Tump-a-tump-tump!

The rapid fire thump of gloved hands against punching bags echoed through the training camp. It was Spring, as the gold of forsythia announced; but forsythia was no surer sign of Spring than the dull quick beat of the punching bags.

Biff's mother stood in the doorway of the little white cottage she occupied at Johnny McKane's insistence. Johnny owned the camp, and Biff's mother was entitled to the best of everything while he lived. As McKane came up the short brick walk, Biff's mother turned to him eagerly.

"Is the mail in yet, Johnny?" she greeted him.

"Is that all you can think of on a Spring morning like this?" he chided. "Can't you think of this balmy air? This is one day for a porch sitter, ma'am, and you're it."

"Oh, the air's lovely I know," she smiled, "but I didn't sleep well last night, Johnny, and I keep thinking of Biff."

"Oh, Biff's all right," said Johnny carelessly. "Hear those punching bags?"

"They're working in the open air for the first time, aren't they?" she commented. "Is the camp full up?"

"Getting that way," answered McKane cheerfully. "I've got some nice boys in training this year, but none like Biff. Biff was one in a million!"

"Do you mean he isn't any more?" she demanded anxiously.

Johnny laughed derisively.

Biff's mother colored faintly at the implied praise of her son. Men were so queer, she thought. They like to fight, or watch a fight. Even the sound of those punching bags stimulated them. Hardy young men were working over there trying to make themselves more hardy. Strangely enough, preparing themselves to be beaten, bruised and cut, while excited crowds urged them on to be beaten, bruised and cut.

Herself the mother of a famous fighter, she'd never even wanted to see a fight. Biff had persuaded her at last, and it had been a dreadful experience. It seemed all so far away now, and yet the spectacle had never ceased to trouble her dreams.

From her subconscious mind, disturbing her sleep, would emerge that vast auditorium. In the darkness of the background were the fireflies of thousands of cigars and cigarettes, while in the very center was the concentrated dazzle of blinding light reflected back from stained and padded canvas.

Within the ropes two dancing figures, tiny and almost comical in their deadly antics when observed from the far reaches of the arena. Slower and more menacing as seen from the ringside. And out of the blackness the cries of encouragement, of derision, of anger, with a sudden and growing storm of roars; sudden tense silences. A maelstrom of madness.

A curious sweeping tide of ululations when the champion flattened the contender. Waves of hysteria when the contender flattened the champion.

"Kill him, Biff!" the man beside her had shouted; and surrounding seat-holders had screamed their approval of homicide.

Despite the tens of thousand present, she had felt alone and apart. The shocking impact of a driving fist had been an impact no less shocking to her heart. She saw her son with bloody, swollen lips; a bleeding cut above his right eye; the red-blotched body, a constant target for the champion's glove.

When Biff was knocked to the floor, it seemed to her as though she was resuffering the pangs of his birth. It was then she lost consciousness. She knew nothing more until she found herself in a hospital bed, doctors and nurses at her side.

She hadn't wanted doctors and nurses. All she wanted was Biff, and to know that he was all right. It was Johnny McKane, Biff's manager, who explained to her that Biff had left for California right after the fight. A business engagement that had to be kept. Biff was all right, Johnny explained, and maybe with this new business he wouldn't have to do any more fighting. Biff would write to her.

That had quieted her. The promise of letters. She knew that all success-



" No, no, Swanson, this won't do. Take her down and bring her up right! "

ful people went to California sooner or later. She'd seen them in the movies, and that was why Biff wouldn't have to fight any more. For the first time she felt really happy.

And Biff had written. Not as often as she'd have liked, but then she knew Biff had never been much of a letter writer at any time. Even now he wrote only to his manager, Johnny McKane, but there was always an enclosure for his mother.

"Do you think the mail is in yet?" she asked McKane.

Johnny didn't answer at once. He was staring down the roadway that led past the cottage, an angry frown on his face. Two men were approaching, and he started down the walk.

"But Johnny you're not listening to me?" chided Biff's mother.

"Sure I was listenin' to you," he protested. "I was just thinkin' maybe the mail is in. Anyway, I'll go see. And don't you run away on me," he warned.

"As if I could," she laughed. "Now get along with you, and see that you bring me a letter from Biff."

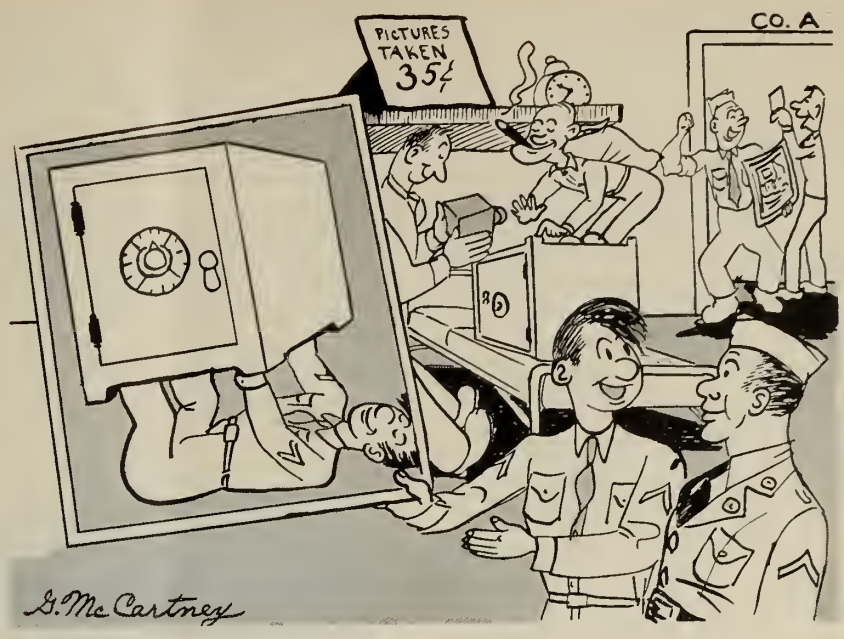
He hurried down the brick walk into the road, turning to intercept the two men before they reached the cottage. There was an angry glint in his eyes.

"Now, where the hell do you think you're goin'?" he demanded of the first man who wore a sweater with the camp insignia. "Where you takin' this guy?"

The camp employee looked uncomfortable yet half defiant.

"Listen, Mac," he said, "he got away from me when I was eatin' breakfast. I just caught up with him when he was leavin' the grounds. This here was the shortest way back to his room, and knowin' how you feel I thought it best to get him back under cover as soon as I could."

Curiously enough, the second man paid not the slightest attention to McKane or McKane's employee. The second man was a stockily built young man in sweater, slacks and sneakers, and he wore no hat. His eyes were dull and without expression, his thick bushy hair shadowed a deeply wrinkled brow, and the brow in turn shadowed the deeply sunken eyes. His movements were almost as ceaseless and spasmodic as a victim of St. Vitus dance. His half-fisted hands never ceased moving in leads of short-arm feints and blocks, while his face remained blank. When he walked, his legs moved in a queerly stilted way, and he walked on his heels. Wise guys in the fight racket called him "slug-nutty."



" . . then you enlarge it, turn it upside down ; and show it to your girl ! "

• •

McKane gave the unquiet man a quick glance, then nodded his head.

"Okay," he said ; "but get him away from here, and keep him where he belongs. I don't want him wanderin' all over the place, and never at any time down this way. The old lady in the cottage there has a weak heart, and if a guy like this ever wandered in there it'd be the end of her. Beat it."

McKane turned back to the cottage, and was half-way up the walk when he heard the woman's voice.

"Was there a letter, Johnny?" she asked anxiously. "You didn't seem very long anyway."

McKane stopped abruptly, felt in his pockets, and found what he wanted. He hurried up the steps and took a seat by her side.

"Sure there's a letter," he said cheerfully. "The mail was in so I didn't have to wait."

"Oh, Johnny, what does he say?" she demanded eagerly.

McKane fumbled with an envelope, drew out its contents, making crackling sounds with the paper as he did so.

"It says 'Dear Mother' ", he said clearing his throat. And presently he was reading to her all the things she wanted to hear.

She listened eagerly, quietly. About them were the odors of Spring. From the gym across the way came the staccato sounds of the punching bags.

Tump-a-tump-tump ! Tump-a-tump -tump ! Tump-a-tump-tump !

But Biff's mother no longer was aware of them.

She failed to notice that the envelope had slipped from Johnny's hand to the floor, and that its contents, an old advertisement, was exposed.

There was no letter from Biff There had never been a letter from Biff. There never would be a letter from Biff. And nobody knew this better than Johnny McKane, as his grim gaze followed that slug-nutty figure across the grounds.

Biff's mother would never know that.

Biff's mother was blind.

—Charles Lesley Cook

HER HONOR—THE JUDGE

Jennie Loitman Barron

. . . The soap-box orators who howl that "a woman's place is in the home" and/or "career and marriage won't mix" simmer down fast when Judge Jennie Loitman Barron's name is mentioned. The fact that she is the wife of Samuel Barron, Jr., the mother of three daughters (two of whom are now married), and the only full-time woman judge in Massachusetts puts a quick damper on such claims. It does much, too, to prove that the word "impossible" is a pretty puny segment in the conversational picture.

As one of nine judges, sitting in rotation on criminal, civil, appellate, and domestic relations cases, Judge Barron's daily duties bring her in contact with more tragedy, more human problems than the "true-story" magazines could print in ten years' time. How she or any of the other judges can retain the capacity to smile at the end of the day seems remarkable to anyone watching a session at the Court House. Misery, greed, misfortune, and selfishness march in a grim parade through the courts. The judges must sort the truth and justice of claims from a maze of words, and hand down decisions in which an individual's whole future may be at stake. Judge Barron takes her part in these proceedings with a brisk impartiality and firm sense of justice which rates high praise from lawyers, associates, and the public. It is no small achievement to win admiration from an individual who has received an adverse decision from the bench. Judge Barron has done so, however, on many occasions. And she has retained her capacity to smile and enjoy life apart from her work.

The hazy, composite picture of what a judge looks like is apt to resemble a nice blend of Scrooge, Dick Tracy, and the "before" photo in a dyspepsia ad. Those whose paths have never brought them to court on any occasion tend to have the above picture in mind. Those who have been to court often retain certain sections of the composite picture afterwards, but few would deny that the judge on the bench, whatever his personal appearance, had not been fair. As for women judges, the composite picture most frequently conjured up would appear to be a cross between a gimlet-eyed Amazon and a hard-hearted orphan asylum matron who takes candy away from the kiddies. As usual, the exact opposite of such a picture is the true one. Certainly Jennie Loitman Barron's appearance and manner are sound proof.



Judge Jennie Loitman Barron

A small woman, with grey-streaked black hair and keen, penetrating eyes behind rimless glasses, Judge Barron has the natural dignity and calm usually associated with more statuesque, stolid individuals. In court, even when things are at their liveliest, lawyers will tell you that her calmness never cracks, her knowledge of law and human nature never fails her. Justice, to her, is true democracy at work, with each individual, whatever race, creed or color, entitled to a fair hearing. Justice, of course, is that to all judges, but it is well to reaffirm the fact while writing about Judge Barron.

Her particular and definite qualifications for her work are quickly evident from past events as well as in her present position. As one of three girls born to Morris and Fanny Loitman in Boston's West End, she learned early that hard work never hurt anyone. Her parents had come to the United States directly after their marriage in Russia, and the going was hard at first. For the

Loitmans, the rumor that America's streets were paved with gold was exactly that—a rumor. As a family, one and all had to work hard to get what they needed and wanted. Daughter Jennie was no exception, and starting at the age of twelve, she worked summers in a shoe factory to supplement the limited resources of the family. Labor laws for children were not strict in the early 1900's, and teen-age youngsters were paid very little for long hours. The pay which Jennie Loitman received helped out at home and gave her a small nest-egg for future education.

While in high school, Jennie sold books from door to door. The particular book by which she earned her pocket money was an edition of Shakespeare. Several years ago, when she was asked if she had been good at the job, she admitted that she had been considered so. Her book sales topped all others in the door-to-door campaign.

Exactly when her decision to become a lawyer crystallized in her mind is not clear. It is possible that while she was an undergraduate at Boston University the study of law, a profession not followed by women as yet, attracted her attention for that very reason. In any event, while an undergraduate, she formed an Equal Suffrage Association which she headed as its first president. Her idea, she explains, was to stimulate student interest in the women's suffrage movement then under way.

Her scholastic record, incidentally, is a notable one. In 1911, she won her A.B. at Boston University in three years' time. Two years later, she received her LL.B. from the University's School of Law, and one year later won her LL.M. In that same year, she was admitted to the Massachusetts bar. In 1915, she was admitted to the bar in the U.S. District Court, and six years later, in 1921, was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.

From childhood on, she worked to pay her way, first as part of the family group, and later as she studied law. Today, if questioned as to the best bread-winning work which she did during those years, she will tell you that teaching Americanization classes in the public evening schools was her favorite "chore."

Among the list of firsts which she established for herself, a few highlights are sufficient to demonstrate her own brand of pioneering for women. She was the first woman in the state to be appointed a Master in a civil case; the first woman to present a matter to a Grand Jury; and the first woman to prosecute a major criminal case in Massachusetts.

In 1925, Jennie Loitman Barron was elected to the School Committee with the second largest vote polled in the race. As a lawyer and a mother in her own right, she considered the duties of a School Committee member a full-time job, if the work was to be done right. Records show that Jennie Loitman Barron was always ready to climb fire escapes outside of schools to check their safety. She was equally willing to air her conviction that temporary housings of schools were wrong. Permanent structures, designed to provide the best facilities for the children, were vital to the school and educational system. It was in this connection, by the way, that Judge Barron found herself on the receiving end of one of Curley's specialized variations of a "cut-down" political polka.

If all the members of the widening group of people who tangled with that master orator's tongue were to band together, they'd make an imposing local parade. In Judge Barron's case, she had been doing some campaigning for Mansfield via the radio. Curley, sharp strategist as always, promptly took a round-house swing at Mrs. Barron. More particularly, at Mrs. Barron's character and general qualifications for criticism. It was a brief and gory headline-studded fray, with Mrs. Barron emerging nicely on top.

In 1934, Attorney General Warner appointed Mrs. Barron an assistant district attorney on his staff. In 1937, after Governor Hurley proposed her name for a judgeship, the Council promptly approved, and she became the first woman full-time judge in Massachusetts. At present, she holds a lifetime appointment as judge in Boston's Municipal Court.

How Judge Barron has managed to have a home, raise a family, pursue a successful legal career, and keep a long list of outside activities moving smoothly is something worth considering. As she explains it, it sounds fairly simple, provided a woman really wants a happy home as well as a career. Her husband, Samuel Barron, Jr., is a lawyer himself, and he has always been in favor of his wife's career activities. The problem of raising three girls was solved by the same common sense practicality that Jennie Loitman had shown as a young girl. She simply figured out the amount of time most mothers spend with their children, and then, she got up very early in the morning to give her own daughters more time. Afternoons and evenings were kept free to enjoy the home circle. But by getting up early, she shared precious hours with her children at a time when most parents are sleeping peacefully.

Always a strict budgeter of time, Judge Barron has managed to make every hour of the day work for her. The duties of a judge are not merely sitting on a bench, knowing law, adjourning court, and going home on the five-fifteen. Judges must spend long hours reviewing cases, weighing evidence, and writing out their decisions and opinions. In a sense, a judge's work is never done.

It is said that hospitals and courts are visited only when sickness and trouble touch one's life. It is true that lawyers, clerks, and judges are the only permanent "residents" in a court house. Everyone else is a "transient," come to have troubles unsnarled. One phrase, used by Judge Barron to describe the criminal court, is particularly apt. In that court "the grist mill of life parades before me." In every court, however, there are decisions to be made for people who are in difficulty.

To this never ending task of providing justice for all who enter the courts, Judge Barron brings an energy and interest which are very real. She is fully in accord with Judge Kirk, who said:

"If we begin in the high-chair, we should not end in the electric chair."

The duties of a judge include present problems. But the interests of

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a judge as a human being spread far beyond the limits of the court. Judge Barron's interests and her own background of living are in the great tradition of judgeship and court procedure.

Not long ago, an incident occurred which gives some clue to the prompt public reaction when Judge Barron is assigned to a case. There were three people waiting in the corridor of the Old Court House, one a neatly-dressed woman with a very black "shiner" around her eye. The other two women were obviously friends-in-need. The door of the room in which cases and court rooms were being assigned opened and their lawyer hurried out.

"Judge Barron, in room 000," he told the women, hurrying them off in the general direction of the room.

Once they had reached the designated room, they began waiting again, this time for the judge to appear. In a few minutes, Judge Barron rounded the corner and entered the court room, accompanied by a court officer. The woman with the black eye looked dazed.

"You mean," she said, clutching her lawyer's sleeve, "you mean that a woman judge, that judge is going to try our case?"

The lawyer nodded, trying to move his clients into the room. But the woman with the shiner wouldn't budge. She looked at Judge Barron for a long moment. Then, she said with a quiet satisfaction:

"Well, *I'm* glad I can tell my side to a woman! At least a woman will understand how I felt when Harry mixed his paint in my two best aluminum kettles!"

—Barbara Pearson



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RETURN ENGAGEMENT

. . . THE morning after the wedding Rod got the real shock.

He had expected to be lonely. When he walked up the aisle with his daughter on his arm, and all through the ceremony and the luncheon and the drive to the station, he told himself, "You're going to be lonely, you know." Even the engine whistle, as the train hauled the young couple away on their honeymoon, repeated it with a misplaced accent. Lone-*ly*.

So that night when the maid served him his solitary dinner, he was not unduly depressed. It was bad, but not too bad.

Next morning, though, a strange feeling haunted him all the way to work, all the way in the front door and up the stairs to his office. When he sat at his desk, piled high with pending business, it struck him suddenly like a great desolating blow.

He had nothing to work *for!*

All his life, Rod had always had some person besides himself for whom he had worked. First, long ago, it had been his mother, then his wife (oh, golden days!) and then his children (oh, gold beyond compare!). Now Edna was dead; and Donald, in his lieutenant's uniform was taller than his father; and Grace was the center of a new world in which he was only a visitor.

Morning after morning now, as he came heavily up the stairs to his office and sat down at his desk, the question burned into his brain—"What *for?*"

He didn't need the money. He had provided for his children. He had plenty for himself. He had all the financial provisions he required for what was left of his trip through the world.

Then . . . "What *for?*" . . .

When his friend Ed Newburgh called him for their usual Saturday morning tennis game, Rod said, "No, I don't think I need tennis any more, Ed, thanks." Ed worried.

His daughter, Grace, and his son, Donald, when he came home on leave, saw the change in Rod, and they worried, too. The spring had gone out of him; he seemed to hang limp as he walked, like a marionette to whom the puppet-master is not paying enough attention.

Just before he returned to camp at the end of his furlough, Donald said to him, putting his hand on his father's knee and smiling cheerfully, "Dad, you look like hell. Why don't you retire?"

After a moment, Rod replied honestly, "I don't know."

"Thirty-seven years is enough," said Donald. "You've earned a rest."

"Oh, God," thought Rod, "he means well, but what does he know? Thirty-seven years are like thirty-seven days—if you have someone to work *for.*"

"Maybe you're right, Don," said Rod. "Maybe I need a rest."

He sold his share in the business and came home. He put his account books and his business papers up on a shelf in a closet. He was finished with them now. He put his tennis racket up there, too.

Time began to pass so slowly that he sometimes looked at his hands and imagined he could see them shackled with inexorable hours. It was not that he needed something to do; if that were all, he could have remained in business. He needed someone to do it *for.* He had always had someone to provide for and plan for and protect. Now it was as though a great and necessary organ had been torn from his body.

He looked for things to which he could give himself. He participated in movements and drives, contributing generously and working hard. But, worthy as they were, they were too large; he needed something particularly his own. And, without a purpose, he acquired the peculiar gray look of the old men who sit around waiting for death.

When Donald came home on his next pass, he scolded his sister and her husband for not taking better care of Rod. She replied that she and Sam had him over twice a week for dinner and saw him frequently besides that. Then all three of them put their heads together and decided that a change of scene might help. Within five days they were packing Rod off to the country with Ed Newburgh, to stay at a mountain hotel all summer.

The young couple drove Rod and Ed to the station. Ed was full of chatter; Rod hunched in a corner and was quiet.

Sam and Grace looked at each other. "Rod," said Sam, "my firm took your advice on that construction contract. We gave it to J. C. Plumb. They're going to build our new factory."

"Good," Rod nodded absently, "good."

• •



"Don't just stand there looking at it—lap it up or something!"

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"They're the ones built your plant ten years ago, ain't they, Rod?" Ed asked.

Rod nodded absently.

"Hope everything works out," said Sam. "I thought you'd like to know we took your advice."

"Yes," Rod nodded absently.

Before a week was over, Ed was ready to give up. The country hadn't done Rod any good. Ed had brought a new tennis racket for him, a model Rod had often admired, but Rod hadn't even taken it in his hand, let alone play with it. He was still the same spiritless, almost grouchy old man he had been when he came.

At the end of a week, when Ed was just about to sit down and write Grace that the vacation was a failure, Rod knocked at the door and came in without waiting. One glance at him and Ed was taken back six months, a year. This was Rod, Rod Bingham! There was the quietly twinkling eye, the shy one-sided smile. He looked three inches taller.

"Why—why, Rod," stammered Ed.

"Here," said Rod, and handed him a telegram.

It was from Sam. It read: "J. C. Plumb already behind schedule. Whole thing badly managed. Need someone I can trust to work with them and am too busy to do it myself. Could you spare time. Hate to interrupt vacation but we're in trouble."

"You goin'?" asked Ed.

"I'm packed," replied Rod, opening Ed's closet-door and starting to rummage within.

"Say, Rod," Ed scratched his chin "don't I remember your havin' a lot of trouble with J. C. Plumb when they built your plant?" There was a muffled answer from deep in the closet. "Well, if *you* had so much trouble with Plumb, how come you recommended him to — —"

Rod emerged with the new tennis racket in his hand. "I'm taking this with me," he said. "Man who does desk-work needs exercise."

At the door he turned. "So long, Ed," he said. He smiled but he did not wink.

—STANLEY KAUFFMANN

SHOP TALK

. . . After all these months, Bing Crosby is still crooning "You can be better than you are" with more purport than ever in his voice. Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea to take his honied-bass suggestion to heart. For the most part, a prolonged look in the mirror will disclose that some new clothes could make a lot of us considerably better than we are—in a material sort of way, of course. Let's look into the matter.

Wethern's at 25 Temple Place is one of the liveliest spots in town where bright young ladies assemble to fill in their wardrobe deficiencies, from smart new suits and dresses in high shades of wool to sophisticated Black crepes. In the banner-flying second floor Junior Terrace, the fashionable mademoiselle will find anything she craves in clothes in sizes 9 to 17. For classes and dates there's a Maize rayon and wool cashmere dress with a deep round neckline and demure bow. A Gold kid belt and buttons are swank finishing touches that make a moderately priced dress look exclusive. Aqua wool and rabbit hair is used for a softly modified shirtmaker with a Burgundy leather belt and buttons. It has four functional pockets and bracelet-length sleeves, all of which is extremely popular with college gals in an assortment of lovely glowing shades.

A Lipstick Red corduroy buttons all the way down the back and has a round scalloped neck and deep pockets repeating the scallop motif set in the panels of the skirt. This comes with a brilliant jewel-studded belt that'll dazzle your profs, your boss or your soldier. If there's a rush on corduroys, it's little wonder! Amusingly enough, a couple of collegians who room together at Radcliffe were having a private debate on which one of them should buy the Heart Throb. Heart Throb is the name given to an adorable spun-rayon check that really personifies youth. A small White Peter Pan collar and cuffs, patch pockets on a gathered dirndl skirt and alligator belt do the trick. One contestant insisted on the Black and White check; the other settled for hers in Brown and White.

Tea dancing, after-dark engagements and the like require something entirely different though. Clingy, rayon-crepes cater to this need in perennial Black, Blue, Green and Fuschia in styles of simple perfection. Highest praise is given a Black princess frock whose bodice is sirenishly shirred. Lucite and rhinestone frogs are its only ornament. Definitely for "the lady of the evening".

. . . It's sheer fallacy to assume that women who aren't exactly nymphlike any more must submit to wearing matronly clothes. *Cora Chandler's* at 50 Temple Place has a most exciting collection of young, slenderizing dresses for the larger woman in its second floor Dress Salon. Virtually any engagement on her calendar can be met in an Invincible Blue petit point dress with long, tight-fitting sleeves and a deep V neck. Artful air tucking makes a graceful wheat pattern that gives a straight, slim line to the figure. You may have it in Moss Green and Black too. A Black crepe has a Gay Fuschia side insert from shoulder to hem and sunburst tucking at the waist.

And anticipating the famous chilly New England weather, some Purple wools have arrived, topnotch in design and quality. A jersey one is scalloped down the front and has wide lapels of elegant eyelet embroidery and interesting buttons. Air tucks arranged in a lovely foliage pattern make a 100 per cent wool outstanding. It's a beautiful basic dress with the very desirable V neck, long, snug sleeves and Gold accents on the belt. You must drop in to see these!

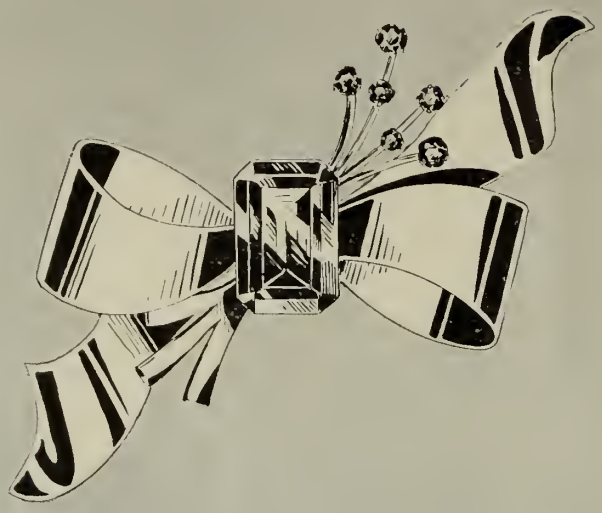
Misses will find their forte here in a sunshiny Canary Yellow wool whose soft tie neck and round yoke add up to charm. We loved the way the skirt was treated with inverted tucks to achieve a full effect and slit pockets in it. And although we'll put in our bid for Yellow, you may have yours in Autumn Wine, Pheasant, Beige or Black. From the glamorous point of view, a heavily-dated, wide awake mademoiselle would be oh so happy in a Black or Brown crepe dress with a peplum effect and epaulets of cascades of ruffles. Its daring femininity is further enhanced by a narrow tapering skirt and Gold belt.

. . . Robes for lounging, studying and keeping snug when the frost sets in, are awaiting your inspection at *T. D. Whitney's* at 31 West Street. Take your choice of rich rayon crepes and satins, quilted and fully lined in a lovely contrasting shade.



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A jolly coachman robe with two large buttons will make you a handsome participant in any fireside session in the dorm. You may have it in quilted White, Pink or Ice Blue satin with delicate nosegays scattered here and there.

Wrap-arounds are easy to slip into and have style galore — generous skirts, smooth revers and half-belts that tie in front. Luscious solid colors are popular along with dainty florals and alarmingly different prints. For instance, a fresh White background with a quaint Blue and Wine Paisley design makes a wrap-around you'll be loath to take off. Then there are tailored, quilted cottons in Red and Blue printed with colorful sprigs of flowers and piped in contrasting colors. Cleverly tailored with reinforced seams, they're a mere $6.95 and look ever so much more.

If you're a Chenille fan and nothing else will do, a cotton Chenille robe all the way from California is doubtless your speed. The tufted, tubbable beauty we're concentrating on has a surplus front and a large pocket for your pencils, cigarettes and assorted gewgaws. All for $5.98. For the strictly tailored gals, a wool and rayon provides plenty of warmth in a double-breasted number with big pearl buttons and a patch pocket. Colors: Wine, Aqua, Red, Orchid, French Blue. Price: $14.95. Come and get it!

. . . Romance Rose is blooming all over *Filenes*, a new, clear, vibrant shade that accessorizes beautifully with Black, Purple, Dark Green and Gray. This is the exciting Rose Victorians kept under glass in their parlors. Now it enriches the modern woman's attire, as it pervades every corner of the store. It's wonderfully gay in a Forstmann's silky gabardine (Militeen) suit whose short, full jacket is smartly nipped in at the waist. Small, high revers, silver floral buttons and a straight, side-slit skirt assures its being absolutely fashion-proof. You'll find it in the fifth floor Suit Shop for $49.95.

A wool-crepe cardigan suit has original Black velvet yoke treatment and a large twisted Gold button at the neck. And for those of you who are



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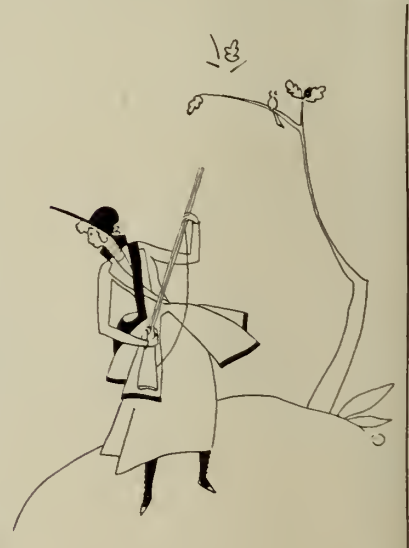
Elizabeth Arden

24 NEWBURY STREET • BOSTON • KENMORE 4783

on the alert for a three-piecer, the cardigan suit with a flange-effect shoulder, soft bloused back and Black braid pocket outline will more than live up to your style standards. Black and Romance Rose are a distinctive twosome, and so the designer trimmed the tuxedo and cuffs of the three-quarter topper with Black faille.

A peek into the Misses' Inexpensive Coat department on the same floor convinced us this glorious new color is a perfect foil for furs. Mouton collars and cuffs, yokes of Bombay Lamb, tuxedoes of Tingona Lamb, dyed Muskrat and Black Piece Persian swirls are stunning against Romance Rose fabrics. Our pet one is cut on princess lines and has a petal-shaped yoke bib of Gray dyed Bombay Lamb and slimming inserts in the skirt. Nor do we object to the price which is only $58 — no tax. Some of the fur-trimmed coats are taxable and some aren't. You'll simply have to see them all for yourself!

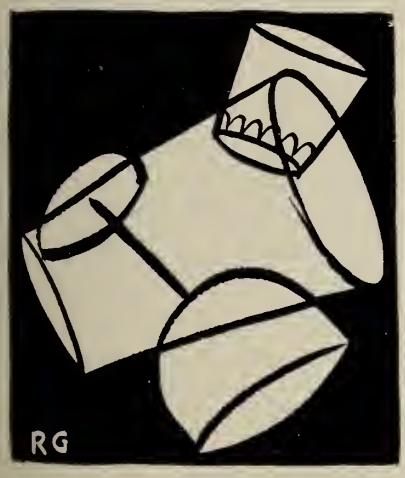
. . . Be wise enough to combat winter in comfort, luxury and beauty such as a *C. Crawford Hollidge* fur coat offers you. Highly individualized styling and highest quality pelts go into their coats, and it's none too early to do your surveying now and carry off the prize meant for you. The cry has been for all-purpose coats that will measure up to the glamour of night life and can be thrown nonchalantly over suits for daytime wear. What seemed impossible to produce is here, though, in a Natural Gray Persian tunic coat with a fitted waist,



corde belted, amazingly full sleeves, deep turned-back cuffs and flared skirt. Wide arm holes make it easy to slip over your woolen suits and it takes to gowns just as nicely. Costs $795 plus tax.

A Beaver- dyed sheared Australian Opossum has a classic tuxedo front that rolls in smoothly and smart turned-back cuffs. This is a fur that's durable and looks almost exactly like let-out Beaver. For the gal who's launching off a college year, this is the little number to give her a top grade in chic at faculty teas, proms and in the classroom. Ocelot and Natural-Tipped Australian Opossum come finger-tip length, trimmed, for a change, with stitched wool. Green wool makes a Peter Pan collar and banding down the front of the Ocelot and on its sleeves. Pockets of Gray wool are tricky touches on the Opossum.

If a rich shade of Brown flatters you, Forest-Mink-dyed Muskrat deserves your attention. A smart walking-length coat (just above the knee) has a convertible tuxedo, side vents and a tiny standing collar. You'll swear it's Mink until you see the price: $300 plus tax. A Mocha-Brown American Broadtail with all the season's ultra features is another eyeful not to be forgotten soon. Its ascot can be tucked into the coat and used as an inside vestee, or you may tie it jauntily outside. Although it's cut generously with a full rippled back and wide arm holes and cuffs that turn back almost to the elbow, it's not one bit bulky over suits. In fact, it tends to cut your size in half, as only soft, satiny Broadtail can do. Superb collection here!



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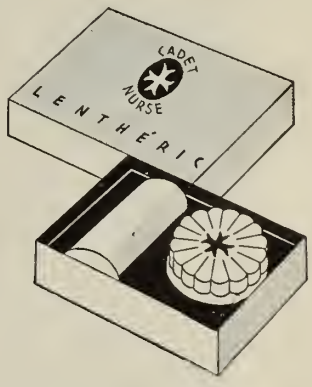
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in your hair, on your throat, your shoulders, on your hands, and you walk with muted music in the air around you. Let the hem of your skirt, your gloves, the air you move in waft Fabulous. You'll love this new scent which will be on sale at your favorite shop early in September. Try Fabulous — a perfume designed for wear in your castle-in-the-air!

Lustrous and Sparkling

. . . It's pink, and it is an enchanting—a new color in make-up by Mary Dunhill, created especially to give that feminine, lustrous and sparkling look. This brand new make-up shade called *Pink Lustre,* is a grand accent for the new colors in fall clothes—Parma blues, muted greys, high pink tones, and black, of course. Pink Lustre is a versatile color—it can be worn under the sun or under night lights. It is lovely on blondes—dramatic on brunettes. The lipstick, bright and sparkling, is a warm red with a pink cast. With it comes matching rouge (either creme or dry), a soft flattering Pink Lustre face powder, and the new Pink Lustre shade in Mary Dunhill's make-up base, "Face-It." For that vivacious, glad-to-be-alive look, try Mary Dunhill's Pink Lustre make-up!

Vibrant and Sophisticated

. . . The deep, new shade of lipstick by Daggett & Ramsdell, called *Manhattan Red,* is vibrant and sophisticated. As smooth and smart as the name implies, it adds a dashing color



Be exciting and sophisticated with Manhattan Red, Daggett and Ramsdell's newest lipstick shade

accent to the make-up of the up-to-the-minute woman. Manhattan Red is luscious and long lasting, and will see the wearer confidently through the busy day or the carefree evening. It goes on in the easy, creamy way of all Daggett & Ramsdell lipsticks.

Petal-Smooth

. . . Would you like your skin to look petal-smooth for that very special furlough date? Of course you would and you can. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has a new sponge-on make-up that is called *Ayeristocrat.* It smooths over your skin softly and gently and leaves a luminous veil over little blemishes and freckles. You will be amazed at the loveliness your complexion seems to have naturally. It takes rouge and powder beautifully and is lasting too. Hours after application your skin will still look fresh and bright and flawless. You will find Ayeristocrat make-up in a lovely glass case with dainty pink plastic top in your favorite shop. It comes in five complexion tones: Ayerbrunette, Ayer Rose, Sun Rose, Peach, and Sun Tan. There is also an Ayeristocrat make-up applicator. This finger-tip glove of pure lamb's wool was especially designed to ease and to speed the application of the make-up. It insures an even film of the preparation over the skin and helps it to blend on quickly and smoothly. This convenient aid may also serve as a powder puff.

. . . Even tiny wrinkles around the eyes are age-indicators, but deep lines and crows feet definitely point to fleeting youth. Unfortunately, one



Kathleen Mary Quinlan Eye Cream helps whisk away those tiny lines

leads to the other, so let us see what we can do about preventing these age-indicators from taking hold. Kathleen Mary Quinlan *Eye Cream,* with its rich oils, helps to whisk away these intruders or—if none are present—prevents their appearance by gently stimulating the delicate skin tissues around the eyes. After your nightly eye bath, just smooth Kathleen Mary Quinlan Eye Cream all around your eyes, over and under the lids. Do remember, please, that regularity of treatment is the secret to success!

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Statuesque Beauty

. . . IT HAS been years since the statuesque beauty with a swan-like throat, camellia complexion and regal manner was in fashion, but she is here with us again, due to our American fashion designers. And because the new clothes are entirely different, with wasp waists, curve-defining lines and draped skirts, all set off with a real hat, you are going to be scrutinized as you haven't been for years, even by those who have heretofore



Coty's Subtint will give you that smooth looking skin which fashion demands this fall

taken your beauty at face value. So, you will have to live up to the clothes you will wear. You have to be sure your skin is at its pink of perfection, and that your eyes shine. Your eyebrows are important, because your hair will be dressed beautifully but uncompromisingly away from your face, and because the big hats demand stately looking brows. Your ears will show, too, and must be made up as well as adorned, just as your face. Keeping pace with the newest in fashion, *Coty* has developed a series of recipes for loveliness. You will have to wear rouge, because, no matter what else the beauty of the early 1900's was like, she was unmistakably pink-and-white, never pale and languishing. A powder base is a "must." The way you look this year permits no leeway for defects. Coty's Subtint gives the effect of opalescence, imparting a tender smoothness to your skin. Coty's Airspun face powder in Rachel or Nacre or Perle Rose will give your skin the pretty undertone you will want it to have with Fall's fashion colors. Use Coty's Dahlia or Medium rouge and lipstick, or, with the mauve or purple costume of the season, the Cassis shade, with a little more of a blue tone. Keep pace with fashion in clothes and make-up!

Compact Notes

. . . GONE are the days when nose-powdering in public made a hussy of a lady. Now a discreet peek into the mirror of a pretty compact is considered quite proper. However, altogether too many women dig out battered looking compacts. Why? Why indeed, when despite the shortage of so many materials, there still can be found so many attractive and serviceable vanities. In fact, *Volupte's* new fall collection of compacts shows styles which are worthy of jewelers' pieces. They are a beautiful lot with sterling and tortoise shell predominating. The unadorned tortoise shell flapjack which Volupte introduced with such pride is back with all its classic smartness and elegance. Shot through with the clear, true markings of real tortoise, these plastics look wonderful and make a perfect accent for fall costumes. You'll see other styles too on the cosmetic counters—small and large square compacts, dainty pill boxes, and also handsome cigarette cases. Some of these have plaques for monogramming, others have raised tooled designs, and still another group is set with rich gold and gold-jeweled ornaments.

—CAROL THOMAS



By Suzanne—"Secret de Suzanne" perfume. Heady smoldering perfume for a knowing sorceress

BEAUTY

. . . No doubt you have seen Bette Davis in her magnificent portrayal of Mrs. Skeffington. If you haven't, try to catch it at your neighborhood theatre. Here she portrays a vain selfish beauty, who dreads the thought of ever becoming old, or of losing any of her beauty. Not long ago, a group of us were discussing the picture, and one gentleman opined that she looked far better ill with diphtheria, than with all the artificial make-up after she recovered. And we're inclined to agree.

There are a great many Mrs. Skeffingtons who cling desperately to youth long after every trace of it has vanished. These women not only appear ridiculous, but look as though they would indeed fall apart with one good jolt. We see them in the stores every day, with too much rouge, hair a few shades too vivid, and oh so peaked looking from too much dieting. They are generally over dressed, and too highly perfumed.

We are great believers of using every available means to look as attractive as possible. But of course you must be reasonable about it. A girl of 16 should certainly use less make-up than a girl of 22. And so should a woman of 65 use less than a woman of 35. Then again, you must consider your coloring. A dark fiery type can certainly use brilliant colors and be perfectly striking. Whereas a blonde girl must always be careful to keep to more delicate tones. And so must a woman subdue her colors as she gets older. Nature changes the color of your hair and skin as you get along. See that your artifices correspond.

To age gracefully is admirable. Always be well groomed in a conservative way. Your manicured nails should not be extremely long, nor the polish too dark. If you have given your hands normal care for years, they will belie your age with much grace. The smooth hands you envy most likely wore rubber gloves when doing housework. They were creamed regularly and protected with hand lotions during winter months.

Ageing gracefully does not necessarily mean gray hair. There are thousands of elderly women who have never had a gray hair in their heads. It does mean that bright red and gold hair must be a thing of the past as far as you are concerned. If you have been coloring your hair keep it to subdued brown tones. No matter how black your natural hair was, don't have it tinted black now. As you get older, your skin becomes sallower. Nature's idea in graying hair was to lighten your appearance, and offset a harsh effect. So have your hair colored a lighter shade of brown than it originally was. On the other hand, if you were a golden blonde, your hair should now be tinted a little darker and more on the ashy tones. Never use henna on white or gray hair. It is much too vivid, and often leaves a pinkish cast.

Try to have your hair styled at a beauty salon once a week. And don't under any circumstances wear it shoulder length if you are over 40. Your hair should be worn up off your neckline, either cut short, swirled to one side, or in a neat roll. Do not go in for elaborate hair styles. If your hair is gray make sure it is simple to keep, as gray hair gets straggly unless it is groomed always.

In most cases it is unnecessary to allow yourself to get too fat. Although dieting becomes dangerous when you are older, the sensible woman has been careful about her weight for years. But being too thin is as unattractive as too much flesh. A little extra weight can be becoming and somewhat more youthful. Wrinkles and lines will show more in a scrawny face and neck. Continue to care for your skin. Pick creams and oils with care. Although you cannot erase wrinkles, proper lubrication will soften them to a point where they are far less noticeable. Use good throat and eye creams regularly, and have an occasional stimulating facial. It will pep you up so that your eyes will sparkle as they can only when you are thoroughly relaxed. Your beauty is a combination of good health, good grooming, and relaxation.

—Lillian Munroe



"Well?"

look younger



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MAYOR MAURICE J. TOBIN

. . . One Boston boy who made good will remember 1938 as a year so crammed with events of great import that no matter what the future holds—and there's reason to believe it holds plenty—1938 will strike a note of deep personal significance. Mayor Maurice J. Tobin, Boston's aggressive, progress-bent first citizen, of the charming manner and collarad handsomeness, can really get sentimental about this year. The happiness his infant son, Maurice Jr., had brought to the family was off-set by the loss of his father. His political shooting star whizzed him way up to the top of our municipal horizon and he was inaugurated Mayor of the Hub, an office he has held for three terms.

Then, he realized an ambition he had nurtured all his life — and, as soon as he could leave the city, he swept his best girl, Mother Tobin, off her feet and carried her away to the "Old Country" in dashing cavalier manner. It wasn't just Ireland they saw, this sentimental pair of tourists —it was the very country where Margaret Tobin was born and the very house where it happened. Neither mother nor son will ever forget these moments of revelation, come what may to dim their perception of the past. Tobin will always wear an invisible shamrock on his lapel.

For his 43 years, he's traveled a long way, His Honor the Mayor, on the unswerving, straight-and-narrow path of a Horatio Alger hero. Roxbury's Mission Hill district provides the backdrop for his newsie days and it was there, as a boy, that he distinguished himself with an out-size paper route and as organizer of news boys' clubs and arbiter of their disputes which were, as often as not, of the fist variety. The inherent qualities of leadership, apparent in the big, lanky kid in the school yard, are well-developed and functioning in City Hall's top-ranker today. He's a "natural," and men follow him with full confidence that whatever's to be done will be done right. Tobin decides what is right from a practical point of view, then sets about to do it in the most time-saving and thrifty manner he knows. Those who work with him say he's a stickler for keeping his word and goes through every conceivable kind of inconvenience to make good a promise. If you're given to "soft talk" or empty commitments, steer clear of His Honor.

Let's look the truth squarely in the face. Boston has been called "staid" and "conservative" by some pretty tolerant people and was badly in need of the push Tobin gave it when he took office. The proof is that numerous measures taken here, after careful instigation and planning by the Mayor, have been copied by other cities on a nation-wide hook-up. For the past two winters, retail fuel dealers have pooled their range oil under city supervision, making it possible for every last drop of it to be distributed where the need was most urgent. This was a famous Tobin brainstorm, esteemed by Secretary of the Interior Ickes and recommended by him to cities with a similar how-to-keep-from-freezing problem.

As a personality, give the Mayor credit for lots of things. For instance, the way he says "hello." He looks you straight in the eyes, gives you a hearty handshake and always addresses you by name. Call it "political tactics" or what you will, but admit that it's pleasing. So are his poise and perpetually unruffled manner under a variety of harassing situations which arise in his office.

His progressiveness is not confined to the plans he has for Boston; it is ingrained in the man as an individual. Modest, though not lacking in self-assurance, and well-schooled, though still desirous of learning, Mayor Tobin has become one of the best extemporaneous speakers in public life in New England today. Through continual self-discipline and practice, he has brought himself to a point where he can improvise at a state dinner or christening as glibly as an old-time actor. When the Unity Placque was dedicated on Boston Common on June 12th, he made a speech without any formal preparation on the popular live-and-let-live theme that truly hit home. A sound film of this speech



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NEWTON L. SMITH, General Manager

was made by local theatrical people who have visions of Hollywood for the Mayor. But the Mayor is not interested in histrionics as a vocation; he is a politician.

The quick, well-organized Tobin way of getting matters polished off is evidenced in the Veteran's Information and Reception Center in downtown Boston which incorporates under one roof virtually every agency a veteran might need to handle his particular problems. His pet postwar project is the construction of a viaduct from the mainland just below Neponset to Long Island, eight miles out of the Harbor.

Leisure is scarce now, and it's only once in a while that you'll see Tobin making his rounds on the Commonwealth Country Club golf course. If they can manage to salvage some time summers, he and Mrs. Tobin generally see how big a catch they can make in the Province of Quebec, their favorite angling territory. She always catches the most fish and tells the best fish stories.

A firm believer in keeping one's feet on the ground, he has insisted on bringing up his three children simply, without any fanfare, although visitors like glamorous Veronica Lake do tend to upset the equilibrium of his household. But such guests are rare. The general run of company at the Mayor's home is old friends from Mission Hill, Boston College associates and men he knew at New England Tel. and Tel. where he worked for fifteen years. These folks have witnessed Tobin's adult growing-pains. They have watched him thrive in the prestige and experience of his office—otherwise not change a whit.

—Phyllis Marks



THEATRE REVIEW

. . . THE immediate future in Boston theatres is a bright one, filled with promise for those who enjoy comedies, musicals, and Olsen and Johnson comediantics. It is also a faintly hopeful one for those of you who are interested in dramas which face up to a current problem. The trend toward topical subjects is something to be welcomed. The time has come when it will do no harm to look about our own country and see what goes on.

By way of illustrating what we mean, take the play *Down to Miami.* Old hokum in a new 1944 setting keynotes the plot, but the difference from a trend point of view lies in the fact that the plea for racial understanding is done in a forthright, often amusing fashion. The young Jewish girl in love with what the playwright considers a "blue-blooded" New England Yankee is a mild switch on Abie's Irish Rose. In the case of this play, however, which was seen first in Boston during the Labor Day week, the critics regretted the formula hokum of the plot but awarded the plea for racial understanding an A-plus for forthrightness.

. . . THE second drama which deals with a troublesome present situation is Dave Wolper's *Men to the Sea.* Written by a young New York newspaperman, Herbert Kubly, with what he admits is "religious intent," the play dealt frankly with the situation of war-brides who are left at home to wait for a year, perhaps two years, for their husbands to return.

This problem is ageless. It accompanies all wars which have ever been fought, from the days of the Crusades to the present global conflict. The loneliness of the girl-wives is often desperate. It has led many of them into conduct for which they and civilization suffer for many years to come.

Men to the Sea, as we have said, concerns four war brides whose husbands serve aboard the same destroyer. Circumstances have placed the brides together in the cramped quarters of a Brooklyn boarding house near the Navy Yard. Kubly's claim is that the characters in the play were suggested to him by the Bible. Biblical personalities given modern names and modern problems with which to cope are Magdalene, Ruth, Hosea and Gomer, and Susannah and the Elders. Although this article is written prior to the Boston opening, the general advance opinion is that Wolper will have another success on his hands when *Men to the Sea* moves into New York. Of more importance to us is the Biblical theme and the modern problem which is the subject of the play.



Toni Gilman, Joyce Matthews and Maggie Gould in "Men to the Sea," an important new play which has aroused much controversial discussion since its Boston opening September 11th

The Date Book

. . . SCHEDULED for Boston theatres are the following promising attractions. They cover all audience tastes and promise much solid enjoyment for theatre-goers. the season by Boston Tributary

CURRENT

The Perfect Marriage, Samson Raphaelson's new comedy is now at the Plymouth theatre. Co-starring in the play are Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory.

Booked but not titled at the present writing is a musical comedy which should be current at the Shubert Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, September 27

Murder in a Nunnery, first play of Theatre. This Emmett Lavery thriller will be presented at New England Mutual Hall.

MONDAY, October 2

Mama's Bank Account, John van Druten's dramatization of Kathryn Forbes' novel, will open at the Plymouth, with Mady Christians in the starring role.



" Honest, chief, I just shoo'd a few flies away then suddenly this happened ! "

ENTERTAINMENT

. . . Once again, the bright light sector is booming with entertainment and color. Some of the finest acts and famous show business names are in town for the strict purpose of entertaining you. And believe us, they *do* exactly that.

. . . At the Statler's handsome *Terrace Room,* Jane Pickens holds forth with some of the smoothest entertainment you'll see in a long time. Jane, you recall, has been doing a superlative job ever since the Pickens Sisters trio broke up. At this moment, as a one-woman show, she has reached a new high in eye and ear-appealing showmanship. She is strictly a "must" on your list of places to go.

Incidentally, the music in the Terrace Room, as provided by George Duffy, is something extra special. George Duffy's name and music is probably familiar to you through his radio work, but his 11-man orchestra at the Terrace Room is offering some super dance music. The versatility of band is outstanding, and if you like new and old favorites, Viennese waltzes, Latin American or Hawaiian tunes, George will serve them up to you in the way you prefer.

The Terrace Room has proved so popular with everyone that it would be well for you to make a reservation before going there. Call HAN. 2000 for same.

. . . The terrific parade of famous names scheduled for the *Mayfair* is already in progress, with Sonny Mars, "The Psychopathic Comic," current at this smart club. Sonny's billing is no mistake, believe us. His mad, whacky humor has the customers in what grandma used to call "stitches." It will probably reduce you to limp exhaustion in short order.

Sonny Mars stays at the Mayfair until September 27 when Diosa Costello bows in. Diosa, without question, is tops in her field. How so much energy and entertainment dynamite can be packed into the attractive South American without exploding is something hard to understand. But her dancing and singing are not to be missed. Just don't bring the kiddies along with you, however.

Diosa Costello, probable star of the forthcoming Olsen and Johnson "mad-house" musical, is thoroughly unique and inimitable in her act. It is impossible to describe with words. But check her high on your lengthening list of people to see around town.

The summer rest appears to have done miracles for the chef at the



Diosa Costello

Mayfair. Diners there are getting a treat like never before. And anyone can tell you that the food here has always been good. Take another tip and catch the dinner show. Try one of the dinners and see if you don't agree with us.

In the Cocktail Lounge, the entertainment continues to be excellent. The Mayfair Lounge is an attractive place to visit when you feel like a few pleasant drinks before ending the evening. Keep this one in mind.

For reservations, call LIB. 0700.

. . . Always one of the nice places to go is the Copley Plaza *Oval Room.* Now, with everything completed in the way of cool comfort, excellent food, and the starting of the last show at 11 p.m. (to allow suburbanites a chance to catch the last train home), Newton L. Smith, the managing director, rates a low bow of congratulations.

The two star names which are current in the Oval Room are no strangers to Boston. Marina, possessor of one of the really great young voices in the country, has the plus feature of being a superlative entertainer as well. Her work has a sparkle and her songs a variety which lift her out of the more familiar pattern as an operatic star. Anything can happen when Marina is entertaining you, even to the singing of "Mairsey Doates" on request. Which means that she is no stuffy personality on the stage.

Myrus, the mentalist whose feats of reading your mind are famous throughout this country, is doing his customary startling job of entertaining. And the people who have been singled out for personal attention by Myrus in his show say that his predictions thus far have been 98% accurate.

The $1 cover charge, incidentally, does not go on until 10 p.m., another thoughtful management gesture. Better make a reservation by calling KEN. 5600.

. . . Exactly what we can say that will be news to you about the *Latin Quarter* we don't know. It is a beautiful club, spacious and superbly decorated. There is always an extra-special show, with the pick of the unusual and interesting acts. There is an eighteen-girl line which has a fan following all of its own because of their beauty and real dancing ability. There is Tony Bruno's excellent music for dancing. The food is superlative, and the whole show is something you shouldn't miss. Lots of other people think so, too, and you'd better make your reservation early by calling HUB. 1920.

. . . September has also seen an opening of a new and smart cocktail lounge. The very attractive and enjoyable Myles Standish cocktail lounge opened early in the month and has proved a big favorite with those who prefer a lounge to a floor show. The excellent entertainment there includes Buddy Bonds at the electric organ and Betty Sharpe, accordionist. You'll enjoy yourself here.

—BKP

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WHIM of Mr. X:
Beautiful Girls
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MUSIC

. . . Unfamiliar Handel began the program of the two chamber concerts in the Boston Symphony series that G. Wallace Woodworth conducted at New England Mutual Hall. The term "unfamiliar" must be used comparatively, however, for the oratorio "Solomon" from which Mr. Woodworth presented excerpts, had been given in the slightly abbreviated version made by Sir Michael Costa in 1865, at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Bach-Handel Festival of 1935.

"Solomon" represents a side of Handel little known to modern audiences. It contains neither the grandeur of "Messiah" nor the purely instrumental beauties of such works as the Concerto Grossos. "Solomon" afforded some lessons to Sir Arthur Sullivan, who used them profitably in the Savoy operettas he wrote with Sir William S. Gilbert. The oratorio ripples with tunes, solo and choral, and more than once a smile purses your lips as you think of the similarity between "Solomon" and certain portions of the Savoy pieces.

Mr. Woodworth conducted a small chorus drawn from the ranks of the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society in "Music, Spread Thy Voice Around," "Draw the Tear from Hopeless Love" and "May No Rash Intruder Disturb Their Soft Hours." In addition there were the instrumental *Sinfonia* to Act 3, and the allegro from the "Solomon" Overture.

From Handel Mr. Woodworth passed to Bach of the C major Concerto for Three Harpsichords. At the double-banked keyboards were three expert performers: Putnam Aldrich, Sylvia Marlowe and Daniel Pinkham, all well-known here by virtue of previous appearances.

The program wound up with a handful of lesser works by Beethoven, six of the Contradances and a brace of Minuets. Mr. Woodworth's conducting, as usual, was characterized by briskness and devotion to the style and detail of each score.

—Cyrus Durgin

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IT'S ABOUT TIME

. . . If the whys and wherefores of Boston's Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," have slipped your mind with the passage of years, it's certainly about time to do a bit of reviewing. A four star attraction in the center of the Hub's market district, it ranks second in national historic interest only to Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

Colonial dames didn't have our present-day food rationing troubles, but they suffered no small amount from a heated controversy over the then existing market system. There were two factions in town, one favoring the maintenance of the town market houses, the other demanding a return to the home service method of supply. When Peter Faneuil, a wealthy merchant of French descent, offered to donate a suitable building as a market house, providing the town would legalize and support it, the feeling ran so high that his gift was accepted by a narrow margin of seven votes. And so in 1742, the building was completed, formally accepted and named by the people "Faneuil Hall" forever in honor of its donor.

The original building, whose architect and painter was John Smibert, had two stories and was just 100 feet long and 40 feet wide. It was planned primarily as a market house, the inclusion of a public town hall in the scheme being an afterthought. In 1743, Peter Faneuil died and the first public gathering to be held in the hall was held in honor of the man who had presented it to the town. On this solemn occasion, Master Lovell of the Latin School gave the eulogy.

The original Faneuil Hall shared the fate of most of Boston's old historic buildings and was almost entirely destroyed by fire in the chill January of 1761. So necessary a part of public life was it, that the State authorized a lottery in order to raise funds for rebuilding. Seven classes of lottery tickets bore the signature of Massachusetts's progressive governor, John Hancock. At the official dedication of the new edifice in 1763, James Otis delivered an address consecrating the hall to the cause of liberty, and it has been called the "Cradle of Liberty" ever since then.

In 1805, the building was enlarged under the direction of Charles Bulfinch, the celebrated pioneer Boston architect, whose most characteristic work is the "Bullfinch Front" of the present State House. It was doubled in width, a third story was added, galleries resting on Doric columns and the rostrum with its extended front were introduced, and the hall was generally improved and embellished. And the Bullfinch plan was faithfully followed in 1898 when the entire building was reconstructed with iron, steel and stone substituting the wood and other combustible materials used in the earlier buildings.



Faneuil Hall

Today, according to the founder's original plan, the lower story is a market house, perhaps the most commodious and busy one in the city. The second floor is occupied by the public hall at the end of which, opposite the entrance, you can see many famous works of art. Washington's full-length portrait by Gilbert Stuart is there; also portraits of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, John Hancock, Joseph Warren and Samuel Adams—all done by Copley. The great historical painting by Healy at the back of the rostrum depicts Daniel Webster addressing the United States Senate in the old Senate Chamber on the occasion of his masterly reply to Hayne of South Carolina. Largest of the paintings in the hall, it is known principally for the 130 portraits it contains of Senators and other men of distinction in that period. Peter Faneuil's portrait is a copy by Colonel Henry Sergeant of a smaller one in the Art Museum and was given to the City of Boston by Samuel Parkman, grandfather of the historian. Of the valuable collection of portraits on the walls, many are copies, the originals having been brought to the Museum of Fine Arts to protect them from fire hazards.

The hall may never be hired; however, should a certain number of citizens apply to the municipal government and agree to comply with the prescribed regulations, it can be used for public meetings. Sale or lease of the premises are strictly forbidden in the City Charter. For many years now, the floors above the hall have been used as the armory of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company which houses a rich museum of relics from Colonial, Provincial and Revolutionary times.

Since Faneuil Hall has been built, all town meetings were held there, and, in the troublous days before the

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Revolution, it was the scene of numerous vehement public assemblies. Great patriot orators sounded from its platform "the stirring notes that gave the chief impulse to the patriotism of the whole country."

For some years before the Revolution, the town offices were established there along with the naval headquarters and a notary public. When Boston was under siege, the "Cradle of Liberty" was converted into a playhouse patronized by a society of British officers and Tory ladies, a "Society for Promoting Theatrical Amusements." Ironically enough, a local farce was presented, "The Blockade of Boston," written by none other than General Burgoyne himself. British soldiers undertook the acting, and their first and only performance was broken up by the exciting report that the "Yankees are attacking our works in Charlestown!" The audience scattered unceremoniously.

Faneuil Hall has been a popular meeting place for the citizens of Boston since the Revolution too. A host of national "leaders, orators and agitators" have spoken in its venerable hall. Webster's noble eulogy on Adams and Jefferson was delivered there in 1826 in the presence of President John Quincy Adams and an exceptional audience. And, in 1837, Wendell Phillips made his first antislavery speech. Charles Sumner made his initial public appearance for his cause there, and, the next year, the antislavery Vigilance Committee was organized at a meeting to protest against returning fugitive slaves to their masters. The building is fairly abounding with historic associations, far too many of them to enumerate on these few pages.

Standing at some distance from Faneuil Hall, you can see the gilded grasshopper vane on its cupola. It isn't a duplicate of the crest of Peter Faneuil's arms, as some people think, but, if we may believe the "Sexton of the Old School" papers, it imitates the vane on top of the Royal Exchange in London. And, if the ornamental clock in the face of the gallery over the main entrance arouses your curiosity, you should know it was a gift of Boston school children in 1850.

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WOMEN AND THE WAR

. . . PRESENTING the outstanding woman for the week, Elizabeth Hodges, Post Librarian, Army Air Field, Westover, Massachusetts.

Two years spent in Tientsin, China, made an indelible impression on the young mind of Betty Hodges. Attending a British school, but associating with Chinese and assimilating Chinese life, she early learned a respect for people of different race and an admiration for the Chinese maturity of culture. Now, as librarian of an Army Post Library, with 6000 books, she is daily trying to formulate the various needs and desires of lonely service men into practical application, using the Library as a focal point.

Innovations at the Post Library have come about naturally. In the spacious reading room at Westover Field, attractively comfortable with arm chairs, rugs, reading lamps, contributed, in large part by the Springfield Red Cross and hung with canvasses by Van Gogh and Gauguin loaned by the Springfield Art Museum, music may be heard whenever the library is open. Music was something the men wanted and so a phonograph and records were borrowed at first and concerts planned on a given night. A gradual change took place until now the Post Library boasts a phonograph of its own, a notable collection of classical records and music is the daily fare, whenever the spirit moves a GI or his commanding officer. Betty believes that the special emphasis which the Army Library has given to music will be one of the main contributions they will make to libraries in general.

The happy results of this first venture into realms, strange to conventional Library practice, were gratefully received and other suggestions from the men were voiced and ideas crystallized. Art, Spanish, Russian, Portuguese and discussion groups were formed, prospered and died as the interested men came and then left in the service of Uncle Sam elsewhere. The latest innovation is a popular class in spoken Chinese, wanted by men now corporals and privates in the air force but in civilian life, professors and teachers. Outside help was sought and Miss Ching Yi Hsu, dainty student of the Springfield School System, volunteered the true inflections and tones of her native tongue. The slogan all over the Post became "Why not try Chinese?"

The hours of closing at this center of assemblage for all men on the Post changed from 8 to 9:30 to 11 p.m., sure evidence that its facilities catered to their needs. Convinced that no idea is of value, no facility of worth unless those needing them know they are available, Betty has initiated an interloan with libraries in surrounding towns, has issued booklets to new arrivals concerning the events at the Library, has written a column "Of Men and Books" for the camp paper, "The Westover Flyer" and has arranged an exhibit case of interesting collections of all sorts garnered from here and there.

Maryland was the home and background of both parents, first cousins, true descendants of a stalwart forbear who drafted the Virginia Bill of Rights, pattern for all others, who by their marriage blended the feelings and traditions of the South. Betty, although born in Atlanta, Georgia, began her education early, travelling and living in Porto Rico and China, until, in 1922, she came to settle permanently in the rambling white house at 19 Lowell Street, Cambridge. Proud of its 175 years, this house, part of the original Lowell estate, is known to the old inhabitants of Cambridge, as the Foster Farm. In the high-ceilinged living room, flanked on two sides with small paned windows, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, I met Betty's gracious mother. At once I realized that in this mother's unselfish devotion to her home and her active interest in others, through many channels, was the fount of Betty's inborn conviction . . . that only through the cooperation and joint purposes of individuals, working together, can happiness and peace come to the peoples of a warring world.



Base photographic laboratory, Westover Field, Mass.

The Cambridge public schools, the May School, Radcliffe College and the Simmons College of Library Science and then work in the branch libraries of the city of Boston, the Mark Twain branch of the Detroit Library, further crystalized her thought: that widespread relationships with the public are imperative for every successful job. Her early sympathy in the living of the Chinese people gave her an understanding of all peoples of different race and creed. It was her idea that Boston should have a Protestant Book Week and so out of this idea grew Religious Book Week, including all creeds, all faiths, an idea which has

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now grown to great proportions with widespread influence in the creating of unity throughout the country. Interested in painting, music, she is active in the Radcliffe Alumnae Association, the American and Massachusetts Library Associations and in all adult education groups wherever she is.

With a father, a major in World War I, a brother now a Major in the Engineering Corps, United States Army, a sister married and with her husband in war service in Washington, with a mother who carries on for them all at home as a gray lady and air raid warden, it is little wonder that Betty has taken on a responsible war job. Those who know her and her work at this Air Base are convinced that her uniform of a Post Librarian, truly symbolizes honorable service in our war effort.

She, herself, realizes that women wherever they are, carrying on each day for the good of others, will build a better living in the world of tomorrow. She knows that the women of this country are fighting the great battle of the home front with intelligence, with high spirit and with forward looking vision.

—Dorothy Kraus



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WITH THE THOROUGHBREDS

. . . If you want to start an argument among horsemen just ask the simple question, "Can you tell me who was the best American race horse?" That's all. The more horsemen present the more answers. When the smoke has cleared away the consensus of opinion will probably be Man o' War. Some of the real old timers will, no doubt, adhere to Domino, over whose grave in Kentucky is his tombstone with the epitaph, "Here lies the fleetest the American turf has ever known." A few of the younger generation will vote for Whirlaway, who retired to the stud last year, the greatest money winner in the world. Volumes have been written about the handsome son of Fair Play and Mahubah, who is now twenty-seven years old, and believe it or not the old fellow sent three two-year-old winners to the races last season. When one considers the prices that were gotten for yearlings at this season's sales at Keeneland and Meadow Brook it will be realized what a bargain Samuel D. Riddle got during the last war when he bought Man o' War for $5,000. At the time of the sale Major Belmont was fighting in Europe and decided to sell his crop of yearlings privately. When his manager was unable to dispose of them this way, they were sent to Saratoga to be sold at public auction. The sale was held in the paddock just before the races one Saturday in August 1918. The Glen Riddle Farm horses were racing at the Spa along with those of Walter M. Jeffords. Mr. Jeffords, who is married to Mr. Riddle's niece, is the owner of the unbeaten Pavot, winner of the Mayflower Stakes at Suffolk Downs this year and looks to be the potential champion two-year for 1944. Pavot's dam, Coquelicot, is a daughter of Man o' War. The female branch of Pavot's family all bear names of flowers, Pavot, meaning poppy in French, Coquelicot, the first dam, Fleur, second dam, and Forsythia third dam. The Belmont yearlings had been named before the sale so consequently Mr. Riddle was saved the trouble of selecting a name for the big chestnut. Man o' War certainly was well christened. He won his first start at Belmont Park in a minor event that carried only a $500 purse, going to the post at 3 to 5. Three days later he won the Keene Memorial. Then came in order, the Youthful Stakes, the Hudson Stakes, the Tremont Stakes and the United States Hotel Stakes, winning them all in the easiest manner. However, he was defeated in the Sanford Memorial Stakes by Upset, in a race that caused plenty of talk at the time and still does when his name is mentioned. Upset never beat him again. Neither did any other horse. Man o' War finished out his two-year-old season by winning the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, the Hopeful Stakes and the Belmont Futurity. In those days the purses were smaller than at present and his total winnings in 1919 were only $83,325. Not entered for the Kentucky Derby because Mr. Riddle thought it was too early to start a three-year-old, May 8th, "Big Red" won the Preakness easily by a length and a half from Upset with Wildair third. He then took the Withers Stakes, running the mile in 1.35 4/5 eased up, in which event he went to the post at 1 to 7. At that he broke the track record. Then came the Belmont Stakes and another American record went by the boards; the Stuyvesant at Jamaica, where he went to the post at 1 to 100 and was just galloping around the track ahead of the only other starter, Yellow Hand. In the Dwyer Stakes, Man o' War met a fine horse in John P. Grier, owned by Harry P. Whitney and trained by that old master, Jimmy Rowe. Man o' War carried 126 pounds to the Whitney colt's 108. Ambrose was up on John P. Grier and Clarence Kummer on "Big Red." John P. Grier took the lead and was in front by two lengths coming down the long Aqueduct homestretch. At the eighth pole they were neck and neck in one of the greatest turf contests ever run in this country. Man o' War won by one and a half lengths, making a new world's record for one and one-eighth miles, 1.49 1/5. Following this race he captured the Miller and Travers Stakes at Saratoga, the Lawrence Realization and Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park, establishing new American time records. Thence to Havre de Grace to take the Potomac Handicap and on October 12th, 1920, he met and defeated Sir Barton at Kenilworth Park in Canada, his last appearance on the turf. Man o' War started twenty-one times and won twenty races. That his line will carry on for years goes without saying, and his compact brown son, War Admiral, is sending out some fine stock each year. Last season a daughter of his, Bee Mac, bred by Col. Edward R. Bradley, won the Hopeful Stakes and was headed for a brilliant career until she received an injury in training. His winning two-year-olds to the date of writing have accounted for eleven races. The half dozen winning juveniles include Wise Admiral, Busher, Mrs. Weston W. Adams' Son Admiral, Maine Chance Farm's War Jeep, War Date and Sea Bees. The big race, the Narragansett Special, usually the feature on the Saturday afternoon prior to the closing of the meeting, has been moved up this year to Saturday, September 16, in order to avoid clash with Belmont Park's Manhattan Handicap, which is scheduled for the 23rd. Earlier in the season it was expected that last year's crack three-year-old champion, Count Fleet, would be the outstanding entry in the Special, but the 1943 Triple Crown Winner failed to train satisfactorily this year and has been retired to Mr. John Hertz' Stoner Creek Stud.



Two three-year-olds that look like natural "across the board" plays are Mrs. Hertz' Do Reigh Mi and Sam Riddle's One Two Three.

—Ed Cushing

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EARLY ENGLISH COLOR PRINTS IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

. . . The Albert H. Wiggin Collection of English eighteenth and nineteenth century color prints in the Boston Public Library is not large, but beyond a doubt contains some of the finest and rarest impressions in the mezzotint and stipple engraving medium. A number of great exponents of the fine art, which reached its highest perfection in England, are represented in this collection. The remarkable condition and quality of each individual print emphasizes the great beauty of execution and coloring. These were engraved after famous portraits by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, Wheatley and others.

The beautiful mezzotint of Sir William Chambers was done by Valentine Green in 1780, at the height of his great success, when he was busily at work upon plates made from paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds. John Raphael Smith, perhaps the greatest and most original artist of them all, is represented by two impressions of Mrs. Mills after Englehart, one in color and the other in sepia, also by one of Sophia Western, a superb plate in its soft light and shadow. Smith had the distinction of being celebrated as both a painter and engraver and attracted many students eager to acquire his masterly touch and method. Among his best known pupils were William and John Ward and Samuel William Reynolds.

James McArdell's fine portait of Horace Walpole is a remarkable item; and when shown McArdell's engravings, Reynolds the painter said, "By this man I shall be immortalized." Richard Houston seemed instinctively to understand the very mind of Rembrandt in his print of "Woman Plucking a Fowl"; while Edward Fisher, a pupil of McArdell, took his place among this illustrious group with such accomplished portraits as "Lawrence Sterne," after Reynolds, with its artistic balance of tone and rich pictorial effect. James Watson, a youth from Dublin who also learned from McArdell, caught the true pictorial method of mezzotint with facile craftsmanship, faithfully interpreting his fine portrait of "Lord Jeffrey Amherst" after Reynolds. Dublin sent yet another able engraver in John Dixon, who, working with richly-grounded copper and scraper, and with magic delicacy, gave us the magnificent copy of Rembrandt's "Frame Maker."

No one achieved truer artistic sympathy and a more persuasive and delicate technique than Samuel W. Reynolds. His fine draughtsmanship and unerring sense of form and color are exhibited in the fine mezzotint engraving of "The Countess of Oxford," and in "The Falconer" after Samuel Northcote, which is catalogued as probably unique. Among all the masterpieces of mezzotint, few show with more convincing art the possibilities of the medium than John Jones. He is well represented by a brilliant color impression of "Emma—Lady Hamilton" after Romney. William Ward, with a very considerable talent of interpretation rather than originality, gives us the plate of "Thoughts on Matrimony" after his master J. R. Smith. Henry Hudson's "Affluence Reduced" has exceptional charm and brilliancy. From the year 1796, when he published his first plate, Charles Turner worked with prodigious industry; but the plates of his earlier years were the best. His broad touch, developed under Jones, interpreted splendidly the breadth and strength of Raeburn, notably in the large plate of Sir Walter Scott. The visitor may also study two fine impressions of Rembrandt's "Peasant Girl," engraved on steel by William Say. He was the first to use steel as a substitute for copper in the mezzotint process. Thomas Chees-



Sir Jeffrey Amherst, mezzotint engraving by James Watson

man, who is recognized as being one of the most accomplished pupils of Bartolozzi, is represented by "Miss Waddy" and "Miss Bloomfield," both after Adam Buck. Last and perhaps most interesting of the prints is the beautiful set of Wheatley's *Cries of London,* which gives us stipple engraving and color printing at its best.

Although many attempts in color printing had been tried in the first half of the eighteenth century, it was not until 1764, when Francesco Bartolozzi came to England with his fresh influence, that the foundation for color printing was laid. One has only to look at the previous color printed line engravings, with their crude juxtaposition of tints, to feel thankful that English line engravers did not favor this misuse of the medium. Up to this time mezzotint had been used almost entirely for translating the canvases of high-born, beautiful women and notable men, done by the great painters of the day.

It might be said that stipple engraving was first practiced by Jan Lutma of Amsterdam, the accomplished goldsmith of Rembrandt's time, who used a method of punching dots in the plate with an awl and mallet. Whether the crayon method of engraving in imitation of soft chalk drawings, claimed to have been invented by Jean Charles François, was the foundation for William Wynne Ryland's successful experiments in stipple engraving is a question. Compared to mezzotint, it was an easy and rapid technique, and Ryland realized that its soft rendering of tone by artistically balanced masses of dots could be easily adapted to dainty and delicate drawings. He first tested it on his own designs in a French manner, which he published as "Domestic Employments." After a number of experiments with other artists' work, notably Angelica Kauffmann's, he found there was a great demand for prints made in this style, and usually printed in one color, some in red ink—often called Bartolozzi red—to imitate red chalk.

The enthusiastic Ryland called Bartolozzi into consultation, and the gifted Italian engraver, with his masterly technique and finer artistic perceptions, immediately saw what might be done with the new method. The results of this golden age of color printing show that Bartolozzi's influence was great; and besides being a prolific worker himself, he taught and developed many of the engravers of his time. (Bartolozzi is represented in this collection with "Lady Elizabeth Foster," "Simplicity," after Reynolds, and "Miss Farren" after Lawrence, one of the finest known earlier states in color.)

The stipple method may be described as follows: A copper-plate was covered with a wax etching ground, upon which the composition was drawn either directly or by tracing from the original. The contours of the design were drawn or dotted with the end of a needle in a series of dots, all the dark and middle tones being rendered by larger or more closely arranged dots. The plate when completed resembled a negative, as the stippled drawing showed the copper plate through the wax. This accomplished, the plate was put into an acid bath and the dots were bitten into the plate in the same manner as an etching. The wax ground was then removed from the plate and the work with dry-point and stipple graver was added. With these tools the lighter values were inserted and the bitten portions were deepened and strengthened wherever required. These stippled color pints were done in a single printing. The printer would have the original before him and, having decided upon the dominant tint, would ink over the whole engraved and etched surface of the plate. The plate was then wiped leaving a sufficient harmonizing ground-tint for the various colors which were carefully selected as to tints and were next applied in the exact order and proper degree to insure the right harmonies. Most difficult of all, and reserved for the last stage, were the flesh tints, an operation of extreme delicacy. The plate was then printed in the same manner as an etching or dry-point.

—Arthur W. Heintzelman



"Will whoever is whistling after each selection please desist!"

SPORTS

. . . This is the time of year when pheasants and other game birds are liberated to provide fodder for the guns of tweed-clad nimrods and dungaree-clad hunters. Taking the bird in the hand, it seems, and tossing him back into the bush has its points too.

Bird hunting is apt to be a patrician sport, but there is nothing uppity about Clayton Spaulding of Lunenburg who has hunted for years, ever since he was big enough to hold a gun back in New Hampshire. Until recently, he raised pheasants for liberation. Clayt used to raise about fifty birds a year behind his white-painted, typically New England home. Set behind the house among the tall trees, he had a yard fenced in for the baby pheasants.

Clayt used to raise Mallard ducks, but that was at the start of the depression when hunting jobs was a more common sport than hunting birds. His hobby got too expensive for him then and he turned to growing pheasants.

He emphasized that his interest in birds was the same as his interest in hunting—purely a hobby. He has trained his own dogs and speaks with the authority of a real lover of the chase. The interesting stories of raising game birds and bird hunting is right up his alley.

It wasn't many years ago that Clayt got his first eggs from a genuine Russian prince, by the name of Toumanov, who raises game birds for the state of New Hampshire. These eggs, smaller than a hen's egg and looking much the same, were set to hatch under a bantam hen. Bantam hens were necessary because a bigger hen would crush the delicate by-product of the female pheasant.

Pheasants are not lacking in the mother instinct in spite of the fact that they cannot be used for hatching purposes. The pheasant is thoroughly untameable and would desert the eggs when anyone approached.

The little hen is an assiduous nest sitter and in no time at all there are little pheasants running around the place. As another illustration of the wildness of these creatures they run from the hen as soon as they are hatched because her smell and sound stir none of their instincts. An enclosure has to be built to keep them near the warmth of the hen for the first few days.

They get the best of food—game bird pellets which are mash in pellet form. They wax fat on them in spite of their liking for rugged accommodations. Clayt has put pine boughs in their cage and made other kinds of shelters, but the birds refuse to be comfortable. Even in the winter they dislike the shelters that he provides, but they can stay in the open all winter so long as they have plenty to eat.

Pheasants are different from most game birds, Spaulding commented. "Pheasants like swamp and low land," he said. "They roost on the ground and I have never seen one in a tree," he added. Maybe they meet a nicer class of wildlife that way.

"Try hunting them without a dog if you want to see how clever they are," he continued. These birds are never tamed; they're really wild. After the season opens and a few shots are fired they are as hard to find as pre-war tires.

Spaulding used to get about two dollars each for the birds from clubs who wanted to liberate them on their own land. Once in a while a scared pheasant would fly against the wire cage and break a wing. When that happened, there was no loss because the Spaulding family would eat that particular bird. A few times he has put a splint on the wing and nursed the bird back. More often he did not have the time to succor the injured specimen, though.

The season on birds opens about October 20, but the real hunter is starting now to run his dogs and to make other preparations. Birds also are being set free now because they



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need a month after liberation to become used to the large spaces. The state and individual clubs are starting to stock hunting land all over Massachusetts.

Lunenburg is in the area north of Boston that includes Concord, Littleton, Fitchburg, and myriad small farming localities. The hunting here, Clayt says, is just as good so far as birds are concerned, as in many places farther away and harder to reach. Much of the land is posted, but farmers generally allow hunting on their acres if they can be sure that a hunter has a respect for property and won't be one to start fires and tear down fences.

The dogs are the thing that make the sport expensive. Beagles for rabbit hunting are easily trained and seldom cost over twenty-five dollars. Bird dogs, pointers and setters, cost in the hundreds sometimes. The difference in the cost is due to the greater amount of training needed to teach a dog to flush birds.

A good bird dog ranges back and forth in front of the hunter and close enough to be within gunshot range. The dog obeys commands telling him to stop, to go to the right or left, and the promptness of his obedience is what makes him good.

A bird dog has to be smart because pheasants sometimes confuse him. The birds can run through the brush as fast as a rabbit. The dog can come to point and the pheasant might keep moving. The dog has to be a fast worker because when the hunter comes to flush the bird, it may have moved some distance and the dog is confused. He has to keep the bird within a few feet and keep following him through the brush.

A pheasant is a hard bird to kill and a wounded bird is hard to find. Here is where a dog comes in handy again. Crippled birds seek shelter in a hole somewhere and only a dog with a good nose can find them.

Bird hunting being rather more expensive than other kinds of woodland chase, you might feel that there is a coolness between hunters of rabbits clad in dungarees and hunters of pheasant clad in tweeds. The truth is—straight from the dog's mouth—there are tweeded rabbit hunters too.

The bird season lasts only a month, and after that one month is over a bird hunter usually turns to hunting something else. No, there are no sneers or snide remarks when these two different kinds of hunter meet in the woods. So far as hunters themselves are concerned, they are double-duty, interchangeable, and reversible between pheasant and rabbit.

The state manages to keep the hunters of birds happy for thirty days anyway. Cardboard cartons full of young pheasant will be leaving the state farms and private growers any day now. Within a month, in time for opening of the season, the birds will be able to take care of themselves in the woods.

The gleam is coming back to the rheumy eyes of rested hunters and their dogs. Thousands of pheasant are being set free for their pleasure and they can look forward to a good season.

—Sid Shear





"Don't you just hate to argue with magazine salesmen?"

. . . Richard Tregaskis, who wrote *Guadalcanel Diary,* has now given us his first hand report on the invasion of Italy in his latest book, *Invasion Diary.*

With North Africa as a jumping off place, Tregaskis takes up his reporting of our battle for Sicily as it progressed slowly from town to town until we were able to secure a foothold on the Italian Mainland.

The author's account describes the battles for Salerno, Cassino and Anzio, in a clear, crisp, direct style.

Invasion Diary is definitely a war correspondent's eye-witness account of our men as they fought and advanced against the enemy. There is no reference to how war reporters live or how they think on certain phases. This book, thank heavens, is not an account of a war correspondent at the front, but is a vivid account of our fighting men.

There are short but revealing interviews with such allied war heads as Eisenhower, Patton, the late Teddy Roosevelt and others with whom he encountered in his travels. Taking you right into the front lines, the author interviews our men, he talks to the wounded men, he sets down their reactions, their feelings about going into battle or after they have come out of it.

He describes the long painstakingly planned Allied bombing of Rome. Here the order was that on no account was the Vatican to be harmed. He reveals the success of this mission as won by the men who understook the task. He relates a blow by blow attack on a German gun position, where shells fell all about him or whistled overhead. (The author was later wounded in the head, outside of Cassino.)

One clear fact comes to the fore in reading *Invasion Diary* and that is the complete, detailed preparation the Allies make before they occupy a town or knock out a gun position. We don't waste men; as a matter of fact we seem to bend over backwards not to lose any number of men. Tregaskis describes again and again our side blasting an enemy position, making certain that when the time does come for sending in the soldiers, there will be a minimum of casualties.

The author has high praise for our flying fortress, which has knocked out the German Luftwaffe, and for the men in the field. *Invasion Diary* itself is a tribute to their courage and valor which may be read with pride by all.

The author has condensed the Italian campaign into a compact picture which reveals the American soldier in his fight against the Germans. It is a picture we can be proud of and *Invasion Diary* has done it justice.

. . . Gilbert Gabriel's *I Got a Country* is more a travelog than a good comfort novel, which it is supposed to be. The second book in recent months to be written on the Alaskan scene, *I Got a Country* mirrors the teeming action and color which military and civilian alike have brought to Alaska during this war.

Mr. Gabriel's 432 pages are crowded with soldiers, nurses, actors and actresses, natives, whales, Indians and Eskimos. His book does at times center all four leading groups of characters. One is the Kane family who live on a house boat. Then there are the three American soldiers who land on Alaska whose lives become entwined, although they are as unlike as any three men could be. One is an adventure loving Lieutenant whose only concern in life was where the next flight would occur and who the next blonde on his list would be. There is Lieut. Geisser, who should have returned some years before, and who would become completely lost if he lost his Army Manual. The other soldier was Corporal Hansen from Brooklyn.

It seems to us that the author has crammed too much material into this one book. His main group of characters become lost in the maze of all the other people, and the action of the whole story bogs down under weighty



description of Alaskan country and customs.

I Got a Country may well lead the way to other books on the Alaskan scene.

. . . PROBABLY no one is better qualified than is Frazier Hunt to write a *MacArthur and the War Against the Japs*. A competent war correspondent, an acknowledged military strategist and a long-time personal friend of MacArthur, Mr. Hunt tells simply, clearly, and direct the story of those Pre-Pearl Harbor days on the Philippines. His story reveals the handicaps and the problems which confronted MacArthur in his desire to fortify these all important islands. Mr. Hunt reveals the lackadaisical attitude on the part of many heads of the Government toward the growing critical situation between Japan and the United States. Then he describes the realization that a Japanese danger of some sort was rapidly becoming imminent and the feverish rush against time to remedy the negligence of the past.

In MacArthur, the United States had a man who thrived on huge undertakings. Hunt, in his study of our famous General, shows that time and again the General possessed a deep and abiding spiritual fiber on which he relied.

MacArthur once told Hunt that he had utter and complete confidence in a Merciful God, and then he added, "And God helps those who help themselves."

This portrait of our famous leader in the Philippines is most gratifying and encouraging in the face of the eventual concentration of the war in the Pacific theatre. It is reassuring to know that we have a leader, toughened by actual experience, strengthened by a knowledge complete and thorough of the Japanese and their method of fighting a war.

Frazier Hunt could only have written such an account with his background and the personal confidence of MacArthur, and it is for our consideration that such a splendid book has been written at this particular time when one phase of the war is nearing a close and another is claiming our best all-out efforts.



Mystery

. . . TILL DEATH DO US PART, by John Dickson Carr, is a baffling murder with a number of new twists to recommend to all whodunit fans. The murder happens in a locked room (the author is noted for this setup) and for a time Dr. Giddion Fell is as mystified as the reader, but he soon becomes aware of the designed plot and everything is solved very nicely and the reader has had a lot of fun to boot.

The Amethyst Spectacles, by Frances Crane, concerns itself with a Marine on leave who turns detective to investigate the murder of one Ray Thayer and a couple of more victims. With the aid of his wife, the Marine proceeds to weed out false clues, red herrings and what have you, to solve the murders and make the reader happy. Good detecting.

Notes From a Fly-Leaf

. . . THE year 1944 marks the one hundred and eighth year of book publication under the imprint of Little, Brown and Co., of Boston, and the twentieth year of association between Little and Brown and the Atlantic Monthly Press.

This distinguished publishing house has for the past years (especially since war restrictions went into effect) had as its motto "Fewer and Better Books."

That they have lived by this motto is evident from their listings of 89 new books published in the year 1929 as against 49 books to be published in the present year.

. . . ANOTHER literary event of this year is the twentieth anniversary recently of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, the magazine for all literai. For the past twenty years this August magazine has been a bond between publishers and booksellers; and author and reader.

At one time or another, they have had articles, poems, or book reviews by the country's leading men of literature, their "20th Anniversary Issue" (Aug. 5) was devoted to "Literature Between the Two Wars" and included, among others, articles by Clifton Fadiman, Bernard De Voto and Christopher Morley, long a member of the *Saturday Review of Literature* family.

—GEORGE MOONEY

WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Payson Re's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hote Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East a Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service n only $1 for dinner and show; no co , no min.).

Green Room, Hotel L son, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Di er from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min 2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Cha terbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheons from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760) Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent c sine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.

Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.



Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

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Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever, Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and Hols.

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Radio Frank's, 70 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-9258). Continuous fun.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Barn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Bar, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd that's fun to be with.

AMERICAN MENU

Bryant Transportation Room, 54th & B'way. For luncheon and dinner and top notch drinks.

Chesapeake, Madison Ave., bet. 34th & 35th. Outstanding cuisine and delightful atmosphere.

Oyster Bar, Grand Central Terminal. (MU. 9-5430). The Oyster Bar is famous 'round the world for its excellent cuisine and of course, seafood is tops there. The service is speedy.

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English Grill, in the lower Plaza Rockefe ler Center. Typical English Menus a la carte. Luncheon entrees from 60c. Op n 11 to 1 A.M. incl. Sun.

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Holland House Taverne, 10 Rockefeller Plaza at 48th Street. Recommended for its Dutch Cuisine and the many and interesting authentic Dutch antiques used in the decoration. Luncheon Specials from 60c. Dinner from $1.75.

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Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 P.M. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

INTERNATIONAL

Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb food. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

ITALIAN

Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185). Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

Vesuvio, 163 W. 48th St. Authentic Italian food, including time honored favorites. Bar, Luncheons and Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

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Wivel, 254 W. 54th St. (CI. 7-9056) Famous for its Swedish Smorgasbord Dinner from $1.85. No minimum except Sat.

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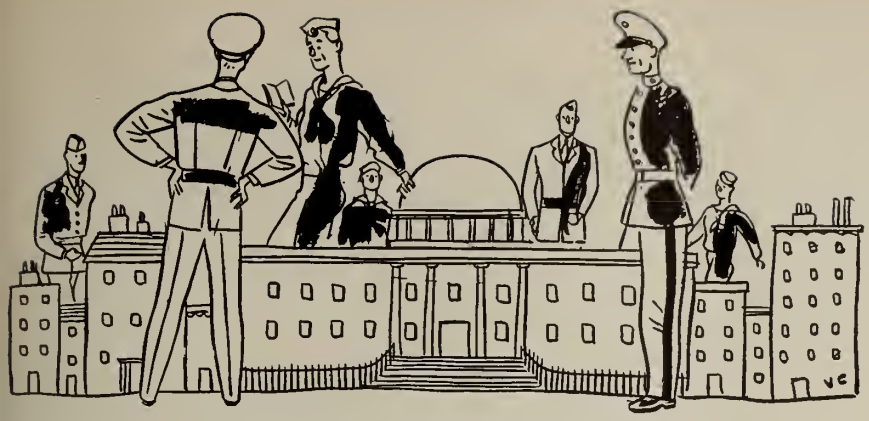


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American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen of Boston, B. Y. M. C. Union Bldg., 48 Boylston St., Boston. Open nightly, 6 P. M. to midnight. Stage entertainment, free refreshments, dancing. Hub. 9475.

Atlantic Service Club (near So. Sta.), 641 Atlantic Ave., Boston—Lib. 7794.

Bay State—Buddies Club, Boston Common. Tel. Information, Home Hospitality and Social Events. Ticket Office—Lib. 1381.

North Station Service Center, 149 Staniford Street, Boston—Laf. 1259.

South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.

Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.

Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.

Christian Science Service Men's Center, 80 Boylston St., Boston—Dev. 8676.

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATIONS

All Boston Police Stations provide free bed and bath, Ken. 6700. Dormitory accommodations 50c or less, at these centers.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Sq., Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union (Sat. only), 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Burroughs Newsboys Foundation (Sat. only) 10 Somerset St.—Laf. 5200.

Cambridge Y.M.C.A., 820 Mass. Ave. at Central Sq., Cambridge—Tro. 3860.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave.—Ken. 7800.

Sailor's Rest (for Seamen & Navy Men), 287 Hanover St., Boston—Cap. 6357.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

The Argonne, 4 Bulfinch Place, Boston—Cap. 9494.

Lodging for Service Men's Families, Call Liberty 7715, 11 A.M.-11 P.M. Call Han. 0733 if unable to find lodgings.

Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.

Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Socks Darned. Salv'n Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Soldiers and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

Ocean Cruise to Provincetown. Special rates for servicemen. S.S. Steel Pier sails at 9.30 A.M. week days and Sundays from Foster's Wharf—9 hour ocean cruise—1½ hours in historic Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod. Dancing, refreshments, games and other recreation on board. Call Hub 2650.

Volume 2, Number 13 *October 13, 1944*

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Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here. Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs.

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met".

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant. Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Durgin-Park, 30 North Market Street (CAP. 2038). Nationally famous dining rooms. Good substantial food, served the way you like it. Located in the heart of Boston's market district, and plenty of market men eat here, too.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanove Street (LAF. 8000). In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays.

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less". Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners. Good music for dancing here. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise.

Locke Ober Co., 3 Winter Place (LIB. 1340). Patronized by lovers of fine food that's prepared by chefs who know their business. Always superlative food.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets. A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

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Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fife and Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver. Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Street at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms and grills where the same excellent food is served. $1 cover charge after 10 p. m.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entertainment while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time.

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. (HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has a stand-out dining and dancing spot in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleasant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway (LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200) has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainment featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street (KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover charge after 9 p. m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

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PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor. Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades; Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open weekdays 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 o'clock; closed on legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury St. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays.

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sundays.

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of birds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Archaeological collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits period furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission, 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations. Across Charles is Boston Public Garden with swan boats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newman, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street. Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here was center of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege. Was first Unitarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washington Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Home of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Street. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many Revere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street. Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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FROM WITCHES TO OUIJI

. . . Back in the days when Bostonians lived largely upon baked beans, wild turkey and parched corn, Salem put itself on the map by the quaint old custom of hanging those females — and males as well — who were suspected of dabbling in the occult arts and carrying on conversations with the Devil. But accommodations for hanging parties on Hanging Hill in the old witch-hanging town wouldn't be adequate to take care of the Bostonians as well as the Salem residents who are now in mental and verbal contact with some minor demon or disembodied spirit from the unknown.

The vogue for communication with "spirits" or what have you that can't be seen isn't limited to professional mediums any more. No well-equipped home is without its "ouiji" or "swami" board, and while the biggest department stores and major chain stores sell these boards as games, lots of Bostonians take their seances with the unknown very seriously and spend hours each evening trying to discover when the war will end, who will win, whether that handsome lieutenant will return and propose or what Aunt Penelope, who was taken suddenly and left no will, meant to do with the family silver.

The "swami" as the ouiji is known in its present form, answers practically anything you want to ask, but not always truthfully. If you try to pin it down to something that the spirit contact thinks is none of your affair, it has a place marked "Reception poor" which comes in handy for times when you get nothing you can understand on this occult form of radio.

One Back Bay matron, who goes in for all forms of the occult, became addicted to the earlier form of "swami" several years ago and being methodical, kept a stenographic record of all the information handed out to her on the board. The results of her survey showed some interesting points which may guide the present crop of "swami" fans in their conversations with the unseen spirits.

First, it seems that the inhabitants of the unobstructed universe are a lot busier than we are, and prefer to get

down to serious conversation as fast as possible and not waste time on small talk. One regular caller on the Back Bay lady, according to her report, was the spirit of the famous astrologer, Evangeline Adams. Miss Adams used to get fifty dollars for half hour interviews during the last years of her life, and she hasn't forgotten, it seems, that her time is worth money, even in the after life. She came around (in thought) only by appointment, never showed up until the exact moment of the exact day designated as agreeable for her to answer a few serious questions, and signed off with the promptness of a busy executive who has a lot of clients waiting. As might be expected, she preferred to talk on her favorite topic of the planets and their influence, but when it came to this, a spook who insisted that he was (or had been) the great astronomer Flammarion passed out the news that the planet Vulcan, which has been only briefly glimpsed since it was first observed almost two hundred years ago, was causing all the sun spots and weather changes and should also be blamed for our labor troubles.

The Back Bay dabbler in occult wisdom points with a "This proves it tells the truth" air to a prediction made several years ago that if the Russians could hold out in the southeast they would raise an army there and chase the Germans clear off the map, but this military mind among the denizens of the out of this world plane wouldn't tell when the war would end and only hinted do arly of a hard tim come.

The usual consultant of the unseen forces is more interested, it seems, in what will happen to her than in what is ahead for the human race in the days to come, but here, too, the "swami" can be distressingly vague in the wisdom he hands out. He figures that since he isn't charging for his advice, you can't sue him or refuse to come back if it isn't satisfactory—or if you do swear off this special line of advice, there are plenty of others waiting to tune in on him. But he plays safe by handing out such philosophical advice as telling you that if you fail to get the lieutenant you're waiting for, the chances are that he would have made a poor husband anyhow.

Occultists claim that those who pass out of this realm of mortal limitations are in a better position to look not only into the future, in which practically everyone is interested, but into the past, in which a few of those who believe in reincarnation like to delve. This, too, seems to have its ups and downs, as the Back Bay experimentalist in occult radio hook-ups found. She gave a party at which the ouiji board did the entertaining, and some lively entertaining it was after the guests started to ask for details of past incarnations. The hostess felt flattered no end when she was pointed out as the reincarnated soul of that frivolous French Queen Marie Antoinette, who lost her head in more ways than one, and persisted in knowing what other royal parts she had played in the past lives.

Ouiji boards having no diplomacy or tact, the prompt answer was one which left the lady gasping. The old gossip on the unseen world end of the line wrote glibly:

"In a day when Rome was the wickedest place in the world, you were the worst of the wicked in that place."

The lady didn't want to know any more, but her guests insisted on names being called. They might have expected what they got, but the lady didn't—and it cured her of asking about her mysterious past. Seems as if she'd been that very very sinful lady, the Empress Agrippina, who gave cards and spades to all the other ladies of her court when it came to breaking the moral codes of that careless day.

The Back Bay lady takes pains to point out, however, that very little faith can be put in some of these ouiji addicts on the further side, as they make a practice of grabbing the broadcasting end of their communicating medium and saying all sorts of things, a lot of them sheer scandal.

But if you are strong minded and curious and have no one else to talk to in the evenings, you'd be surprised what funny companions you can fish out of the outer spaces with a little practice on the newest form of this oldest mechanical means of occult communication. But don't blame me if you find that you were the Witch of Endor or some such character.

—Lenora Ross



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THE GREAT "KIPLING CHECK MYSTERY" WAS SOLVED IN BOSTON

. . . Rudyard Kipling did not like something that he saw on a visit to Boston during the last year of his residence in America. In the study of a noted autograph collector, he discovered hanging on the wall a small frame with a check that he had drawn only a few weeks before for a case of bottled beer, but which had never been cashed.

He had at last solved the mystery of his missing checks!

Not long before he had thought it wise to adopt one of the customs of the prudent New Englander. While his new house "Naulahka" had been slowly taking shape on a knoll not far from Brattleboro, Vermont, he had become alarmed over his mounting expenses. As a means of check-up, he had finally gone to a bank, opened an account and arranged to pay all his bills by personal check.

For a short time the new arrangement worked perfectly. There were a large number of items to be paid, but for every one, whether it amounted to no more than 50 cents, a check signed by "Rudyard Kipling" was always forthcoming.

Then something happened. When Kipling checked his bank account, a number of the checks seemed to be missing. Each time his bank book was returned, it showed considerably more to his credit than was indicated by the stubs. The writer couldn't account for the discrepancy, no matter how hard he tried.

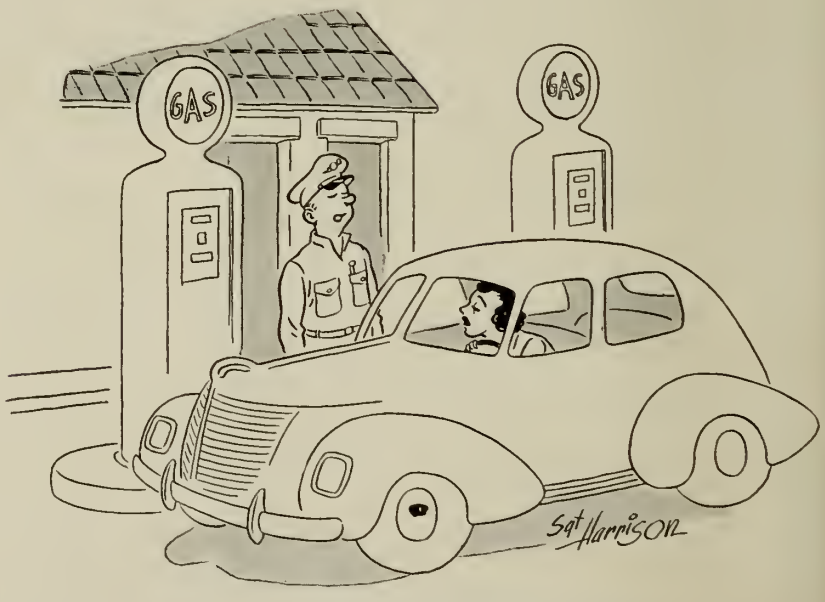
But then, coming to Boston, he made that amazing discovery in the famous autograph collector's study. Hopping mad, he made a thorough investigation upon his return to Brattleboro.

What he found out made him fairly fume. It seems that a lively market had sprung up among autograph hounds for his uncancelled checks. The shrewd Yankee storekeepers, knowing a good thing when they saw it, had not been slow about supplying the demand. This was not surprising, as, in more than one case, a check had brought a higher figure than it would if it had been turned in to the bank teller's window.

Fancy prices were always obtained when a duplicate memorandum of the account was attached to the check. For example, a bill against "Mr. Rudyard Kipling" for 5 pounds of cheese, when accompanied by an autograph check for $1.25, brought spirited bids from the autograph seekers.

Kipling lost no time in breaking up this traffic. The very first thing he did was to burn his check book. From that time forward, as long as he stayed in America, all his bills were paid in cash.

—Paul V. D. Hoysradt



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COMMON TALK

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. . . One of our very good friends, a gentleman who has to travel a lot even during these days, brings us back a prize sign seen near the New Brunswick, New Jersey railroad station.

Painted boldly across a wooden building was the following literary masterpiece:

"WASHINGTON FISHERIES INC.

We are on the wrong street but we have the right prices and quality.

If anything swims, clings or crawls WE HAVE IT."

The only thing we wonder about is do they have any fresh octopus steaks? And how does an octopus navigate? Swim? Cling? Crawl?

How to Get a Hotel Room

. . . Most recent example of will-to-win we've heard lately from the hotel reservations windows is the one about the man who hung around the reservations office insisting that he had made a reservation two weeks before. No dice. The girl was not impressed. Finally, the man opened the door to the office and came in to help her look. Still no success.

The engaging character remained morosely in the office until the girl had to leave her desk for a moment and go outside. When she came back, she found him busily writing his own reservation, pre-dating it, and getting ready to slip it in the rack. The girl got all set to take drastic action, but the room-hunter smiled pleasantly and said:

"Oh, well, it was worth a try, don't you think? It worked in two other cities."

He turned and walked calmly out of the office, headed for another hotel, no doubt.

Buy and Sell

. . . A very prosperous person we know entered one of Boston's more exclusive booteries one busy Saturday afternoon. She had a lot of loot in her purse and she wanted shoes, comfortable shoes whatever they might cost. At the door, she was met by a harassed-looking manager who was mopping his brow and muttering mild curses under his breath.

Every seat in the plush spot was crowded. Sales people were rushing feverishly from chair to chair, shoving shoes on feet at a fast rate. Our prosperous friend waited for a half hour and then approached the manager. Could he, she wanted to know, dig her up something in a black pump, size 7AAA.



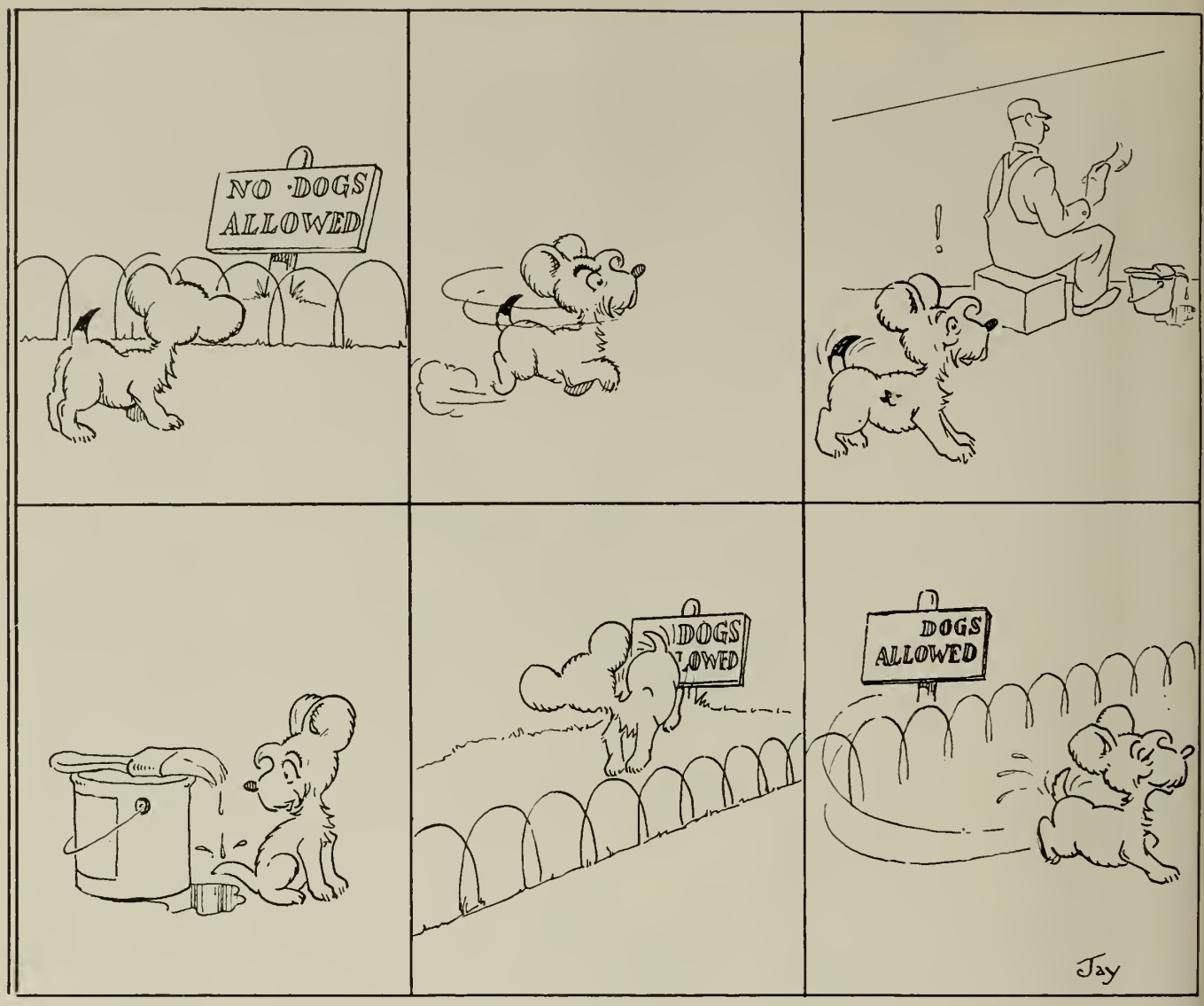
The manager looked at her, a calculating gleam in his eye:

"Look, lady," he said wearily, "we're too busy to take care of you now, but would you like a job?"

Song Writing

. . . Now the world has adjusted itself to another serious problem. Or rather, some brilliant mind has fixed it up so that the world doesn't need to suffer too much from the thousands of people who have songs in their heads and nothing to do with 'em. A bright-eyed gentleman has invented a device called a *Compos-a-tune* which creates chord progressions and notes to go with your melody. You move a series of dials and bingo, you get the correct notes and chords to fit the need.

All this is very nice. Plenty of people who can locate a note or two on the piano can now whip together a special song for the bridge party or a Marching and Chowder Club session. The hostess can greet her guests with a little selection especially for them. But the inventor has not stopped with this wedge in the door of composition. A neat and information-packed book accompanies the gadget, and even if you've never been able to locate middle C, your day has arrived. You'll find it via the chart.



" Bazooka "

• •

As the promotional "puff" points out, this is "a simple new method for writing the melody to your own song hit. Create your own tune, put those words to your own melody! Simple, easy to use, thousands of songs practically written for you. All you do is select your rhythmic notes and chord progressions!"

As a matter of fact, it is a simple method of cooking up a practical musical number to fit the words floating around in your composer's noggin. We did it. And as the inventor points out, he researched over a thousand songs before sitting down to work out the musical "machine." Even an experienced arranger finds the Compos-a-tune a mental refresher every now and then.

It's the social implications which bother us now that we own this $3 prize. What will ASCAP members do about the invention? Are the members going to gnash their teeth and demand a union for amateurs? Who will protect the band leader from a deluge of simple melodies whipped up by us simple spirits? Oh, well, have you heard the latest song written by our elevator girl? It goes like this. . . .

Influence

. . . A NEW way of showing influence and being the life of the party cropped up in a busy restaurant the other day, at the food bar. The waitress, scrambling hurriedly to the pass window to call in her order put the proposition this way:

"Hey, Joe, an order of corned beef and cabbage for my sister!" Pause. "Better make it good this time."

Post-War Plans

. . . HERE'S A little incidental information about the future plans of RCA Victor. It seems that dealers have been advised on what will happen to records. The use of synthetic or plastics in record compounds will provide better records with less surface noise and less breakage liability. Before the war, the volume of record purchases had already equalled the all-time high achieved in the "good old days" before radio. Record companies firmly expect to leave these totals behind like a tired nag at the post when production begins to catch up with the demand.

Another bit of incidental information is that only 15 per cent of the potential market is at present equipped with phonograph turntables thus leaving the field wide open.

A brief summary of the background of the record industry turns up a few interesting facts. Edison invented his famous tinfoil machine which not only recorded but reproduced sound in 1877. The reproduction, however, was so crude that the gadget was considered of no practicable value. The real history of the phonograph dates back to 1897. In that year, Emile Berliner developed a flat disc record with a laterally undulating groove which not only vibrated the reproducing stylus but guided it across the records by means of a spiral groove.

Then, shortly before the turn of the century, the break came which made recorded music available to the humblest as well as to the highest. A vast new industry was unfolded. One of Berliner's "screech boxes" was brought for repairs to the little machine shop of Eldridge R. Johnson of Camden, N. J.

This was the first time Johnson had ever seen or heard a gramophone, and he described its sound like a "partially educated parrot with a sore throat and a cold in the head." But he was intrigued by the idea and set about trying to improve the machine. He foresaw "great educational advantages" for it.

After making a number of improvements, Johnson formed the Victor Talking Machine Company (predecessor of the RCA Victor Division of the Radio Corporation of America) acquiring patents held by Berliner. The Victor Company's first year of business totaled the unimportant sum of $500. In three years, it had climbed to $3,000,000, and by 1905, it had reached $12,000,000. Which is a lot of record music floating around.

The eventual conversion of great concert and opera artists to the recording industry have been a boon to business. Just by way of example, Enrico Caruso's records have earned well over $3,000,000 in royalties for him and his estate.

Although we'll be as glad as the next person to get ourself a small juke box for the house, it looks as though the oasis of silence is drying up forever. The next step will be canned music for the public library reading room at this rate, and only a desert isle will provide silence, deep and complete.

Classified

• • • AN observant reader of ours passes along a little item from a suburban newspaper. Under the classified section is a heading titled *Exterminating.* The ad listed below reads as follows:

GET READWY FOR SCHOOL. Alterations on children's and ladies' clothes. Shirt collars turned. Fur coats shortened and repaired. . . We're readwy. Bring on the exterminating machinery.

Trends

• • • BOSTON University's survey of first-year students opinion on a college education is, well, probably illuminating. The reasons are basically the same as when we tottered down the same road some years back. But we pass it on to you anyway, the reasons, not the road.

A veteran of this war said that he realized in the Army that education was a good thing to have. He intends to major in personnel management.

A student from Havana came to "get an education and thus make money." He thinks that because the Cuban government is recognizing its own banks now that there will be great opportunity in that field after the war. He chose banking and finance.

One young man interviewed is following in his father's footsteps. He is studying in his father's field — foreign trade. Quoting from the release, we learn this much more:

"My main ambition," he said looking dreamily out the window of his Bay State Road dormitory, "is to travel in Europe as my father did before the war."

Oh, well, the freshman year is the time to look dreamy. After that, the deluge.

Camel Riding

• • • THAT EXCELLENT Australian publication, *Walkabout,* brightens much of our time when it arrives each month. Our field of knowledge makes a few brief lunges forward. This time, we learned more about the camel from C. P. Mountford, Fellow Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain. Writing about a search for Leichhardt, an explorer of Australia's wildest and least-known regions, Mountford describes riding a camel.



"How the heck should I know how they got here!"

"A camel is guided and saddled in a very different manner from a horse. The reins are fastened to a curious wooden stud that projects through an artificial hole in the nostril, whilst the saddle fits neatly on either side of the hump. The rider sits on the rear section, almost over the tail of the creature, in a most picturesque, if not entirely comfortable, position, whilst his bedding and other impedimenta are securely roped to the front.

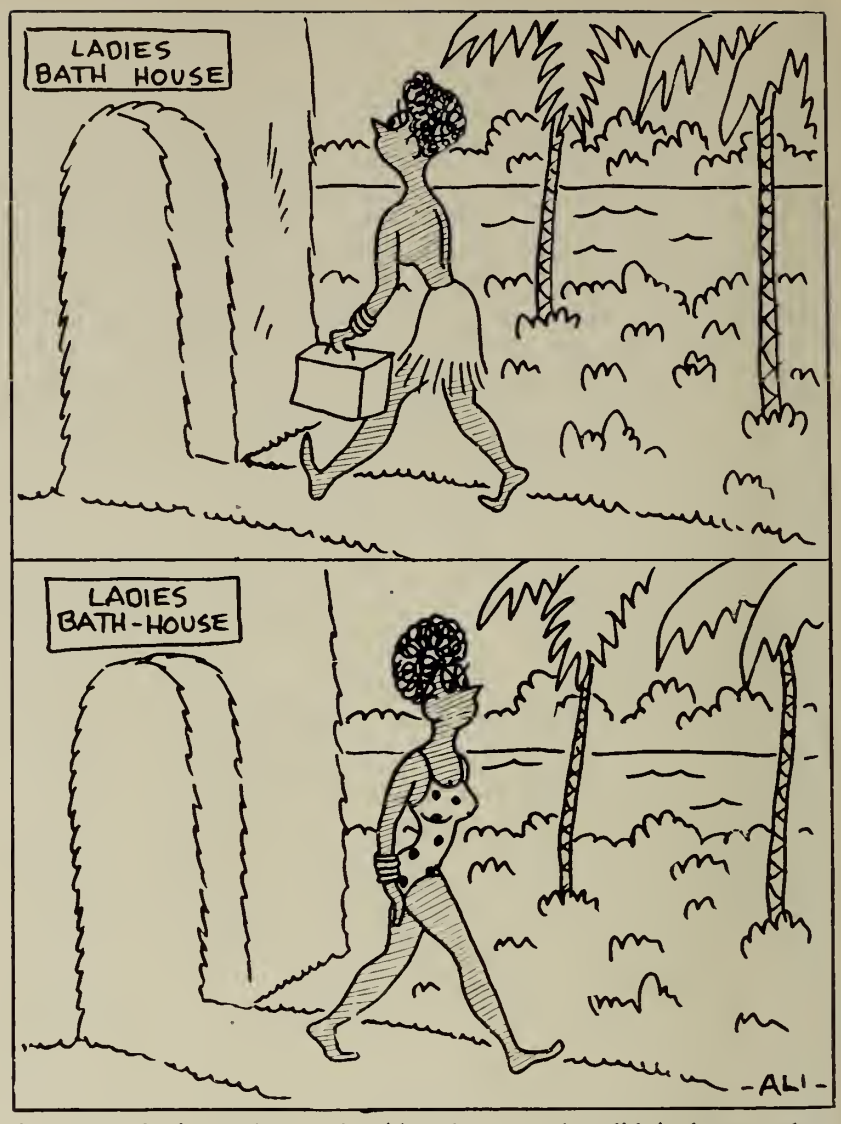
"The motion of the camel is a series of short gentle lunges that is not unpleasant, and in time no more tiring than the action of any other animal. Nevertheless the novice, unused to the procedure of mounting and dismounting, is due for a series of surprises. If one is aboard and wishes to dismount, one calls the magic word 'Hooshta' in a loud and threatening voice. The animal immediately kneels in a devout and obliging manner by dropping forward to its knees with a jolt that threatens to project the rider into the future. Just as this accident seems inevitable the motion is reversed, as the camel settles down on its haunches. Mounting is a series of these motions in reverse, an equally unnerving experience for the amateur."

We can well understand the unnerving part, Mr. Mountford, but we think your cry very suitable for beating a path through a crowded subway car.

"Hooshta!"

Press Party

. . . IN CASE you've ever wondered what the people talk about at a press party when the celebrity being feted hasn't arrived as yet, this may give you a rough idea of what is said. Marjorie Adams, movie and drama critic for the *Boston Globe,* and Peggy Doyle, ditto for the *Record-American,* usually get around to talk about nephews and nieces. Marjorie told a good one about her youngest nephew. He had been out playing with the boys in the neighborhood and was dutifully returning home at supper time when he ran into a situation which shocked him violently. His mother heard him run up the walk, slam the door, and rush through the house calling for her. He pulled



up in front of his mother and said indignantly:

"I found Aunt Marj lying in the gutter, all torn and dirty!"

His mother, bewildered, looked at him. What did he mean? The youngster waved a torn piece of newspaper. It was a fragment from the page on which Marjorie Adams' movie column appears, with her photo at the top. The youngster took a bit of quieting. He was ready to go out on a commando raid and avenge his aunt's honor. But as Marjorie said, it's a good thing he's too young to go out on paper salvage drives. Her importance would be lost forever in his eyes.

Peggy Doyle had a story of her own, about her niece who attended a summer camp in the middle west. It seems that she received a glowing letter from her niece saying how much she liked the camp and what fun Backwards Day was. Peggy, never having tried a Backwards Day on a large scale, didn't know what th thing was. She wrote asking exactl what was going on.

Her niece replied with that mildl pitying attitude that is reserved fo favorite relatives who "don't know everything. Backwards Day, sh wrote, was a whole day when every one in camp did everything back wards. Supper was served at break fast, clothes were worn backward and even all walking, swimming an sports were done in reverse. Desse came first, soup last on the menu, an anyone who forgot what day it wa received some sort of penalty.

When Peggy was done tellin about the Backwards Day, the peop sitting around fell silent. Finall someone piped up with:

"It ought to be a National Holida That way, we could really tell wh things were going wrong."

So much for the amusing and u glamorous small talk at a press part

HE KNEW MOM

. . . The red light on the rear car of the 10:53 winked and disappeared around the bend. Pop Wiley blew out his lantern, set it inside the crossing tender's hut, and took up his lunch box. He locked the door and shook it, to be sure he had turned the key.

Snow crunched beneath his feet as he started towards home. He could feel the frost begin to form on his sparse grey moustache. As always, on nights like this, he thought of Sammy, who at fifteen had run away to sea.

It was years now since he and Mom had had to worry about Sammy, really. They heard from him at infrequent intervals. The last time, he'd bought a small freighter business in Panama. Once he'd come home for a visit, and had promised to return soon. That was twenty years ago. Pop always knew you couldn't take Sammy's promises seriously. But Mom had never learned.

Tonight, as Pop came in sight of the small cottage, he was startled to see that each downstairs window was a warm yellow rectangle of light. Mom usually sat in the kitchen, waiting.

When he entered the back door, stamping and blowing, Mom rushed up to him.

"Pop! Oh, Pop! Sammy's come!" She hurried him into the parlor, unmindful of the snow on his overshoes that had never before got farther than the kitchen linoleum.

"Sammy!" Pop cried, and winced as his son's grasp on his knobby knuckles sent an arthritic pain up his arm. He had to look up at Sammy's huge bulk.

"Hello, Pop," Sammy said, and then, to Pop's questions, he replied, "Got sick of Panama, and sold out. I'm anchored in New York now — for good, maybe."

Mom bustled out, and in again. "Get your things off, Pop. Here's your cocoa. Go on, Sammy."

Pop sipped the hot cocoa and listened to Sammy's talk. The boy hadn't changed much, in spite of his size and the sprinkling of grey in his hair.

Pop chuckled indulgently when Sammy finished, "So now I'm going to take care of you and Mom. You won't have to work any more."

The slight uneasiness Pop felt for a moment was no more than a hand-sized cloud floating across the sun, gone almost before he realized it was there. Seventy-four was too young to quit. Naturally, he could take care of Mom. If not, what earthly good was he, anyway? He dismissed Sammy's remark from his mind before he fell asleep that night, with Mom's hand clasped in his.

Pop didn't have to go to work until two o'clock. After breakfast, he took Sammy outdoors and showed him where Mom had her flower garden, and where the vegetable garden was.

"Sure. I see, Pop." But Sammy wasn't interested. All he seemed to see was snow, that broke with a gritty sound when you stepped on it. Pop saw hollyhocks over by the fence, and larkspur and poppies and petunias. He pointed with pride to two spindly sticks with a few jutting branches. Taut ropes on each side anchored them somewhere beneath the snow.

"Apple trees Mom and me planted last spring," he explained. "This one here's a McIntosh, and that's a Delicious. Got 'em tethered till their roots get a good toe-hold. They'll bear in three, four years. 'Twon't seem no time before Mom and me'll be having apple pies off them trees."

Sammy laughed. "You'll be in New York by that time, where apples grow on pushcarts."

Pop shook his head. "Mom wouldn't want to go. Not but what it's a good enough place in its way, but —" He looked around at the little back yard, seeing it for one discerning moment through Sammy's eyes. The sun on the snow made him blink. "There's my job," he added. He felt apologetic, and angry at Sammy that this should be so.

"Your job!" Sammy hooted.

"It's a good job," Pop said quickly. "I've done it eight years now, ever since I was laid off at the yard. It's meant a lot to Mom and me."

Sammy kicked at the crusted snow. "I ought to've come home before, but I've been busy, and the time went quick."

"Sure, I know. And looking after Mom — that's for me to do. No, son, we're snug and safe here."

Sammy looked at Pop pityingly. "Safe! At your age, in a half-pint job that may be washed out from under you any minute? Grade cross-



"You and your hot tips!"

ings are getting out of date as the village pump!"

"I know. But no use crossing bridges. I ain't too old yet. I can look after Mom." The chill of the snow made him shiver. He wondered if he was getting a cold.

"I'll bet Mom wants to go. You'll see," Sammy prophesied, and went in the house.

Pop touched the little apple tree beside him. The tiny swellings on the ends of the branches were proof that already the roots had taken hold. All this talk about security, now, he thought. It wasn't just having enough money. It was mostly having roots, like apple trees. When a storm came, maybe you'd get battered about a bit, but you'd weather it. Your roots would hang onto something, some rock you hadn't even realized was there. Of course, if Mom set her heart on going — but she wouldn't. He knew Mom.

He waited until they were alone before he said, "Crazy idea of Sammy's, our going to New York."

Mom greased a cake tin before she replied. "I don't know. Lots of little things I could do for Sammy. And you could take it easy."

"Nothing the matter with me, that I should take it easy." Pop's voice was gruff. "Besides, supposin' Sammy should get the itching foot again? He's never been one to stay put very long."

"But he's settled down now for good. He told me so."

Mom'll never learn about Sammy, thought Pop, unhappily.

He guessed that Mom had told Sammy not to nag at him about New York. Yet for the three days Sammy stayed, Pop couldn't put it out of his mind. He'd watch Mom, who would be looking at Sammy, and a sick, weak feeling would wash over him. He thought, I guess Sammy's just a little boy to Mom still. She's forgotten all them other things he started to do and got sick of.

The last day, Pop decided that after dinner, he'd ask Mom right out, but he knew now what her answer would be. All at once, the house seemed stuffy. He wanted good, clean air washing his lungs. He wanted to be alone. Mom was getting dinner. She



didn't say anything when he went out.

He looked at the garden, sprawled under its white covering like a sleeping child. The glitter of the snow made his eyes water. This was his real goodbye, he thought. After he'd given his word, it wouldn't be the same.

Impulsively, he put his cheek down against the tight little buds on the McIntosh branches. Then he straightened quickly, ashamed, as Mom opened the door and called. He hoped she hadn't seen him do that.

They had finished dinner. The big icicles hanging from the top of the window melted slowly in the sun, dripping down onto the frame and splashing big drops up onto the glass.

Sammy cleared his throat. "I talked to that real estate fellow down in the village. He thinks you can sell the house easy."

Pop pushed back his chair and braced his hands on his knees. He watched the rainbow colors in the tiny drops of water gathering at the ends of the icicles. He wished Mom would help him out. He wished she would say something. She was watching a chickadee peck at the suet ba on the pear tree.

"Mom," he said, "you — do yo want to go?"

She was looking down at her hand in her lap, now, pleating and unplea ing her apron. If Mom ever crie he'd have been sure he saw a tear the side of her nose. But of cour she hadn't for years. He waited f her to speak, while the ticking of t kitchen clock pounded in his ears.

Presently Mom looked up a smiled. Her eyes were very brigh "No, Pop, I guess we'd better sta Maybe Sammy'll come back again a see us." Her mouth quivered a lit at the corners, as it did sometim when she was going to laugh. But s didn't laugh. She got up quickly a began to clear the table. "I should wonder if those little apple trees hl a blossom or two this spring," s said.

Pop got up and put an awkwa arm around her shoulders, drawi her close. "That's one time you hl me fooled," he chuckled, an odd cat in his voice. "Me thinkin' all the ti you wanted to go!"

—Lois Ames

DANIEL BLOOMFIELD

Manager of the Boston Retail Trade Board

. . . The work of the Retail Trade Board, in all of its ramifications, is only slightly known to much of the population of Boston. The manager of that Board is even less well known to citizens of our town than he is to the United States and to the international business men. This is not particularly strange. Daniel Bloomfield is not a publicity minded gentleman. He is a business man, a music lover, and a practical economist. Being a business man with a business-like job to do, he is well aware that the proof is in the results, not in his personal acquaintance with the largest possible segment of the population of Boston.

As a music lover, he founded the Boston Music School Settlement in 1910, a school where music instruction and instruments were made available to children whose families could not afford the cost of such training. Today, the School carries on under the guidance and support of the Community Fund. But it was Mr. Bloomfield who first took active steps to make such a school a reality, largely because he was not able as a child to have the expert instruction which he wanted. And out of this love of music came two books, *Important Events in Musical History* (1908), and *Games and Puzzles for the Musical* (1908).

The description of Daniel Bloomfield as being a practical economist is one which requires definition. It is a description that applies to his far-seeing and civic-spirited outlook on business. To him, the merchant is successful only to the degree that he is a good citizen, with the interests of his community at heart. A sound and healthy retail system means a sound and healthy city. And it is out of this firmly held viewpoint that the internationally famous Boston Conference on Distribution came into being. This Conference, by the way, is of true international scope. Organized in 1929 by Daniel Bloomfield, it represents one phase of the Retail Trade Board activities which will be of tremendous help in the future development of world trade and understanding.

This national forum on problems of distribution is being held this year at the Hotel Statler in Boston, October 16 and 17, and the main themes of the conference are such timely ones as Foreign Trade Relations Affecting Our Future, Coming Changes in Distribution, Government Surpluses and the Market. The speakers who have already signified their intention of attending are such notables as Dr. H. H. Kung, Vice Premier and Minister of Finance, Government of China, Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald, British High Commissioner for the United Kingdom, Joseph C. Rovensky, Vice-President of Chase National Bank, New York, William L. Batt, Vice-Chairman of the War Production Board and President of SKF Industries, Thomas F. Joyce, manager of Radio and Television Department, Radio Corporation of America, Quentin Reynolds, Vice-President of the National Council of Farmers' Cooperatives, and a large number of other authorities in their particular fields.



Daniel Bloomfield

The importance of the Boston Conference on Distribution is two-fold. It is an absolutely non-political, non-profit economic conference. It is accepted internationally for its importance as a medium for analysis of current trends. By pointing out that it is non-profit, this is meant: business men, economic experts, and specialists from all over the world speak before the Conference without reimbursement; expenses for the meeting are defrayed by the reservations which are made annually and by the sale of the information-crowded book which is put out immediately following the meeting. The Boston Retail Trade Board, underwriting the first Conference in 1929, made a great contribution toward bringing international business men together in a purely economic way. It is a significant movement in which Boston business has taken the pioneer step. In the future, when funds make it possible to expand the work, the Boston Conference might well become a league of nations for trade problems. As a Director and as the organizer of the Conference, Daniel Bloomfield has seen his hopes for an international forum flower into achievement.

It is well to understand right here that Mr. Bloomfield will accept no credit for the Conference unless the notable cooperation of the merchants on the Retail Trade Board are given a greater share of the honors. As he points out, when the idea of creating a forum for business patterned on the same outline as the Williamstown Institute for political discussion, the Conference would not have been possible except for the civic-mindedness of the Board members and the willingness to go beyond their own immediate business interests to exchange ideas with other cities and other countries. Among these men was P. A. O'Connell, President of E. T. Slattery Co. Professor Ralph G. Wells of Boston University also assisted in getting the Conference under way.

The Boston Retail Trade Board is well-known throughout the country. Its contributions to business research, its accomplishments in benefiting both the merchant and the consumer are sound, solid supplements to the business system of the United States. For example, the Retail Trade Board arranged with Boston banks for earlier distribution of Christmas Club checks, thus spreading out the hectic Christmas rush of business in the stores, allowing the customer a wider selection of merchandise, and reducing the grim last-minute deluge with which the salespeople had to cope. The Board made the first extensive

research study (1925) in the country of customer returns of merchandise. Over 57,000 transactions were studied. The Merchant's Institute of Retail Trade Board which provides evening training courses for store executives and employees was organized by the Board so that leading authorities were made available to the members of the courses. The Boston high schools also enjoy a close cooperation with the Board in the development of salesmanship courses. More than 1400 high school students receive instruction annually.

From a purely customer point of view, several developments pioneered by the Retail Trade Board have made shopping easier and pleasanter. Before gasoline restrictions were imposed, free auto service from a large downtown garage carried 1200 to 4000 passengers a week to and from the stores. Development of a New York-Boston and Philadelphia-Boston overnight express service has not only saved the stores thousands of dollars, but has enabled customers to receive faster service on orders and the latest in fashion merchandise almost as soon as it reaches the New York market. Rigid standards of advertising have won customer goodwill by not misleading them as to merchandise. These, of course, are only a few of the good works which the Board has accomplished under the management of Daniel Bloomfield and the cooperative merchant members. The practical savings and the direct business results are far too numerous to list here. Since 1923, when Daniel Bloomfield was invited to take over the management of the Board, the changes have been coming thick and fast.

Daniel Bloomfield brings to his job a lengthy list of qualifications. He was born in New York City on July 4, 1890. This, undoubtedly, was an auspicious time to be born in the United States, but Mr. Bloomfield has never shown any signs of being a firecracker and a boom-boom type of personality. On the contrary, he is quiet, affable, and retiring. In 1910, he attended the Boston School for Social Work while earning his way toward his A. B. degree at Harvard. With this degree behind him in 1912, he attended Harvard Law School for one year, switching to the Boston University Law School in 1913 and winning his LL.B. in 1915.

For four years following his graduation from law school, he was the personal associate of a great Boston merchant, Lincoln Filene. In 1919, however, he became a partner with Meyer Bloomfield as a Consultant in Industrial Relation, and associate editor of *Industrial Relations, Bloomfield's Labor Digest*. He remained in this field until 1923, when he became manager of Boston's Retail Trade Board, the post which he holds today.

In 1924, he became Legislative Counsel for the Retail Trade Board and still fights legislative battles for the merchants.

Because the activities and the history of the man who manages the Retail Trade Board are necessarily interesting (the workings of the Board affect the smallest merchant and the smallest customer purchase importantly), a listing of more recent honors accorded and won by Daniel Bloomfield are important. To be sure, they are a lengthy listing which is not as interesting as a noonday soap box radio serial to the housewife, but they are indicative of the breadth of his interests as well as the extent of his talents which have received recognition in *"Who's Who in America,"* and *"International Who's Who"* (London, England). He is a director of the Merchant's Credit Bureau, Inc., Managing Director of the Massachusetts Council of Retail Merchants, and for the past year has been president of the National Association of Retail Secretaries.

Currently, he is a consultant for OPA, member of the National Retail Council, OPA, and a member of the panel of arbitrators for the Motion Picture Industry of the United States under the consent decree of the Federal Court. As for his other membership posts which he holds, the list is lengthy. He is a member of the Massachusetts Bar and Federal Bar; member of the American Bar Association, member of Harvard Law and Boston University Law Associations; member of the American Economic Association, National Federation of Sales Executives, American Marketing Association, New England Association of Commercial Executives, and member of the advisory board of the Alexander Hamilton Institute Course in Modern Merchandising.

Continuing the list of his activities, he is a lecturer in the Massachusetts University Extension Department, an associate editor in Courses in Foremanship and Personnel Management of the La Salle Extension University. He is also a member of the advisory Committee in the High School of Practical Arts in Boston and a member of the Advisory Board of the Prince School for Store Service at Simmons College. He is a trustee for the Garland School of Homemaking Inc., here in Boston and a trustee of the Home Savings Bank. He has maintained his early interest in social service and is currently a director of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

As an author, the list of his works is almost as extensive as his other activities. Besides the two books on music which were noted earlier in this article, he is the author of twelve additional books on various phases of business and industry, three of which were also published in London.

From this bare factual account of Daniel Bloomfield's business and civic interests, it is easy to see that his belief that a good merchant is a good citizen is a reality in his own life. When you consider, also, the scope and the civic spirit of Boston Retail Trade Board interests, you realize that the board is an expression of the same credo. Both Mr. Bloomfield and the merchants on the Retail Trade Board are good citizens and men in whom the city can take great pride. It is through their efforts that the smallest purchase in a Boston store arrives in your home at the lowest possible cost and with the maximum efficiency of distribution. It is good to remember.

—Barbara Pearson

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER
FOR SALVAGE

SHALLOW WATERS

. . . "I DON'T KNOW how I shall stand it if anyone in our family should die."

When Sybil Fish spoke of "our family," she meant herself, her husband Claude, and their pet terrier, Toy. Sybil was a woman of substantial stature. Figuratively and actually she loomed as the person of greatest size in her little household, which was a mean little apartment sandwiched in with a hundred others in a great city block.

Sybil was ambitious and a confirmed cosmocrat in her own environment. This streak of temperament often flared with undesirable results, as for instance, in her dealings with such people as the butcher or the grocer, when every point and pound were extracted in full measure.

But her friends always replied to any criticism with the remark that she was such a sympathetic person! Who could forget the time when the newsboy in front of the apartment had broken his leg? She was the first one there to offer condolences. She followed the ambulance to the hospital, and mingled her tears with that of the family of the unfortunate kid. Her picture had even been featured in the *Transcript* that day. And she had been quoted as saying, between heartfelt sobs, that it was a shame a poor little boy like that was forced to be on the streets selling papers, when he should be off at school.

Then her friends remembered the time when Mina, the frail girl of fourteen, in the flat downstairs, had been carried away with pneumonia. Sybil's great sobs had shook the building. Her wails all but submerged the mother's plaintive weeping. At the funeral, relatives and friends of the young miss consoled Sybil as often as they did the family.

"So young to go — and so beautiful, too," she remarked over again as she went back to the bier for a last look. For three days after the funeral, Claude was busy in the court below their apartment, hanging out his wife's laundry, eighty per cent of which consisted of handkerchiefs.

Then, after the war started, a tragedy struck Sybil's home. She could no longer obtain meat for her dog, Toy. Her husband experimented and brought home some horse meat, not revealing its true identity to her. The poor dog's digestive propensities were hardly equal to the occasion, after his long diet of canine delicacies and sweets.

Sybil carried his body all around the apartment building, shedding tears at every door. She was sure that he had been poisoned, and vowed vengeance on the perpetrators of the vile act. Claude was so upset, it was necessary to prepare two ice-bags that night — one for his wife's head and one for his own.

Soon after this, Claude was called for the army. Although Sybil was domineering in her attitude toward him, and even among their friends, often told of the many ambitious, clever men she could have married, they were sure she would be broken up at his going.

At the station, their calculations were confirmed. An official who was giving a patriotic send-off speech, had to exercise self-control to finish. Sybil's mourning turned the eyes of all present upon herself. The inductees gritted their teeth and stared hard. Some of the women forgot their own sorrow as they patted her on the back comfortingly.

That day Sybil must have shed all the tears that she held, for in the following weeks, she was noticeably dry-eyed.

"She's taking it well," neighbors remarked as the weeks rounded into months.

Claude was in the middle of the fighting before the year was over. Sybil waved his letter at everybody in sight, and read them with feeling.

One afternoon, several friends were visiting with Sybil in her apartment. A telegram came to the door. Mazie, her neighbor across the hall, answered and took it.

"Read it out, Mazie. I can't find my glasses," Sybil urged her.

Mazie read it without giving a second thought. It was a notice from the war department. Claude had been killed in action.

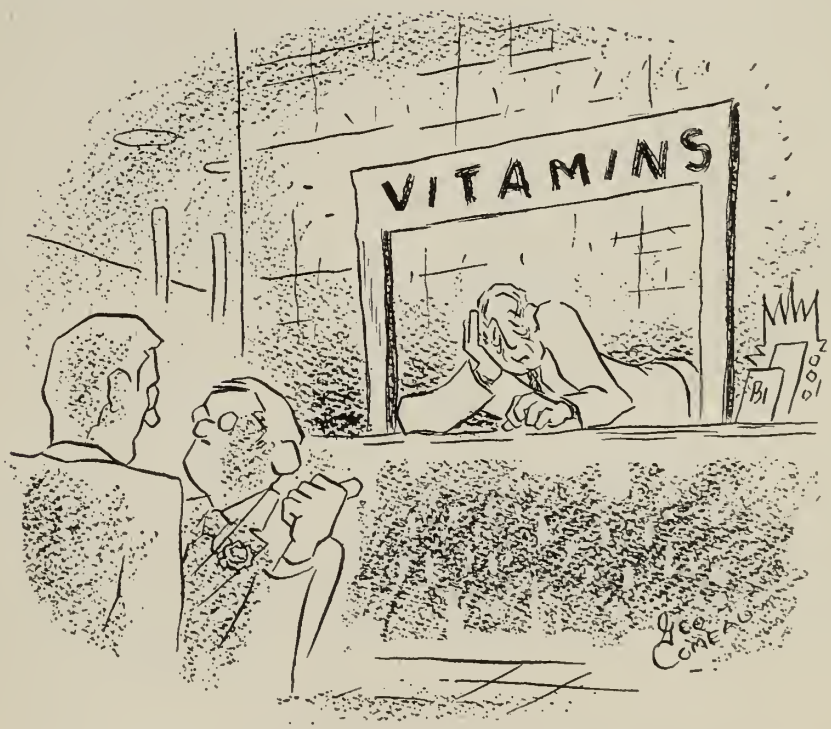
Every eye was fastened upon Sybil. Every eardrum was ready to flinch. Every nerve was tightened and straining for the blow to descend.

Sybil picked up a cigarette. She had taken to smoking in Claude's absence. She lit it with composure, and drew a long breath.

"Well, I guess we all got to go sometime!"

Sybil made an inaudible sigh — then blew a perfect smoke-ring into the air!

—DAVE CAREW



"I think we had better transfer Slognoggin back to the mattress department."



" We were wondering, young man, if we might get our breakfast here? "

TALES FROM THE RANCH

EL LOCO (the Madman)

. . . Not many days after my arrival at the ranch that was to be my home for awhile, I was sitting on the veranda one afternoon with Maria, the old grandmother of Pedro, our Mexican foreman. From the hills beyond the arroyo came the shrill cry of "el loco", calling the goats. The morose old Mexican-Indian goatherd had aroused my interest when I first saw him.

"Tell me, Maria," I said, "what is the old man's real name, and why does everyone on the place seem a little afraid of him?"

Maria took a long draw on her cigarette and looked off at the western horizon, aflame with sunset.

"Yes, Madama, they all fear him," she replied, "but I alone know his secret. I meant to keep it until I died, but perhaps I ought to tell you, the new mistress of the rancho, so that you will understand and be always kind to him.

"Only one other knew his story, old Rafaela, who was the cook for Senor Robinson's family. They were here about thirty years ago when I came here with my husband, their foreman. Rafaela has been dead a long time and the Robinsons too. But they never knew the story anyway.

"One day, nearly thirty years ago 'el loco' came here begging for food or work. Senor Robinson gave him the job he has now, looking after the goats. When they asked him his name he said, 'Just call me el viejo. And so he was 'the old man' for awhile. Then, because he seemed sad and kept to himself so much and talked to himself sometimes, they began calling him 'el loco'. But not when he was around to hear them.

"When 'el loco' had been here about two years I was helping Rafaela in the kitchen one day. Two strange men on horseback rode up to the kitchen door and asked for food. They were evil-looking men, bandidos perhaps. Certainly not the kind of men to make angry. Then too, the good Senora Robinson had left word in the kitchen never to turn away anyone asking for food. So Rafaela set them down to the table to eat.

"While they were eating 'el loco' came in for his dinner, as he did every day at that hour. When the strangers turned to look at him 'el loco' turned pale under the sweat and dust on his dark face. The men stared hard at him, and then, Madama, I saw in their eyes that they knew him. Without a word 'el loco' turned his back to them. 'I'll eat later,' he said to Rafaela, and went out.

"One of the strangers crossed himself and asked: "Do you know who that man is, senoras? Have you not had much bad luck since he came here?"

" 'Perhaps so,' said Rafaela, 'but mal suerte is a part of life. Tell us about him, senores. We will keep it a secret.'

" 'Then I'll tell you,' the man said, 'Probre diablo! We wish him no harm. He was once our master in the old days.'

"And then, Madama, they told us as strange a story as you'll ever hear."

Maria paused to roll another cigarette and gaze off at the western sky. The red and gold of sunset was fading into twilight now. In the darkening sky hung a thin new moon.

"Not many years before, the man said, the man we knew as 'el loco' was young and handsome. Young and handsome!" Maria repeated it chuckling. "And it was as hard for Rafaela and me to believe then as for you to believe now, Madama. His real name was Pancho Hernandez, and he was a peon on a great hacienda in the coast country south of Vera Cruz.



"On the plantation was a girl, Juana, who was the light of his life. How he loved to see her riding the pony he had saved so long to buy her! They were looking forward to their wedding day in the near future. But happy though he was, a chill fell on Pancho's heart whenever he thought of the day he had gone with Juana to the padrone for his consent to their marriage, as was the custom. He remembered how the master's bloodshot eyes had flamed at sight of the girl's beauty.

"The padrone of this hacienda was an evil man, they said, Madama. He was hard on the workers, and had an eye for every pretty woman on the place. In many of the jacales on the hacienda there was one child who had his face. But somehow he had never noticed Juana's beauty before she came to his casa with Pancho.

"On a moonlight night shortly before their wdding day Pancho was seized with a longing to serenade Juana. Taking his guitar he went down the path that led to the jacal where she lived with her grandmother. He was in the deep shadow of some trees by the path when he saw a man in the clearing before Juana's door. He was the padrone!

"Pancho stood still. Was this the master's first visit? Was he expected? Was he welcome?

"The door opened, and the moonlight fell on Juana's face. Pancho could not hear what the master said as he tried to pull the girl into his arms, but Juana's cries as she fought against him pierced her lover's heart. In a second he had thrown himself upon the padrone, and a few minutes later he was staring down at the body of the man he had killed with his bare hands. Juana clung to him, begging him to flee for his life, promising to wait till he could slip back for her some night."

"El loco" was driving the goats home now. We heard the patter of their feet as they skirted the side yard. Musingly Maria waited until they had passed.

"No one knew where Pancho had gone. For a long time officers hunted for this peon who had dared to lay his hands upon his master. What they were going to do with him would

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never be forgotten. But Pancho was never found. Many believed he had killed himself rather than spend the rest of his life a hunted man. A year passed, and people were beginning to forget about Pancho. Only Juana, now very thin and pale from grief, seemed to remember.

"Then there came stories of a new band of outlaws up in the mountains. Their leader had no heart, and how he hated the rich! He killed all who fought back. He plundered the great haciendas and gave to the poor. This band seemed to be moving down to the coast country, toward the hacienda where Pancho used to live. There was much talk about this and some began to whisper that this terrible bandido must be Pancho.

"One night Juana slipped away on her pony. No one saw her go but all knew she must have believed Pancho was with the bandidos, and had gone to join him.

"The bandidos lay around their campfire one day, sleeping or playing cards or quarreling over loot. Suddenly they heard hoofbeats far off. Then men listened as the hoofbeats came nearer. One said to the chief: 'Jefe, my horse is lame. That rider is on a good mount.'

"The chief nodded, and the man slipped away.

"When he came back to camp he was on the traveler's horse and was leading his own. 'A good job, compadres!' he cried, then stopped short at sight of the chief's face.

"'Where is the rider of that horse? Did you—' the chief, staring at the pony, could not finish.

"'Yes, Jefe, I fired just one shot. The man fell without a sound.'

"'Take me there.'

"Juana's slim body, in men's clothes, lay still. A smile was fixed on her lips, as though she had been thinking how soon she would be in Pancho's arms again. They buried her where she had fallen. Kneeling by her grave Pancho begged forgiveness for all the wrongs he had done. And why shouldn't he be forgiven, Madama?" Maria looked up at me. "Did he not suffer all hell in that hour?"

"He sent his men back to camp to choose themselves a new leader, but he himself never went back. From that day he was a homeless, nameless wanderer on the face of the earth."

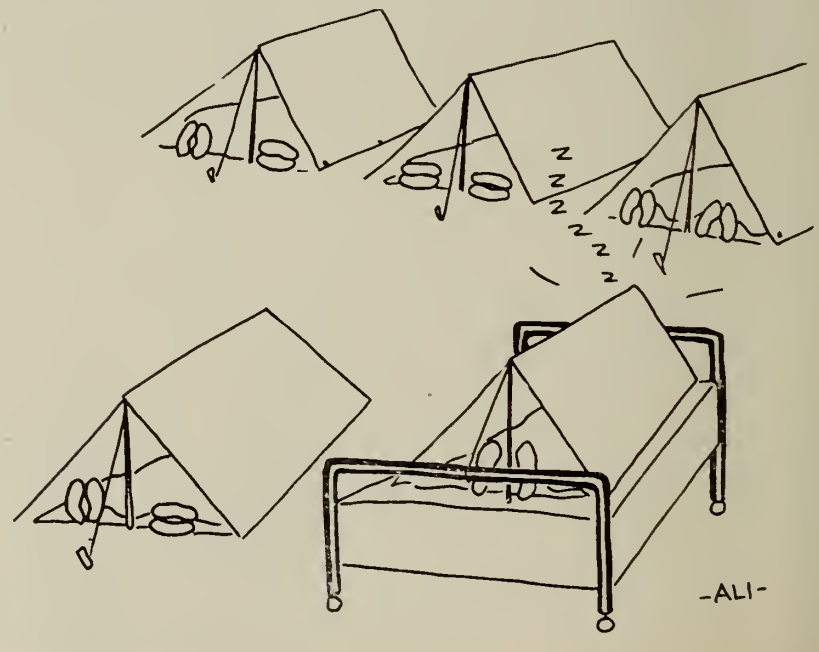
The evening star burned with a clear, pale radiance. Maria's dark face was only a blur behind the glowing ember of her cigarette. "The old man is getting feeble very fast now, Madama. Soon he'll be with his Juana again."

Then her next words brought my thoughts back from a far trail. "If only Juana had waited till Pancho came for her, or if Pancho had not allowed his man to stalk the rider."

"If, that's a tragic word, Maria."

"Si, Madama, and as Rafaela said, 'mal suerte is a part of life.'"

— Ann Vaughn

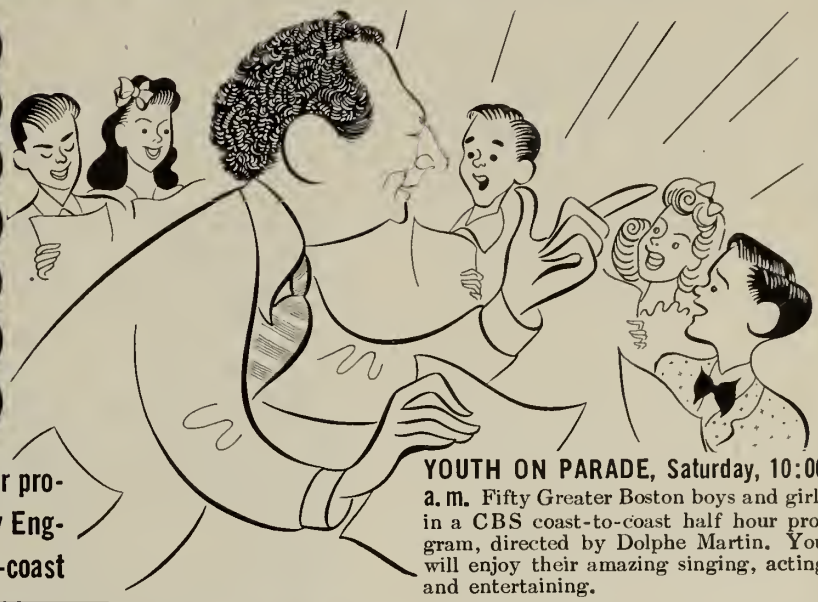


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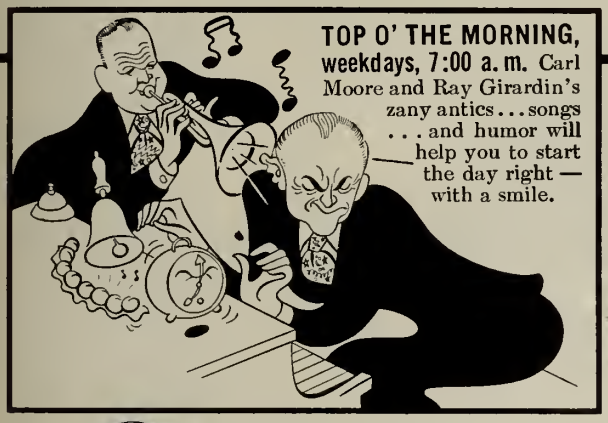
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RARE ETCHINGS OF ARTHUR BRISCOE

. . . The October exhibition of Arthur Briscoe's work at the Public Library is not intended to be a choice from his better-known plates, for many of these were displayed in June 1943. Nevertheless, it includes many rare and unique specimens, from the artist's first plate to his latest color prints. An attempt has been made not to repeat what was already shown, but rather to provide a further opportunity for the study of Briscoe's work.

The exhibition, which consists almost entirely of new phases of the artist's graphic expression, has been made possible through the generosity of Mr. Edwart C. Crossett, whose patient and discriminating efforts have made this set one of the finest and most complete in America. The group, together with the well-rounded cabinet already in the Albert H. Wiggin Collection, establishes a monument to Briscoe's work up to the time of his death last year.

Arthur John Trevor Briscoe was born in February 1873 within the sound of the sea at Birkenhead, and had his schooling in the historic old town of Shrewsbury. Although surrounded by the River Severn during these formative years, the call of distant oceans awakened his adventurous spirit, and he soon set forth from Liverpool for a trip around the world. Upon his return to England, his rich experiences culminated in his decision to study art at the Slade School under Professor Fred Brown and later at Julian's Academy in Paris. Although he painted in oils and watercolors in the early years of his training, his favorite mediums were pencil and pen and ink, as if the copperplate with its concise etched line was already subconsciously making itself felt. Much credit for his success as an etcher must be given to James McBey, who taught him the intricacies of the etching technique. From this period on, his work developed rapidly, possessing artistic accomplishments as well as marine accuracy and atmosphere. Few artists have both qualities to any degree of fullness.

In his later work Briscoe gives the impression that no second thought is necessary. His talent seems to have burned at white heat when his mental powers conceived the subject of a fleeting moment. Then, his energy exhausted, he keeps the observer looking forward to the birth of other experiences of some exciting voyage or incident at sea. His plates have the rare quality of swiftness and steadiness merged in an unusual subject.



The Main Brace — Arthur Briscoe

Purists among print connoisseurs object to the use of color in an etching, contending that the character of the etched line is not sympathetic to the application of tones, unless employed in conjunction with aquatint as an outline to hold the flat areas. However, Briscoe has given us three examples, the success of which can hardly be contested. "The Tea Clipper" is a simple composition of a becalmed square-rigger with all sails set, but limp for lack of wind. One has the feeling of late afternoon on a quiet sea, with the sun having just disappeared below the horizon. The delicate cool blue tones of sky and water, the warm hues of the setting sun, and the dark hull of the ship and shadowed sails silhouetted against the background give the plate a pleasing decorative effect. The finely grained use of aquatint and the usual vigorous technical style supporting it are ably combined in "Washing Down." This is typical of Briscoe's better plates, in which figures dominate the composition. There is no hesitancy in the use of color and etched masses in this subject, although the etching technique is somewhat broader to offset the flat tones, which can be compared to the broad flowing strokes of the brush in the artist's watercolors and oil paintings. This treatment gives the plate great pictorial breadth and freedom. "Mainsail Haul" is a remarkable accomplishment in movement, done with a powerful play of

lines. Here again, the tones are well chosen, and the strong light encompasses a scene that could only be recorded by the most hardened mariner. This plate with its predominating warm tones is perhaps the best of the three.

A number of rare impressions next arrest the attention of the visitor. They all show great emotion, proving that Briscoe knew the toil, pleasure, and tragedy of life at sea. Three unique proofs from unpublished plates are "Timber Float," "On the Yard," first plate, and "Command," of which the plates have been destroyed. Why these subjects have never been published is hard to understand, for by the strength of their unusual and simple composition they rank with Briscoe's best work. Among the other rare impressions are "On the Yard," third plate; "The Anchor," a state undescribed in Laver's Catalogue, with pencil notes before the plate was cut down; "The Salmon Fisher," one of two impressions with a pencil study of the subject on the back; the "Donaldson Liner at Sea," "The Fishmarket," and "Mooring Her." In no case were more than three impressions pulled, and all are unpublished.

Although the rest of the prints are from published editions, Mr. Crossett, with his intimate knowledge of the art of etching, has chosen only the best examples, where the printing has interpreted the plate to the fullest. One may single out "The Main Brace," "The Binnacle," "Making Sail," "Up Aloft," and "Make Fast," not that they are apart from the others in workmanship, but because they are perhaps more interesting from the standpoint of the subject matter. But all Briscoe's etchings have a stimulating subject. No other artist has interpreted the sea, with all its varying conditions and tense men laboring to combat them, with an equal output of important production.

These plates possess the qualities that have secured for Briscoe his eminent position among contemporary British engravers. They embody his vast love of the sea, through strength of draughtsmanship and a wealth of creative powers.

—Arthur W. Heintzelman







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SHOP TALK

. . . Imperceptibly, October has tip-toed in, inaugurating the season's merry whirl of social events and reminding you that it's high time to do the shops once again. Before you're swamped with engagements, it might be a sound idea to see that everything on your shopping list is checked off pronto.

. . . An ultra-modern design for living, anticipating our men's return from the wars, can be found at *Paine Furniture Company,* 81 Arlington Street, on the fourth floor. They've constructed and furnished the kind of post-war home heroes and their wives will delight in—with emphasis on livability, practicability and versatility.

The living room is really meant to be lived in and its feeling of space is accentuated by fresh, light colors. A large, commodious Mr. and Mrs. desk incorporates two desks facing each other into one large table-like affair which may be used for serving cocktails etc. as conveniently as for writing purposes. A conversational corner near the fireplace is outfitted with sectional furniture whose individual pieces add up to an angular sofa that jigsaws right into the corner. This particular spot takes a card table very nicely on those bridge or gin rummy evenings. A pearly-tone, shaggy-textured rug covers the floor, blending beautifully with aqua walls and green chairs. Over the fireplace, a picture, whose white background is dotted staccato-fashion with magenta and violet, is color kin to the lilac-printed window draperies.

Simple, strong blonde Oak sectional furniture to which pieces may be added any time makes a smart functional dining room set. You'll notice that everything in the house is functional, besides being decorative, with solid comfort guaranteed. And a novel sort of hobby room has everything from a small Minipiano, and a radio-victrola and record cabinet built together as a harmonious unit to a long, double banquette. Providing sleeping accommodations for that guest who will occasionally miss the last train, the banquette has three-way pillows which turn over to make a bed.

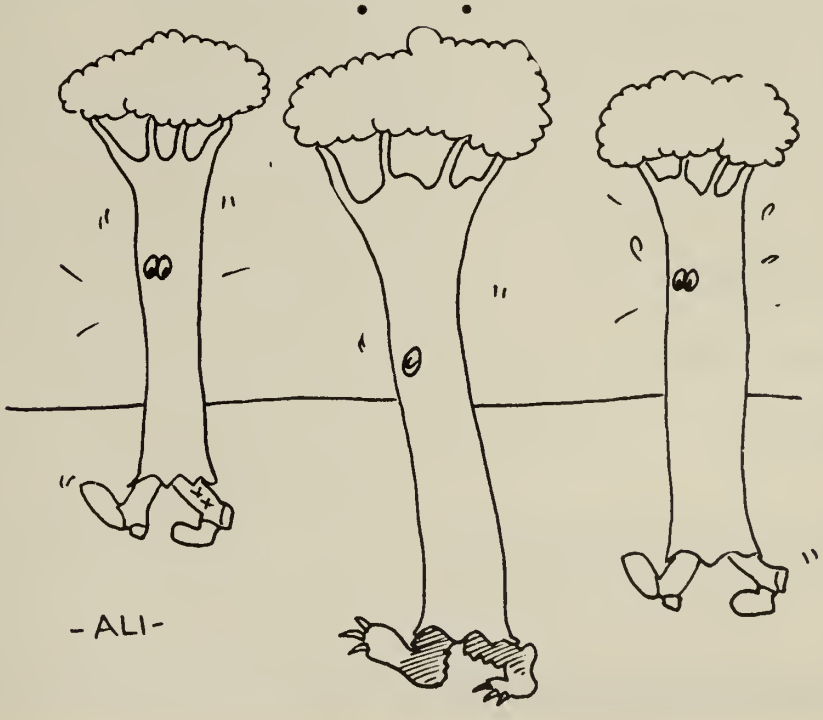
It's a regular made-to-order dream house with tremendous windows and closets—and soft indirect lighting. The miraculous all-electric kitchen, the cleverly planned bedroom, the flag-stone terrace—you must see them for yourself!

. . . Something new has been added on *Lamson and Hubbard*'s second floor, the Junior Miss Evening Gown Salon introducing a wealth of formals and semi-formals for the mademoiselle who's swinging on a social star this season. And it's a luxurious season for evening clothes, all aglitter with sequins, beading, nailheads and other tricky light-reflecting trimmings. Inspired by a French period gown, an exquisite robe de style combines black transparent velvet and shell pink taffeta. Where the two materials meet, a fine, lacy black braid covers just enough of the taffeta to be extremely effective. And a rustling taffeta skirt makes dancing such fun!

Flame red taffeta makes an exciting formal, decidedly decollete with thin shoulder straps. Jet black sequin leaves are scattered here and there on a wide net over-skirt. The lady in red is always terrific! In another mood, a lovely ingenue gown, the kind you'd like to have your portrait painted in, has a tight-fitting bodice of pink satin and a bouffant skirt of black marquisette. Two ruffles of marquisette bound in pink satin make a peplum that's ever so flattering to a tiny waistline and disguises one that's not. For misses who sup in style, the Fuschia crepe dinner dress whose new wide shoulders whittle your figure down inches by contrast would serve elegantly. A lush beaded flower in purple tones with soft green leaves splashes across the dress diagonally, and the skirt drapes provocatively to the side where it's slit to show off your ankle.

Short mandarin coats in bright wools or black are warm, winsome and undeniably smart over your gown. A black one is lined with Chinese red taffeta and faced with red wool around the neck and front. Another is a full, straight, hip-length one designed in Chinese red shaggy wool. It has exaggerated shoulders (you know why) and an oriental-looking corsage embroidered exactly where you'd place your real one.

. . . Further evidence that this is a banner year for Junior Misses comes to light in *R. H. Stearns'* fourth floor Junior Corner. Clothes to keep any little twist or turn in young ladies' busy schedules straight are right here. For instance, a Moss green wool dress picks up an important new fashion feature and buttons



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all the way down the side with self buttons. It has a large pocket, silver nailhead belt and the happy faculty of keeping you smartly turned out for most any daytime occasion. Another one that does the same sort of thing for you is a gray wool two piecer whose torso blouse has a Peter Pan collar and buttons down the back. The border of the blouse and sleeves are generously besprinkled with silver nailheads, dazzling dots of light on an otherwise perfectly tailored dress.

A Royal purple wool has slashed sleeves and a slashed skirt with coquettish inserts of white eyelet embroidery ruffles topped by a grograin bow. This little number is a quaint, old-fashioned beau-catcher cut along modern lines. And for the youthful sportswoman, a handsome wool plaid, the kind with a white background and vivid green, red and blue making it lively, would give plenty of wear all fall and winter.

On the social side of the calendar, a Gold velveteen torso dress in two pieces has wonderful soft folds around its waist and fluting around its deep, round neckline. Wear it to football games and tea dancing afterwards. If you're dark-haired and dark-eyed and must have a red date dress, chances are you'll choose the Fuschia crepe basque effect with black velvet ribbon drawn through the edge of the basque. Miss Sub-Deb is going right to town in these gay, charming clothes styled with her in mind.

. . . SUITS, jumpers, and skirts are actually not one bit self-sufficient. What you wear to accessorize with them will either make them twice as lovely to look at or spoil your original good idea! That's why *Peter Flynn's* has devoted a sizable corner of its first floor to a huge and praiseworthy collection of the most important accessories you'll be needing—blouses.

At least one white blouse is a prerequisite for your fall suit—maybe the crepe one with a jewel neckline and tucked front. Wear a double pearl choker with it or any of your odd pins or clips. Their matinee blouse in white crepe has ruffling on its revers and down the front. For ladies who dote on femininity (and

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who doesn't), the ruffling may be had with a fine Hamburg lace border, a touch of lingerie always smart with tailored suits. Then there's a rayon jersey dinner date style with soft folds falling from the jewel neckline and the long, full sleeves you've been clamoring for. You may have it in black, brown, white and a dozen beautiful shades.

Ruching edged in blue, brown or green complements the color of your jumper as if it were made-to-order. It's used as trimming around the high neck and short sleeve of a white crepe blouse that has pearl buttons and a drawstring tie to boot. And in a luscious lime crepe, there's a V-neck affair with a big bow stemming from its yoke.

If it's warm, winter-proof style you're after, their flannel "smartie," a classic shirtmaker blouse, is available now in spanking new plaids and solid colors. They go much quicker than they come, we're told, so hurry, hurry!

. . . No costume is complete without jewelry, some scintillating ornament to give you a gilded aspect. *Smith Patterson,* fully cognizant of the value of such "gilding," surprises its patrons again with an extraordinary selection of choice pieces. Since this season coiffeurs are swept away from the face, exposing the ears, ear-

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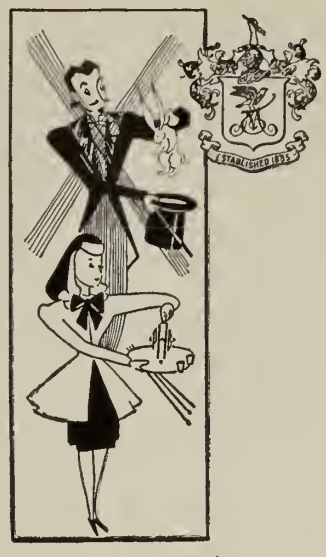
CHAPEAUX

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When babushkas from Novgorod,
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A bit of lace, a braid of string,
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rings are more popular than ever. And here's a variety with at least several pairs to suit each individual.

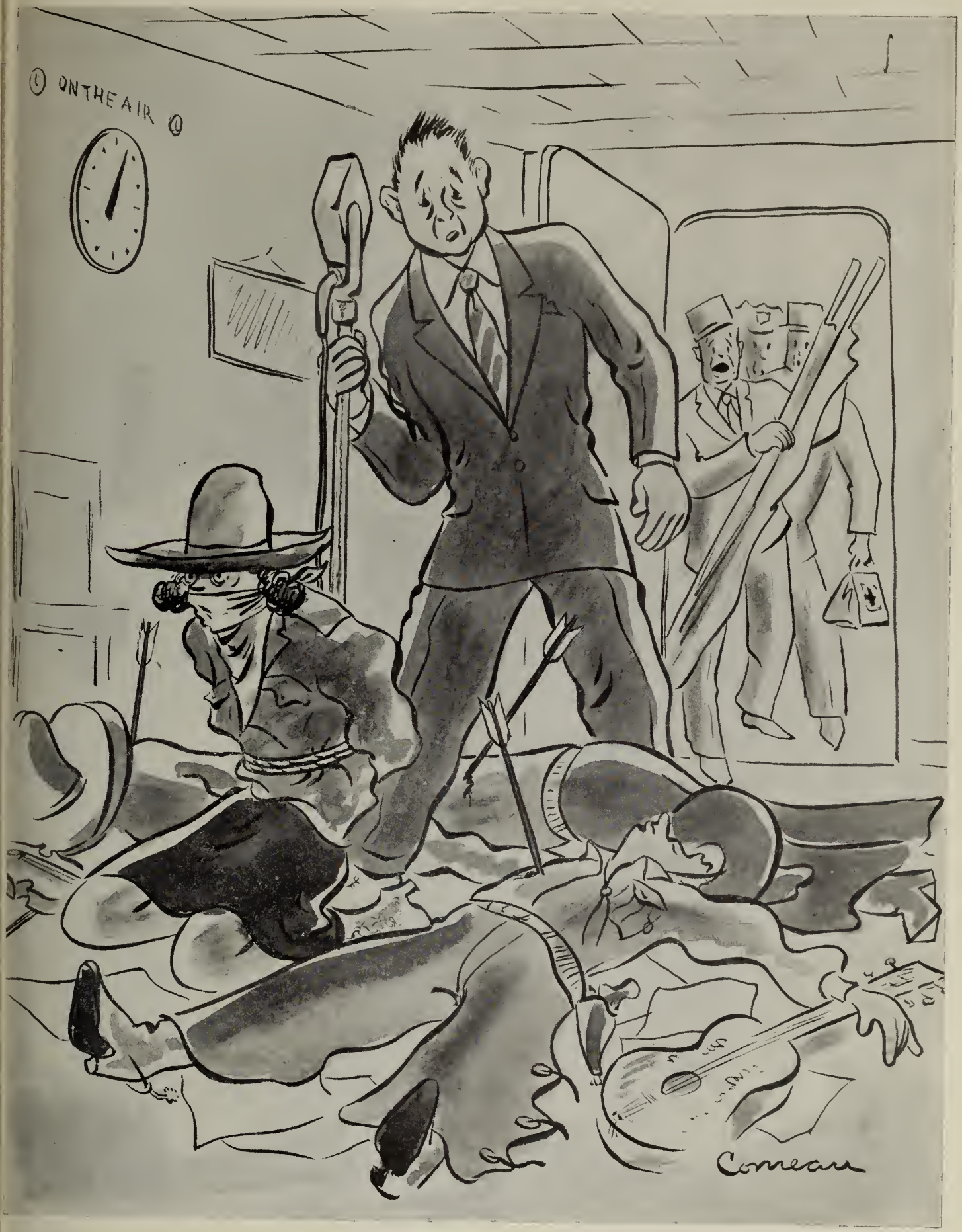
Gold with synthetic or genuine stones are favorites, ranging in price from $4.95 to $200 (tax included). A pair almost any woman would love to own is shaped like a fluted flower with seven small rubies in the center. And also in the flower family are a delicately wrought rose with a flashing blue zircon center—and a deep garnet set in gold daisy petals. These would be proud possessions in the most luxurious of jewel boxes, and they're earrings that bring elegance to daytime ensembles as nicely as they do to formals.

Ladies with a weakness for amethyst earrings are in for a bit of revelation. There's a many-looped gold bow, as real as a ribbon one, with an amethyst where the knot should be. An important, antique-looking pair frames shield-shaped amethysts in gold filigree. And oval amethysts are set in double bands of gold, heirloom possibilities you can see with naked eye.

For those of you who lean toward the modern, a clever swirl of gold, covering the entire lobe of your ear, is the setting for an exquisitely cut blue zircon. Then there's a geometrically severe earring in two-tone gold, consisting of two rectangles placed together, one extending beyond the other and each a different color gold. They are facetted with the same precision as gems and have a million dollar lustre.

—PHYLLIS





" Due to circumstances beyond our control, the Lonely Ranch Yodelers will be unable to continue their program."


CORONA

DESIGN FOR YOUTH

. . . MANY people throughout the length and breadth of the United States are planning for the post-war period. Economists huddle over graphs and charts; sociologists ponder the problem of the social adjustments; landlords struggle with the headaches of worn-out equipment; and the housewife, pre-war type, has a neat list of this-and-that which her home will need. To the best of our knowledge, however, the first and most practical post-war planning we have seen is the Modern Home at the Paine Furniture Company.

Going ahead sensibly on the sound theory that a home will keep the hastily-arranged war marriages together, Paine and the magazine *Mademoiselle* have whipped up one of the most charming and idea-full modern homes anyone would want to see. As a matter of fact, everyone, whether antique-lover or empire period fan, can find a refreshing expression of modern times in the rooms on the Paine fourth floor.

This is not merely a house of charm and color. It represents the results of a nation-wide magazine survey on what the young bride wants in the way of a dream home. It represents the pleasant practicality of a large furniture store, a store perfectly capable of doing the most expensive interior decoration your budget can afford, in interpreting a modern home that is within the reach of young budgets. It makes use of standard pieces of modern furniture used with a subtle difference. It is not a custom-built proposition. And when the gloom-predicters regarding the future of the younger generation see what they want in the way of a home, well, they'll get a big surprise.

As was noted earlier, the colorful and completely charming group of rooms at Paine are the result of the replies to *Mademoiselle's* questionnaire. The Hobby Room, the Game Corner of the Living Room, the charm of the bedroom, the compact design of the kitchen, and the surprising inclusion of a lovely Dining Room (according to the replies of the young couples, the dining room has *not* gone out of favor. It is simply a truly pleasant place and not a waste of space) make the Modern Home a sincere example of what youth wants. A lot of pre-conceived ideas about the younger generation will have to be dropped in the waste basket after you see this smart and comfortable group of rooms.

Architecturally, the Modern Home as adapted to New England needs is a simple, sensibly laid out house. Only the unadorned, clean-cut lines and the effective use of wide windows would label the building modern. It could perch on a few acres in the suburbs, overlook the ocean or a quiet New England lake without looking out of place with its surroundings. It has a rambling quality, since it is a one-story structure. Inside, it is a home for youth plus.



The Dining Room of the Young Modern Home at Paine Furniture Company has gold walls, dull red rug, and multi-color striped curtains. Furniture is bleached oak.

The living room, for example, is done in blues and greens, with violet and magenta as color accents. There is a niche with cove lighting which serves smartly as a recreational corner. No more tugging furniture around so that a game of gin rummy can be played comfortably. No more of that headache in the Young Moderns' homes. The conversational grouping of furniture around the large coffee table and comfortable divan makes the best arrangement for a quiet chat. And if the young couple feels like sitting before the fireplace, there are deftly arranged chairs for that as well. In other words, the room doesn't have to be pulled apart to provide the maximum of comfort and convenience.

As another sign of young ideas, the floor is covered with black linoleum, over which a gray shaggy broadloom rug is placed. No more chasing of dirt out of the cracks in even the most carefully laid flooring for the young bride. She has geared her house for action.

One of the pieces of furniture which many of you will love is the huge Mr. and Mrs. desk which can be converted speedily into a cocktail bar or a buffet for late snacks. Each side of the desk is recessed slightly off center, so that when Mr. is going over the bills, he does not face Mrs. biting her nails on the other side. The long modern lamp which is located in the center of the desk helps to give privacy, too, that precious possession for thinking things out.

Naturally, as Mr. Anderson, sales

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promotion manager, points out, the rooms you can see at Paine are merely idea rooms. The individual bride will change them as she sees fit. But the basic plan of the House is a flexible and practical one.

Included in the replies to the questionnaire was the wish for a Hobby Room. What the designer has whipped up in answer is another dream room. It is so right for listening to records or playing the console piano. It is so right, too, for the unexpected overnight guest. The wall-long, built-in banquette covered with a mattress serves perfectly for reading or putting up an overnight guest. And the storage closets underneath can hold a lot of the household linen or blankets or whatever the young bride cares to store away there.

The Hobby Room is done in green, with red linoleum on the floor. There are two pin-up boards on the walls, one for Mr. and one for Mrs., in case they have different tastes in radio programs of hobby notes. Convenient niches for books and gadgets are located above the wall-length lounging divan, and the radio-phonograph is built against the other wall.

Off the Hobby Room is a terrace with real flagstone floor and a grapevine climbing through the latticework. And off that terrace is the bedroom, a completely charming, thoroughly young place. The Paine theme —keeping the home together—is well worked out here. Each has a closet and a chair in which to lounge. The twin beds have white chintz spreads with red-and-white striped spreads and head board. Replacing those familiar different-height chests of drawers is one massive chest with two separate drawer sections. The entire wall looking out on the terrace is of glass, with curtains which can be pulled across to insure privacy when Mr. and Mrs. don't feel like looking at the Victory garden located outside. The walls are done in soft grey, and an Aero-blue broadloom rug covers the floor. The two boudoir chairs are covered in white chintz, with red accents.

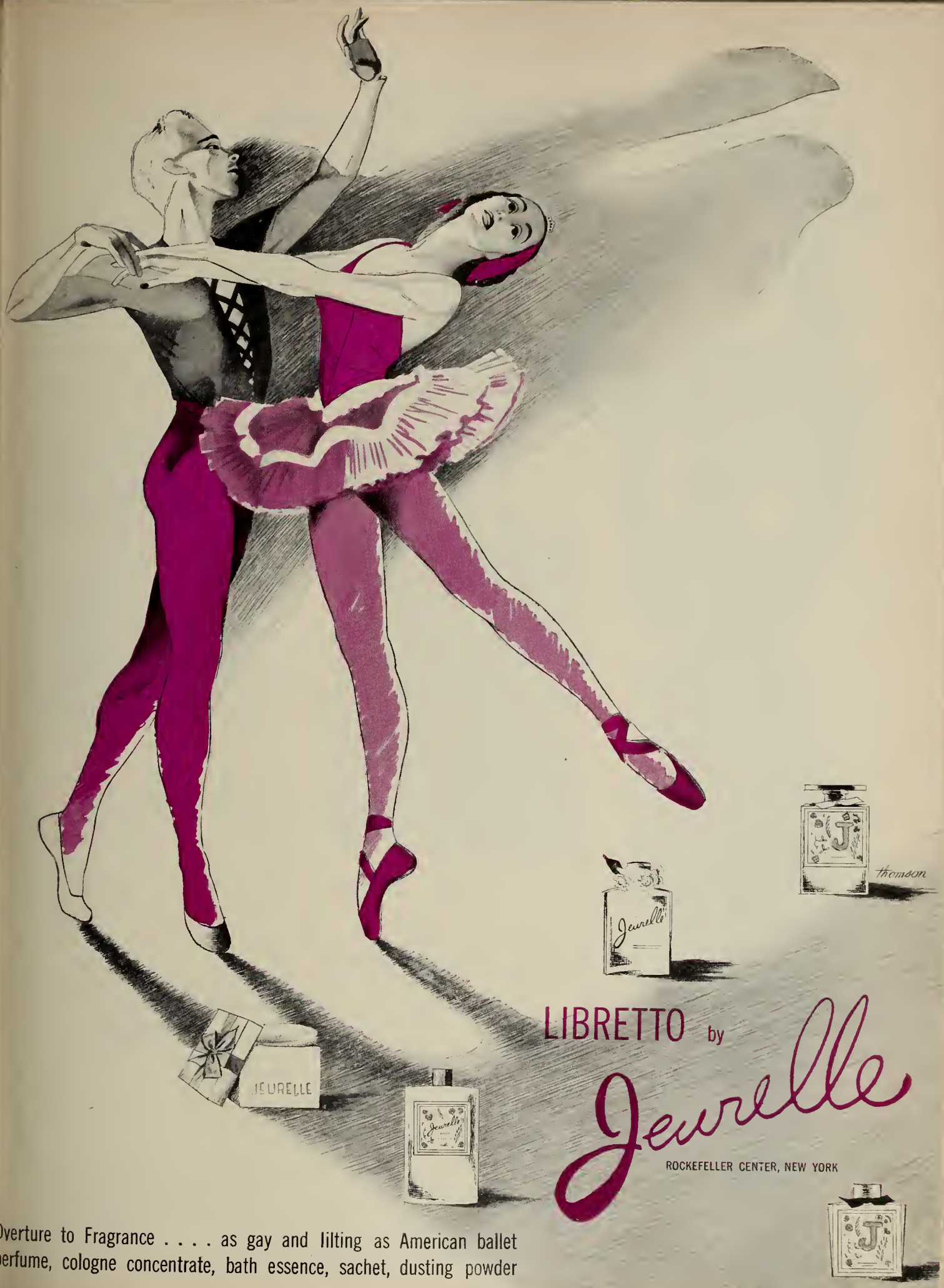
As for the dining room, a surprising development in the replies to *Mademoiselle's* questionnaire, the convenience and practicality of the room is charming. How many dining rooms have windows with a view? The Modern House has a whole spread of windows overlooking the garden and a clever table which telescopes to meet the demands of the diners. There is also a pass-closet to the kitchen in case the young bride has been able to locate a maid. The walls are painted a soft yellow, and the traverse curtains are done in a bold stripe. The niche where the pass-closet from the kitchen is located is lined with red, a pick-up from the stripes in the curtains.

Young or old, a woman's interest in the kitchen is proverbial. The kitchen of this charming house is not too large, but the compactness of its design is overwhelming. The U-shaped counters provide the maximum convenience. The yellow walls with yellow-green apples appliqued on the overhead cabinets are bright and cheerful. The curtains at the window have yellow-green apples printed on white chintz. Brown linoleum covers the counter tops, and a brown and yellow marble linoleum floor carries out the motive.

What will attract all women is a breakfast bar along the side wall of the kitchen, with two stools and ample leg room. In case the young husband wants a late night snack or a hurry-up breakfast, this as exactly the right place for it. And the saving in steps is something any bride would appreciate.

Adjoining the kitchen is a large storage closet for canned goods and preserves.

The fact is, however, that most women will appreciate the shrewd common sense and the charm of these rooms. With so many new young married couples looking forward to homes of their own in the post-war period, Paine Furniture deserves an orchid for providing the answer. The Modern Home would make a good farm house or a good suburban home. It will also leave the lean young budget uncrippled. New Englanders would do well to take a good look at this eye-appealing home now that it is open. You have plenty of time to start your plans early. But see if that living room doesn't answer a whole lot of grown-up needs.



LIBRETTO by

Jeurelle

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perfume, cologne concentrate, bath essence, sachet, dusting powder



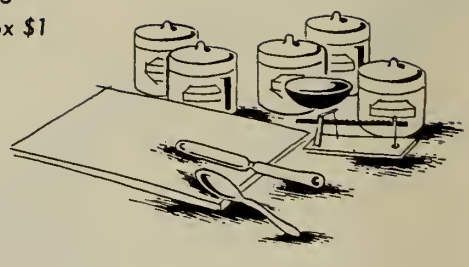
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Ann Haviland's rich perfume "Perhaps"

sophisticated, for the woman who is many women. You will find this especially exciting this year when the new feeling in fashion is that of the elegant and the feminine. Frills and feathers are back again; millinery is soft and gracious and flattering again; accessories are dainty and feminine again, and a fragrance like *Perhaps* is more important than ever again. It makes its appearance in a new, convenient, stand-up box, lined in gold. A favorite with men, and a wonderful gift for any woman.

High Fashion

. . . DOROTHY GRAY'S exciting new make-up color *Fuchsia Hat*, comes in a package that is different and darling. *Fuchsia Hat* lipstick and rouge is a true, light fuchsia tone designed to complement the high fashion shades for fall — plum, purple and fuchsia. It is a becoming, wearable shade that solves the coordination problem of wardrobe and make-up. The *Fuchsia Hat* package is Victorian in feeling. Rouge, lipstick, perfume and powder are tucked into the high postillion crown of a tiny hat. That hat, of fuchsia felt, with mauve ostrich plume curling over the crown, is an adaptation of actual feminine millinery of the 1870's. It is presented in a simple square hatbox trimmed with fuchsia and white stripes. This dramatic and high-fashion presentation is ideal for gift giving.

Candlelight Magic

. . . CANDLELIGHT magic — soft, gentle, subtle flattering! Remember way back when we could linger over



That candlelight magic can be yours with DuBarry Beauty Cake Make-Up

a candlelit table for hours without feeling guilty? We have no time for that sort of thing — we've exchanged the leisure hours and the candlelight for the night shift and a lunch box — but it seems that we can still have that softly flattering, luminous look that candlelight once gave us. How? Richard Hudnut tells us that the *DuBarry Beauty Cake Make-up* creates the same smooth glowing film, in the sun or out of the sun, day or night. This is a powder-cake make-up which helps to hide minor blemishes and leaves the skin looking soft and velvety. All you do is wet a piece of cotton, rub it over the cake and apply it to the skin, smoothing it on until it is even. If your skin is dry, instead of using water, moisten the cotton with *DuBarry Foundation Lotion*, the creamy lotion that keeps the skin soft under the make-up. Some women like to use powder over this make-up, others do not. It's just a matter of choice. There are five complexion shades to choose from. For that luminous look in just two minutes flat, try the *DuBarry Beauty Cake Make-up*.

Lipstick Economy

. . . IN SPITE of all that has been said on the subject of the economy and practicality of refilling old lipstick cases, even the cleverest women cling to the idea that it is a complicated, messy process. All of which is not so. Before you throw away your pert flower-sprigged *Milkmaid* lipstick case, just because the last precious bit of color is gone, consider the seven lovely Milkmaid lipstick refill shades and the wonderful simplicity with which they may be inserted. The salesgirl in the store



It's a simple process to insert a Milkmaid refill in the attractive plastic case

will do it for you without charge, but she is so busy these days it would be simpler if you make the change yourself by following these directions: 1. Screw out lipstick as far as it will go. 2. Clean out old lipstick with clean nail file. A little leverage at the proper point will remove the nub in one piece. This left-over paste may be salvaged by putting it into a small jar for use with a brush. 3. Saturate cotton pad with alcohol or water and

Naturally it's

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clean the case. 4. Take new lipstick and insert in case. The *Milkmaid* case has a special prong in it that keeps the refill erect and prevents wobbling. The lipstick refill is wrapped in a silver foil cylinder for convenience in handling and packed in a dainty water and air proof transparent container to assure freshness. Just in case you've never tried *Milkmaid* lipstick, try it in any one of the seven vibrant shades.

Double Duty

. . . A WONDERFULLY light and lovely face powder is *Attar of Petals* by Orloff. Blended very delicately of fine ingredients, the powder leaves the skin fresh and dewy. Subtly scented, Orloff's filmy face powder comes in six shades. It is packaged in milk glass jars, which later may be used for cigarettes, relish or olive containers. The low round white jars are covered with a raised pastel floral design, and are actual copies of old 17th century apothecary jars. The face powder is as lovely as the jars are decorative.

Pleasant Plus

. . . ARE YOU having a time keeping your hair set and manageable? *L'Orle's Plastic Mist* keeps the hair set manageable, well groomed always. But that is not all that it does. There is a pleasant "plus" to *Plastic Mist*, a fragrance that perfumes the hair at the same time.

—CAROL THOMAS



"Put on the brake Junior ! !"

IT'S ABOUT TIME

. . . THAT LUSTY old Henry VIII's marital exploits had great importance for the Church of England seems to be one of those historical facts which most people assume everybody else knows. But what percentage of our worthy citizenry is acquainted with the origin of the same church in the New World — specifically in Boston? Let's do a bit of investigating!

Extending its sphere of influence across the Atlantic, the Church of England gained foothold in Boston only after two generations had passed. Rev. Robert Ratcliffe undertook a rough sea voyage in 1686, delegated by the Bishop of London to institute services at the Town House where people crowded to hear him, some merely out of curiosity. A Protestant Episcopal Church was organized in June of that year and, three years later, King's Chapel, which we reviewed in a previous issue, was completed to accommodate the congregation. Within another generation, the Chapel became inadequate for its number of worshippers and "subscriptions were invited" for a new church in the North End.

Christ Church, more familiarly known as the "Old North Church," was built in 1723 on Salem Street near the summit of Copp's Hill. The corner stone was laid by Rev. Samuel Myles, rector of King's Chapel, who prayed that "the gates of hell never prevail against it." When it was opened for public services on December 29th, its first rector, the Rev. Timothy Cutler, preached the sermon, taking for his text "For mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people" from the seventh verse of the fifty-sixth chapter of Isaiah.

Oldest of church edifices standing in the city, it is one of the few landmarks that generally retains its authentic appearance. Its Master Builders, Thomas Tippin and Thomas Bennett, both charter members and proprietors of "Old North," designed and erected a building that could really withstand the ravages of time. It is built after the manner of Sir Christopher Wren of "substantial handmade brick" and is seventy feet long and fifty-one feet wide, with walls two and one-half feet thick.

The spire, added in 1740 through the generosity of certain Honduras merchants, served as a guide to incoming mariners. Blown down by a great gale in 1804, it was rebuilt three years later from drawings by Bulfinch and is claimed to be an accurate reproduction of the original, preserving its proportions and symmetry.



The Old North Church of Paul Revere fame

On the silent, historic evening of the 18th of April, 1775, Paul Revere's good friend, Robert Newman, then sexton of "Old North," agreed to display signal "lanthorns" from the steeple, warning patriots of the movement of British troops towards Concord to destroy military stores hidden there. This memorable event was recorded poetically by Longfellow:

"If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light:
One if by land, and two if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm!"

Meanwhile, Paul Revere was rowed across the Charles River past the Somerset man-of-war to Charlestown, where a horse was awaiting him in Deacon Larkin's barn. Off he galloped to bring word to Hancock and Adams in Lexington. From Lexington, he and William Dawes made for Concord and were overtaken by Dr. Prescott, another patriot who accompanied them. Half way between the two towns, the trio encountered some British horsemen. Dr. Prescott managed to escape to Concord, but Revere was captured, brought back to Lexington, and later given his freedom.

To commemorate this heroic occasion, the City of Boston had a tablet placed on the tower of the church in 1878 inscribed: "The signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed in the steeple of this church April 18, 1775 warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord."

The tower, from which General Gage witnessed the Battle of Bunker Hill, has the further distinction of containing a peal of eight bells, considered the sweetest toned and most musical ones in the country. On the morning of May 19, 1776, it proclaimed the repeal of the Stamp Act and, in 1781, the surrender of Cornwallis — even as it will ring out the defeat of the facist aggressors of our own time. Each bell has an interesting inscription around the crown, telling its own story.

No. 1. "This peal of eight bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ Church in Boston, New England. Anno 1744. A. R."

No. 2. "This church was founded in the year 1723, Timothy Cutler, Doctor in Divinity, the First Rector, A. R. 1744."

No. 3. "We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America. A. R. 1744."

No. 4. "God preserve the Church of England. 1744."

No. 5. "William Shirley, Esqr, Governour of Massachusetts Bay in N: England. Anno 1744."

No. 6. "The subscriptions for these bells was begun by John Hammock and Robert Temple, Church Wardens, 1743, and compleated by Robt. Jenkin and Jno. Gould, Church Wardens. Anno 1744."

No. 7. "Since generosity has opened our mouths our tongues shall ring aloud its praise. 1744."

No. 8. "Abel Rudhall of Glouceste cast us all. Anno 1744."

Paul Revere came to "Old North" when he was fifteen years old and helped organize a guild to ring these bells. Although he never became a member of the church, he probably, on occasion, occupied the pew, owned by his oldest son.

An amusing incident concerning a man far in advance of his time was recorded in 1757. John Childs gave public notice of his intention to fly from the steeple on September 13 of that year. He amazed the populace by doing so and the next day made two flights. ". . . The last time he set off with two Pistols loaded, one of which he discharged in his Descent, the other missing fire, he cocked and snap't it again before he reached the place prepared to receive him."

The quiet dignity and beauty of the interior of the church is due in large measure to its architectural treatment — high galleries, arched ceiling, large windows, fluted columns, and box pews. For utilitarian reasons, the pews were made high to keep their occupants warm with the aid of little foot stoves they brought along to services.

The old-fashioned pulpit, modeled after the one at Trinity Church in Newport has suffered no material change. And the organ, though not the same one which used to accompany quaint hymns and responses in 1756, retains its original antique case. Carved statuettes of four cherubim in front of the organ, treasured possessions taken from a French vessel



Interior view of the Old North Church



in 1746 by the privateer, "Queen of Hungary," were presented to the church by Captain Grushy. And, in 1724, the graceful brass chandeliers hanging there today were brought as a gift by another sea-faring man, Captain William Maxwell. In front of the gallery, the same clock made by Richard Avery and Thomas Bennett in 1726 still keeps good time. It is reputedly the oldest clock in the country in a public building.

A bust of Washington, was presented to the church in 1815 by Shubael Bell, Esq., its senior warden, the same donor whose benevolence placed Penniman's painting of the "Last Supper" over the altar. When General Lafayette visited Christ Church in 1824, he pointed to the bust of Washington and said, "Yes, that is the man I knew and more like him than any other portrait."

The celebrated "Vinegar Bible," printed in Oxford, England by John Baskett in 1717, was among the gifts of King George II. And to this distant ramification of the Church of England, he also sent fourteen Prayer Books and the silver Communion Service bearing his royal coat of arms.

If you descend below the church, there are aisles from which you may enter thirty-seven ancient tombs where over a thousand persons are said to be buried. After the Battle of Bunker Hill, Major John Pitcairn, "fatally wounded while rallying the Royal Marines," was put to rest here.

One of the first Sunday Schools in this part of the world was organized here in 1815, with John R. Cotting as Superintendent. In the vestry, you can see a roll of the scholars, written in 1817, with their picturesque North End addresses like Love Lane, Methodist Alley and Fish Street. By vote of the Proprietors in 1825, the eastern end of the north gallery was assigned exclusively for the Sunday scholars in order to "suppress the disturbances and retain the scholars."

With the exception of a period during the Revolution when Christ Church was closed "by military necessity," Sunday morning services have been held regularly since 1723.



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THEATRE

. . . Several things have emerged from the chaos and turmoil surrounding the recent censorship of the play *Men to the Sea*. In the first place, it has been proven (to the censor's credit) that a flock of dirty words are not needed to put across a solid dramatic stint. But on the debit side (from the censor's angle) the thumbs-down attitude regarding the subject of the play and the author's serious intention is a dangerous symptom of censorship limitations.

As you well know by this time, the play dealt with the activities of sailors' wives while they are away at sea. The situations and confusions of wartime wives are not much different today than when Frederick the Great was cutting a wide swathe with his military genius. The women were left at home, and human nature being what it is, they amused themselves in ways according to their individual characters. Herbert Kubly, author of *Men to the Sea,* has taken a timeless situation, a religious thesis, and modern characters under the stress of current times. It is his theme that sin, once committed, can be atoned for. And such a theme is the very root of our Christian faith. Forgiveness honestly asked will never be denied a human being.

Naturally enough, the modern setting in which sailors' wives were shown to be unfaithful while their husbands were away at sea is a bit of realism from which the "I-won't-admit-it" group of people would balk. But it is happening in every seaport in the United States.

The unpleasant angle to the censor's opinion that such a subject should not be presented at this time was the refusal to face a fact when it is put forth well. Kubly obviously did not write the play to shock people and capitalize on sensationalism. As a matter of fact, he had the courage to try to work out the solution to the problem. How well or how poorly he worked out that answer is a matter for the critics and public to decide. Not for the censor. And it would be a healthy dose of education for a few of the Victory Girls who pick up servicemen to see the play, too.

Apart from these two facts which were highlighted by the censor's activities, another important matter comes to the attention. There should be some positive code for censorship, set down in black and white. If there is one in existence now, by which the censor is operating his office it needs some fast overhauling. It must be possible to create a measuring rod by which any conscientious man or woman could judge the suitability of a play or book. Singling out the dirty words and situations is easy enough. But singling out the social value of a piece of writing or acting is not within the province of one man or woman. In case of question, there are people under whose authority the situation or problem is dealt with in everyday life. If the question is a matter of religion, let the churchmen pass on the subject matter. If it is a problem where social service workers are the authority, let them pass on the truth or falsehood of the theme. But never, no, never judge the playwright's right to his conclusions!

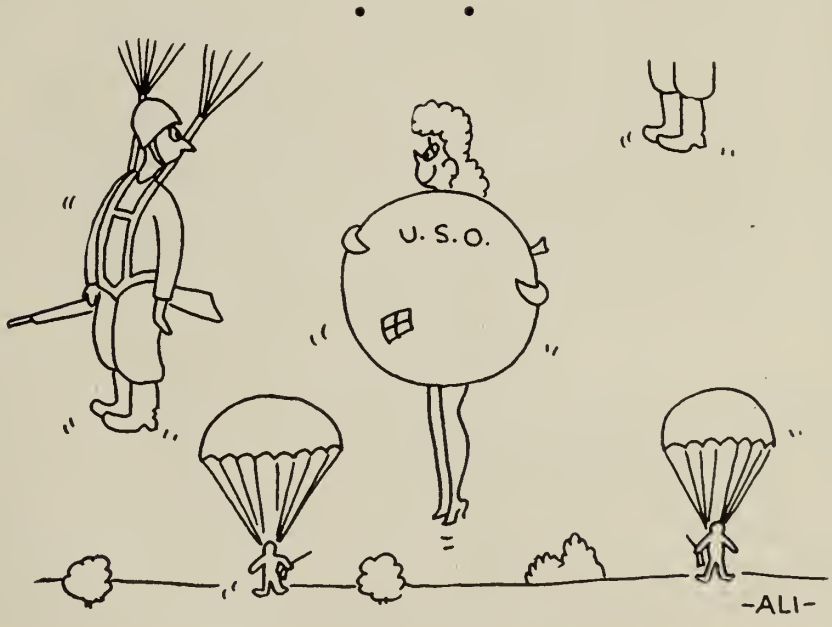
It isn't a pleasant matter to have letters pour in via the mail asking what goes on in Boston. It is even less pleasant to have the letter writer enclose an editorial from an out-of-town newspaper asking what goes on in Boston, the city of culture. In most cases, of course, the censors protect the public. In too many cases, throughout the years, they have made a laughing stock out of their other good works by pouncing on a book or play which is soberly and realistically written and damning it as "unfit." The resulting publicity helps everyone concerned except the censor's office and work.

. . . Stepping down off the soap box and turning to current events, a new Olsen and Johnson madhouse extravaganza is due in Boston on October 16. Titled *Laffing Room Only,* the cast is set to include Betty Garrett and the dance team of Mata and Hari. Opus is due at the Shubert.

. . . Also opening in Boston for a two-week engagement on October 16 is Daphne Du Maurier's dramatization of her novel *Rebecca.* It is presented by Victor Payne-Jennings and is the first of the Theatre Guild-American Theatre Society subscription season. Bramwell Fletcher, Diana Barrymore and Florence Reed head the cast. It will be housed at the Plymouth.

. . . To make the date of October 16 a banner one for Boston theatres, another new play bows in for a two-week engagement prior to its Broadway opening. *Violet,* a new comedy by Whitfield Cook based on his popular *Redbook Magazine* stories, is presented by Arthur Margolies at the Wilbur.

—Keller



ENTERTAINMENT

. . . THERE ARE more bright lights, more good fun, and more names decorating the local night spot scene than you will see in many a moon. But there are also so many plans afoot for winter excitement that it hardly seems worth while to claim October as anything more than one of a number of great months to come. It would be sensible and easy on us to say: "Go to any hotel or club listed with us, and you'll have fun!" But we won't do that. We'll tell you what we know in advance of the frolic days ahead.

. . . AT THE Copley Plaza *Oval Room,* for example, Newton L. Smith, general manager, continues to provide a top show and fine dance music. Not to mention extra-special food. Myrus, the man with the x-ray eyes and the uncanny faculty of telling your future, continues at the Oval Room for another two weeks, or until the Hartmans bow in on October 27. Although Marina is leaving on September 13 (a fact which will make plenty of Boston admirers sad), the excellent young team of Noble and King will be at the Oval Room for two weeks until the 27th of the month. The fine vocal harmonies of this young team have recently been recorded in a Hollywood movie, and many Bostonians will remember them from a previous appearance in town last winter, during which time they created a minor sensation.

Myrus and Noble and King are fine entertainment fare for you to enjoy. Harry Greene and his orchestra more than back up your evening bliss by dealing out smooth music with a terrific versatility. The cover charge of $1 goes on at 10 p.m., and the minimum of $2 is a moderate tariff for all your fun. Better call KEN. 5600 for reservations, however.

. . . AT THE Statler Hotel *Terrace Room,* a very favorite spot with many people in town, there is another in a long list of excellent shows. Currently, Sara Ann McCabe, the charming young singer, and Gali-Gali, the internationally famous magician are rating a lot of applause for their work. And George Duffy and his orchestra have won a lot of musical friends since their arrival a few weeks ago on the stand. Duffy plays a fine piano himself, and the versatility of his band keep the floor filled with happy dancers.

As you no doubt know, the food at the Terrace Room is excellent and very moderately priced. All in all, the Terrace Room is so popular that you'd better call for a reservation at dinner before trying your luck. Phone HAN. 2000.



Lola Andrews, singing star at the Essex Hotel

. . . THE *Mayfair,* off to a brilliant start on the winter season, has a terrific list of name talent coming up. Such stars as Joe Lewis, Georgie Price, Sophie Tucker and a round half dozen of other famous names are due in. But currently, Belle Baker, so loved for her fine singing and her great movie roles, is delighting the nightly crowds at this club. Belle Baker is a superlative artiste and one you shouldn't miss. So write down this club as a "must" on your list. And don't forget, too, that there is some fine, out-of-the-ordinary entertainment in the lounge as well. That terrific boogie-woogie pianist who has been packing in crowds may still be there when this appears, so don't overlook her, either, in your pleasure-plans. For reservations, call LIB. 0700.

. . . THE *Latin Quarter,* easily one of the most popular places to go in Boston, is a spot you shouldn't fail to visit. The food is excellent, the revue, under Don Arden's brilliant handling, is topnotch, and the general results of your evening of dining, dancing, and show-seeing add up to a super session in anybody's book. Like the other fine places mentioned above, you'd better call and get yourself a reservation. Ropes-up business makes it sensible. Phone HUB. 1920 for your table.

. . . SOMETHING in the nature of a discovery is currently decorating the attractive premises of the *Hotel Essex* in the person of Lola Andrews, lovely young singer. But you might remember that there are three floor shows here a night, and you can dine until 9 p.m. without being troubled by a tax. The floor shows are at 9, 10:30 and 12 midnight, so guide yourself accordingly. The food here is very good, too, and very moderately priced. Being located opposite the South Station, you can plan an evening out with a maximum of convenience if you remember this fact.



Buddy Bonds at the Hammond organ at the Myles Standish Cocktail Lounge

. . . SWITCHING abruptly, perhaps, to the cocktail lounge field of entertainment, it comes now to the fine places to go where there is no dancing and only intimate entertainment. Take the *Music Box,* for example. This favorite spot located in the Copley Square hotel is a lively

one nightly. The tremendous circular bar is topped by the Paul Zara Trio and Pete Herman's clever small combination of musicians. There is always something doing in the way of music, and it is possible that by the time you read this, there may be individual specialty acts to add spice to the evening. Anyway, better look in and have fun.

. . . THERE is also the handsome new *Myles Standish Cocktail Lounge* recently opened in which you'll find a thoroughly pleasant few hours of entertainment. The room is lovely, the entertainment (accordion and piano turn when we visited there) soothing and good, and the drinks extra special. Make a note of that.

. . . SWITCHING back to a room which has a fine following and reputation for unusual entertainment is the *Satire Room* in the Fensgate Hotel. Here you will find smart, sophisticated entertainment in surroundings different from any other spot in Boston. When we caught the new autumn show at the room, we heard Ruth Wall, a sleek and capable singer. There was also Maxine Elliot, well-known locally for her song-styling on station WNAC. And of course a high spot at any show, Neil Phillips at the piano. He is superlative and then some, so plan to hear him soon.

It would be well for you to make a reservation here, too. Call KEN. 4460.

. . . OPENED without fanfare, the very charming new *Lincolnshire Cocktail Lounge* has already won friends in a big way. Those of you who remember the roaring wood fires and the quiet charm of the lounge in the old Lincolnshire will not be disappointed when visiting the new place at 84 Beacon street. Carl Nelson, the manager, has maintained the charm and atmosphere in the new place, and it will warm your heart to drop in there.

There is a public dining room on the second floor of this lovely converted mansion, and the food is exactly the same fine fare as it was in the hotel. Yes, this is a very nice place to visit.

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. . . SPEAKING of good places to dine, here are a few blue-ribbon spots in Boston. The *Hotel Gardner* on Mass. Avenue serves superlative luncheons and dinners, and many say that their liquor stock is the finest in town.

. . . THE *Hotel Puritan Sea Shell* dining room and Old Boston cocktail lounge at 370 Commonwealth avenue are nice places to visit, both for excellent food and a quiet drink. Incidentally, there are 16 Scotches from which to choose, and what the chef does to lobster is something out of this world. It's extra, super-super special.

. . . THEN THERE is the *Colony Room* in the Hotel Bellevue, a grand place to dine, from breakfast on. It is located, in case you've forgotten, opposite the State House, and the political powers-that-be are always studding the room at luncheon and dinner. They seem to know where the good food is located!

. . . TWO VERY different and pleasant places to visit are *Boraschi's,* at 21 Corning street, not far from the Metropolitan theatre. The atmosphere here is completely delightful, and if you feel like it, join that group around the piano singing the old and new song hits. The second place, under the same management is the *Chicken House*, on Stuart Street. The name scarcely suggests the charm of this place, with its English charm and dinner music from Muzak soft enough to give you a chance to converse above it. The Chicken House specializes, logically enough, in chicken prepared a number of delicious and different ways. But there are other favorite dishes on the bill of fare, so stop in and enjoy a good dinner or an after-the-show snack here.

—B K P



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VETERAN

. . . They were sitting behind him, the soldier and the soldier's wife. Jim could hear them talking above the wind rushing through the open bus window.

For the tenth time, Jim reached into his pocket and drew out the tattered time-table and looked at it and then at his watch.

Still a long way off, he thought; still a good day's riding, or anyway, a half day. Well, this was better than four days ago, when he had begun the trip from the west coast.

The soldier tapped Jim on the shoulder.

"Got the time?"

"Two-thirty. Uh — two-twenty-eight."

Jim turned and looked at the soldier's wife. She was pretty; a blonde, and her hair was gathered up in a blue ribbon on top of her head. Travelling in the bus had not ruffled her appearance; she seemed fresh and cool

Jim saw the insignia on the soldier's uniform.

"Engineers, huh?"

"Yes. Stationed in Oklahoma. Where are you at?"

Jim smiled. It was a new experience for him, smiling this way; like turning on some light inside of him and letting the glow warm through him. He would have to get accustomed to it, he realized.

The soldier was leaning back in his seat, his head against his wife's shoulder.

"I used to be in California," Jim said. "But not any more."

"Where are you now?"

"Nowhere."

Jim reached into his shirt pocket and drew out an envelope.

"What do you mean, 'nowhere'?"

"Discharged," Jim said. He tapped the envelope. "Right here."

The soldier sat upright, reached for the envelope, then let his hand fall.

"None of my business why," he said. "But, but, no fooling, are you discharged?"

Jim nodded. "I'm on my way home."

The soldier's wife opened her

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purse, took out a cigarette and lighted it.

"Are you married?" she asked.

"No."

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"It seems wasted. Not being married, I mean. And getting a chance to—getting out of it like that."

"You lucky buck," the soldier said. "You lucky, lucky buck. Anything serious? CDD?"

Jim returned the envelope and buttoned his pocket.

'Say 'section eight' and let it go at that."

The soldier shook his head and slumped back in the seat.

"What paragraph?"

Jim looked at the girl and back to the soldier and smiled.

"Any paragraph," he said. "Any paragraph you like."

"We're going home, too," the girl said.

"Yes," the soldier said. "She came out to Oklahoma and stayed there a while and now we're going to her folks' place in Baltimore."

"Furlough?" Jim asked.

"Ten days. By the time we get off this damned thing it's only seven. If we ever get off. Just sitting and riding and looking out of the window. Three days and three nights. God!"

For a moment, Jim regretted mentioning the discharge. He had been debating with himself, all during the trip, whether he ought to tell that he was going home for the last time, going home to stay.

"I suppose there's a good reason for it," the girl said. "For the discharge, I mean."

"Good enough reason," Jim said.

"God—anything," the soldier said. "Anything. Wouldn't I give—give anything?"

"Stop talking nonsense, honey."




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the girl said. "We've got a week together before you go back. And I can go back with you. I could get a job there again. It wasn't so bad."

"Like hell you will," the soldier said. "You're staying here, with your folks. You're not going back and knock yourself out, just to be near me."

"But darling, I don't mind. Really, it's as much fun for me as—."

"Fun nothing! You're staying in Baltimore. That settles it."

"Okay, honey. You're the boss," she said. "Don't be angry. I was just suggesting."

She put her hands around his face and reached up and kissed him on the mouth.

Jim turned back to the window and he was conscious of a tiredness; he hadn't slept for more than two or three hours continuously since he had gotten on the bus. He closed his eyes and kept thinking of the soldier's words, calling him a lucky buck.

Funny how they all thought the same thing, even said the same thing. Maybe he was lucky. But it was a little ironical, too. Even there, in the army, he did not belong. They found an excuse to get rid of him. It was a giant conspiracy, some international, world-wide, cartel-arrangement — to edge Jim Tucker out of things. Everything.

He had not belonged to the kindergarten crowd; was isolated by the high school gang; alone, terribly alone, and bitter and sullen about it, in college. Then, the brief period when he almost convinced himself that it was what he wanted.

And then the army. Despite the discomfort and the criss-cross of bewilderment in his mind, it had offered some kind of "belonging."

But now it, too, was sending him away. What the hell, he smiled to himself before he dozed off, there were a lot of people envying you. It was some kind of backhanded consolation.

The sound of the soldier and his wife laughing awoke Jim. It was already dark and they were riding through a town. The bus was slowing down.

"Gettsville," the driver called. "Thirty minutes for dinner. Rest rooms to the right in the terminal. Thirty minutes."

The bus stopped and the passengers got out.

Jim waited for the soldier and the girl; they were talking to the driver.

"Coming in for dinner?" Jim asked as they came over.

"No," the soldier said. "We're staying here. We'll eat at the hotel."

"Staying overnight?"

"Yes. Any hotel in town. See, we've been riding for three days and three nights. My wife's kind of tired."

Jim stood awkwardly, half-smiling; he felt as if he were intruding upon something, that, somehow, he ought to apologize.

"Well," he said. "Be seeing you."

"So long," the soldier and his wife said.

Jim went into the restaurant. He found a seat at the counter and ordered the dinner. Outside, the bus loomed huge in the street. The soldier and the girl were waiting for the bus driver to get their suitcase from the luggage compartment.

The soldier picked up the suitcase, the girl put her arm through his and they walked down the street.

Jim leaned over and looked through the restaurant window. He could make out the electric sign on a hotel further up the block.

He was suddenly aware that he was eating, chewing food, but it tasted like nothing, like nothing at all.

—A. H. Berzen

•

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LOVE AND NERVES

. . . The landlady beamed when the Smith couple moved into the upper flat, for she loved young love. It held her attention like the sleep of new kittens: it was so complete. And they were so engrossed in their love, and in themselves, and in their own reflections in each other's eyes. Right in her own house, too. It was like having the front seats a a very sweet play. She was *so* pleased; she said as much to her husband, who grunted and went on shaving.

"Will it last?" he asked the bathroom mirror.

The heavy furniture had been brought in by the moving men; they had been, Mrs. Smith thought, unnecessarily rough. After this, if they ever moved to any other place, she would have Fred arrange to carry most of the stuff; under her coaching he really dropped very few things. This was their last burden, the odds and ends. As her share, Gladys carried the Easter plant, which was not quite dead, and consequently, had to be carried to the new place, and not allowed to die at the time and place that it chose.

Fred had protested this last load a good deal. She could not understand why. The things that she was asking him to carry certainly weren't very heavy.

Not heavy, perhaps, but they were, well . . . so assorted, Fred decided, attempting to shift his elbow over a ridge. Under one arm he held the washboard, glittering and new; from the fingers of this hand dangled the drawn cords of the sewing bag. Under the other arm was a square object in a cardboard case, bearing the legend in large print: Ouija Board, Have Fun. Had he realized in time, he would have picked up the board so that its descriptive side was not exposed — but it was too late now, some of the passersby were Having Fun. He also carried a hula skirt, red and gaudy: a relic of his performance at The Club in far off bachelor-time . . . and what a night that had been! He sighed a little, remembering.

It seemed to Gladys, watching, that he carried the hula skirt more tenderly than the other things. If, some day, she should just touch the lighted end of a cigarette to its raffia assurance — she put the thought aside with a sense of shock at its treason. But the thought was her own; she could hardly say that she grudged it brain room.

He *was* carrying the skirt with a great deal of care — holding it up delicately as if it were about to dance. Her eyelashes were grimy with dust, she was beginning to feel very cross . . . and anyone could see with half an eye that the Easter plant was not going to live.

"Look out!" she called, seeing her husband sway precariously. "Look what you're doing, where you're going! Take a better hold of the sewing basket—"

He took a different hold but not a better one. One cord slipped from his clutching fingers. And then everything in the bag got away: spools of thread, wicked little scissors, broken buttons and whole buttons: all.

Gladys put down the burden of the Easter plant. "Are you going to help me or aren't you?" she hissed.

Apparently he had thought it over, and he was going to help. Soon, very soon; sometime that day or the next, she reflected bitterly.

He bent over slowly, carefully lowering the washboard to within a few inches of the pavement, only to let it drop as if his arm were suddenly broken. The ouija board was deposited in the same fashion. He held the hula skirt out in his arms, he seemed undecided whether or not to lower it to the plebeian pavement, finally he rolled it up and placed it gently on the washboard; he was ready. . .



He picked up a stray button.

"What did this come off of, dear?" he asked.

She felt greatly detached; after all, she loved him.

"The Frederic Smiths, who have returned from a honeymoon spent at Monterey, are now settled in their new flat on Claremont Street."

The landlady read the item and beamed . . . right in her own house, they were.

Gladys read it at breakfast. Settled — that was a word for it . . . if they settled any more, you could call it buried. Fred didn't like going out nights. It wasn't that he liked to stay home and read . . . nor that he liked to stay home and listen to the radio . . . but no one could deny that he liked to stay home.

"Will you pass the butter, dear?" he asked.

She noticed, with great detachment, that he often sniffed after he had finished speaking. He didn't seem to have a cold, either.

Nights of love, days of rapture — sang the radio. There were a few little avenues in between, though, she reasoned. She didn't expect all the changes immediately, nor expect too drastic a reform, when it did come, but . . . she loved him all right — and love was love. But nerves were nerves. She clicked off the radio.

"Why do you do it?" she asked, after many breakfasts.

"Do what?" he countered, committing the crime again.

"Suh-niff," she said, making two syllables out of it.

"You don't have to have a reason for it," he explained. "You just do it."

Her eye, now a little wild and roving, saw the ouija board, the ouija board that leaned against a wall where a closet should have been, and wasn't. "Have Fun" it still said, in letters that were mountain high.

- continuous entertainment
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- paul zara trio
- visit the circular bar
- no federal tax



Music Box

47 HUNTINGTON AVENUE

"You ought to give Mrs. Smith a day off," her boss advised the office manager. "Why?" asked the harried office manager, prepared to fight leniency every inch of the road. But Gladys' boss had been married a long time. . . "Better give it to her," he advised, content with being cryptic.

She hoped to hold out until her husband had left for work. At least till he was out the door. She began to count to ten — she could, this way, almost drown out the inevitable sniff, almost . . . but it came.

And now she was alone. All alone. And she had the day off.

The sound began from way down around her ankles, climbed up with increasing force, she didn't try to close her throat, nor try to keep it down. She'd never find a better time for it; never.

It was evening. The landlady beamed, as much as she was able to when biting off a thread; she rearranged the sewing in her lap. "I'm sure he beats her," she remarked to her husband, who only grunted. When the full realization of her words had penetrated, he yelped, "What?" incredulously, dropping the newspaper screen. His wife nodded, a satisfied nod. "This morning. I heard her screaming and screaming."

The landlady was very happy, very content. For even better than she loved young love, she loved young tragedy: it was *so* exciting. Right in her own house, too.

—Helen Berger

•



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WITH THE THOROUGHBREDS

. . . Last April I made a notation in my diary under the date of October 10 which reads, "Exhibition at Art Museum." In reading the minutes of the meeting of The Jockey Club in New York I came across a motion that was made to instruct the secretary to advise The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston that The Jockey Club would be pleased to lend some paintings by Edward Troye to the exhibition called "Sport in American Art." The dates of the exhibition are from October 10 to December 10 and should be very interesting to both art and sports lovers. Mr. Harry Worcester Smith of Lordvale, North Grafton, Mass., one of the greatest gentleman riders in America has devoted many years in gathering data about Troye and his works. Up to the year 1926 Mr. Smith had located about two hundred and forty of the pictures and no doubt has found others since that time. In the early part of the present century, The Jockey Club bought fifteen of Troye's paintings from the estate of Major B. G. Thomas among which are four that are coming to Boston. Included in these is one of the famous grey mare Reel, the greatest mare of her time. It was claimed that Troye excelled all horse painters in putting this particular color on canvas. Another painting in the group that will surely attract attention is the one of Roxanna and her foal. From the Whitney collection at Yale another of Troye's painting will be sent to the exhibition. Mr. Walter M. Jeffords, whose Pavot won the Mayflower Stakes at Suffolk Downs in July, is the proud owner of a number of Troyes including some of Arabian horses which the painter did in the Holy Land and Arabia.

Born in Switzerland of French parents in 1808 he came to America about 1828 or 1829. First, a sugar planter in the West Indies, then working on a magazine in Philadelphia and afterwards travelling through the South painting portraits for wealthy planters and sportsmen of their families and horses. His happy-go-lucky manner of living, spending his money as quick as he made it at certain periods, compelled him quite often to make a portrait to keep the well known wolf away from the threshold. He painted a picture of American Eclipse for James Cox Stevens, the founder of the New York Yacht Club, who owned that famous horse. During the time that Troye was a professor of French and drawing at Spring Hill College in Alabama he painted a portrait of Revenue, a famous Thoroughbred, winner of many heat races. The picture found by Mr. Smith is now the property of William Ziegler the well known New York sportsman. Troye made the acquaintance of Keene Richards, one of the wealthiest sportsmen in the South and a great horse lover. Mr. Richards owned a large plantation in Louisiana and a stud farm at Georgetown, Kentucky. He was particularly interested in Arabian horses and invited Troye to accompany him on one of his trips to Arabia. Troye did some of his best work while in that country painting landscapes and animals both horses and cattle. In the Jeffords collection is one of an Arabian horse with his groom in native costume. It was Keene Richards who imported Glencoe to America and many of Troye's admirers claim that the artist's portrait of this famous horse was his greatest work. However there are any number of others who insist that his best picture is that of Reel, which will be shown at the Boston exhibition.





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Glencoe's famous descendant was Wise Counsellor, winner of the First International Special at Belmont Park in 1924 and whose sons and daughters are well known to New England turfites. Among them are, Wise Moss, conqueror of Sweet Willow at Rockingham Park in a match race at the New Hampshire track a few years ago, Wise Prince, Wise Neice and Wise Bob. Wise Counsellor's son Appealing established the record for six furlongs at Suffolk Downs in 1937 which still stands. Racing in New England at present is Ogham, a bay three year old colt, by Wise Counsellor, winner of the Lafayette Stakes at Keeneland last season defeating a large field which included Whirlabout, a two time stakes winner in this section, namely The Yankee Handicap at Suffolk Downs on July 4th and New England Oaks at Narragansett Park on Labor Day.

Wise Counsellor passed away last year at the age of twenty-one, leaving three of his sons to carry on the male line of the imported Glencoe; Deliberator, Port Au Prince and Appealing. The last named seems to get fairly good foals among them being Quintero, a four time winner, Dream Lite, Zora J. and E. Z. Run.

Reel was a daughter of Glencoe and the dam of War Dance of the famous Dance family (number 23) which is the family of Discovery, Swing and Sway, Occupy, Twilight Tear and other fine Thoroughbreds. It will be a treat for Boston art patrons to visit the exhibition and to reflect that it is a Massachusetts gentleman, Harry Worcester Smith, who deserves the credit for his untiring efforts devoted to the unearthing of so many of Troye's works of art.

—Ed Cushing



ROCKINGHAM
OCT. 2 THRU NOV. 18



HOW TO GET TO ROCKingham

BOSTON & MAINE TRAINS
TO LAWRENCE
10:15 A.M. 12:30 P.M.
11:00 A.M. 1:15 P.M.

EASTERN MASS. BUSSES
TO LAWRENCE
Lv. Everett Station, 25 past the hour every hour

B. & M. BUSSES LV. PARK SQ. AT 11:30 A. M. FOR SALEM, N. H.
FROM LAWRENCE, Hudson Bus Line, Station Corner Essex and Hampshire Sts., Runs Frequent Service Directly by Track

8 RACES DAILY Rain or Shine — POST TIME 2:00 E.W.T
Daily Double Window Closes 1:45 E.W.T
50c Admission to Grandstand — $1.00 Admission to Clubhouse Tax Inc
Grand Stand & Clubhouse, Glass Inclosed

Health Centre Inc.

137 Federal Street
Boston, Mass.

Individually Supervised Exercise

Squash - Handball
Badminton

Showers, Steam, Massage and Ultra-Violet Solarium

Exercise for Executives

LIBerty 9662



" Frankly, I'm worried. He seems to be losing his appetite. Carpets he chews on now instead of rugs ! "

THE LAST CAGE

. . . Claude Regan lurched uncertainly to the iron park bench and sat down slowly. He squinted through bloodshot eyes at the City Hall across the street. A squad car drew up and two men got out leisurely and looked around. Claude's arm grabbed convulsively for the bench rail and then relaxed as the two crossed the street and went into Headquarters. He snorted derisively — "Dumb Coppers, here I am, a murderer, sitting under their very noses and what do they do? Walk right by me."

A little girl playing nearby looked up at the sound of his voice and ran crying to her mother. "So now I'm enough to scare kids." He snorted again. "Bet I am a pretty sight at that." He looked at the crumpled suit, the scuffed up shoes, the dirty tie. . . . "Wonder what the girls at the bank would say now if they saw me. Beau Brummel of the bank, they used to say when they'd hang around my cage." That was before all the bills for Ellen's operations piled up. Damn girls, they were the ones who started it all. First the compliments and then the sympathy. It wasn't the compliments he minded so much, Lord, he was only human, it was the remarks that followed them. The first time he heard Lucille say "It's a shame that nice looking Claude Regan is tied up to an invalided wife," he was burned up, but after he heard a couple of the other girls make similar remarks it sounded sorta different.

It *was* a shame, a dirty shame, here was a young fellow, only thirty years old, with what kind of a future to look forward to? Slaving in a cage all day to pay Doctor bills and more Doctor bills. Coming home at night to dish out sleeping tablets to Ellen — never any fun, — no golf, no fishing, no hunting, no nothing — just work and . . . Ellen.

At the thought of Ellen he stiffened. Should he go in now? Better wait till those young smart aleck coppers went out again. He'd give the desk Sergeant the break — maybe he'd be a Sgt. Mahoney or Mulrooney and he could go home and say to his wife "Faith, and I got me a murderer today single-handed. He was a tough lookin' one too."

Ellen had always told him how nice looking he was. That was her favorite line. That, and all the things she was going to do for him when she was up and well again. That was the worst part of it — listening to her talk about getting well again — poor skinny little Ellen. He remembered that last day when he stood in the doorway and she waved her bony hand and whispered "Pretty soon I'll wave to you from the window and then from the front door . . ." He had said "Aw, get wise to yourself" and slammed out of the house.

He shook a little now as he remembered that day. Lucille had asked him to take her to dinner that night and Ellen had asked him if he minded coming right home because Mrs. Casey had to leave early that night— she couldn't stay long enough to get Ellen's dinner. Claude laughed grimly, Casey, he could see her just as plain — she'd be in the front row of the courtroom and he could almost hear her whisperin', "Hangin's too good fer the likes o' him." Casey never had much use for him.

He jumped suddenly as the squad car motor started and he watched



with satisfaction as the two patrolmen drove down the street. He could go in now anytime.

He wouldn't tell how Lucille got into his blood that night — how the feel of her soft plump arms around his neck set his pulses throbbing and his brain racing with the thought "If it weren't for Ellen — Lucille and I . . ." He wouldn't tell how he sneaked into Ellen's room in the dark and up to her bed, listened to hear if she was sleeping soundly but his own heart was thumping so hard . . . he couldn't be sure about Ellen — he'd have to hurry. . . . It had been so easy . . . just hold the pillow down on her face tight . . . tight . . . tight. . . .

He wouldn't tell all that. All he'd have to say was "My name is Claude Regan." The cop would know — he'd say "Regan? We've been looking for a guy by that name, Buddy." Then he'd reach in a file and pull out a card and say "Claude Regan, oh, yeah, you're the one that pulled that pillow smothering stunt on your wife a coupla months ago." He'd clamp on the handcuffs and then — what?

Claude shook his head groggily and stood up. He shuffled across the street and slowly pushed the door open. Well, anyway, he'd have a bed to sleep in tonight. God, how long had it been since he slept in a bed. Did ghosts walk in jail he wondered. Would Ellen's ghost follow him here? But then it wouldn't be too long. It was the chair in this State — the chair.

Sergeant O'Brien brought his feet down from the desk with a thump and pulled open a file drawer, "Regan you say? Oh, yeah, we been lookin' for you. Did you know your wife was dead? We got a suicide note around here for you someplace — telling you why she took that overdose of sleeping tablets. Yep, here we are Buddy."

Claude Regan held out a shaking hand and stumbled out the door — into the free sunshine and into a lifetime shackled with the companionship of Ellen's ghost.

—Chris Ranta

THE BEACON LIGHT OF PARKER HILL

. . . For fifty-four years the Massachusetts Women's Hospital has reigned supreme on Parker Hill, a beacon of hope to those in need of healing and comfort. This hospital, situated in the heart of Boston, is the only one of its kind in the United States, and stands as a monument to Boston's womanhood. It was founded by the Women's Charity Club in 1890, under the direction of Mrs. Micah Dyer. Mrs. Dyer first called her club together in the interests of the Home for Intemperate Women, but when the Murdock Free Hospital for Women was closed, the consensus of opinion was that a women's hospital was needed immediately.

It was no easy matter for a sheltered group of Boston ladies to raise money over fifty years ago, but Mrs. Dyer and the club kept doggedly at their task by means of fairs, breakfasts, needlework sales, and one lavish affair called a "kettle-drum." Often they turned aside funds for other purposes such as the donation of a fence and a horse and wagon to the Home for Intemperate Women, and another for the Johnstown Flood sufferers. The club was the first women's organization to respond to the appeal of the latter.

Through the advice of Dr. Ernest W. Cushing, a home at 38 Chester Square was purchased, and named the Women's Charity Club Free Hospital. At this time the club had exactly forty-two cents in its treasury, yet in eighteen months the house had been furnished, supported, and paid for. In this way the Massachusetts Women's Hospital has the correct Boston cachet of having been founded in a parlor in what was then the best part of town—Chester Square, in the South End.

A year later, Dr. Cushing aided in securing land at 53 Parker Hill Avenue. Again the treasury was depleted. The apparently unending round of money raising activities began once more. In addition to the fairs, each member now pledged herself to raise $25 each year. The members of the Women's Charity Club were never wealthy people, but they were possessed of the traditional New England qualities of prudence, grit, and determination. These are the qualities which have built and maintained the Massachusetts Women's Hospital through the last half century. On May 2, 1890, the new hospital was officially opened, and to this day it is the only hospital in the United States that is known to be officially owned and maintained by a Federated Women's Club.

Until 1906 all patients received free treatment. Since that time, however, to assist in the maintenance of the hospital, paying patients have been admitted, and charges are commensurate with the ability of the patient to meet her obligations. Just by way of example, the free work done during the last year was estimated as costing close to $15,000. Over $300,000 worth of free service has been given during the last twenty years.

In June 1907, the Club suffered its first really severe loss in the death of Mrs. Dyer. Mrs. Elisha Boland, who had worked for years with Mrs. Dyer, served as acting president, and later was elected to the office which she filled until 1915.

The old records show that the Massachusetts Women's Hospital, or



"The service here is awful lately!"

the Women's Charity Club Free Hospital, as it was then known, went through some pretty trying days. There is an account of a meeting of the Board of Trustees wherein the price of potatoes was discussed. It was decided that if the price rose above $2 a barrel the hospital would have to close down. Luckily potatoes stayed below this price ceiling and the hospital still reaches out open arms to women in distress.

Since paying patients were now being admitted, it was decided to change the name to the Massachusetts Women's Hospital. In 1912 the Club members went on another money raising round to establish the Julia K. Dyer fund which was later used to equip an operating room as a memorial to the founder.

An addition, to be known as the Elizabeth W. Otis House, was completed in 1928. The money for this addition was partly raised by the clubwomen and part of it borrowed on a mortgage which is still being slowly paid off. The hospital can now accommodate 82 patients, 60 beds and 22 bassinets. It maintains private rooms for surgical cases, chemical and pathological laboratories, and an X-ray department. The hospital is rated as Class A by the American College of Surgeons. Dr. H. T. Hutchins was Chief of Staff for sixteen years. This position is now filled by Dr. William A. White, Jr. The medical staff is of the highest efficiency, and although some curtailment has been necessitated by war-time stringencies, such as the shortage of personnel, the consideration of the patient's comfort is still paramount and has never been sacrificed in the slightest degree.

Mrs. Lila M. Little, R.N., superintendent of the hospital, receives an average of nine hundred letters a year from discharged patients, expressing gratitude for the care received at the "home-like hospital." A great many who were unable to pay even a portion of their bills have sent offerings of farm-grown products to be used for the other patients at the hospital.

The spirit of Mrs. Dyer returned once more to the Massachusetts Women's Hospital when, during the depression, banks were publishing the names of accounts long inactive and



"Tsk, tsk, I warned him about stepping back to admire his work!"

• •

one was discovered in the name of the Women's Charity Club Free Hospital. Mrs. Dyer had started this bank account from her own personal funds, making very small, regular deposits without telling anyone of her plans. She probably had intended to reveal the existence of this fund to her fellow club members when it had grown to an appreciable size, but death called her first and it was discovered more than two decades later. The interest, which had been piling up through these years, brought the amount up to almost $400, and this is now the "mascot money" of the Massachusetts Women's Hospital, not to be touched except in cases of dire emergency, and then to be replaced as soon as possible.

Indicative of the fine-spirited women connected with the hospital from the very beginning are the names of Mrs. Elisha Boland, president from 1907 to 1915; Mrs. Joseph P. Otis, 1915 to 1926; Mrs. Charles S. Clifford, 1926 to 1930; Miss Jennie Emmons, 1930 to 1933; Mrs. Edwin P. Crawe, 1933 to 1937; and the present leaders, Mrs. Howard T. Spaulding, president; Mrs. Carl Webster, vice-president; Mrs. J. W. Knowles, corporation clerk; Mrs. Isaac T. Ripley, treasurer; and Mrs. Arthur V. Getchell, secretary of the board of trustees.

The shining "Beacon Light of Parker Hill" is living proof that women can stand together and work together as well as men; that they will uphold one another in times of hardship; and that together they can raise the standards of an entire community through their diligent and untiring efforts on behalf of humanity.

—Eileen B. Barron

SPECIAL FOR MOTHER

. . . The tall sailor in his neat blues wandered around the farm where the auction was going on, as if he were in a dream. He paid no attention to the raucous voice of the auctioneer, nor to the people milling about. His young face was serious, his eyes troubled like sea waters on a grey day.

Climbing the stairs to pause at the doorway of a bedroom, scarcely large enough for a narrow cot, he went in, opened the closet door, where a pair of boy's skates still hung. School books with the odor of well-thumbed leaves were stacked on the floor, together with odds and ends making up the leftovers of a boy's life. He remembered what his father had said about people keeping old mementoes— "What most houses need is a hot fire and a ruthless hand!" — He could see his father quite clearly in his mind, tall, angular, almost always silent, and his mother so different! He had wondered about them — when he grew old enough for wondering . . .

Coming down the back stairs into the kitchen again, he looked up inquiringly as the crowd tittered. The auctioneer was holding up a small vase, obviously of the ten cent variety, but with pleasing lines, mottled with a vari-colored design.

"Twenty-five cents," he heard someone bid. The crowd murmured indulgently.

"Five dollars!" the sailor cried before he thought. He scarcely realized he had spoken. There was a momentary hush — everyone turned to see him retrieve the little vase. Didn't he know he needn't have gone so steep? No one really wanted the thing!

Stoically, he paid his debt, collected his prize and disappeared. The auctioneer could still be heard above the rustle of clothing, and the low murmur of voices like the droning of a thousand bees. He could stand the house no longer, filled as it was with these people and his memories. . . .

Outside, the air was full of springtime. The smell of appleblossoms was everywhere. He could see the far hill — Saunder's Hill. But there were no cows up there now. Once there had been sleek brown and white beauties, coming over the horizon, shaking heavy heads, ringing bells that echoed faintly down over the whole green valley below. But the old fence was still there, grey and beautiful, just as it had always been since he could remember. Built of hickory it would last pretty nearly forever, he imagined. Something like a sob escaped his young lips.

The field before him was a veritable sea of moss pink. There where the cows had come to drink, the spring bubbled as clear as before, from under the fallen log. White violets, yellow violets and bluets covered the bank, grew in tiny mounds, marking each dent made by departed hooves. How silly they had been to think the cream-white cow was an enchanted princess, and that flowers sprang up in her footprints — that's what Janey had said as she stood there with bare toes wriggling in the soft mud, her thin cotton dress, fat dark braids, and freckles sifted with a prodigal hand over her eager little face — Janey was a WAC, now, and he was proud to be her brother, she was a knockout, freckles and all!

He scooped a handful of the clay-dirt, fashioned it nimbly into a small statuette. He could still do it! The magic had not left his fingers! Then he realized he was pressing the vase too tightly under his arm. He washed his hands in the clear water, wiped them on the moss, and stood a moment turning the little vessel over and over in his fingers. He'd forgotten it until he saw it in the hands of the auctioneer, then an irresistible impulse had made him want to wrest it from an unworthy touch — as though it were a holy urn about to be desecrated. Somehow all the memories of his mother and his little boy self, of his love for her and hers for him, were there, a bitter-sweet distillation in the slender receptacle. But now that he had it, what was he to do with it?



He climbed the fence, scorning to use the gate — that was for cows, he remembered — and for girls. The earth here was springy, like a tufted mattress, thick with moss and lichen. Beyond, smooth mowings stretched for miles on either side. He climbed the hill, remembering. . .

He was ten years old, and there was a country fair in the village. His father had not wanted him to go — there were still several bushels of potatoes to dig — but his mother had begged off for him, tucked a packet of lunch under his arm, quietly slipping a quarter into his eager brown fist!

He was taking the short cut over the hill, across old Pete Wyatt's pasture, under the barbed wire on the summer visitor's place, and finally out to meet the road again, where it swung south at the foot of Briar Hill. He skipped like a fawn in the dappled light of the autumn morning — happy, so happy to be alive! A boy on his own, free for a day, and with a whole quarter in his pocket!

What would he buy? Why a soda pop to be sure. Popcorn, a big bag, all he could eat for a nickel. Spun candy on a stick — oh there was no end to what a quarter would buy!

And then there were the horse races. Saddles, rigs, two-wheeled gigs, carriages, bare-back — like the circuses he'd read about but never seen!

Now he was walking breathlessly between the tents where the prize jams and bed-quilts were on exhibit, over to the building where the biggest beet in the county was displayed, and the longest squash curled its bumpy yellow neck nearly a yard in

length! Wonderful things to see and learn! Like a boy in fairyland he was, when the thought struck him — he must bring a present to his mother! It must be the finest thing he could buy — for a nickel!

But when he saw the vase there, he knew he had to have it, even though it was as much as ten cents, and this would limit his gastronomic delights quite sharply. This lovely thing he must have! It glowed redly, warmly, oddly facinating in the changing light, and he knew at once that his mother would prize it highly. He would run up behind her, blind her eyes with his two hands, the vase stuffed in his shirt front, then he'd say,

"Guess Who, Mom?" just as he usually did, but then, he'd lay the present on her lap where she'd see it immediately when she opened her eyes. He could see her face when she found it — that's what he'd do!

He bought the vase, receiving it reverently from the hands of the woman in the knick-knack booth, and all the day carried it carefully about with him. He would not admit that it was a burden — that he had to refuse Pussy Smith who offered to wrestle, or to play "catch" with Jonsey Wright — he had to be sure his present wouldn't come to harm, so he pressed it close in sweaty hands, wiping it now and then on his blouse to brighten it.

But when the wonderful day was over, and he'd climbed the hill back to the farm-house, he'd suddenly become shy and tongue-tied, and had stood awkwardly before his mother, the vase behind his back. With a sudden convulsive movement, he had thrust it at her with a muffled, "Here!" and darted to the woodshed.

But the vase had reposed in glory, year after year, on the mantel in the best parlor. He'd seen his mother dusting it many a time, and once, he saw her wipe her eyes, though why he couldn't imagine.

He came suddenly back to the present, his eyes smarting — from intense sunlight, no doubt — a man who had seen death and horror couldn't weep any more. Why there weren't tears enough in the whole land to weep out the sorrow of the world at the misery it now endured. He wondered almost savagely if she had understood that last time, when there was so much need for understanding?



" Why, darling, I didn't know you cared! "

• •

Pa hadn't believed a boy needed schooling. If it hadn't been for his mother he'd have been chained to a life of drudgery, when he wanted so desperately to be a sculptor! And now she slept at the foot of Briar Hill. He'd never seen her again after he and some of the other fellows at school had enlisted — the country needed sailors badly just then, and there hadn't been time to come home — now he would never be able to beg her forgiveness, or to seek her understanding. . . .

He remembered her in so many ways, here in the meadow bending for ripe berries, her hair a wealth of ringlets, soft for a little boy to hide his face in — or at church on Sunday, the only times he had ever seen her hands at rest — but it was the thought of her courage in sending two pairs of strong young arms out to learn the work of their choosing, while she stayed on, alone, to struggle with a harsh New England farm, that filled his heart with aching and remorse.

He was surprised to see that he had reached the cemetery, and was making his way through the old sandstone and slate slabs, to the newest grave in the corner. It was peaceful here, the chestnut tree hung its branches low, and soon would cover her couch with rich white blossoms, wild apple fragrance filled the air, and early lilacs swelled ready to plume themselves with lavender and white. It was cool and serene.

Swiftly he broke a spray of apple buds to fill the little vase, and set it carefully at her feet. He knew the peace and beauty of this corner would go with him when he went to face his unknown destiny once more — and somehow, then, he knew his mother had always understood!

—Clare C. Walker

WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat, Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lex. Ave. & 49th St. (WI. 2-1200). Payson Re's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Astor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hote Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $1.00 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2. A roof top fun spot overlooking the East a Hudson Rivers. (Mon. nite service n only $1 for dinner and show; no co , no min.).

Green Room, Hotel E son, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Di er from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min 2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Cha erbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheon from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 P.M. No cover—No min.

Marine Grill, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9:30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room.

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 P.M. exc. Sat. and holiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760) Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent c sine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30.

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain Show at 8:30, 11:30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). $2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner and on thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.

Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open til 4 A.M.



Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering pl. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 P.M. weekdays; other days $4.

Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever, Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and Hols.

Number One Bar, 1 Fifth Ave. Dinner and on thru the evening. Ent. and an attractive crowd.

Old Roumanian, 169 Allen St. GR. 3-9595. Famous for Mushk Steak and a big International Revue. Din. $1.65.

One Two, Three, E. 54th St. Soft lights. Distinguished cuisine.

Penthouse, 30 Central Pk. So. See for yourself this lovely dining spot. Luncheon from $1. Din. from $2.

Radio Frank's, 70 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-9258). Continuous fun.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Barn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Bar, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd that's fun to be with.

AMERICAN MENU

Bryant Transportation Room, 54th & B'way. For luncheon and dinner and top notch drinks.

Chesapeake, Madison Ave., bet. 34th & 35th. Outstanding cuisine and delightful atmosphere.

Oyster Bar, Grand Central Terminal. (MU. 9-5430). The Oyster Bar is famous 'round the world for its excellent cuisine and of course, seafood is tops there. The service is speedy.

Skipper, Really Home Cooked Food; Famous for Filet Mignon, Fried Chicken and Lobster Dinners. 7 East 44th St, 56 West 47th St.; 160 E. 48th St. Open 1 A.M. daily, Sun. Din. from 1 P.M.—$1.35. Cocktails.

Town & Country, 284 Park Ave. manhattan's newest and definitely the place to dine. Famed Drury Lane food. Country dining room for men only. Drury Lane branch at 47 East 49th St.

CONTINENTAL

English Grill, in the lower Plaza Rockefe ler Center. Typical English Menus a la carte. Luncheon entrees from 60c. Op n 11 to 1 A.M. incl. Sun.

DUTCH

Holland House Taverne, 10 Rockefeller Plaza at 48th Street. Recommended for its Dutch Cuisine and the many and interesting authentic Dutch antiques used in the decoration. Luncheon Specials from 60c. Dinner from $1.75.

FRENCH

Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sun.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 P.M. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

INTERNATIONAL

Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb food. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

ITALIAN

Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185). Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

Vesuvio, 163 W. 48th St. Authentic Italian food, including time honored favorites. Bar, Luncheons and Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

SWEDISH

Castleholm, 344 W. 57th St. (CI. 7-0873). Smorgasbord as prelude to hearty dining. Dancing to the music of the Norsemen.

Wivel, 254 W. 54th St. (CI. 7-9056). Famous for its Swedish Smorgasbord. Dinner from $1.85. No minimum except Sat.

SWISS

Swiss Pavilion, 38 E. 50th St. (EL. 5-8680). Superb Swiss and Continental food. Paul Burger, Mgr. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.00. Closed Sunday.

Mrs. Bowie invites you to the newest Skipper Restaurant at 7 E. 44th St.

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Helena Rubinstein

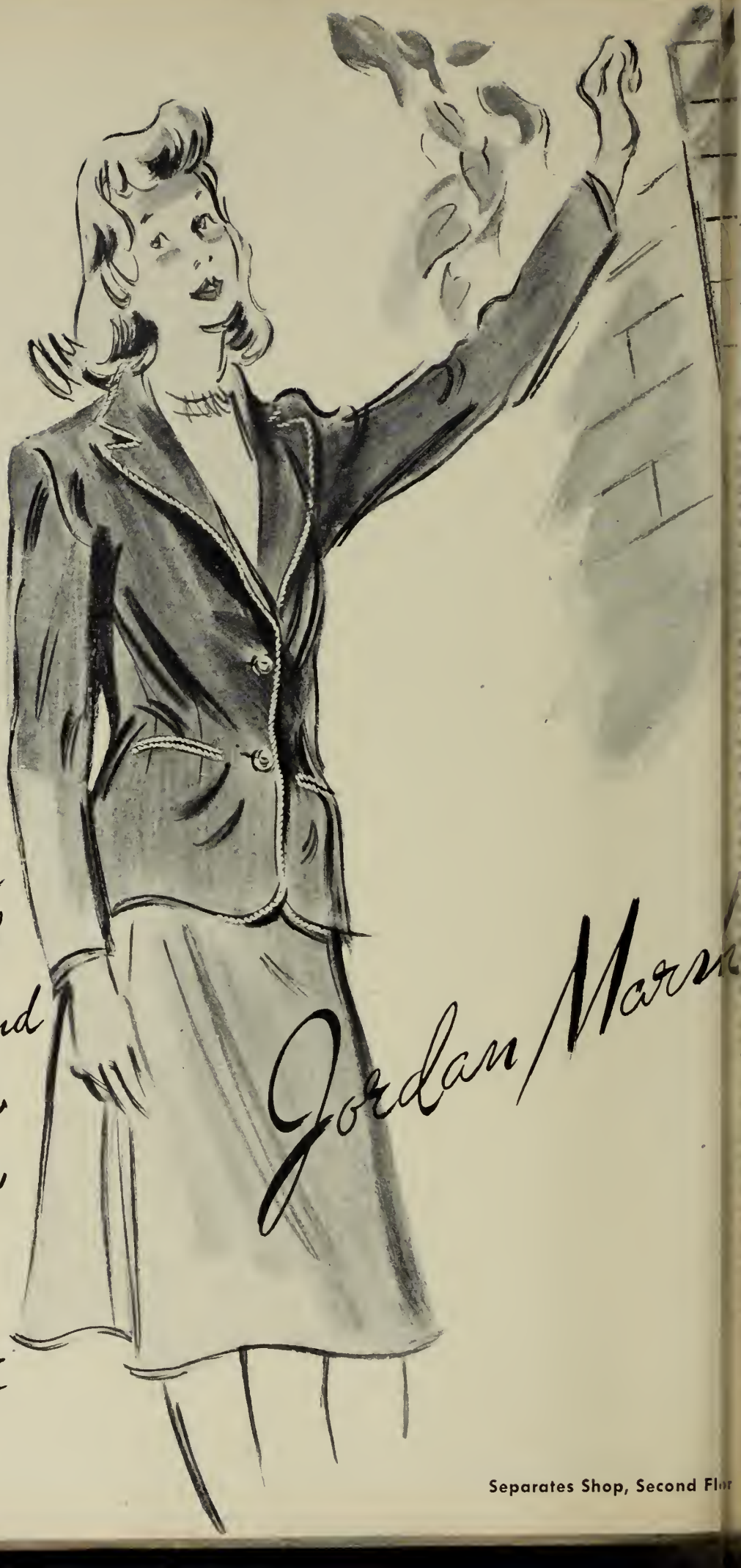
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The Bostonian

October 27, 1944 . . . . . Price 15 cents

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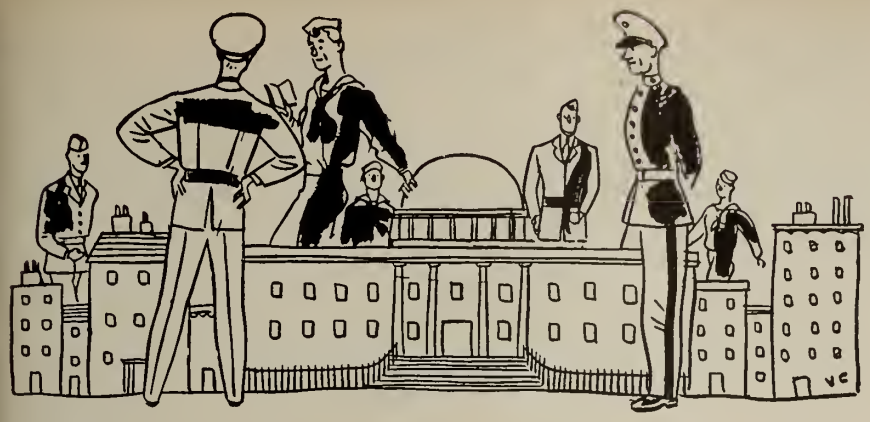




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Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

Army & Navy Officers Club. 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston Y.M.C.A.. 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.

Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.

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Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave. —Ken. 7800.

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Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Bost nois located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

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Volume 2, *Number* ~~13~~ 14 *October* 27, 1944

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Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs

Atlantic Lobster House. 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street. (LIB. 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met."

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's. 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Durgin-Park, 30 North Market Street (CAP. 2038) Nationally famous dining rooms. Good substantial food served the way you like it. Located in the heart of Boston's market district, and plenty of market men eat here, too.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanover Street (LAF. 8000) In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less." Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners, Good music for dancing here. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise

Locke Ober Co., 3 Winter Place (LIB. 1340). Patronized by lovers of fine food that's prepared by chefs who know their business. Always superlative food.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

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Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fift & Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House. Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver . Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Steet at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms andgrills where the same excellent food is served. $1 cover charge after 10 p. m.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entaining while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. HUB, 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

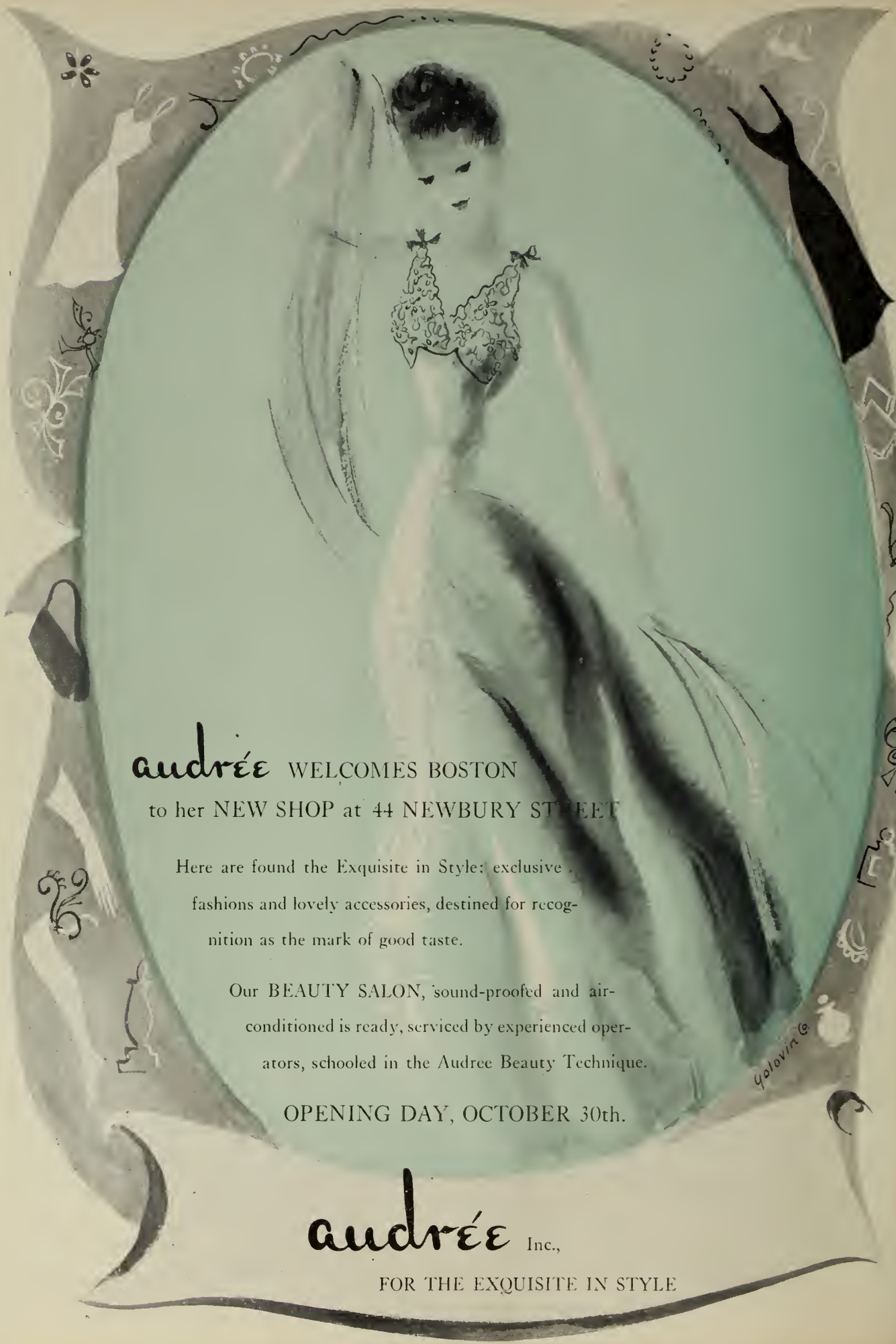
Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has aa stand-out dining and dancing spots in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleastant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200 has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainmen featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover chrge after 9 p m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for Breakfast, Luncheon and dinner.



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Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury Street. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sunday.s

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of irds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambrdige. Archaeological collections Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Ot's House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits periods furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

oston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations Acrss Charles is Boston Public Garden with swan oats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newmn, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here wa scenter of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Fevere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege Was first Uuntarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldeest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washing-Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Homes of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Streets. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many evere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equjestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library.. Open 9-5.

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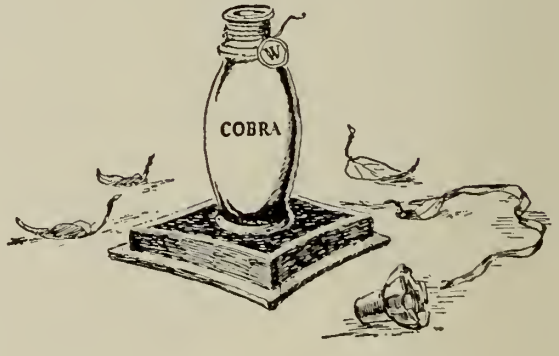


...and the woman

who wears COBRA stands out alone

in all her beauty like some new divine

instrument soloing to the gods.



Parfums Weil Paris Co., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York

ORPHANS OF WAR

. . . Although Italy's orphans of war greeted us with a V-For-Victory salute and a smiling "Bono Americano!", I soon found that my first impressions of the effect of war on the Italian children were misleading.

At first I could not overlook the fact that they were dirty all the time and hungry all the time. Or that they seemed not to realize their own degradation or the cause of it as they pestered us with the persistency of professional beggars.

Impressions, no doubt, which were gathered from the children who solicit patronage for the black market restaurants of Naples and other big cities among the GIs who promenaded the main thoroughfares.

They knew no English and so their employers equipped them with printed cards listing the menu and the prices. They hailed us with words which sounded reasonably similar to "spaghetti", "beefsteak" and "cognac", but if you were at all doubtful they shoved their greasy cards before your eyes so that you could read for yourself.

Then we met a 15-year-old Italian known as "Goldbrick" because that name was easier for GIs to remember and pronounce than Giovanni. In Army language a "Goldbrick" is a soldier who avoids work, drill and duty, but in Giovanni's case the nickname was a tribute to his popularity among the American soldiers.

When I met him "Goldbrick" was working as a KP at an Army installation. His English was limited, but when the GIs called him "Goldbrick" he would smile and reply, "You Goldbreek!" He would have been perfectly happy with his American friends if he didn't worry about his father and mother whom he hadn't seen in three years.

Not, in fact, since that day the Fascist officials had come to his home in Milan and told his mother that they wanted to take her son to a "Sunshine Camp" for Italian boys which Mussolini had established in southern Italy. They told his mother that he would be returned in three weeks.

Giovanni got plenty of sun all right, but as a member of an anti-aircraft gun crew in Tunisia rather than in Southern Italy. He fought all the way through the Tunisian campaign before he was captured and came to hate the Germans and his Fascist officers so much that he would spit in contempt when he told you, through the GIs who could speak Italian, of his experiences.

Halting one day in the little seaport town of Molfetta on the Adriatic coast of Italy, it wasn't long before our truck was surrounded by a group of smiling children. "Uno Caramelli", "Biscuito for Bambino", they clamored as they elbowed one another for a favored spot at the running board.

Suddenly they were silent, pointing in scorn at a good looking, clean-faced boy who had joined them. He flushed, removed something from the lapel of his jacket and sauntered away with as much dignity as he could command.

The abuse flung after him was so savage I asked one of the youngsters who understood a little English what it was all about. "FASCIST!", she replied, pointing to his beret. He had been a member of one of the Fascist junior organizations which Mussolini had founded to perpetuate his doctrines for the armies of the now never-to-be future. He had been wearing his pin and beret, symbols that set him apart as a member, when he joined the little group at our running board.

It was children like "Goldbrick", like the children of Molfetta who revived our hopes for the Italy of the future. They provide a truer picture, it seems to me, of what is going on in that war-torn country than the sidewalk children of Naples, Bari, and Rome with their greasy cards, oily smiles and subservience.

—Tom Shehan







So chic, so charming, so Coty



COMMON TALK

Politics

. . . THE tenacity with which Boston Republicans hang onto their illusions is well known. It is even standard equipment nationally as a political joke. But the newest example of tenacity to reach our ears is the case of an elderly Back Bay matron.

Because her grand-daughter-in-law wanted to attend the premiere of the movie *Wilson* at a Boston movie house recently, the grandmother offered to stay with the children. She was, of course, greatly worried about the pretty young mother and her equally attractive companion going downtown all a'one at night, but she restrained her worry to a warning that they be careful.

When they came home with glowing accounts of the picture, she allowed as how that was all right. But for herself, she would wait until the film came to her neighborhood theatre. She couldn't see herself, "traipsing downtown to see that Democrat."

Amusement

. . . SERVICEMEN have always been ingenious in finding ways to amuse themselves. The latest example of "good clean fun" occurred while waiting for the lights to change at a Tremont street intersection. A taxi passed us moving slowly. Leaning out of the cab was a cheerful young sailor. He was waving a mackerel to and fro as though it were a flag. And as he waved it, he called out in a slightly blurry voice:

"Did you ever see such a mackerel as this?"

Hotel Incident

. . . THINGS seem to happen at the Statler hotel, things which keep the staff and the business office on their toes. The most recent incident occurred when a merchant marine seaman stopped at the hotel after a lengthy session in waters far distant from the United States. His brief leave was further complicated because he was in Boston and his wife in Colorado.

They had a lot to talk over, naturally, and he called her long distance every few hours. The conversations were costly, and when "pay-off" time came, he was astounded at the size of the bill due. It called for more cash than he had expected, but after scratching around in his pockets, he came up with an assorted bundle of money. The cash looked like a heap of Chinese soap coupons. There were Bank of England pounds, Palestine pounds, Australian and New Zealand shillings, a few rupees, and some blocked Hawaiian dollars as well as some United States currency.

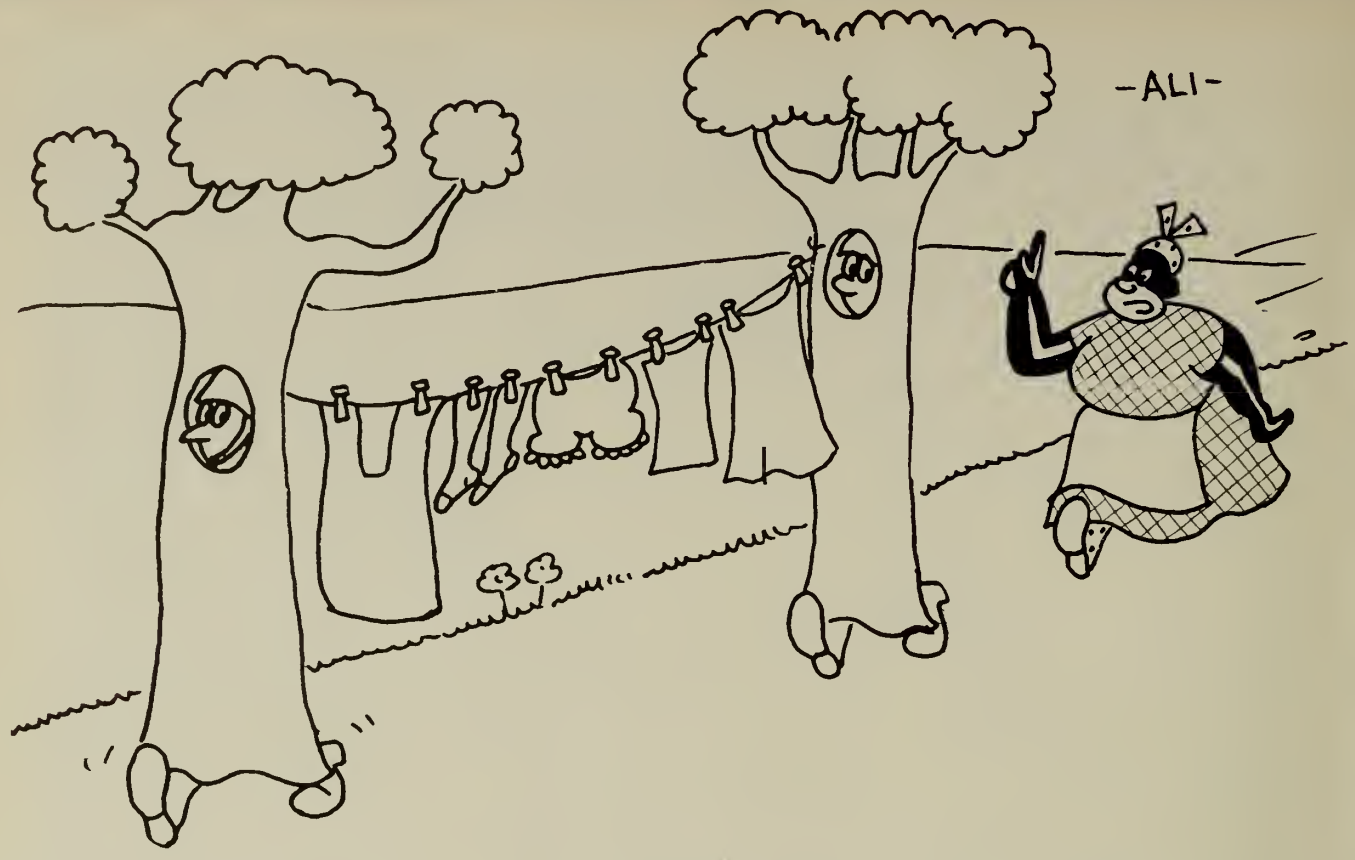
"That will just take care of it," he said.

The clerk, a bit baffled, excused himself, made a hasty retreat to the bank, figured and refigured amounts. When the total was completed, it covered the bill to the last penny. Which goes to show that the customer is always right at the Statler, although the clerks wonder how the customer figures it out.



Ballet

. . . THE eventful Boston engagement of the Ballet Theatre troupe is, of course, now over for this season. But it produced a lot of new things in our life. As one character who knows nothing about the pas seuls, the entrechats, and the other basic figures of the ballet, we still get a lot of satisfying pleasure from viewing the ballets. This time, though, we got one excellent laugh. Being backstage just before the curtain rose, we stood goggle-eyed at the activity. Everyone was limbering up busily. Only by standing in one small space could we avoid getting a ballet slipper in the eye. Standing close to a curtain, we listened in on a con-



versation between that fine ballet star Tatiana Riabouchinska and her ballet partner John Kriza. They were carrying on a heated conversation.

"No, no, no, I tell you!" said Tatiana emphatically.

"But I tell you yes, yes, yes!" argued Kriza, equally emphatically.

It was no-yes-no-yes for some minutes. Finally, Kriza gave in.

"All right, Riabouchinska, all right. It is no!"

The ballerina, eyes flashing, hands waving, cried:

"But it is yes! Under my dead body, it is yes!"

That was all.

•

Political Mix-Up

. . . It happened fairly recently when the town was boiling with bigwigs of the Democratic and Republican parties. The Governor of Oklahoma and Governor Bricker were scheduled to arrive at one Boston hotel on the same morning. The Governor from Oklahoma beat Bricker in by five minutes, and the doorman called a bell hop on the double.

"Take the Governor's luggage up to his suite," said the doorman efficiently.

The bell hop scrambled upstairs with great speed. The only trouble was that he didn't know which governor it was, not being of voting age. So, taking a long chance, he dropped the luggage in the middle of Bricker's suite.

Governor Bricker arrived with equal fanfare, and this time, the bell hop who took the call knew which was which. He dropped the bags alongside of the others in the suite.

For a few minutes, things were very warm for September. The governor from Oklahoma suspected piracy. Bricker, well, what he suspected is unknown to history. He stood benignly in the middle of the confusion while the aides of both parties unscrambled the puzzle.

Convention

. . . One of the most feverishly cheerful convention clambakes seen lately was the one held by a washing machine company. The distributors gathered solemnly to hear about the plans. As the evening grew older, they were no longer solemn but mellow. By the time the last show went on in the dining room, the convention-ites were thoroughly hilarious. The singing star did her show under great difficulties, a combination of community singing and private quartets in the corners. When she came off, the hotel staff gathered around her solicitously. Her reply, however, is something of a gem. Waving her hand casually, she said:

"Poor dears. It is nothing. They are living in a post-war world!"

Common Views

. . . Once again, the mall along Charles street is active on Sunday afternoons with revival meetings, political orations, and other assorted theorists on world affairs. The only reason we bring this up is because of a new note which has been added. There is now a small, dapper little man with a flute who orates between numbers on the need for Good Manners in the world. Since he has hopped onto our own pet soap box and is doing a sturdy job of promoting the theory, we thought that we would have a few extra words with him.

He refused to give us his name, not because he had "anything at all to hide, but just because a man with an ideal should ought to be anonymous so he don't get in the way of what he is urging on the world."

His September visit to Boston was his first. He has been concentrating largely on New York since getting east from Chicago because "New York has more people and naturally needs

more time to be told about Good Manners."

On the whole, he feels that Boston people are slightly better mannered than elsewhere. He has come to this conclusion because when he was walking across Tremont (Treemont) and Boylston (Burlston) streets, the policeman said to him:

"Please cross with the lights!"

The word please from a "cop" was a delightful surprise to him. He explained that he "halted and congratulated the man soundly. Actions like that will do much to halt strife."

His platform is very simple. He wants Good Manners taught in schools. He feels that the rewards of Good Manners must be made high so that the "infidels" can see the advantages in being polite. But exactly what the rewards should be, he is willing to leave up to teachers and parents. If Hitler had had Good Manners, there would have been no war to disrupt the world, he explains.

"I'll bet that Hitler never opened a door or gave up his seat in the subway to an old lady in his life. If he had, he would never have let his Nazis kill people."

Some of our friend's reasoning was slightly hazy. But he had all of the confidence and all of the happiness which seems to accompany having a cause. Even the few phrases he played on his flute were happy although unrecognizable, a lilting refrain.

It was a warm day, and getting a bit tired of our prying and questioning, the dapper little character looked across at the Gardens and said:

"Over there, people are quite well-mannered. Much more so than on the Common. I can't understand it, can you?"

He listened haphazardly to our attempts at analysis, then raised his flute to his lips.

"You will pardon me, I am sure," he said politely. "I must get on with my work."

He drew a much smaller crowd than the revivalists with organ and choir, but he kept his listeners longer, in case you wondered.

Down Under

• • • Once again studying up on Australia, we learned something about the butterfly situation there. It seems that soldiers, both Australian and American, have been taken by the beauty of the large "gloss" butterflies of the tropics and spend a sizeable amount of spare moments collecting a specimen or two to send to the folks at home. As our authoritative source reports, so keen is the interest that some of the Americans are offering as high as one pound Australian for first-class specimens of the blue swallow-tail.

For your information, this is what the blue swallow-tail is. The butterfly is large, with a wing expanse of five inches and more. It is distinctively colored with prismatic royal blue, with a wide black border around the wings.

The blue swallow-tail is of the genus Papilionidae, and the specific name for the blue swallow-tail is ulysses joesa. It flies high among the tree-tops and is very difficult to capture even if the soldier climbs to the topmost branches. The best way, our authority tells us, to capture the blue is to take a specimen of the female, tether her with a short thread to a twig on the tree top, and wait for the males to arrive. A net must be handy, of course, so that when the prize succumbs to the lure, you can make an effective sweep with the net.

Or if you have plenty of patience, there is an alternate way. Search for a pupa, "a grotesque-looking object strapped upright to a stick with a thread around its 'waist' like the belt of a linesman working on the high poles.

"Place the pupa in some soft packing in a box and wait until the adult emerges. This way, the specimens are usually in better condition than those netted."

The only thing bothering us now is how long one has to wait before the pupa becomes a ulysses joesa. Anyway, that seems a nice, inactive way of earning a pound Australian.

• •



"Would you mind cashing this check?"

A LETTER FROM HOME

. . . Martha Thatcher sat by her window, looking out over the gravel drive, watching it intently, as it curved down to the highway below. She thought it needed raking, but maybe it looked best that way — half-covered with leaves, suggesting fall. She thought of what the catalog had said, "A fine old New England campus, studded with maples." The maples lining the drive were bare now; she wondered how she could possibly look at those denuded trees all winter long.

At the highway where the drive stopped, she saw him, saw Peters turn in and start the long walk up the hill to the school. Poor Peters, his route was long and he was old, but he covered it every day and seemed to enjoy his work. When it was raining as he trudged along through slushy streets, he used to smile. And if you said, "It's a bad day, isn't it, Peters?" he would look up and say, "Oh, not so bad. It's good for the health, a little rain. And the snow is good and clean, too." When he delivered mail at the school he laughed and joked with the girls who would rush forward, crowding around him. "Now, don't get so excited, girls, there's plenty of mail for everybody; enough to go around two or three times." He would lay his bag on the floor, reach in and take out a bundle. "You wait and see, I'll bet you all got letters, and if you didn't, you can read your roommate's," he would say, taking the elastic band off the letters with his stubby fingers, tantalizing the girls with his deliberate slowness. "All new names and all new pigeon holes; every year I have to learn them all over again and when I've learned them you leave."

Martha Thatcher, from her window, watched Peters kicking leaves with his feet as he came slowly up the hill. She suddenly wondered what he was thinking about, what an old man like that could possibly think about day after day, walking by himself.

She rushed to the stairs when he got near and joined a dozen other girls hurrying to the hall below. Peters came in and fumbled with his bag, his elastic bands, his bundle of letters. He mumbled the names as he shelved the letters, or handed them to waiting hands.

"Barnes," he said more to himself than the others.

"Oh, here, here, Mr. Peters," and a thin arm with a gold bracelet reached over some heads and clutched two letters.

At length he said, "Thatcher," and Martha spoke up and reached for her single letter. Postmarked "Brookline, Mass.," it was the letter she had waited for, a letter from home. She leaned against the wall and started reading it, waiting around for any more mail she might have. Her letter was neither exciting nor important. At home, life was just as she had left it several months ago. Her mother had been elected secretary of the Better Homes and Garden Club; father had taken the car into Boston to have the wheels lined up (he thought the front tire on the right was wearing too fast); and Jack, well, Jack wasn't enjoying school very much. Algebra seemed to him so stupid, especially when you could solve half the problems in your head before the rest of the class had even made an equation.

Perhaps because there was nothing important or unusual in that letter, it made Martha feel a little sad and lonely, even a little weak as she walked up the stairs with her single letter to her room.

"I see you got a letter, too," her roommate, Ruth Barnes, said. "We both did, then; except that I got two! See," she said, prancing up and down their room waving the letters. "Two of them." She thrust one under Martha's face. "From Harry. You know Harry, the one I've been telling you about. Well, listen, he's coming. Isn't that grand? All the way from Camp Forrest. You'll adore him; you simply can't help it." Her blond hair waved loosely behind her head as she walked back and forth rapidly and nervously.

"And Bert, too. He's a dear. He says he's just terribly busy, one class after another, but he writes the nicest letter and says the cutest things." She turned to the letter, reading parts of it aloud.

Martha didn't care about Bert and his silly times and the mush he wrote: "Dearest, I wait to hear from you. Please write me soon, darling, because every moment away from you is torture . . ."

"Isn't that divine?" Ruth said, finishing the letter, folding it carefully, placing it in the envelope postmarked "New Haven, Conn."

Martha said, "Yes, yes it was nice." She stood up, walked over to her bureau, put her own letter in a drawer.

"Who was your letter from?" Ruth asked in a tone of politeness.

"Home. Just a letter from mother at home."

"What does she say?"

"Nothing much. They're all busy, I guess. Mother has all sorts of meetings and clubs, and father is always tinkering with the car, spending Saturdays talking with garage men. Jack is in school. They're all well, just the same as when I left."

"I'm glad to heart that."

In a moment of silence they looked at one another rather awkwardly, rather strangely, as though they both wanted to say something, to put to words what they both thought and felt, to bridge the gap between them.

"I'm going to run off and show these letters to Joan; I know she'll want to meet Harry. Everybody will want to meet Harry," Ruth said. She darted out of the door with her letters.

Martha reached into her bureau drawer, withdrew the letter. On her bed, she read it over twice. Then she put it back, looked at herself in the mirror, touched her eyes lightly with her handkerchief. Trying to hide her homesickness, she walked downstairs to lunch. But she walked slowly, holding on to the banister as she went thinking of her letter from home.

—Arthur Stanley Harris

°

Au Grand Serieux

. . . Who would be jealous of the glove
Caressed so often by your hand?
Or of the breezes when they rove
Among your hair and toss each strand?
And who would envy lips that kiss
Your ruby ones with warm caress,
When morning shows you are remiss,
And lack the charm of loveliness?

—G. V. Kenyon-Ashenden

ART EXHIBIT

. . . The most important exhibition of Sport in American Art ever held is now on view at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Museums and private collectors all over the country have lent more than 200 oil paintings, water colors, and prints, and the whole panorama of the native American love for sports is graphically presented. The show fills the entire seven galleries of the Museum's Special Exhibition group. It will be open free to the public through December 10.

The exhibition covers 175 years of the work of famous American artists from Benjamin West in 1758 to a group of painters whose reputations were established not later than the first World War. Included are works by Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, George Bellows, William Glackens, Frank W. Benson, George Luks, William Morris Hunt, Henry Inman, George C. Bingham, A. F. Tait, and many others. Prints shown include works by young contemporary artists to bring the exhibition up to date.

Among the sports represented are hunting, fishing, sailing, golf, tennis, baseball, boxing, wrestling, rowing, polo, swimming, riding, ice-skating, and many other outdoor activities.

There are the famous *Stag at Sharkey's* by Bellows, from The Cleveland Museum of Art, *The Champions* by John Carroll, and *Third Round*, a lithograph by Robert Riggs among the pictures of the ring. Devotees of fishing will take delight in the unsurpassed water colors by Winslow Homer; while the duck hunter will rejoice in such paintings as *Pintails Decoying* and *The Blind* by Frank W. Benson, and the realistic studies of A. F. Tait.

Eakins with his enthusiasm for rowing and waterfowl shooting produced great illustrations, which are also great art, of these sports. Included in this exhibition are *Max Schmitt in a Single Scull* lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art and *The Biglen Brothers Turning the Stake* from The Cleveland Museum of Art, among others.

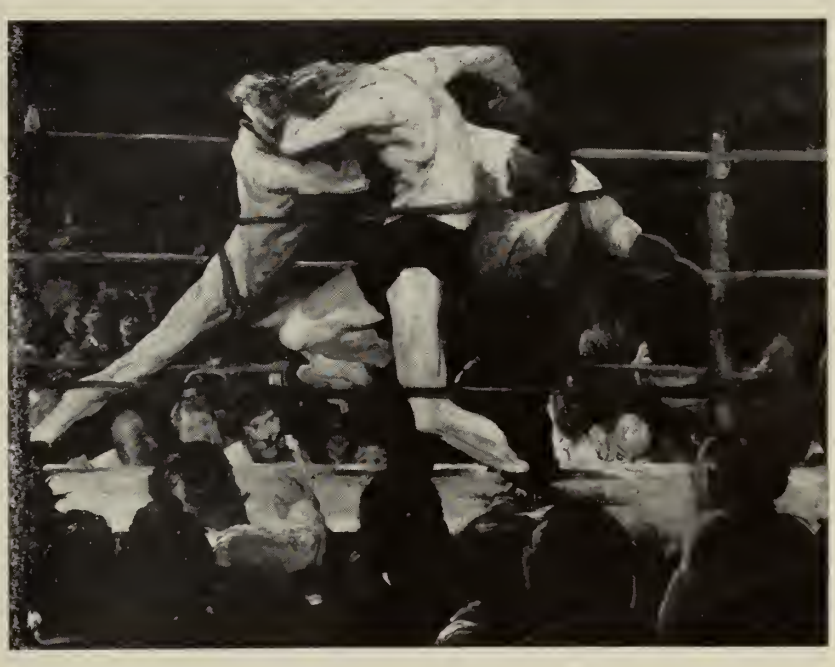
There are two luminous golf course scenes by Childe Hassam, tennis and winter sports subjects by William Glackens, and a group of portraits of famous horses by Edward Troye.

The earliest painting in the show, the portrait of Thomas Mifflin by Benjamin West, represents the first Governor of Pennsylvania after the Revolution as a boy with his fowling piece. It was lent by The Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Among other lenders to the exhibition are: Frederic S. Allen, The Art Institute of Chicago, Mrs. George Bellows, Princess Alexandre de Caraman Chimay, Stephen C. Clark, The Cleveland Museum of Arts, Charles E. Cotting, Mrs. Francis W. Davis, William F. C. Ewing, Fogg Museum of Art, Mrs. Hollis French, Mrs. William J. Glackens, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hackett, Dr. Frederick L. Jack, The Jockey Club of New York, A Hyatt Mayor, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Mrs. Randal Morgan, Museum of Modern Art of New York, National Museum of Base Ball, Mrs. Charles



Congenial scene, a drypoint by Peggy Bacon, from the Museum of Fine Arts Exhibit, Sport in American Art



Stag at Sharkey's, an oil on canvas by George Bellows, from the Museum of Fine Arts Exhibit, Sport in American Art



"This one looks easy, watch me land him!"

MARINE GIANTS' TROUBLES AT PANAMA CANAL

. . . At the mere mention of whales one's thoughts revert to long-forgotten pictures of whaleboats being knocked about and sailors sprawling into raging seas. What care-free, invincible creatures those Moby Dick-like creatures were! So powerful and operating over such immense sea areas!

But the Panama Canal and its adjuncts have cramped their style. The engineers there interconnected several of the Atlantic and Pacific capes, peninsulas and islands of the Canal Zone to the mainland by breakwaters. This has resulted in geometrical marine-figures, with one or more sides open to the sea, that have puzzled whales and some other marine giants.

During the Canal's one-third of a century's operation these marine-figures have caused several leviathans to blunder into trouble.

Once on an evening's cooling-off ride over a breakwater highway the writer saw a whale spout far out in one of these rectangles. He was roundly rated by his family for his keenness. For one must look sharply, and at precisely the exact spot and time, to see such a thing on a shimmering, tropical sea.

But astonishing vindication ensued. The great mammal, periodically geysering mixed water and air, steered a direct course on us. In fact he came so close he nearly grounded himself directly in front of our car, as he sweepingly rounded off another course out to sea. We estimated his length at from 50 to 60 feet; it is a wonder he had no mishap on the shoals in thus satisfying his (and our) curiosity.

Once at the Atlantic entrance another whale had poorer luck — or was less cautious. Limon Bay and the Colon-Cristobal Harbor are nearly enclosed by converging breakwaters that virtually bar out high sea-waves. Shipping enters or departs through a 2,000-foot opening between the ends of these breakwaters. So did this whale. But he was mortally ill, got excited, forgot the return route or was just unlucky. For he grounded himself on the shoals and was found dead at the south end of Limon Bay.

An enterprising tugmaster tried salvaging the carcass at high tide. Norwegian whalers found it profitable to pay Canal tolls, in passing through to the far away Antarctic whaling-grounds; manifestly there would be great gain in processing the suicided-whale that had presented himself, within plain sight of the docks and an interconnecting railroad to a nearby meat-packing plant, all at hand for the job of trying-out the oil and whalebone.

But unexpected trouble ensued. The sanitary inspector, indecisive in this unprecedented case, nevertheless pointed to the regulations that forbid dead bodies in the harbor area. So while the authorities pondered the odd case the tugmaster hurriedly towed the great carcass to the dock so the giant wharf-crane could load the great mass onto flatcars — and it took three of them, so great was the length. Meanwhile tourists, employees and natives hurried to the dock area to see the novel sight; but shortly they began grabbing their noses and sauntering away, one by one. For unrefrigerated meat in the tropics smells to high heaven. Evidently the whale had been dead for some time, and its virtual submergence had hitherto cloaked the stench. But in the open air there was no such an immunity.

So the overworked and creaking crane unloaded the cars and the massive carcass was dropped into the Bay with a mighty splash. Then with the longest tow-line available the crest-fallen tugmaster towed the great body outside the breakwater into a coast-wise current. But that ocean monster's ghost had a last laugh at mankind. For the ripe, floating mass stranded on a reef 30 miles down the coast opposite an Indian village. It was another case of "Lo! the Poor Indian"! It takes months for such a big body to disintegrate completely, even with the enthusiastic help of buzzards and fish.



Another time during construction of the Canal Locks there was great excitement one Monday morning. From a nearby brackish pool a lumbering 10-foot crocodile had overstayed his Sunday's inspection. And his line of home-retreat was cut off by the men entering for work. What a scrambling and jumping about! Men and beast believed each other the aggressor. Then an efficient policeman's pistol ended the trouble and the crocodile. The partially armored pelt is no doubt now some proud owner's suitcase or belt; crocodile leather works up nicely into such novelties.

Later there was somewhat similar excitement at the Balboa dry-dock. When the great pumps finished emptying the dock a fearful-looking monster was seen threshing about over one of the floor-gratings. He had entered along with, and under or alongside a docking ship. Now his plight was indeed serious. But the crack of a sentry's Springfield rifle soon ended that, probably saving some workman's leg a bad ripping from the tossings of the horrid snout.

Raised to street level by the dock crane the monster proved to be a 1,015-pound sawfish. When pressure was applied to its elephantlike back about three barrels of seawater gushed out of its relatively small mouth. The saw or snout was toothed bilaterally 3 to 4 inches; and, varying from 6 to 10 inches in width, the saw protruded about 4 feet from the beast's 5-foot body.

When the excitement was over a waggish Jamaican workman called across the great graving-dock to his friend: "Mon, dat's what happen! Jes like a mon, when ever a sawfish stick he nose in de next mon's business!"

—Ralph S. Kirkpatrick

NO ,NO, LEO

. . . THERE the counties of Greenbrier, Monroe, and Summers join each other in West Virginia is located the little town of Alderson. And this town has an ordinance forbidding lions to run at large in the streets of the village. "No lions shall be allowed to run at large on the streets of the city" it reads.

Why this ordinance?

French's Great Railroad Show came to the small town in 1890. While here, a lioness whelped five cubs. Three of these died. The manager decided his lioness was of greater use to him performing her act before thousands than she would be nursing the remnants of her brood.

The wife of the village smithy came to the rescue of the two youthful lions and took them home for her son to play with. One died, but the other thrived. The family cat had just brought forth a litter — it seemed to be the style — and the cub was joined to the kitten club. But Tabby was not cat enough for the job and a bottle was resorted to. Then meat and other edibles came in due season.

Leo grew and waxed strong. Yet, peculiarly enough, the strain of ferocity never showed in his makeup. He roamed the streets at will, was stroked by children and their parents alike, and little more notice was taken of him than might have been taken of a large shepherd dog.

But occasionally a stranger came into the village. And not all strangers knew of Alderson's strange pet. Particular in this rank was a salesman who came into town late one evening, putting up at the local hotel. After supper, he decided to take a stroll in the moonlight. He heard a heavy patty-pat behind him as he passed the village blacksmith shop. Turning he stared into the ugly features of a lion. Unbelievable. He stared again. Believable. He ran. Never before in his life had he made the speed as he did on this fateful night.

But Mr. Leo Lion was match for the salesman's speed. He wanted to play — badly. Somewhere the speeding barterer had read that a lion couldn't swim. The salesman could. Down the bank to the muddy waters of Greenbrier river he raced, splashing his way across with a speed that Weismuller never dreamed about.

Scaling the bank on the opposite side, the fleeing visitor burst into a doctor's office (appropriate), slammed the door behind him, and fell in a dead faint upon the floor. The astonished doctor revived him to hear him mumbling something about, "Lion — lion over there."

Out of respect for visitors to the village, the town fathers enacted an ordinance barring Leo, and all other lions, from running at large on the commons.

The blacksmith built a large board fence around his residence for Leo's playground. And Leo was a prisoner.

He didn't like this mode of living, and his howls began disturbing the sleep of the townspeople. So the owner advertised him for sale in the *Baltimore Sun*. She tried to sell him to Baltimore for the Druid Hill Park. Both efforts were unsuccessful. Finally she sold him to the National Zoological Park, which is under the direction of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C.

Leo stayed three years at the Park before he was sold to the Barnum and Bailey circus. His history from the time he was four years old, in 1894, is clouded in obscurity. For to the circus managers and to the thousands who pay to see the animal act, a lion is just another lion. But to the early residents of Alderson, West Virginia, their Leo was a lion extraordinary.

Mr. George Beabout, the lad for whom the young lions were obtained, served many years as an official of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company with offices at Richmond, Virginia.

—BENJAMIN F. BALL



"Dis is der last massage, Fritz. Also I don't think I'm going to be needing it much longer!"

OLD RAGS AND BROKEN BOTTLES

. . . It would have been safe to say that Mario would always be a poor man. Everything seemed to point in favor of that destiny. He was completely honest, loved children and animals, tolerated his wife's temper, had a huge appetite, and constantly laughed. It certainly wasn't likely that Mario would ever become a rich man. But Mario did.

And it all came about after he had put his only few dollars into a broken down wagon, and Toni.

"Toni is a good girl," insisted Mario. "She can climb a hill without any trouble. And she takes me everywhere. All for the price of a few oats. Yes, Toni is a good girl."

And Toni was a good girl.

That morning it was warmer than usual, and Mario had already dozed off. But that didn't seem to disturb Toni. For she kept slowly trotting along, until Mrs. Allen stuck her head out of the window.

"Mario. Do you hear me? Mario."

Toni did, and stopped. But Mario slept on.

Mrs. Allen was disturbed and she shouted, "Mario!" real loud, then cautiously looked around to see if any of the neighbors had heard.

Mario yawned, blinked a few times, looked up at the white house and at Mrs. Allen, yawned again, then closed his mouth and laughed.

"You look funny, Mrs. Allen, with your head sticking out of the window."

Whenever they stuck their heads out of the window, they looked funny to Mario. And Mario always told them so, as if he expected them to understand and laugh back.

But Mrs. Allen was not in the mood for joking.

"Mario, there are some old things cluttering up the cellar that I want to get rid of. Go around the back way. I'll be downstairs in a minute and open the door for you."

Mario was sitting on a pile of old newspapers, fascinated by the tinkling sound of a burnt out radio tube that he kept shaking. Each time Mario went down into a cellar it was like a new adventure to him. Each time he made new discoveries.

There was the time he found the book of Presidents, and before the day was over he had learned all their names in order. And he kept repeating them over and over again. That night he went to the corner tavern with his friend, Vita. And for many days afterwards, Mario kept thinking of what Vita had said to him: "You are a smart man, Mario. You know the names of all the Presidents."

And there was the time Mario found the big book with the drawings, called "Married Love." And he brought it home to Angelena and read it aloud to her, and they both blushed. Then, they put it away on the parlor mantle, where it has been lying ever since.

Mrs. Allen was used to Mario and his dreamy antics. She had done business with him before. In fact, everyone in town had done business with Mario at one time or another.

But Mrs. Allen was getting impatient.

"I'm going upstairs. When you've gotten everything straightened out, Mario, come on up and we'll settle things."

It was lying there under a stack of old *Life* magazines when Mario first discovered it. It was large, like a telephone book, only the covers were hard. And there were little gadgets inside that released the pages when Mario pressed them. And on all the pages, there were many, many different kinds of stamps. And they were all different colored ones. Page after page of them. And some of them had maps on them. And they were from far away places, from all over the world. And others were shaped like triangles. And some were American stamps, many of which Mario had never seen before. Especially the unused ones. And the ones which were in blocks of fours.



Mario had the stamp album under his arm when he went upstairs to see Mrs. Allen.

"Well, Mario, did you finally get all that rubbage out of the cellar?"

Mario would never understand them. They all called it rubbage. Why it was beautiful rubbage. That's what it was, beautiful rubbage. But they would never understand.

"Yes, Mrs. Allen. The cellar, it is clean. And this book, with all the pretty stamps in it—do you want me to take that too?"

Mrs. Allen thought for a moment.

"You might just as well. Mr. Allen hasn't looked at it in years. And he took out all the valuable stamps a long while ago. Why don't you keep it, Mario? It is an interesting hobby, you know. And you can learn an awful lot about geography and things—that is, if you have the time for it."

Mario was convinced.

"Yes, that's just what I think I do. Thank you, Mrs. Allen."

"That's all right, Mario. Good bye, now."

Mario never paid the rich people for cleaning out their cellars, and they never expected him to offer anything. It was sort of a silent agreement between everybody on that side of town. And it all came about during that first day with Toni. Mario had fallen asleep. And when he awoke he was right in front of the Sloane mansion. And the butler beckoned to Mario, and told him that the cellar was piled with junk, and he could have anything he could take away with him. Mario had to make two trips to the Sloane's before the basement was entirely empty.

On his way back, after the second trip, Mario made up his mind that the rich were foolish people. For in the rear of his wagon there was a large statue of a strong man with thorns in his hair, and a dagger in his hand; like the one that Mario and Angelena had once seen in the museum. And only that very day, Mrs. Miele had said that she needed something big to fill up all that empty space in her parlor.

Mario gave the relic to Mrs. Miele for a present. For Mrs. Miele and her husband were old. And they were poor. And that was the reason why their parlor was so empty.

And that was the reason why Mario liked the old side of town. Even though they were all poor people who lived there. For they were his people.

"Mario, come here, there's something I want you to see."

It was old Mrs. Shaney whose only son was lost at sea a few weeks ago. No one knew how she was going to get along until her married daughter had written and asked her to come all the way out to California, and stay with her. Mario had heard of California. And Long Beach, where Mrs. Shaney was to live, was a beautiful place, and warm the whole year round. And Mrs. Shaney was happy to learn that soon she would not have to worry about getting up every morning at five o'clock to shovel coal in the furnace.

"Good evening, Mrs. Shaney," greeted Mario. "Guess you're pretty busy these days, getting ready for that long trip of yours. Some day, I take Angelena and the children, and we pack up and all go to California."

Mrs. Shaney laughed. "And Toni, do you think she'll be able to make such a long trip?"

"Ah, Toni. I'm afraid she'll be gone, poor Toni, long before that."

They both went inside together through the front door, with Mrs. Shaney calling down over her shoulder as she led the way to the attic.

"Well, Mario, I'll give you the address of my daughter's house. And if you ever decide to come out there, I want you to be sure and look me up."

"You betcha sweet life I will."

Mrs. Shaney paused at the top of the staircase.

"That was my son, Johnny's room. You knew him, didn't you, Mario?"

Mario nodded.

"Yes, he was such a good boy. I remember one day the wagon, it went over a bump, and some things fell off in the street. And all the boys were playing ball. But Johnny was the only one who would stop and help me put everything back."

Mrs. Shaney lowered her eyes for a moment.

"That's just what I want to talk to you about, Mario. About Johnny. Ever since he was a little boy, he was always interested in all kinds of tubes and explosions. It started with a small chemical set I bought him one Christmas. He spent the entire day playing with it. And that evening he told me, that when he grew up, he was going to become a famous chemist. And from then on, his laboratory got so big that I had to move him upstairs where the noises and smoke wouldn't disturb the rest of the house."

"And now that you are going away, you don't know what to do with all these tubes and boxes of powder," finished Mario, as he scanned the room.

"Do you think you could use anything, Mario?"

Every penny would be like a dollar to Mrs. Shaney. And Mario knew it as she looked at him, half hoping that he would say yes.

And Mario did say yes. And he handed her eight one dollar bills, though he wondered if he would ever be able to get more than five of them back.

There was a continuous honking from the automobile downstairs.

Mrs. Shaney and Mario went to the window. And Mario was surprised.

Why it was Mr. and Mrs. Allen in the automobile.

And Mario laughed down at them.

"You look funny with your head sticking out of the window, Mrs. Allen."

"Stop that foolishness, Mario, and come down here immediately. Mr. Allen wants to speak to you."

Mario went downstairs.

Mr. Allen had gotten out of the car and was nervously pacing the sidewalk.

"Where's that stamp album, Mario? I must have it back. Do you understand?"

Mario didn't understand.

"But Mrs. Allen, she told me I could have it."

"I know, Mario, but Mrs. Allen didn't know that my valuable triangles were in that album. You don't realize, man, but they're worth a small fortune. Why, I doubt if there are more than three complete sets in existence."

Mario was amazed, and he ran around to the back of the wagon for the album.

Mario hated to give up all those beautiful stamps, from all those far away places.

"Do you want the whole book, Mr. Allen?"

Mr. Allen understood, and he promised to go through the entire album very carefully that night, and if Mario would come around to the house the next morning, he could have it back again. And there would be just as many pretty stamps in it.

"You don't know what a relief this is, Mario. Here, I want to give you a little something for all your trouble." And Mr. Allen counted off fifty dollars in bills and slipped them into Mario's hand.

"But it was no trouble, Mr. Allen. And the album, it was yours."

Mr. Allen was too happy to listen.

"Forget it, Mario. Buy something for your wife and the kids."

Mario stood there in the street, with the bills in his hand, while the long car pulled away from the dirty block. And he continued to stand there, even after it had disappeared. Then everything came to him at once. And he laughed out loud, and long.

Now, he would be able to buy Angelena a negligee and those twin beds, like the ones they had seen in the movies. And he, Mario, would at last be able to afford that pair of spats and those fur lined gloves. The kind the gentlemen wore. And there would still be some money left over. Perhaps he would take the family downtown for dinner next Sunday, after church. And all those pretty stamps from England, Russia, Italy, and the United States—they would all be Mario's stamps.

Mario was a rich man. Richer than he had ever hoped to be. But Mario was also a tired man.

So he simply said, "Gid-yap, ole girl," then went back to sleep with a smile . . .

. . . while Toni kept trotting along toward home.

—Leon Silver

NANCY, DON'T YOU FRET

. . . The sweetly sickish perfume of lilacs floated in toward the veranda. The doctor and I sat rocking there. Suddenly the penetrating aroma seemed to drug everything into suspended animation. Then I remembered. It was a night like this when I got so terribly upset. I had just put little Caroline to bed, hoping she'd sleep through until morning when shuffling down the sidewalk came Gus Olsen.

I saw him first. Gus was the first half of a patent medicine testimonial before the great transformation. His face resembled a cathedral gargoyle. His stomach ailment was known all over town, still he swore he would never go to a doctor.

"Not one of them would be able to help me," he boasted.

When Gus retired from the railroad, he took up his post on his front porch hailing every passerby to exchange the time of day and discuss his symptoms.

I was thinking, "It's got so Gus Olsen's stomach is as well known as the statue in front of the library."

Then the doctor saw Gus coming. He was turning in our front walk. My husband simply must not see him. All panicky I realized if he should prescribe something that didn't cure, Gus with his front porch lectures would spoil the doctor's chances for building a practice.

I was on my feet in a jiff.

"Charlie," I said breathlessly, "I'll tell him you have an emergency. Go out and hitch up Dinah."

To my amazement Charlie just sat there rocking.

I thought of Dinah, the lanky mare, out in the barn. I'd stopped counting the times Charlie harnessed her to roll out of the yard like he was headed for a fire. Before they paved Second Street the road looked like the advance notice of a cyclone every time the buggy bounced away.

"It's exciting for the neighborhood kids," Charlie would chuckle. We knew it didn't mean a thing. The doctor was just putting on an act. Half an hour later you'd hear the crunch of the buggy wheels on the driveway gravel. Charlie always fed the horse well but she was one of those skinny creatures. Sometimes I thought Dinah would pull right through the harness and leave the doctor and the buggy behind.

I bent over hurriedly trying to push Charlie from the chair. My fingers clutched his shoulder.

"Let go, darling," he was saying impatiently, "we can't let Gus get away."

I tried to unclasp my fingers. The muscles of my hand seemed paralyzed. I kept remembering Charlie saying, "It's an off year for patients."

To the marrow of my bones I dreaded the doctor prescribing for Gus.

"Now Nancy, calm yourself," Charlie was saying. "I'm fed up with whirlwind buggy rides. Besides the neighbors are starting to wonder where I go."

The doctor thinks sometimes I'm too emotional. No doubt he's right. I know just before Caroline was born I burst out sobbing, "How will we manage to feed three mouths when it's been such tough sledding for just us two?"

"Nancy, don't you fret," he told me in a voice so soothing all my worries dissolved as quickly as that new soap they've just put on the market.

But even after that when Charlie started out on those trumped-up rides I'd stand at the window with little Caroline in my arms. I'd pray fervently, "Let something happen along the way that will require the services of a brilliant young doctor."

Now Gus was approaching our porch. He was walking slowly, his back hunched over, one hand on his stomach. I found myself clinging to Charlie's hand like a drowning woman.

"Let go of me, darling," the doctor said almost angrily, "I must greet our new patient."

You couldn't blame me. With biting clarity I saw the corner house two blocks away down where Fairmount crosses Second. Gus's rocker was always perched on the exact corner where he could chin with the men coming over Fairmount from the tool works and at the same time he wouldn't miss the railroad fellows



"Let's see now, Argentina or Japan?"

coming up Second.

Beside me I felt Charlie give a sharp downward jerk freeing himself.

In the shadows I whispered desperately, "Darling, you just can't face this old gossip."

Suddenly the doctor was calling out, "Good evening, Mr. Olsen. Won't you come into the office?"

It took Gus a long time to tell his story. Seated outside I heard the doctor clear his throat a number of times while he let Gus recite his whole case history.

Then Charlie began using those long technical terms he'd been boning up on these nights when he held office hours and no one came.

All of a sudden I heard Gus shout angrily, "Now listen here doc, you can't tell me that."

Goose pimples popped out on my arms. Charlie couldn't afford to get Gus down on him. What had he told him?

Then Charlie's voice droned on seemingly unperturbed by Gus's shouting. From where I sat I couldn't make out what he was saying. It seemed hours before the office door swung open.

"You're kind of young," Gus was telling the doctor as he left. "Nothing seems to have helped me. Figured you couldn't put me through any more agony but what you've just said has got me flabbergasted."

Gus moved off into the spring night. The doctor didn't say anything for a long time. I stood it as long as I could.

"Charlie," I finally asked, "what did you give him?"

"It's a tough case," the doctor grunted employing the deep bass notes he was learning to use.

"Granted," I said impatiently, "but what did you do for him?"

"Absolutely nothing," he said flatly.

"But Charlie, what do you mean?"

"If you must know, I told him he was a hypochondriac. Told him there was absolutely nothing wrong with him but if he didn't stop glutting himself with all these patent medicines he shortly would turn into a medicine bottle."

"Then that's what made him angry."

"Must be," the doctor said quietly.

"But Charlie," I wanted to say and didn't, "did you have to be so brutally frank?"



He's telling his girl that shells are bursting all around him."

Scalding tears stung my eyelids as I slipped upstairs to look in at little Caroline who had cried out in her sleep. Through the window I heard a neighbor on a nearby porch sing out, "There goes Gus Olsen walking faster than he ever walked before, must be mad or something."

Before I cried myself to sleep I wondered why Charlie hadn't at least tried to make friends with Gus. Even if he was a hypochrondriac he didn't have to be so gruff with him.

Drowsing off I thought I could hear Gus lecturing to his friends, "There's one doctor to steer clear of boys."

But all that was years ago. Now the impatient honking of a motor horn brought me tobogganing back down the years. Out at the curb was little Caroline, a grown woman now, seated in her sleek roadster ready to drive her father down to his office in the Medical Building.

The office would be jammed because Gus Olsen rocking steadily on his porch during the intervening years repeated proudly again and again to his host of passing friends, "You see, I'm a hypochondriac, yes sir, a hypochondriac."

Invariably he'd add, "If you got any bad symptoms and you want to know quickly what they are, there's a young doctor down the street. . . ."

—Ellis K. Baldwin

CONSCIENCE-GUIDED BUSINESSES

. . . Scattered throughout the world, though principally in English-speaking countries, is a group of people who with their forebears have influenced not only the thought but the physical well-being of the human race out of all proportion to their numbers. They are the 163,000 members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers.

Their beliefs on war are well known —and not always popular. Their work in the field of relief, regardless of race, creed or politics, is also widely recognized. But in the field of science, industry and commerce their exploits, while not so generally appreciated, have been no less inspiring and important.

To men trained in the tenets of the Society of Friends we owe many of the inventions upon which modern industry was founded. Their skills in organization brought into being the first railway systems and the first regular steamship service between Britain and America. Upon their reputation for integrity was developed the forerunner of the modern bank.

It has been said that the early years of the iron and steel industry in England could almost have been written without going outside the Society of Friends. When the forest areas were depleted and charcoal became scarce the outlook was serious until three Quakers named Darby devised the method of smelting with coal and coke. They were also responsible for the construction of the first iron bridge, built over the Severn River in 1779.

Richard Reynolds, who before becoming a master on his own account was manager of the Darby works, was another of the many Quaker iron-founders of the period. He was also a pioneer in the humane treatment of employees, building houses for the aged and—in the days when education was little thought of—schools for the children of his workers. Though wealthy, Quakerlike he lived modestly. His gifts of money were lavish. At one time £20,000 went to relieve distress in London. At another he cleared a crowded debtors' prison by paying off the debts of the inmates.

Among other practical innovations, he was the first to use iron rails instead of wood, thus paving the way—literally!—for today's steel railroad tracks.

Like Mark Beaufoy, an 18th century gin distiller who when his eyes were opened to the evils of drink turned to the brewing of vinegar, and many other Quaker business men, Reynolds refused to compromise his principles for profit. When two of his workmen suggested the design for an improved coal furnace he took out a patent in their names and refused to take any credit for it. During the American War of Independence, which caused the value of pig-iron to rise, he refused to accept the higher prices offered. Again, when George III requested that his firm make cannon, he declined the order.

A clockmaker, Benjamin Huntsman, born in 1704, was the inventor of cast steel. Dissatisfied with the metal used for his watch springs, he made many experiments and finally evolved the spring steel with which his name is identified today. At first the Sheffield cutlers refused to use it because of its hardness. It was only when French makers by its use began to capture their trade that they followed suit.

Steel ploughs, gasoline engines and the hydraulic jack are among other inventions by Friends, all tending to be of great social value. Sometimes patent rights and royalties were discarded when the need was obvious. The non-poisonous match is a case in point. The English match firm of Bryant & May purchased and developed this invention, but far from profiting by it, they permitted competitors to use it for a nominal charge in order that the dangers of phosphorus poisoning might the sooner be eliminated.

The man who agitated for lighted beacons to be placed at danger points on the seaways was truly the sailors' friend, and as such he is still known. He was Henry Taylor, who died over one hundred years ago.

Edward Pease, a wool merchant of Darlington, England, and a devout Friend, conceived the idea of using horse-drawn cars on rails to provide a wider outlet for the products of the collieries and factories of Darlington, but failed to get any assistance from Parliament for the project. One day a strange, uncouth man called to see him. "Heard you wants a rail made," he stated, "and I be come to do it."

The stranger was George Stephenson, who subsequently built a steam engine to draw the cars. Thus, in 1825, the Stockton and Darlington Railway came into being, and Pease became known as "the father of railways." Aided by his sons, he set in motion the great development of rail traffic that



"Why didn't you tell me the party was informal?"

followed Stephenson's revolutionary form of locomotion.

When in 1836 James Beale, a Cork Quaker, heard that a speaker at a British Association meeting had declared that the idea of regular steamship communication with America was "as chimerical as a voyage to the moon," he decided to do something about it. On March 31, 1838, his ship, the *Sirius,* sailed from London for New York, arriving there on April 22, the first steam-propelled vessel to make the journey as part of a regular service, nosing out by a few hours the bigger and finer *Great Western.* Previous to this Quaker firms had already organized a line of packets and a mail and passenger service across the Atlantic.

Throughout, the Friend in commerce — if he is to remain a Friend — lives up to a strict code of ethics, which may be summed up in the words of George Fox, one of the original Quakers: "Keep out of debts, owe to no man anything but love."

John Bright, a Quaker tradesman who became the great Victorian statesman, lived up to the creed. The story is told of his dining with a fellow Member of Parliament, whose wife abhored "trade." During dinner, to embarrass her tradesman guest, she complained of the shoddiness of the carpet on the floor, a product of Bright's firm. The visitor left the table, and carefully examined the carpet. "You are quite right, madam," he said. "It is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place."

Likewise the poor Irish shopkeeper, Thomas Grubb, respected the principle of courtesy to all. A man entered his shop, having previously made a bet with a friend that he would rouse Grubb's serene temper. He wanted a piece of cloth, but could not be satisfied until bolt after bolt of material had been taken down for his inspection. Then he ordered a piece the size of a coin. Thomas Grubb carefully cut and wrapped up the piece.

"Thank thee, Friend," he said with a smile, "and next time thee calls I hope thy order will be for a larger amount."

—Reginald S. Allen

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GRIEF IS A PERSONAL THING

What happened to Sam Grayson was inevitable. Gregg Hill, the fat, tired city editor, saw it coming. He would have liked to have diverted it, postponed it, for he liked Sam Grayson. But because he knew it was inevitable, sooner or later, he sat back in his swivel chair with a helf-remembering sigh and gave the fledgling reporter his "big break."

Sam Grayson had written the brief story of the alderman's speech and took it to Gregg Hill's desk. Sam was lean and had that hungry look on his face the movies like to depict in a reporter. He wanted to be that type reporter, a big-shot newshound; not just a recorder of trifling incidents like the alderman's speech.

With the impetuosity of the very young, Sam felt he was getting nowhere. He wanted to report life, raw, swift, brutal. In six months on the "Angelus Graphic" the nearest he had come to a good story was the funeral of old Pinkerton Jones, the Third. Sam wrote a galley about the imposing crisis of eighty years of money gathering, and received a by-line.

Sam snared the copy of the alderman's speech on Gregg Hill's newshook.

"Cripes!" he complained. "Why can't I cover a murder story — something with drama in it?"

Sam was twenty-one, and in love with a girl named Mary. It was a beautiful name, and fitting, Sam thought, Mary. The name of Christ's mother. Everytime he thought of her, the thought gave him a little thrill.

But it wasn't Mary, nor her promise of laughter in the coming years, that made Sam want to be a great reporter. It was born in him one night under the stars, one ngiht in his room he lay flat on his back with wide eyes staring into the dark, or one day under an autumn sun, between talk and laughter. He did not know when. Nobody ever knows when. And Sam Grayson was just another nobody: Seven Twenty-Seven Church Street, Angelus, Texas.

He had a mother, gray, getting on in her fifties, and he was the youngest of four childrn: James, Ella, Susan and Sam. Like all normal children, he had a tender and often only half-remembered passion for his mother. She had kissed away his tears frm bruises and hurts when he was a little boy. In a womanly manner she still kissed away his tears, although Sam, fancying himself a man now, would not quite put it that way. But it amounted to the same thing.

Now Sam knew he had a great gift. It awaited only a chance to blossom.

His face took on an earnest passion. "Gregg, let me cover the next murder, won't you?"

Gregg, fat and overfed since he graduated from leg man to city editor at a scarred walnut desk with two phones and a copy boy, paused and looked up into Sam's intent face. With three children well on their way through high school, and Gracie, the eldest, thinking of marriage, Gregg Hill felt tired. He was tired of phones ringing, of aldermen's speeches and enthusiastic young journalists beating out their brains against the stolid, implacable wall of ambition. Gregg Hill wanted peace, peace of soul, an easy chair and soft music. He had been trying to avoid this. But suddenly he no longer had the will to resist.

"Yes, Sam, if you want to put it so cold-bloodedly, you can cover the next murder."

"But you've got to be cold-blooded to be a great reporter!" Sam protested.

"Perhaps," Gregg mused, as if he did not expect to be believed by the rash, young Sam Grayson. "Maybe that's why I'm not great. I was that way once. Now I'm a plodding city editor, getting gray, with a wife, a good home and three kids — but no memorial of words to leave to posterity. But every young man should have the chance he wants. Now you'll have yours."

It was not a murder; it was a drowning. A little black boy waded too far into the warm, lazy waters of the Concho River that same spring afternoon while a bluebird sang in a tree overhead.

The alarm reached the newsroom of the "Angelus Graphic" when the ambulance and police squad cars sped through the locked red lights with sirens wailing.

Ward Dekkar, who covered the police beat, picked up a phone and a desk sergeant told him what had happened. Dekkar started fo rthe stairs and Gregg Hill remembered his promise and sent Sam along.

Sam sat in the front seat of the press car with his camera on his knee, an dhis mind was blank. Later, though, he had a vague memory of thinking: Great reporters would take this in their stride. Relax, guy! This ought to be a swell human interest yarn.

Dekker skillfully wheeled the car down a steep incline near a main street river crossing and Sam saw the curious crowd knotted near a willow tree. They climbed out, and Dekker pushed a path through the reluctant bodies, and then they looked down on the scene.

The little boy's face was blue-white-black. He looked very peaceful in his mother's arms, but there was no smile on his face like Sam had read about in stories. Instead it was drawn and passionless. Curiously, it was a strange face without its touch of living passion, for Sam could not remember ever having seen one but what betrayed, one way or another, a passion. Maybe it was a passion fo rhot dogs, like Sue Morris, or a passion for sex, like Walt Foreman. Whatever it was, Sam knew then it always showed on a face. You wouldn't know, of course, which set the expression. But he knew that was it.

The mother was young and ugly. She was filthy an drepulsive, out of the shanty near the river banks. The shanty was empty now, and from it a lazy spiral of

white smoke whiffed upward toward a calm, aloof sky.

"My God! My God!" the black woman moaned. Her hair was stringy down the sides of her face, wet from holding the drowned son against her cheeks. A corner of her red polka dot dress hung over the side of the river bank, and a slow eddy pushed it here and there. She rocked to and fro in her illimitable misery, and the silent, curious crowd lookd on with a thousand stories on their faces.

Sam felt revolt in his stomach. He looked at the vapid expressions around him in the bright, warm sun, and wanted to scream at them to get out. But the whole earth was still and companionless, while in that little spot on the river bank was the world's sorrow in a deathless grip.

Sam thought of his mother if thta were him, and he hated the people about him, he hated their presence, their stupid, curious stares. He thought it might be him someday, for all he had to die, and self-pity whipped a whirlpool of sickness inside him.

Someone knocked against him and he heard the ring of the jarred reflector and remembered his camera. His mind forsook the abstract and thought what a great human picture the tragic scene would make. He lifted his camera, but something of shame inside him let it drop again.

I can't parade the picture of this forsaken woman's pain for the world to see, he thought. Grief should be private. It's a very personal thing.

Sam looked around, a little guiltily, and saw Dekker's eyes on him, curiously. They were dull and a little sad. Ward had seen the half gesture of Sam's arm as he moved the camera up, and he shook his head. He leaned closer to Sam and said quietly, "Not worth it, kid."

Dekker talked with the policeman in charge, jotted down a few notes. Then they returned to the press car and drove back up the river bank incline.



"Had slight difference of opinion with 'Merican as to who will win war!"

• •

They drove silently down the shady streets, an dth sun was getting low. Through the open window, Sam felt a fresh, cool wind come in from off the river. At the Santa Fe park two men with big bellies and wearing white shirts and truosers were playing golf. A dog ran out and barked shrilly, the sound dying behind the speeding car.

Ward pulled up abruptly at a stop light on Irving Street. Two high school girls — one was Gracie Hill, Sam noticed — and a towheaded youth passed in front of the silver radiator grill, and their laugther sang on the evning air.

Sam got out of th car, because it was quitting time and he was nearer home from Irving Street.

"You'll write the story, Ward?" he asked, hesitantly.

Ward lit a cigarette. "Yeah. I'll give it an inch or two."

Sam closed the door and Ward Dekker sped under the green light toward the newsroom with the teletypes, the scattered desks, and studious faces worrying over a lead.

Sam started toward home down the evening streets. He knew Ward had wanted to write the story for him. But he knew, too, he would be on his own now.

"Mother," he said, when he went into her romo, half lighted in the dusk. "Mother, I'm tired. I just wanted to come home."

Mrs. Grayson, small and gray, with a faint aura of charm, looked at her son, but did not kiss his tears away. She knew she would never kiss them away again. For Sam Grayson was grown now, and in love with a girl named Mary, the name of the mother of Christ.

—Clyde B. Ragsdale

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. . . After hiding away in the dark Warner Bros. files for more than two years, *Arsenic and Old Lace* has finally found its way out into the light and is currently blinking its eyes in Boston. Under Frank Capra's facile direction, Joseph Kesselring's amiable tale of multiple murder and madness retains its original Broadway freshness, and seems, if anything, even funnier than it was four years ago. Of course, since the Brothers Warner managed to lure Cary Grant away from Columbia, the role of the sophisticated and drama critic has been both enlarged and toned down, by script writers and censors, respectively. And several scenes outside the Brewster household have been added. But, for the most part, the present version pretty well follows the gospel according to Kesselring.

The two delightfully insane sisters, who think nothing of having twelve or thirteen bodies in the cellar, are played to perfection by Josephene Hull and Jean Adair of the original New York cast. Also on hand are John Alexander, re-enacting his Teddy "Roosevelt" with vigor; Raymond Massey as Boris Karloff; and Peter Lorre playing Peter Lorre. The only indication of the picture's age, for the story will never date, is the presence, in the feminine lead, of Priscilla Lane, who has been inactive in films for two years.

. . . Natalie Kalmus, the Paramount Technicolor chief, has seen fit to trot out her pinks and pastels again, this time for *Rainbow Island*, a film which is as technicolorish as its title implies. Outlined against the coconut trees and totem poles is Dorothy Lamour, back in harness, or sarong, if you will. As three merchant mariners supposedly shipwrecked upon the island, Gil Lamb, Barry Sullavan and a very funny comedian named Eddie Bracken wrestle, in turn, with the natives and Miss Lamour. Things eventually work out for the best, but not before five reels of Technicolor film are shot.

Atlantic City traces a brief span of the famous entertainment center's history—from 1916 to 1920, to be exact. The very familiar plot involves the rise, fall and rebirth of a conceited self-made enterpreneur, but against this background appear many nostalgic songs, acts and personalities. The work of Belle Baker, Van and Schenck, Joe Frisco, Gallagher and Shean and the barbershop quartet may seem a little dated now, even with the 1944 orchestral accompaniments the studio persists in supplying, but the entertainment value is still high. The film's best moments, come, however, when Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong are before the camera. The "childhood" scenes in which Whiteman appears in short velvet pants and golded curls, alone is worth sitting through the picture.

Wing and A Prayer is a straightforward, unHollywoodized story of an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. The absence of unnecessary flag waving and sentimentality characterize the story substance and acting. Particularly noteworthy is the fact that Don Ameche does not smile for 115 minutes and, as you might imagine, turns in his best performance since *Alexander Graham Bell,* William Eythe, Dana Andrews, Charles Bickford and Sir Cedric Hardwicke lend fine support, while Henry Hathaway's direction is first rate.

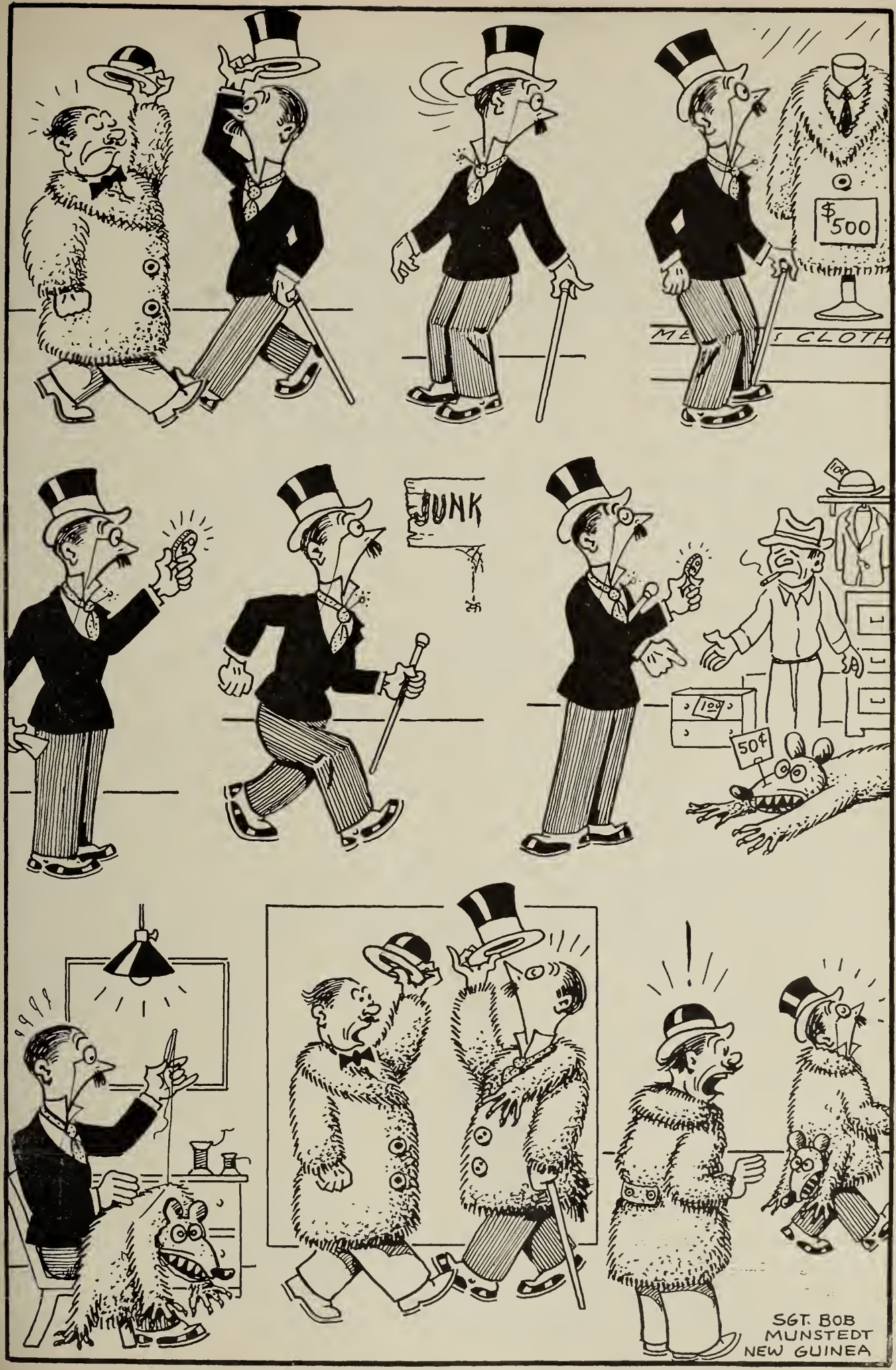
The Climax is a pleasant mixture of music and the macabre. This latest Universal fantasy is perhaps not as sensational as its forerunner, *Phantom of the Opera,* but there is Boris Karloff as a kindly physician whose main passion in life is preventing a young singer from continuing her operatic career. The good doctor, it seems, once liquidated a similar prima donna when she refused to see his etchings, and he is rather afraid that the situation is about to reoccur. Susanna Foster, as the comely heroine, has no inkling of the good doctor's designs, nor, of course, has dashing Turhan Bey, who has momentarily left Maria Montez to the Forty Thieves. The starring performers acquit themselves creditably, looking properly menacing or frightened, as the case may be, and the operatic costumes are grand in Technicolor.

—Ronald B. Rogers

. .



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DUNKING IN RETROSPECT

. . . Recently I read a little item in the newspaper which seemed to give promise of a better post-war world. Tucked in between obituaries and lost poodles, it said:

"Mr. Filbert Phiddlestuffer, president of Phiddlestuffer's Fine Foods, announces plans for post-war expansion in the Doughnut, Cruller, and Pretzel Division of his company. He states that the holes in his company's doughnuts will be expanded to allow people addicted to dunking to get a firmer grip."

That's all there was to it, but it was encouraging, because it showed that at last people are coming out into the open and admitting that there is such a custom as dunking. For too long there has been a policy of hush-hush about the whole thing, as though it were something not quite nice, like halitosis, or that weekend which Cousin Emma spent at Atlantic City without a chaperone.

This attitude is entirely uncalled for, since dunking is no newfangled fad like juke boxes or pin ball machines. Instead, research will reveal that it boasts a long and honorable history dating back to the Middle Ages, and an origin springing from grim necessity.

Legend has it that during the Middle Ages there lived in Europe a certain Count Dunkenhoffer, who was famous for his hospitality. This was back in the days when there was such a thing as hospitality in Europe, and when it was possible to meet human beings without going to a concentration camp. At any rate, Count Dunkenhoffer had friends all over the continent who were continually dropping in at his castle for a visit, whenever they happened to be passing through the neighborhood on their way to a joust or a crusade, or something.

The fame of Count Dunkenhoffer's hospitality spread faster and farther than a confidence told at the Ladies' Friday Afternoon Sewing Circle. As the boys hung around the corner armorer's shop having the squeaks taken out of their armor and their oil changed, some one would be sure to say, "Boy! Old Dunk sure sets a mean table."

However, there came a fly in the ointment of the good Count's hospitality. History tells us that at about this time there was a shortage of bakers, perhaps because of some sort of plague, or maybe it was due to a medieval Selective Service Act. Anyway, bakers were at such a premium, that those few who remained found it more profitable to practice their trade somewhat in the manner of strolling players. They found that they could make more money going from castle to castle, baking one night stands, as it were, staying long enough to bake a good batch of buns, etc., getting their pay, and moving on to the next castle. Frequently a long time elapsed between the visits of successive bakers.

A lesser man than Count Dunkenhoffer might have been stymied by such a blight upon his cuisine. But, being a resourceful man, and justly proud of his reputation as a host, he realized that drastic action must be taken to insure having adequate cakes and pastries on hand. Therefore, whenever a baker put in an appearance at the castle, the Count made the most of the opportunity by having him prepare enough cakes, bread, and pastry to last for months to come.

He used to take these items, put them in barrels, and store them away for the future delectation of visiting appetites. The cakes were specially made so that they didn't mold or decay. They could be kept indefinitely. In fact, the only storage problem which the Count faced was that of keeping the family cat from taking an occasional nap in the cookie barrel.



However, time does strange things: It mellows cheese and wines, but it hardens cookies and cakes, so that what at the beginning may have been a soft-textured piece of cake, after a few months of storage changed to an ossified substance rivaling the hardness of a rationing official's heart.

As if to complicate matters, whenever the bakers failed to appear, Frau Dunkenhoffer used to pinch-hit for them. This was a great hardship to everybody. For, while the good Frau was an excellent wife and mother, baking wasn't one of her accomplishments. The heaviness of her pastry became a byword throughout the land. In fact, there is a legend that one day she dropped a newly baked sponge cake from the table, and plaster was said to have fallen off the walls of a monastery three miles away. However, one cannot vouch for this story. It may have been sheer exaggeration.

At any rate, the guests at the castle found the cakes rather hard on their bridgework. Finally, some inventive soul discovered that it was practical, while talking over the political situation, to let the cake sort of dangle in his beverage for a time. This softening process reduced wear and tear on the molars and also prevented the constant fall of crumbs down the front of one's doublet. The practice was copied by others and became a habit. Travellers carried it with them to their homes all over Europe and referred to it as Dunking, in honor of the Count at whose castle they learned to practice it.

The Count, being a solicitous host, soon had a cake specially designed to facilitate the process. From the drawbridge outside his castle he took a large iron nut, using it to shape the mold from which his new cakes were to be made. With a hole in the middle for grasping, they became a great success and were called, logically, Dough Nuts.

Thus we see that doughnuts and dunking have a special affinity for each other, and that both of them have an honorable heritage.

—Edward T. Hering



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Paradise Pink

. . . Elizabeth Arden makes beauty news with a beautiful new color harmony called *Paradise Pink*, so natural that it is completely disarming. It is a pink both elegant and exciting —a color to give new interest to your clothes. With its blue undertone, it lends a young, vital look in a most natural way. The new shade in lipstick rouge and nail polish was designed to complement Elizabeth Arden's pink powder series, *Renoir Pink, Paradise Pink* and *Lysetta*. Miss Arden, in creating her *Paradise Pink* make-up sequence, seems to have anticipated the fashion news from liberated Paris—a daytime make-up that uses a darker, rosier powder with a lighter lipstick.



Elizabeth Arden's new color harmony Paradise Pink

You will like the color harmony of *Paradise Pink*, which is especially adapted to this new idea in make-up.

I Love You

. . . There is a new perfume in town. Introduced by Jean Naté, it is known as *"1-4-3"*, the numerals signifying "I Love you." A combination of several fine oils have been blended together to produce this strange and lovely fragrance. *"1-4-3"* has been named for the old lighthouse in Boston Harbor, Minot's Light, which is known up and down the coast as Lovers' Light. There is a charming story told about young couples strolling arm in arm along the shore, watching the flashes of Lovers' Light, and whispering, "I love you." You will want to own a bottle of this delightful perfume which is packaged in an aqua blue box. The hexagonal bottle is topped with a large gold cap. It is made in one size only, 4/5 of an ounce.

Casanova Brown

. . . The sparkling new La Cross *Casanova Brown* nail polish shade was inspired by the title of the moving picture, *Casanova Brown*, starring Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright and produced by International Pictures. The color selected by La Cross is designed to complement the lovely *Casanova Brown* fabric shade styled by A. D. Juilliard & Co. The soft deep rose has a warm brown cast that is definitely new, and *Casanova Brown* promises to be a favorite not only for wear with brown, but with black and the high shades of the coming season.

Camellia-Like Skin

. . . Does your skin feel taut, dry and flaky this time of the year? Very likely. Much of the natural lubrication



The sparklin new nail polish shade, Casanova Brown

it needs is gone with the summer sun and salt water, and the sharp breezes whipping around these late Fall days aren't doing it any good either. You have heard a lot, and will hear more, about that "new look" in fashions, and the smooth, camellia-like skin that is a necessary part of the effect. That is why a good conditioning cream is an autumn and winter essential, to persuade your skin back to loveliness and protect it from further harm. *Coty's Conditioning Cream* works while you dream about the beauty that is really skin-deep. For the woman whose skin is extra sensitive, Coty suggests its *Dry Skin Cream* for cleansing. If your skin is not unusually dry, use Coty's normal cream for cleansing purposes. The serious, habitual use of a very

Filene's

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BY *doraldina*



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Gift for Him



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. . . THERE is something you can give that man of yours that he will enjoy using, and will, what's more, go out and buy for himself when it's all gone! Isn't it logical that men should enjoy good fragrances? Women have admitted as much by choosing their scents to please men. Well, the men these days like a scent for their own use. For that special purpose, the House of Imperiale Russe, known for its Essence Imperiale Russe, offers a counterpart of that fragrance for men, in a pair of products, *Ivar Cologne* and *Ivar After-Shave Lotion*. The cologne may be used regularly as a rub-down after the bath, for the pick-up and extra clean feeling it gives. The after-shave lotion—not just for dress up occasions—but as a daily top-off to a daily routine.

Pink Lightning

. . . IN creating *Pink Lightning*, Revlon brings you the pick of the "pinks"—daring fuchsia undertones, lavish pink overtones. *Pink Lightning* comes in two depths of intensity, *Pink Lightning* for lipstick and more intense *Pink Lightning* for nail enamel, giving the effect of a two-tone make-up so chic with this fall's two-toned clothes. Besides these lip and fingertip accents, your make-up picture is completed with the new "Pink Lightning" face powder——not pink, not beige, but a really glowing blend that has the delicacy demanded by fashion trends. All


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three creations are available in packages with the fabric colors they are best worn with printed right on the cartons. An excellent idea!

Devastating

. . . A NEW and exciting perfume called *Devastating* has been launched by Parfum Anjou. The packaging is a vivid, electric green satin, called Devastating Green, and the prism bottle is hand blown with a polished crystal stopper and top. The base of the box



Fashions and accessories inspired by the new Devastating perfume

is deep violet. A group of clothes and accessories have been inspired by this new scent and the color of the packaging. The perfume has charm, being elusive yet pungent, with an undertone of true jasmine. *Devastating* perfume and fashions are being featured by Jordan Marsh.

Frenchman's Red

. . . DOROTHY GRAY'S sparkling make-up, *Frenchman's Red,* was inspired by the Paramount film, "Frenchman's Creek." *Frenchman's Red* make-up is a blue-red, vivid, deep, wonderfully wearable and becoming shade. It is appropriately packaged in a wine and gold reproduction of an antique trunk containing rouge, lipstick, powder and Elation perfume. A double portrait of the stars, Joan Fontaine and Aturo de Cordova, is also included in the sturdy little trunk which can serve later as a cigarette or jewel box. The lipstick, rouge and face powder are also sold separately.

—CAROL THOMAS



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CLEAN UP JOB

Seven o'clock.

Ted Farrelly slipped his watch back into his pocket and gazed down the fog-blurred emptiness of the shore road. Time to close up. The old gas pumps wouldn't tick off any more gallons now till morning. He locked them methodically and started back toward his little gas station.

Another day—another stamp. And the whole world still out of joint. Ted rubbed his grey bristled chin thoughtfully, then stripped off his grease-smeared overalls. He started to fold them up carefully, then paused, looking at them. Here was one more job he could do before going home. "Keep busy" was the watchword — and, besides, it would be a good morale booster to start off tomorrow with fresh, clean overalls.

He eased himself down stiffly onto the bench beside the station door. Drawing a big pail of waste gasoline from under the bench, he smoothed out the wrinkled overalls and leaned forward to dip them into it. Then he hesitated, listening.

There was a car coming down the road — coming fast too. He could hear its vibrant roar, re-echoing from the dunes, welling increasingly louder.

Ted laid his overalls on the bench and got to his feet. He could see it now — a grey misty shape rocketing down the hill.

With startling suddenness, it charged out of the fog, swerved onto the gravel alongside the gas pumps, and with a screech of brakes shuddered to a stop.

"Good evening!"

Ted laid his overalls on the bench, noting the sleek length of the custom-built roadster — and at the geyser of steam hissing from its radiator cap.

"Fill her up! And quick!"

The car door burst open and a man in a black topcoat and dark slouch hat stepped out — a tall,

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hard-faced man, who glanced about him with quick, nervous gestures.

"Hurry up!" he snapped, striding forward and staring hard at the boiling radiator. "Give me a tank of gas—and some water!"

Ted turned toward the water tap.

"Sorry sir," he said sympathetically, "can't let you have any gas after 7. But I'll be glad to fill your radiator, and check your tires."

The stranger wheeled about.

"Never mind the tires," he snarled coming forward threateningly. "I said fill her up!"

Ted drew back, staring at him.

The man's hand darted into his right hand coat pocket — came out with something that gleamed ominously.

"I said fill her up," he repeated in icy tones. "Fast!"

Ted came forward slowly. He unlocked a pump and unslung the hose.

"All right," he said quietly as he stretched it to the car's tank. "If that's the way you want it."

"That's the way it is," sneered the tall stranger as he followed Ted closely. "I get gas when I want it —and all I want. Don't pull that 7 o'clock gag on me."

He watched as Ted slipped off the cap of the gas tank, grinned as the clear heady gasoline swirled hollowly down the spout.

"How far's the next burg?" he demanded in tight clipped syllables.

"Beachville — twelve miles," replied Ted glancing down the grey-shrouded road. "And curves all the way. Better take it slow."

"I'll take it, all right," came the sneering retort through tight lips. "And make it in ten minutes — flat."

The tank gushed full. Ted screwed on the cap and hung up th hose.

The man stepped forward menacingly.

"O.K! Now you can pay off for slow footwork," he said in a flat voice, emphasizing his words



with the dark gleaming thing in his right hand.

Ted gazed at the unmoving. waiting figure for a moment, then fumbled in his hip pocket for his bill fold. He had been expecting this.

"Come on!"

The thug reached out and snatched the wallet from Ted's hand. He flipped it open — cascading a torrent of change into his cupped hand.

"Not doing so good?" he smiled coldly as he pocketed the coins and flicked out the few worn bills. "And what's this?"

He held up Ted's treasured booklet of Defense Stamps, studied it for a moment, then tossed it contemptuously onto the oily gravel.

"All right," he snapped as he tossed the empty wallet after it. "Now fill up the radiator — and fast!"

Ted started forward, his jaw muscles working tightly.

"I said fill the radiator."

The thug spoke slowly, evenly, the thing in his hand unwavering.

Ted stopped, hesitated, then walked deliberately to the front of the roadster. He unscrewed the radiator cap with a rag. waited for the rush of steam to thin.

As the dark figure watched him catlike, he went up to the bench beside the station door, pushed aside his soiled overalls, and returned with a brimming pail.

With careful, calculating movements he lifted it up — poured the cool liquid slowly, very slowly, into the hot steaming throat of the car radiator. Then he re-

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placed the cap —screwed it on tightly with hard, powerful twists.

"O.K! That does it," laughed his sinister patron as he slid into the driver's seat and slammed the car door shut. "Thanks for everything — and maybe I'll be seeing you again."

He roared the engine into stentorian life. The heavy roadster shot forward with an explosive snarl, lurched out onto the highway, headed toward Beachville — and disappeared into the swirling mists.

Ted gazed after it, silent and motionless. Then he turned and started toward the station.

"Maybe you will be seeing me again," he murmured tightly glancing at the grease-smeared overalls on the bench. "Maybe you will — soon."

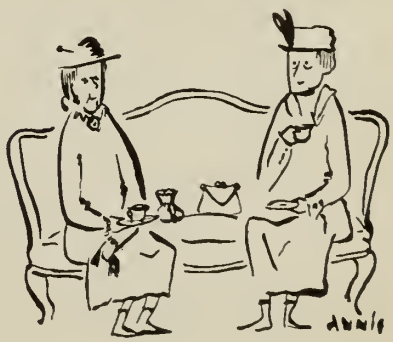
He stooped and picked up his precious booklet of Defense Stamps, brushed them off carefull and, tucking them back into his wallet, replaced them in his hip pocket.

Inside the station, he went to the telephone, dialed repeatedly— then waited with the receiver to his ear.

"Hello!" he said abruptly. "State Police? This is Ted Farrelly speaking — down at the gas station. I've just been held up. Yes. He's headed your way," he continued, glancing out onto the foggy highway. "But I don't think you'll need his description. You should hear from him any mniute now," he concluded with a slow grim smile. "You see — I just filled up his car radiator with gasoline."

—James H. Boston

•



. . . Most women (oh, let's say all women) take one look at the glamorous feminine star who is singing or dancing or emoting under the spotlight and say:

"Fine. Wonderful gown. That's a color that would look good on me. It must be nice to have a designer whip up a costume especially for one's personal use."

Well, it *is* nice to have a designer whip up a beautiful gown. But there are plenty of headaches and heartaches behind the glamour of the spotlighted star. Plenty of strictly feminine headaches which all of us suffer these days.

Take the case of Sara Ann McCabe who starred in the recent Ziegfeld Follies in New York, and more recently did a superlative job of winning fans and friends with her singing at the Hotel Statler's swank Terrace Room. Without any doubt, Sara Ann McCabe hit a new high on the local scene with the simplicity and beauty of her gowns. The how-come and the helpful hints she passes along should interest you and you and you. And us.

Did you ever stop to think that a star can't go into a shop, put her finger on a gown and tell the salesgirl that she will have one of those, please? She can't, Sara Ann McCabe points out, because what she wears before the public must be something that won't be found on anyone else in the room. Not, she points out, because of the snobbishness of the star or guest in the hotel, but because the public expects to see something different. That means, of course, that gowns must be chosen with great care. Sara Ann McCabe's gowns have been designed for her by Lange Inc. of New York. And they have been designed with the singing star's appearance, her type of work, and the places she works in mind. This means, of course, a terrific outlay of money for a wardrobe. It means tedious hours of fittings, okaying swatches of material, waiting to hear whether the dress accessories can be matched by special dyeing processes or by a lucky chance of finding the identical color in some small shop.

Getting back, however, to the little matter of not appearing on the floor in the same gown which a guest is wearing, Sara Ann McCabe told of an incident which was much harder on the guest than on the entertainers. And it taught her a very good lesson.

Not long ago, a well-known all girl orchestra was appearing at a New York hotel. In the course of the evening, a young friend of Miss McCabe's walked in with her escort, wearing a chic new gown which she had purchased that day. It was a very smart gown, and Miss McCabe's friend drew oh-ohs and ah-ahs from the other women present. The all-girl band, in the meantime, had left the stand for intermission and a costume change. When they returned a half hour later, all fifteen girls filed onto the bandstand wearing the exact duplicate of the chic new gown worn by Miss McCabe's friend. It was a very tense occasion, as you can well imagine. And the next day, the exclusive shop had blistered ears for permitting such a thing to happen. The next day, the Harlem scene was brightened by one more very chic gown on the friend's maid.

"You see why it is important to be gowned differently?" Miss McCabe asks, then continues with a little helpful advice. "It isn't necessary for most women to have specially designed gowns. They don't want to spend the money when it really isn't necessary. I feel the same way about my street clothes. I plan to spend more money on accessories and more attention on basic costume colors which are flattering for me.



Sara Ann McCabe, loovely young singing star of the "Ziegfield Follies" and recent star oof the Statler Hotel's Terrace Room.

"You know, and so do all women, what colors look well on you. And knowing that, why not limit your wardrobe to those colors? Of course I realize that I'm not telling women anything new. But I am reminding



"Thompson used to be a blacksmith!"

them that a flattering color, a simple line, and smart accessories spell the difference between a smart wardrobe and a haphazard collection of costumes."

Another little matter about which we haven't thought for a while was our home. Your home, too. Very few people can afford to have an interior decorator come and "do over" the house or apartment or one-room walk-up which is called home. And many people in these disjointed times are living in grim, cheerless places which are enough to depress an Orphan Annie's cheerful nature. No one wants to spend a lot of money painting the dungeon for the landlord's next tenant. At least, no one wants to invest in such a short-term decorating spree these days.

Any of the spotlight stars whom you see brightening the Boston entertainment scene have the problem of traveling from place to place. Few of them feel free to invest a lot of money in keeping a permanent address in New York City. But, like Sara Ann McCabe, they maintain small apartments in New York. And Miss McCabe has carried her color theme further to include her home.

"I didn't expect the landlord to turn a crew of painters loose on my apartment just because I felt like a variation of a witch when I saw the grey walls in the living room and the ugly pink walls in the bedroom. Every time I looked in the mirror, I frightened myself. The gray walls made me look washed-out. The pink walls . . . well, they gave me a permanent flush indoors and a horrible pallor when I got outside in the sunshine.

"You see, I never managed to get my make-up on right. The pink flush kept me toning down my lipstick and basic make-up, and when I went into the daylight, people would tell me how pale and puny I was looking."

The way Sara Ann got around this problem is a simple one. She trotted down to a paint store, picked out a water color paint that suited her taste, bought a couple of brushes, and bribed the janitor to give the walls a new face. Oh, yes, she asked the landlord's permission, but what landlord would refuse the chance of a free redecoration?

"A woman's home," Miss McCabe continues, "is her spotlight place. It's her life. I wonder if she wouldn't feel happier if she had a color she liked and which likes her on the walls? My repainting expedition cost me five dollars for labor and the same amount for the water-color paint.

"Seriously, though, I've had to learn to concentrate on color, both in my career and in my home. By doing that, I know that I have saved money, time, and my disposition."

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THE RODEO

With the opening of the Rodeo at the Boston Garden, on Wednesday, November 1st, Boston and New England witnesses the thirteenth annual production of this great show. When the original Rodeo came to Boston in 1931, this city got its first look at a production that had captured the hearts of Westerners for the last thirty years. Originally a rodeo was something we here in this part of the country read about. Now it has become a must with thousands of New Englanders.

This year's Rodeo brings to Boston the greatest array of stars to have appeared in this thrilling spectacl.e The cow country has been scoured by the scouts of Everett Colborn, seeking only the top performers for each event on the program. And speaking of Everett Colborn, his name means the best in Rodeo entertainment. He is the director of this year's western thriller, just as he has been for the past number of years.

The tremendous success enjoyed by the annual rodeo, is the caliber of stock which travels with the show. To insure only the best, the southwestern and western plains were combed to herd together the toughest animals obtainable. This 1944 edition of the Rodeo boasts of the finest galaxy of mean critters the East has ever seen.

Returning to Boston this year are such thrilling events as the Bronk Riding, Bareback Riding, Calf Roping, Steer Wrestling and Steer Riding. In the past, each of these events has been a thrilling spectacle in itself. With practically all of last year's champions returning for another whirl at fame, spectators of the Rodeo are set to see only the best action.

Colonel W. T. Johnson was the originator of these annual Rodeos, and from 1931 through 1937 he appeared in Boston annually, but ill-health and the pressure of business at his three huge ranches made it necessary for him to sell his entire holdings, both cattle and equipment to the present conductors of the Rodeo, Everett Colborn and Bill Clemans.

These enterprising gentlemen continued to add new thrills and new features to the show and back in 1940, they induced Gene Autry to desert the films for a whirlwind tour of the East as the star of the show. Not only did cowboy star Autry make the trip, but a few years ago, he bought the controlling interest, so that now the show is known as Gene Autry's World Championship Rodeo. And if you remember back to last year, Sgt. Autry received a furlough during the time the production was appearing in Boston and was in attendance at every performance, singing the songs that had made him famous in every part of the civilized world.

This year's lavish Rodeo opens at the Boston Garden on the night of November 1st and it will continue through Sunday night, November 12th, with matinees on Saturday and Sunday, November 4th and 5th and also on Saturday and Sunday, November 11th and 12th.

To give you some idea of how important the Rodeo Association of America regards this Boston Rodeo, it is usually the champions who are crowned here who receive the greatest consideration when the All-American cowboy champion of the year is selected. And there is good reason for such consideration, for starting with the various Rodeos when they open in January in Denver, and continuing through to the final Rodeo here in Boston, the cow-punchers are striving for top honors and it usually happens that they are so closely bunched when they reach the Hub, that what happens



Roy Rogers, popular cowboy movie star and his horse Trigger star in the Rodeo

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here decides the nation's champions.

Just as though the various events listed for contention weren't enough to bring out huge audiences, the Rodeo Director is bringing back to Boston that star of dozens of thrilling Western films, Roy Rogers and his equally famous horse, "Trigger." Roy Rogers was here with the Rodeo in 1942 and thousands are still talking about his appearance at that time. He literally stole the show, as the saying goes. Since he was here two years ago, Roy Rogers has risen tremendously in popularity throughout the country, to the point where he is now recognized as the outstanding cowboy star of the film colony.

We have been told on good authority that the 1944 edition of the World Championship Rodeo is the finest that this part of the country has ever seen, what with the addition of the fine string of bucking horses and other stock from the Flying "A" ranch of Sgt. Gene Autry, located in the town of Gene Autry, Oklahoma.

And so with the toughest stock obtainable and the toughest competition nywhere, who can deny that the Boston Garden Rodeo is the World's Championship Rodeo.

Two hundred of the country's top ranking cowboys and cowgirls will be in Boston to compete in the many events, bronc riding, calf roping, steer riding and many others, along with the personal appearance of Cowboy Star Roy Rogers and his horse Trigger, all of which should add up to the finest in the way of Western entertainment.

And here is a reminder for the youngsters. Children twelve years of age and under, are admitted at half price for all performances of the Boston Garden World Championship Rodeo.

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. . . Once again, the Copley Theatre on Stuart street relights, this time on October 17, with the world premiere of *The Pooka*. Frank Fay is the star in this Brock Pemberton production, and the play is due to stay for two weeks prior to its New York appearance. Besides being of definite theatrical interest, the local angle of relighting the Copley with a world premiere of Mary Chase's new comedy has an interest beyond that of a single theatre event. For too many seasons now, the Copley, glittering with a bright new coat of paint and new fittings has been a "white elephant."

Exactly why the Copley has not been a success, either as a resident stock spot or an occasional touring company is easy to see. Its location, for one thing, way uptown is a detriment. If it were near Symphony Hall and the Opera House, it would be another matter. But it isn't. It is midway between the busy, brightly lighted downtown theatrical section and the musical artery near Massachusetts Avenue. It remains to be seen whether an attraction, a world premiere even, can drag the cash customers that way. Certainly there is no reason why the Copley should wither on the vine as a theatre. You and you and you are perfectly willing to struggle to all sorts of out-of-the-way places for an unusual entertainment event. Maybe, with popular Frank Fay as star of *The Pooka*, and with the play itself a premiere the Copley will come into its own again. It is much to be hoped for.

. . . On October 23, at the Wilbur, *Sleep, My Pretty One* bows for one week. Pauline Lord in the stellar spot makes this production of Richard Krakeur a notable event. The drama is a new one by Charlcie and Oliver H. P. Garrett, and although very little is revealed in advance of the presentation, the likelihood of the play being excellent is more than probable.

. . . Another theatrical event which is sure to attract much attention, both from the literati and the drama lovers is the dramatization of Ilka Chase's popular book *In Bed We Cry*, with Miss Chase in the starring role. The many people who have read the book and enjoyed it will want to see both the author and the dramatization. For our part, we will be more interested in seeing the suave Ilka Chase than the play. The book did nothing to us, nothing that we can remember even by trying very hard. The theatre will probably be the Wilbur although the booking is not set as yet. The date will be October 30.

. . . On the return engagement docket is *Tomorrow the World*, due at the Colonial for two weeks starting October 30. This Theron Bamberger production was exceptionally well received when seen here last.

. . . The Tributary Theatre, having set itself a record for excellence and competence, has announced the presentation of *Julius Caesar* for four performances starting November 1, Wednesday. Incidentally, the Tributary Theatre is the first local group to maintain and even build an excellent following in Boston. This is due, of course, to the competence of the acting, the calibre of the productions, and finally, to the out-of-the-ordinary plays which are put on. To be sure, *Julius Caesar* is a Shakespearean classic and not in the category of out-of-the-ordinary except in the sense that it is not one of the popular revival pieces of the Bard.

. . . Any study of the theatrical season thus far in Boston points up several very interesting facts. The season opened slowly in town, with regular but not crowded first nights and new plays bowing in. Now, as of October 9, the plays have been coming so fast and so furiously that most of the reviewers locally would do well to arrange for sleeping quarters intown. And equally important, the new plays have been of a very high dramatic calibre. Last year, musicals and deliberate "escapist" productions were in the majority. This season, although some might classify the plays as "escapist" because they do not go grimly into current events, the emphasis is on good drama. Thus far, three murder melodramas have pulled big audiences in to enjoy the chiller-diller events. Several plays have dealt with the situations inherent in the war scene, still other plays like *Rebecca* and *In Bed We Cry* are dramatizations of novels. But Boston theatres are bursting with theatrical attractions and audiences. It is good to see.

—Keller



"Look Peter . . . hashmark!"

. . . THIS time, just for instance, let's go a little deeper into the matter of the cost of a good evening's fun. The headliners playing at the clubs and hotels locally are strictly standout. The dance music is excellent, wherever you go. And the food, if you plan to dine as well as dance and see a show is very good at all of the regular places about which we write regularly. So, let's look at the cost per pleasure erg.

If you decide to visit the Statler Hotel's smart *Terrace Room,* you will find two famous name entertainers ready to amuse you. And you will enjoy George Duffy's smooth dance music. The cost? Well, it is pleasantly moderate. If you go for dinner, you will be able to find an excellent dinner for as little as $1.50. And you can see the show, dance, and be merry until 9 p.m. without feeling the bite of the $1 cover charge after that hour. The service is, of course, excellent here and the food ditto. But as one bit of advice, you had better call and make a reservation. The ropes are up at every dinner show. Call HAN. 2000.

. . . AT the Copley Plaza *Oval Room* currently, you will find the mad and wonderful Hartmans dancing and clowning their way into your heart. Paul and Grace Hartman are a very special treat on the local entertainment horizon, so plan to see them while they are at the Oval Room.

Getting down to the cost of an evening at the Copley, once again we're happy to say that it is really moderate. Dinners begin at $1.75, and there is no cover charge until 10 p.m., so you can enjoy your food, dance a lot to Harry Greene's good band, see the show, and get out of the festivities for $5—if you want to. But this, as at all places, is a minimum tab and doesn't include letting yourself go on lobster, liquor, and special desserts, you know.

. . . IN the hotel classification, there's the Essex across from the South Station. This attractive spot has three floor shows nightly, but no dancing or tax or show until 9 p.m. to allow the diners to finish their very excellent food and depart. As a matter of fact, if you do want to dine and not dance, you'll enjoy the very special $1 dinner which they have been featuring for several months now. And you'll enjoy same, without a cover charge or minimum, after 9 p.m., plus the good floor show, without being crippled in the budget department. The Essex is a swell place to drop in for food or entertainment at any time.

. . . THEN there is the Avery Hotel. This is located in downtown



Nan Blakstone, inimitable entertainer, now at the smart Satire Room of The Fensgate

Boston a few steps from Tremont street on Avery, and it is a very popular place with the younger set. There's no cover or minimum at any time, and the food is good, reasonably priced, well served. Tommy Carr's neat band really beats out a fine variety of music for those who like things hot, and there is always something doing, with the customers taking part in musical games and high jinks. It is informal and friendly as a place to go and spend very little loot.

. . . NOW into the night club classification, we'll lead off with the famous *Mayfair* on Broadway. There are always famous name stars here to entertain you, and when this magazine hits the stands, Marion Colby, musical comedy singing star plus Sid Tomac the mad comedian will be there to entertain you.

In the matter of food, the *Mayfair* is topnotch. The dinners start from $1.50, and the steaks here, from $2.50 up, are a real treat for anyone's money. The point is, however, that you can get yourself a nice dinner, see an excellent floor show, and round out the evening with dancing for a surprisingly little expense. There's no cover charge here, but there is a $2 minimum, which





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is very moderate, any way you look at it. Tuesday nights are Guest Star evenings at the Mayfair, and it's a rare thing if you don't see a star-studded session after the last show at night. Yes, you get your money's worth anytime. There is also entertainment in the cocktail lounge, with Herb Lewis of radio fame at the piano and a very excellent boogie-woogie pianist whose name we have forgotten but whose ivory work is socko.

. . . The Latin Quarter, a very famous and popular theatre restaurant, is always a nice place to visit. The shows there are lavish and terrific, with sixteen of the best looking chorus and show girls you've ever seen in Boston, a smart production by Don Arden, and well-known acts to round out the entertainment bill of fare.

There's a $2 minimum charge at the Quarter, but no cover, and you can get very excellent food for $1.75 a dinner and up. Yes, there's plenty of good food and good fun plus good dancing to Tony Bruno's orchestra and the alternating rhumba aggregation. Guest Star night is Sunday here.

. . . This about covers the spots where you dine, dance, and see shows. But there are some of the most charming cocktail lounges that you should know about. Apart from the Mayfair and the Latin Quarter lounges, there are several others which you will also enjoy.

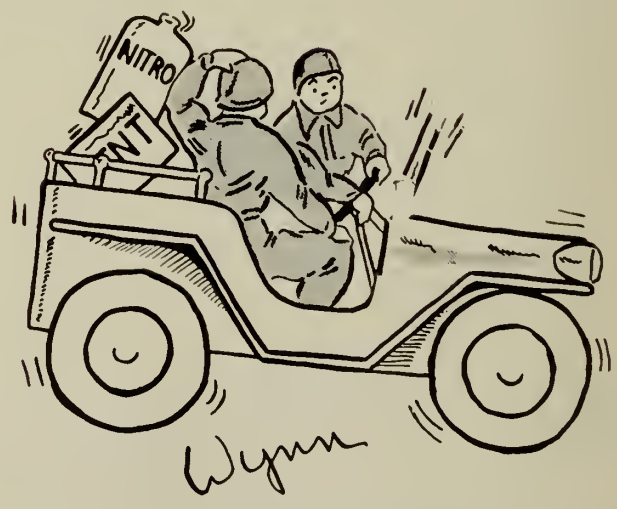
. . . First of all, one of the most attractive places in town is the new *Lincolnshire* at 84 Beacon street. As we have told you before, the famous old Lincolnshire which is now WAVE quarters on Charles street, has been replaced in everyone's affections by the new place on Beacon street. The magnificent old Thayer mansion with fine marble staircases and beautiful chandeliers has been adapted so perfectly to the Lincolnshire needs that you will feel completely at home the moment you enter the door. It is a wonderfully pleasant place to enjoy a quiet cocktail and conversation.

. . . And the new Myles Standish cocktail lounge is another treat to visit. It is a small, intimate room, and the superlative music which Buddy Bonds gets from his Hammond organ is really something to hear. The man is tops in his field. You can't fail to enjoy yourself at the Myles Standish lounge, especially if you like entertainment with your leisurely drink.

. . . The Hotel Puritan's *Old Boston* cocktail lounge is another very nice place to visit. It is so exactly Boston that you wonder why you haven't made it a regular stop on your night out.

Yes, these lounges which we have mentioned are stand-out places to visit. Each has an atmosphere and character of its own. Each serves fine liquors and provides pleasant relaxation.

—B. K. P.



"Be careful, Sarge says if we break any of this we won't get a pass tonight!"

Jazz

. . . CAPITOL RECORDS has recently released the "New American Jazz Album", boasting such stars as Jack Teagarden, Jimmie Noone, Zutty Singleton, Pete Johnson, Peggy Lee, and others. A host of publications such as *Variety*, *Metronome*, *Downbeat*, backed to no small degree by loud cries from *Capitol* itself, have been bellowing that the album is one of the greatest jazz-record contributions ever made for the public. Their arguments are not lost on the listener, for the album is well-worth hearing.

The trombone and the voice of Jack Teagarden are the main attractions of the work. Teagarden is at his best in *Clam-Bake In B Flat*, playing a superb hot trombone to a nice Joe Sullivan piano background. Shorty Cherock is on the other side playing his trumpet in *Someday Sweetheart*. The only unfortunate record in the otherwise excellent album, is something called *Casanova's Lament*, which features Jack Teagarden singing some rather insipid and fantastic lyrics which start, "I was born at midnight and by morning I could talk". The guitar background is rather pleasant, however.

. . . DECCA RECORDS offers Art Tatum doing a superb job of jazzing the classics in his interpretation of Dvorak's *Humoresque* and of Massenet's *Elegie*. There is a certain delicate and artistic manner in Tatum's playing which differs from the rather bitter scrubbings that Hazel Scott and Mary Lou Williams give to the classics. Christine Chatman plays some fancy and pleasant boogie-woogie on a Decca record entitled *Naptown Boogie*. She starts off the record with a blood-curdling shriek which is enough to make you sit up and take notice. We've always had a prejudice against squealing pianists but Chatman's playing is good enough to make us forget. She ends the record with another cry and gets you all keyed up for the other side which is Mabel Smith doing *Hurry, Hurry*. Interest in *Hurry, Hurry* is in the words and a little phrase at the finale which we couldn't catch.

. . . DECCA has produced a fine record by Woody Herman entitled *Who Dat Up There*, which is one of

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the most pleasant things we've heard in a long time. The theme of the record, which starts off with a whole choir of growling trumpets, has to do with a poor man who hears noises above his head, and upon inquiring, "Who dat up there", is answered "Who dat down there". On and on the confusion goes and is thoroughly delightful. The only detriment to the record is the other side which is *Let Me Love You Tonight.*

. . . ANOTHER single record which we became very fond of was the Stan Kenton recording of his theme song *Artistry in Rhythm.* Starting out in an impressive concerto style with the basic five note tune, Kenton empties into boogie which is backed by a strong double-bass and gives a very interesting and novel effect. The plattermate is entitled *Eager Beaver,* which does no more than show that Kenton has the superb gift of combining piano and orchestra.

. . . LIONEL HAMPTON and his band have recorded a whole group of works and most of them are very good. *China Stomp* featuring Hampton at the piano is an almost unbelievable display of speedy barrel-house. Its plattermate is *Rhythm, Rhythm* with Hampton's vibra-harp prevalent. *Hampton Boogie* with a whole series of mysterious incantations and hootings also features Hampton on piano, and has been a popular buy for Hampton-lovers. Versatile Mr. Hampton can be heard on drums in a work entitled *Drum Stomp,* but the virtue of that record is on the other side in a composition called *Confessin',* which somehow arouses through its sleazy sleepiness, thoughts of steins of martinis, etc., which is what we always thought jazz was supposed to do.

Other fine Hampton recordings are *Piano Stomp* and *I Surrender Dear,* the latter featuring a great unknown trumpet, playing to vibra-harp background music. *I'm In The Mood For Swing, Shoe Shiners Drag, I Found A New Baby, Four Or Five Times* are other Victor-sponsored Hampton recordings.

. . . BENNY GOODMAN has recently recorded a sextet album which is fine if you like Goodman sextet music. The clarinet is at its best in *Flying Home* and *Air Mail Special,* but we found the album somewhat insipid. Now that we're in the mood, it might be nice to mention a Colombia recording by Harry James, which features Lynn Richards tooling through an unfortunate *Don't Take Your Love From Me.* On the other side is Frank Sinatra, who has the right idea in a mess called *It's Funny To Everybody But Me.*

. . . MORTON DOWNEY offers a Decca record in which he sings *Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year* from the Universal motion picture *Christmas Holiday.* If you like Morton Downey's soprano singing, the record is a fine one, augmented by the fact that it's great for the kiddies too, with a Morton Downey arrangement of *Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers* on the other side.

—GEORGE PLIMPTON



"Do you hear the faucet dripping?"

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"But I want to pay cash!"

"Hear that, Mr. T? He wants to pay cash!"

"Yes! I want to pay cash!"

"What's that, Mr. Terwilliger? Oh, I get it. All right, mister—get out! Out!"

"Out?"

"OUT!"

"But—"

"OUT!"

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"Close, indeed. And let's hope Terwilliger's Easy Payment Credit Jewelry Festival of Bonanzas has no more customers like that!"

—Rick Boyd



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VIGIL AT THE FOUNTAIN

For a moment the intense stillness, the immensity of flat earth stretching out into fields of yellow wheat stubble under the soft red and purple slants of twilight, brought a feeling of quiet sadness to Ron. Somehow Sunday was too quiet, too filled with the soft music of bells and drowsy organ music. Always the long slow quiet of Sunday twilight made him feel this way.

He crossed the road, being quite careful to lift his feet so that the dust would not spoil the polish on his new Sunday shoes, and walked slowly through the village park. He walked past the flower beds and the iron benches and sat down on the rim of the stone basin where the spray from the fountain fell in a mist of bright colors. The park was like a small green island, and for a moment he was not eleven years old. He was ageless. He was a wise elf who had come out of purple and gold shadows into the tiny clearing circled by walls of towering green. This, he remembered, was The Castle.

Sara had first called this place The Castle. Sara was twelve. She had been Ron's friend for a long time. They had played here and they had sat together in quiet reverence as the sun turned the spray into a thousand tiny jewels. The fountain was the treasure room always.

Ron reached down into the basin and touched the water. It was like taking part in a strange and holy sacrament, and somehow it made him feel closer to Sara, less lonely. It had been almost a month now since Sara had been there with him. His mother had told him that she was very sick. Once he had taken flowers to Sara's home and a nurse in a stiff white uniform told Ron that the flowers would help Sara to get well sooner. But the nurse had not allowed him to see Sara.

Thinking of Sara made Ron remember old Christopher Wellman. Mr. Wellman was little and bent and very old. He sat on one of the iron benches in the park and read. He wore heavy thick glasses and he was very nearsighted so that when he read he held the book close to his face. Most of the villagers didn't like Mr. Wellman. They said that he was a strange man, and Ron's father had cautioned him about being too friendly with the old man. Ron's father said that Christopher Wellman read and studied too much and that he had crazy ideas.

But Mr. Wellman never bothered them when they played in the park. Sometimes he would watch them. He would sit there quietly, his body bent forward in rapt attention, as Sara and Ron played beside the fountain.

Somehow Ron's thoughts kept turning to old Christopher Wellman. He might never have actually spoken to the old fellow if it hadn't been that he went to the fountain after his grandfather's funeral. Ron had never attended a funeral before, and the flowers, the dim church, and the tears in his mother's eyes had made him quietly sad. He had been very fond of his grandfather and as he sat there thinking about the strange finality of death, trying to understand it, Christopher Wellman left his bench and came over to the fountain. Mr. Wellman was carying a book and his old face was gravely kind. He told Ron things about his grandfather that he had never known. Mr. Wellman said that Ron's grandfather had helped to build the village. He told Ron about the early days, about wooden sidewalks and about the Irish who lived across the railroad in Goosetown. The Irish raised geese and drove them to marked with long willow poles.

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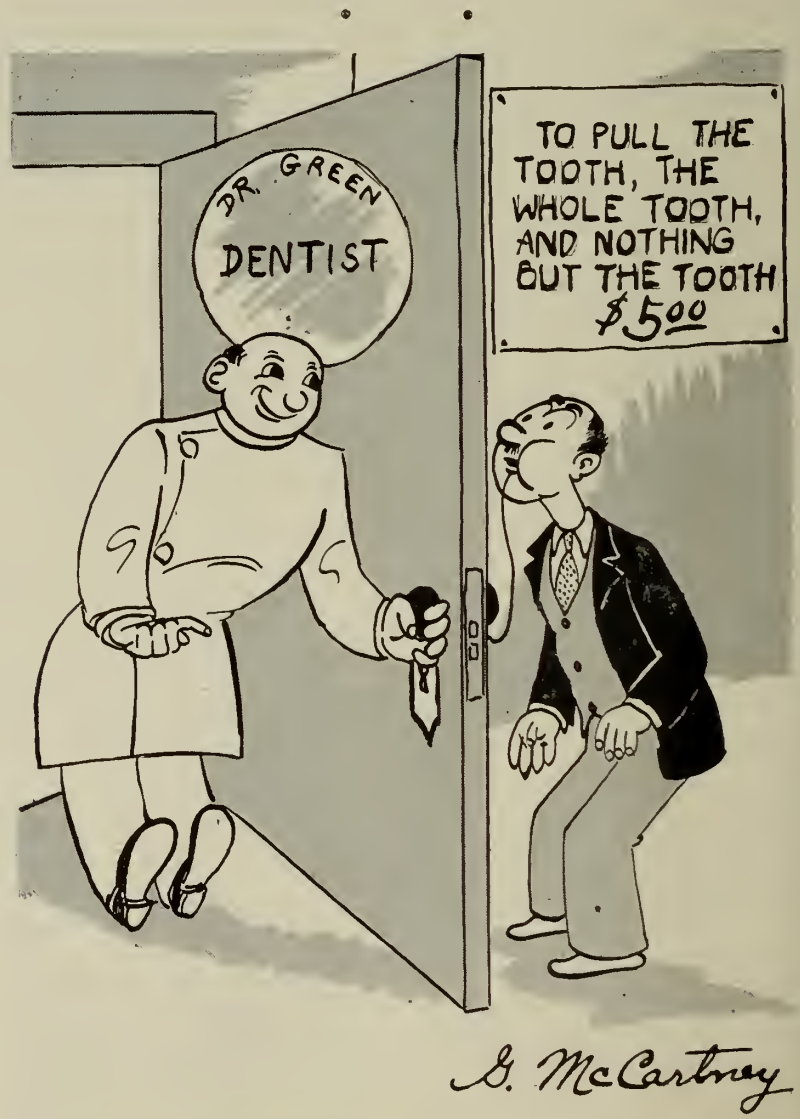
And then they talked about death, about the funeral of Ron's grandfather. Mr. Wellman had taken off his glasses and polished them carefully. He had said, "Death is not so bad, son. It depends on how you think about it. People have different ideas, but I've always believed that people never really stop living. They just get old or have trouble and pain and their bodies get tired. Then they go away. But they come back." He had stopped and stared down into the basin of the fountain. Then he said, "You see they come back as flowers or birds. They come back to this earth and they live all over again. Mostly as birds, I believe, son. Birds are very fine. Yes, I think most people come back as birds . . ."

Ron had not told his mother or father what Mr. Wellman said. He knew that his father would be very angry. His father had said that Mr. Wellman didn't have the proper respect for God nor for the things which were taught in the Bible. But Ron thought a great deal about what the old man had said and somehow he could not feel that it was sinful to think of death that way. Mr. Wellman had made it seem very beautiful.

Ron peered into the twilight toward Sara's house. It was white like his own home and it seemed very clean and lovely with its hedges and green shutters. There were two automobiles in front of the house, and then he saw three men leave the house and drive away. For a moment he sat quite still. There was no movement A leaf floated in the air, hung for a moment suspended in space, and then fell into the fountain basin. When he looked up from the leaf he saw the bird. It came out of the twilight with a soft flutter of wings and perched on the edge of the stone basin. He could not remember having seen a bird quite like it before. It looked very small and very lonely and suddenly Ron felt afraid. His fear was like a sharp, numbing sickness. It made his mouth dry. His throat ached and he began to tremble. There was something so terrible about the silence, the reaching shadows, the quiet sadness, and the haunting feeling of quick terror, which swept over him. Then the bird stretched its wings and rose in the air. It flew above the trees, above green and gold and red leaves, and then it circled the fountain. After that it flew straight into the pale red sun.

Gradually his weakness left him. He felt no terror. He ran through the trees. Once he fell and lay for a long moment against the earth with his face in the grass. He got up and started to walk. There was no need to run now. He was not afraid. He walked slowly, consciously stiffening his body so that he seemed taller. He crossed the road and stood looking over the hedge at the front of Sara's house. He looked at the large white door with the polished brass knocker. He looked for a long moment at the small death wreath fastened to the door and then he turned and walked steadily down the street. The pain was gone. It would come back again. It would return during the long moments when he sat quietly beside the fountain. But there would be something more than this. He would watch for the bird, for that small strange bird. And this time the bird would sing. He was very certain of that.

—Lamoine E. Boyle



"Now, this isn't going to hurt you a bit, Mr. Jarvis!"

WITH THE THOROUGHBREDS

. . . The old saying that a motorman on his day off goes for a ride on a trolley holds true in other cases. Railroad men are very often found visiting terminals in other cities when vacationing. The phrase "visiting firemen" doesn't always indicate that the visitor is "from the sticks." The same goes for turf followers should they happen to be on a vacation and close to a racetrack. In the writer's case, spending a couple of weeks at a beautiful beach in New Jersey, the urge to visit the newest of American tracks near Camden proved to be quite strong. Garden State Park which opened in July 1942 is staging its third successful meeting with an average daily handle of over a million dollars. Located in Merchantville only a short ride from Philadelphia, from whence comes most of the patrons, the spot is a perfect one for a track. One would almost believe that he were at Suffolk Downs, seeing so many familiar faces among the racing officials. Charlie McLennan, racing secretary and handicapper at the East Boston track holds the same position at Garden State. Sidney Brown and Hart Dernham are placing judges. The popular Eb Pons holds the position as Clerk of the Scales and Willie Doyle doubles as Asst. Paddock Judge and Patrol Judge. Jack Price of Winthrop is one of the Patrol Judges. Jack trained Display "the Iron Horse", a great stakes winner and the sire of Discovery. Display passed away at the Mereworth Stud in Kentucky on August 24. He was very high on the list of the world's leading money winners. Besides Discovery, winner of The Bunker Hill Handicap at Suffolk Downs and the Rhode Island Handicap at Narragansett Park, New England racegoers will readily recall two other sons of Display, Winter Sport, winner of the Rockingham Park Juvenile Handicap and Supply House, winner of The Faneuil Hall Stakes at Suffolk Downs.

Interest in breeding Thoroughbreds is at a high point in the State of New Jersey. Pavot, Walter M. Jeffords' sensational two year old colt, winner of The Mayflower Stakes at Suffolk Downs in July, is a son of Case Ace, who stands at Harmony Hollow Stud in Harbourton, New Jersey. F. Wallis Armstrong's Meadowview Farm is but a stone's throw from Garden State Park. Here stands Easton whose yearling filly out of Warrior Lass brought the high dollar at the recent sales in Meadowbrook, Long Island. This one went to Mrs. Elizabeth Graham (Elizabeth Arden) for $19,000. The famous cosmetician spent in the vicinity of a quarter of a million dollars for yearlings to date in 1944. Now that William Helis, the wealthy Greek oilman from Louisiana has acquired the vast Rancocas Farm at Jobstown, New Jersey, where he will commence thoroughbred breeding on a vast scale, the "skeeter state" will be making its products heard from later.

Helis recently paid $100,000 for Valdina Orphan whom racegoers in this sector remember as a participant in one of the greatest races that ever took place at Suffolk Downs. In the Yankee Handicap of '42 it took all of Eddie Arcaro's skill to land Shut Out a nose in front of "the Orphan" both carrying scale weight of 126 pounds. Helis paid $66,000 for a yearling at last year's sale and as yet the colt, called Pericles, has not been able to get to the post. Recently sports writers gathered outside the huge paddock at the Stud barn at Rancocas Farm, while Mr. Helis entered the paddock and called to Pericles.

Over came the colt and nudged Helis' shoulder like a big puppy. Helis pushed Pericles' handsome head around to face the crowd. "See those men out there," he said, "they're the ones that say you're no good; you're broken down; you've got a bowed tendon. Go away I don't want you anymore." He patted the colt affectionately and walked away. Pericles tossed his head, snorted and followed Helis around the paddock. Helis stopped, rubbed the colt's nose and gave him a lump of sugar. He is very fond of the colt even though he may prove to be a lemon. In contrast to this expensive yearling the announcement comes that at last Mrs. Albert Sabath has decided to retire Alsab. When this son of Good Goods was auctioned off at Saratoga in 1940 he brought only $700. He became one of the best juveniles the following year, starting twenty-two times and winning fifteen races and earning $100,000. Bostonians will remember his first start at Suffolk Downs when he was beaten by Eternal Bull in The Myles Standish Stakes. He came back two weeks later to win the Mayflower Stakes with Syl's Jimmy second and Eternal Bull third. As a three year old Alsab won nine races in twenty-three starts including The Preakness, Withers, Lawrence Realization and American Derby. It was on September 19 at Narragansett Park that Alsab beat the mighty Whirlaway in a race the New Englanders who were present will be telling their grandchildren about in years to come and proudly declaring "I was there that day". The mile and three sixteenths Narrangansett Championship went down in turf history as the most thrilling contest ever held in this sector. Alsab won by the scantiest of noses, getting a $25,000 purse.

The son of Good Goods started five times in '43 winning but once and this year finished out of the money in his only start. His record stands 51 starts, 25 wins, 11 seconds and 5 thirds earning $350,015. Some profit on a $700 investment!! Buyers at the yearling sales this year, from Massachusetts, were rather scarce, only one purchaser was listed from the Old Bay State. He was Arthur O. Cotton of Lexington, who got a bay colt by Bel Aethel out of Vixen Lassie by Sir Barton for $3,200. One of the best bargains that ever came out of the Saratoga yearling sales was Little Beans a $550 purchase by Mrs. L. Palladino of Boston. As a two year old this bay son of Mirafel and Florhi won two stakes, The Maplewood and The Eastern Shore and about $15,000 in winning purses in 1940. His stable is attempting to get him back to the races and feel he can gather a few more purses. Charles F. Adams picked up some nice colts and fillies last season at the Lexington Fall Sales for the account of his daughter-in-law Mrs. Weston W. Adams, Son Admiral, Kewee Dee, Flying Bridge and others. If a person thinks that betting the races is gambling, they should try buying untried yearlings. Boy! that's real gambling.

—Ed Cushing

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BOSTON GARDEN

MISS HARRIET A. ROBESON

Once upon an afternoon, a soldier stepped politely up to a lady and asked quietly, "Pardon, Ma'am, are you a sergeant?".

" A sergeant, indeed!" the lady answered, "I'm a general."

The lady was Miss Harriet A. Robeson, Chairman of Volunteer Special Services of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter of Red Cross, a thoroughly delightful person who really knows all the answers. The soldier boy's identity was not given to us, but we can say this for him, he had some basis for his inquiry. On the blue-gray of Miss Robeson's regulation jacket sleeve, are three bright red chevrons and a stripe to indicate her thirteen years of service to Red Cross. Either they confused the lad or encouraged him to be facetious. Whatever the case may be, there's an element of truth in the answer he got. The lady is not a General. Her importance, however, by way of contribution to the war effort, should scatter at least the equivalent of a few stars on her shoulders when the day of reckoning arrives.

Her job demands the ingenuity and energy of Super-woman, and Miss Robeson delivers both very nicely. Under her jurisdiction are ten Special Volunteer Service Corps whose chairmen she selects and supervises. She is chief organizer, administrator and promotion expert of these corps which include such differentiated groups as Staff Assistants, Nurses' Aides, Gray Ladies, Production Workers and Canteen Workers. Then there are Motor Corps Members, Home Service Aides, and the two recent additions, Dietitian Aides and Arts and Skills Workers.

Should a remark be made about the complexity of the set-up, Miss Robeson promptly hauls out a ponderous, self-compiled volume she calls her "Good Book" and opens up an organization and job analysis plan that is flawless to the last detail. "I consider it quite a monument," she says. "And I feel I could walk out of here tomorrow and my successor could take over without too much confusion."

Her latter statement is questionable. Miss Robeson's leadership is not to be duplicated so very easily, for though she claims to be prosaic and unimaginative, her co-workers find her an inspiring leader. She knows how to delegate authority and also how to roll up her sleeves and wrestle with her own responsibilities as well.

Born in Brookline, an only girl adored by two brothers, Miss Robeson went the usual round of grammar school there, to Miss Ward's fashionble finishing school in Boston, and afterwards to the Boston Museum School of Art for four years where she got a certificate in applied ornament and design. She is naturally and by training artistic, and she brings her love of beauty to everything she does. Most of the cleverly blended flower arrangements at 17 Gloucester Street, Special Volunteer Service's Headquarters, are appreciatively attributed to Miss Robeson.



Miss Harriet A. Robeson

Actually, when the time is ripe for change in the far distant future, Miss Robeson's successor will inherit, with the "Good Book", a steep challenge to meet the standards set by a woman whose experience, background and native ability have equipped her to handle her job expertly.

Even now, as she plans her first month off in four years, she turns towards Rockport for its ever-changing, rugged outdoor scenes which are especially tempting to put on canvas. Her favorite subjects are rural landscapes emphasizing the natural construction of

the land rather than the man-made objects on it.

What Miss Robeson calls "the best investment I ever made' was the trip she took around the world when she was in her early twenties. At that exciting age, she came into a legacy of $5,000 and asserted her independence by "blowing" the total sum on the kind of travel we all dream about on rainy Tuesdays. Accompanied by an older woman, she sailed to Japan on the same boat with the Taft party of Congressmen going to the Philippines on a tour of inspection. Alice Roosevelt, chaperoned by Mabel Thorpe Boardman, and Nicholas Longworth were among the notables aboard For thirteen months, she traveled as the spirit moved her and prolonged her stay in sections of Asia that enchanted her more than others. She spent four months in Japan, where she studied art, visited with Secretary Taft in an oriental palace and explored far-inland places upon which the average tourist neve rsets foot.

From Japan, the lucky young lady and her companion went on to Korea and China. Then came the magic of India, Egypt, land of the Pyramids and mysterious temples along the Nile, Smyrna, Greece and Constantinope. A few months after returning home, Miss Robeson lost her father, and she and her mother lived in Central Europe for several years. She can get rapturous on the subject of her travels and, should she ever feel inclined to record in leather-bound form some of her impressions gathered abroad, she might amass a fortune.

Today, the tall, self-assured woman, who goes about her business with efficiency-plus, reflects many things New Englanders hold dear — independence, dignity, breeding, and the grit and subtle humor that seems to break obstacles wide open. As a descendant of New England people, these are her heritage. But her peregrinations have given Miss Robeson great mental breadth. She further reflects a universal culture and understanding of all kinds of people which only study and actual living on foreign soil can achieve. And, not to be overlooked, her conversation has a delectable Continental avor tflhat holds her listeners indefinitely.



"You'll have to reduce. You're ruining the bedsprings again."

The outbreak of the first World War brought Miss Robeson and her mother back to the United States and, like the best of girls, she busied herself in the Home Service Department of Red Cross. In response to General Pershing's request that people be sent overseas to teach soldiers in Army Hospitals crafts to keep their minds occupied and help them regain the use of injured limbs and nerves, Miss Robeson took a course in Occupational Therapy. Without any loss of time, she was sent to New York at the head of a unit and waited there six weeks for sailing orders which never came The Armistice came instead.

Occupational Therapy, like most other new sciences, was accepted slowly and warily. Miss Robeson did her share of pioneering and prejudice preventing, working for fifteen years in hospitals and institutions from New York to Washington. She has known great satisfaction watching the science grow by lepas and bounds and having a dexterous finger in the pie. As Assistant Director of Occupational Therapy in New York State, she visited and supervised 24 state mental hospitals and institutions for the feeble minded

Although Occupational Therapy is now a full-grown profession and Miss Robeson has turned her attention to other war-time exigencies, it still occupies a ring in the three-ring circus she calls

her life. She gives many hours and the benefit of her experience to several organizations in Boston today.

Miss Robeson thought she was retiring in 1930, came back to Boston, re-established residence here, and started out in good faith to be a lady of leisure. But along came Miss Mabel T. Boardman (of the trip around the world episode). She was then National Director of Volunteer Service and a lady cognizant of talent when she saw it. Her persuasion caused Miss Robeson to take over the chairmanship of the Gray Lady Service in the Boston Chapter for one year, just to get it going. The time limit has been exceeded by twelve years so far — and very probably will be by many more. "My retirement really was the beginning of a new career," Miss Robeson said, adjusting her horn-rimmed glasses and smiling as if she were glad it happened that way.

The trend today towards paying jobs or definite Service jobs like WAVES or WAC is the most troublesome fly in her ointment. Women are earning fantastic amounts of money, what with the manpower shortage and new jobs being created in practically every field of endeavor. About 80 per cent of Miss obeson's volunteers are married women with families, who devote one or two days a week to Red Cross and rush home at night to get Johnnie's supper and put hi mto bed. Some housewives are able to give only one-half a day a week. "Our problem," Miss Robeson said, "is how to get enough volunteers to do the tremendous job assigned us." As a matter of fact, the average is not too discouraging, though there is plenty of room for improvement. The population of the Boston Metropolitan territory is 1,200,000 out of which the Volunteer Service has 35,000 women at work.

One has an opportunity to develop latent talents in Volunteer Service. "I've discovered a new method for handling problem children," Miss Robeson said, with a reminiscent smile at her secretary. Not so long ago, a refugee ship came into Boston Harbor carrying a load of English women who had married Canadian fliers and were on their way to Canada to join their husbands at their home bases. They were coralled in North Station, some of them with laps-full of children, and Volunteer Service commenced the dawn to dusk task of taking care of its charges. Comfortable hotel rooms were secured for these temporary guests of the U.S.A. and, once settled and fed, a general clamor arose among them for beauty parlors. One girl said that her husband remembered her as a blonde and was loath to disillusion him.

Of course, Red Cross could never allow that to happen to a flier. She was guided to the best beautician in the environs of North Station, leaving her "enfant terrible" bellowing and roaring from the time she departed until the metamorphosis was accomplished. Everyone had a turn at trying to quiet the lusty little Englishman but the entire staff gave up after each psychological device it knew had failed. "Then the old maid took over," Miss Robeson said. "I kept the child walking until sheer exhaustion set in and he couldn't make a sound." Now, whenever a particularly troublesome child comes along, her reputation catches up with her and Miss Robeson is called in to do her stuff. Volunteer Servicers boast that, given any situation involving human relationships, Miss Robeson can untangle it. It is understandable why they make such broad statements, when you meet the lady.

—Phyllis Marks

• •



"He's worried about inflation!"

WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave., (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat Hotel Belmont Plaza. Lex. Ave. & 49th St (Wl. 2-1200). Payson Re's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves. $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days.

Roosevelt Hotel Grill. 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Actor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hotel Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room, Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $100 weekdays. $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel, 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2 A roof top fun spot overlooking the East and Hudson ivers. (Mon. nite service only $1 for dinner and show; no cover, no min.)

Green Room Hotel Edison, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min. $2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Chatterbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily. Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheon from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 p.m. No cover—no min.

Marine Hotel, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9.30. $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 p.m. exc. Sat. an dholiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails. dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent cuisine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain Show at 8:30, 11.30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). 2 cover after 10:30 p.m.

Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner an don thru the evening. Entertainment.



Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.

Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner, supper, continuous entertainment. Open till 4 a.m.

Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering place. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 p.m. weekdays; other days $4.

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Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Barn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

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Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sunday.

Honore's La Couquille, 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

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La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

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Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan, 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb fodo. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner, from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

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Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185). Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

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Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

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Castleholm, 334 W. 57th St. (CI. 7-0873). Smorgasbord as prelude to hearty dining. Dancing to the music of the Norsemen.

Wivel, 254 W. 54th St. (CI. 7-9056). Famous for its Swedish Smorgasbord. Dinner from $1.85. No minimum except Saturday.

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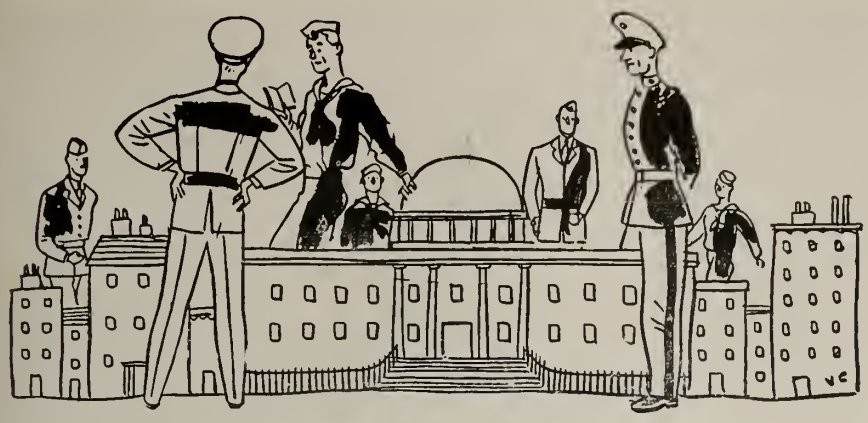
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Bay State—Buddies Club, Boston Common. Tel. Information, Home Hospitality and Social Events. Ticket Office Lib. 1381.

North Station Service Center, 149 Staniford Street, Boston—Laf. 1259.

South End Service Club, 380 Mass. Ave., Boston—Ken. 9255.

Esplanade Service Club, 150 Newbury St. (cor. Dartmouth)—Ken. 9299.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston—Han. 0733.

Army & Navy Officers Club, 12 Arlington St., Boston—Com. 3727.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Square, Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave., Boston—Ken. 7800.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union, 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Union Jack Club, Inc., 118 Milk St., Boston—Lib. 7020.

Red Shield Club for Service Men (Salv'n Army), 4 Bulfinch Pl., Boston—Laf. 1535.

Christian Science Service Men's Center, 80 Boylston St., Boston—Dev. 8676.

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATIONS

All Boston Police Stations provide free bed and bath, Ken. 6700. Dormitory accommodations 50c or less, at these centers.

Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., 32 City Sq., Charlestown—Cha. 2660.

Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Ave.—Com. 6620.

Boston Y.M.C. Union (Sat. only), 48 Boylston St., Boston—Hub. 1122.

Boston Y.M.C.A., 316 Huntington Ave. —Ken. 7800.

Sailor's Rest (for Seamen & Navy Men), 287 Hanover St., Boston—Cap. 6357.

Seamen's Club of Boston (all Ser. men), 22 Batterymarch St.—Lib. 8135.

Soldiers and Sailors Club, 8 Fayette St., St., Boston—Han. 0733.

The Argonne, 4 Bulfinch Place, Boston—Cap. 9494.

Lodging for Service Men's Families, Call Liberty 7715, 11 A.M.-11 P.M. Call Han. 0733 if unable to find lodgings.

Home Hospitality. Evening and Sunday dinners in private homes in greater Boston. Apply to Directors of Service Clubs, 641 Atlantic Ave., Liberty 7794; 149 Staniford St., Lafayette 1259; Hospitality Office Buddies Club, Boston Common, Liberty 7918, or Dir. Boston J.W.B. Army & Navy Club, 17 Commonwealth Avenue, Commonwealth 6620.

PERSONAL SERVICES

Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.

Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Socks Darned. Salv'n Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

Solderis and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

Volume 2, Number 15 *November 15, 1944*

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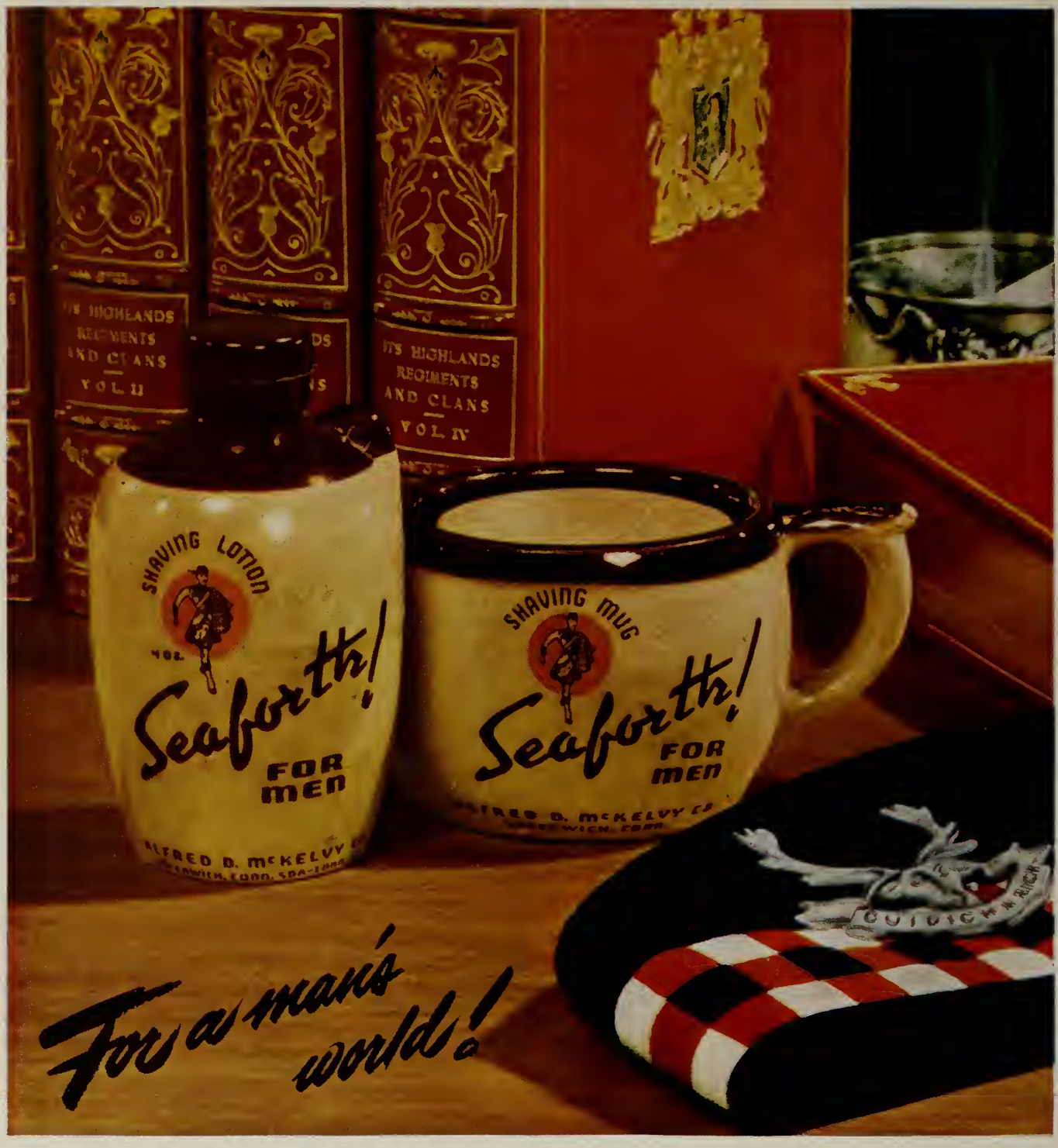
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FOREIGN FOOD

Ararat, 69 Carver St. (DEV. 8875). Specializes in Shish Kebab (lamb broiled on skewers), also chicken and duck. Open daily 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Restaurant Du-Barry, at 159 Newbury Street, specializes in cuisine Francaise. Slogan of "always something new and better" in the way of dining is more than lived up to here Closed Sundays. (COM. 8280).

The Viking, 442 Stuart St. (KEN. 8333). Smorgasbord served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons. An outstanding place to eat in Copley Square district. Don't miss this excellent and authentic spot. Also features an attractive lounge bar.

SEA FOOD

Pieroni's Sea Grills, 603 Washington St., 13 Stuart St., and 7 Park St. Specialists in fine sea foods prepared by expert chefs

Atlantic Lobster House, 42 and 46 Warren Ave. (CHA. 0820). Known from coast to coast for lobster and sea food. Located near the North Station.

FINE FOOD

Boraschi Cafe, 21 Corning Street, (LIB. 9744). This "restaurant of the old school" and grotto is noted for fine Italian foods and rare wines . . . favorite of theatrical people and ideal for small parties. Near the "Met."

Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's, 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

Durgin-Park, 30 North Market Street (CAP. 2038) Nationally famous dining rooms. Good substantial food served the way you like it. Located in the heart of Boston's market district, and plenty of market men eat here, too.

Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanover Street (LAF. 8000) In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less." Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners, Good music for dancing here. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise

Locke Ober Co., 3 Winter Place (LIB. 1340). Patronized by lovers of fine food that's prepared by chefs who know their business. Always superlative food.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

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Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave. maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fift & Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House, Eliot Street. between Tremont and Carver . Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Steet at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms andgrills where the same excellent food is served. $1 cover charge after 10 p. m.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entaining while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. HUB. 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has aa stand-out dining and dancing spots in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleastant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200 has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainmen featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover chrge after 9 p m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for Breakfast, Luncheon and dinner.


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PERMANENT ATTRACTIONS

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gg Museum, cor Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades! Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open week-days 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 oclock; closed legal holidays.

ardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

useum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

stitute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury Street. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays

obert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sunday.s

atural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of irds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

niversity Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

eabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambrdige. Archaeological collections Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

tis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits periods furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission 25 cents.

emitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations Acrss Charles is Boston Public Garden with swan oats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newmn, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here wa scenter of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Fevere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege Was first Uuntarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldeest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washing-Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Homes of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Streets. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many evere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equjestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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BOSTON



COMMON TALK

They Wouldn't Believe It

CLARE BOOTH LUCE, who illuminated the Boston skyline lately on behalf of anyone except Mr. Roosevelt, is one of those amazing women who lacks so little that those of her sex who have less can't bring themselves to believe that there isn't something terribly wrong with her that is being kept from the public by some press conspiracy.

A Boston woman reporter who interviewed the glamorous blonde congresswoman on the occasion of this latest visit and reported that she "has everything," to quote that comprehensive description, complains that she is being pinned against powder room walls and cocktail corners and asked, by this woman and that:

"Just between ourselves, what do you REALLY think of that Clare Luce?"

Florida Is Squeamish, Too

NOT all the moral censors are prowling around in Boston bookshops seeking to ban books that contain naughty words. In Miami, where gambling is the chief avocation and divorce is easier to get than oleomargarine at the butter counter, the young and chivalrous cilty editor of the Miami Daily News picked up a piece of "copy" written by a new reporter. It was a story of federal regulations regarding imports into the port of Miami, and mentioned that the busy and prolific little mongoose, that rodent that kills snakes and is therefore very useful in the tropics, was on the contraband list because, as the reporter delicately put it, "the mongoose does not know about birth control."

The young city editor read that far and turned crimson. Calling the reporter to his desk, he said sternly:

"May I call your attention to the fact that such things as birth control are not to be mentioned in a family paper like ours!"

Signs of Summer's Passing

ONE of the signs that summer is over in Boston is the disappearance of the old catnip man from his permanent (in summer) stand beside the old Granary burial ground on Tremont street. The steady demand of Boston cat owners for the herb which makes their elderly cats feel positively kittenish has kept the old gentleman who sells only catnip in business for so many years that he is practically a Boston landmark. Comes the close of the catnip crop season, he says, devoted cat owners buy up large stocks of catnip for the winter season and hoard it, as a connosieur does his bonded liquor, against the day when the family cat feels down in the whiskers and in need of that stimulating sniff that seems to be in the catnip shrub.

Technique of a Successful Business Executive

ONE of a chain of successful candy and nut shops in Boston lately gave offense to a steady customer when an impertinent clerk called the would-be purchaser down for insisting on some candy which was limited as to the stock on hand.

The indignant lady, seething with wrath, wrote the president of the concern telling him what she thought of his entire organization and the clerk in particular. By way of reply she received a personal note of appreciation for her criticism from the busy executive, and two pounds of the cherished sweet she preferred.

Since then she has developed arthritis or something from overeating on that shop's products.

Self Service If You Must

THE recent plaint about women who wait to be served while young and hopeful waitresses carry on social conversations with male patrons seems to be overlooking one spot. There the waitresses have special favorites among the superior sex, and if you're not a favorite, you simply wait along

with the unwanted women.

One such slighted male seated himself at the soda fountain the other day and ordered two chocolate frappes. In course of time the plump blonde put the orders under the mixer and walked away, and in no time at all forgot she had a waiting customer. The thirsty man sat and watched the mixer until it looked as if the double order would all be evaporated before he got it. Then, seeing no hope of service, he deftly reached across the counter, turned off the machine and took his order out from under the paddle. Taking two empty glasses, he poured the now shrunken frappes out, put a straw in each and started to get them down in double time—a lot less time than it took him to get service.

Those Annoying Customers

WE also watched a patient customer trying to do her marketing in one of the better and well-staffed groceries in the Back Bay the other day and saw what happens to those who stand and wait—but not on trade. After many futile attempts to get a little attention to her needs, she started to accumulate her own orders. She did very well with what came in packages, but on peaches she just picked what looked like a normal amount and ventured timidly to place them on the counter and ask if someone there would take her money. The annoyed clerk looked over the accumulation and, seeing the peaches, asked, "How much do those weigh?"

"Why," stammed the surprised lady, "I didn't weigh them. Should I?"

"How else do you expect me to know what to charge?" the clerk demanded. "Now I'll have to weigh them myself!"

The chagrined customer slunk out of the store looking like a worm in an ear of green corn and murmuring something about not knowing that even the best stores were using the self-serve system these days.

Three is a Complication

AMONG embarrassing moments was that experienced by a Commonwealth Avenue matron one morning last week when she unwisely took her three small dogs out on the avenue without the customary leash. The smallest of the three, being of the opinion that violent threats would win any war before it started, snarled viciously at a passing and inoffensive female dog out for a walk on leash and behaving as a lady dog should. The second largest, thinking that trouble had started, joined the attack and was about to grab the innocent cause of all the uproar when the owner of the three caught up with her pets and made a frantic grab for two of them—a good armful. At this, the third of the trio, still undecided as to whether to fight or run, decided to join the one-sided attack and with both arms full of struggling, barking dogs, the lady could do very little about it, as both of those she had grabbed were more beligerant than the one who had just decided to get into the fray.

The situation was saved by the owner of the leashed dog, who hurriedly dragged her pet into a nearby building and slammed the door on the gang of unfriendly female terriers and their humiliated owner.



The Coast Guard Gets The Break

THE thought of New Englan hospitality has been somewha frosted in the minds of both arm and navy men by the orders whic make the Boston Common out o bounds for them after ten o'cloc every evening—especially wher for some unknown reason, th coast guard is permitted to roar in the moonlight and under th stars at all hours.

The basis of the complaint seem to be that when a navy or arm man has worked for four hour getting a girl in the proper moo for romance, it is adding insult t army and navy orders to have t walk out and leave her to the coas guard to take over just when he arguments begin to weaken.

Remember Buster?

BUSTER, the Brookline cat wh got himself in the headlines b inheriting an unsettled amount o money from his late master, alon with three electric fans for warm days and a few old auto robes fo winter use, is now having to worr about whether he must pay a income tax on his fortune an whether he'll have to account fo ration points used for his heav meat diet.

On top of this, Buster has jus begun to realize that if he con tinues to eat as much as six or dinary cats require, he may die a one of his earliest of nine lives o gout and similar ailments, an then there will be no kittens to in herit his wealth and it will go, t make matters worse, to the rela tives who were disinherited fo having scat to him at an unwis moment.

Affluent bachelorhood, as Buste was quoted as having told a Glob reporter, has its compensations but affluence that keeps a ca awake worrying about his incom seems to also have its disadvan tages. The last rumors fron Brookline were that Buster i afraid now that he'll be cat-nappe for his wealth and held for ran som.

SIX BOTTLES OF BROMO-SELTZER

'M THE KIND of person who learn things the hard way, I'm fraid. I get fancy ideas about ow to live my life, and sooner or ater they go boom.

or instance, when I was a bride used to shop at Macy's, and early n the day there I'd see smooth oung matrons with mink coats lung over their shoulders, sailing rom the Housewares to the Drugs o the Groceries, buying masses of hings for their (presumably) large nd well-run establishments. hey'd stand in the elevators, burnished and aloof, holding long lists n their long white hands, and I hought they were wonderful.

So I decided that I'd shop that vay too. Calmly, efficiently, and vith glamour.

On my first sortie after this deision I trotted around the store, lressed in my best, buying things nd checking them off my list with flourish of my shiny silver pencil. At the drug counter I ordered, in ny most businesslike way, soap nd toothpaste and six large botles of Bromo-Seltzer.

When the cartons arrived in Forest Hils I found that the salesgirl had taken me at my word. The bottles of Bromo-Seltzer were arge, all right. They were the argest size that's made—the dispenser size, with the labels upside down.

I remember thinking that we'd have to have an awful lot of headaches to use up all that Bromo. The fact that they could have been returned never entered my dizzy little head. So I tore the paper wrappings off each one and put them in a row on the bathroom shelf.

Well, my husband never got over it. For weeks he kidded me, calling me his wonderful little homemaker and a model of efficiency. Every time I looked at that row of bottles I felt foolish. The whole thing began to do dreadful things to my ego. So I decided to keep one bottle, and get rid of the other five. I did get rid of them, too, but in doing so I've developed a reputation for eccentricity that I've never been able to live down.

The first one I wrapped prettily and gave for a prize at a bridge party. I wasn't asked to join the bridge club the next year.

The second one I used when I came home, footsore, one day, fro ma tour of the Art Galleries. (Art Appreciation was another little project I was working on.) I made me a nice fizzy footbath. It was very refreshing. It just happened that a neighbor of mine dropped in at that point, to borrow a cup of flour, and as I padded to the kitchen to get it I told her gleefully what I'd been doing. She wasn't impressed. She grabbed the cup an dhurried to the door, looking fearfully ove rher shoulder. We nod coolly now.

The third bottle I used up, happily in amusing my two little nieces one rainy afternoon. We made big Bromo-Seltzers in pans, an ditsy-bitsy ones in demi-tasses, all shouting "Wheeee" as they frothed. We even put two grains in a thimble and made one for the doll. We had a lot of fun. To this day, though, my sister-in-law insists that I led her daughters astray. You can imagine what all this did to my nervous system.

I grew desperate about the fourth one. I just couldn't get rid of it. Finally I pressed it into the unwilling arms of a woman who came to the door to sell something, one day. She had on a dark blue dress trimmed with bands of white, and I remember telling her laughingly that the bottle would just complete her costume. She hasn't rung my doorbell since.

There was no trouble at all with the fifth. We gave a cocktail party and had a lovely time, and as the guests left I mixed them each a foaming glas sof Bromo, as a sort of stirrup-cup. Some of them seemed a little baffled about it, but anyway they drank them, thanked me and then they went away, shaking their heads and burping quietly.

It was about this time that people began clicking their tongues about me. No matter what I say, now, people laugh and then look at each other and change the subject quickly.

Wel, anyway, I learned something about shopping from the whole episode, and that is, not to stock up too much on things. Nowadays we use salt when we run out of tooth-powder, and if I get a headache I buy ten little aspirin in a box.

—June Cochrane Ortgies

•

SALVAGE ALL PAPER AND SCRAP METAL



"Schneider must have lied about his age

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AUNT EDITH AND THE HURRICANE

ALL during the September hurricane, I couldn't help thinking about Aunt Edith—and remembering what happened to her during the last one, in 1938.

Aunt Edith went to Buzzard's Bay right after Labor Day that year to visit an old friend of hers, Alma Sprague. When I saw her off at Grand Central, she was reluctant to go. The last thing she said was, "If anything happens about your part, be sure to call me, and I'll take the first train back. I don't want to miss anything."

I had been doing some acting in stock for a couple of years before that and was on the verge (I hoped) of getting quite a decent part in a Broadway show. And sure enough, about two weeks after Aunt Edith left, the producer finally made up his mind—and I was in. I was practically speechless with excitement, but not too speechless to telephone Aunt Edith as promised.

"Wonderful!" she shouted, "I'll b eright back!"

And that very night, right back she came. Isn't it exciting?" she kept saying over and over again. "Why, I'm going to every rehearsal, and I'm going backstage nig after night, and I'm just not goi to miss a thing, darling!" (Au Edith, to my knowledge, had nev called me "darling" before—ce tainly not since I was six yea old.) It was a wonderful evenir for both of us.

The next morning, our bubb burst. As producers often do, th producer did. He changed h mind. He'd been thinking mo about it, it was too important part to risk to an unknown, t big a gamble. In other words, n

As disappointed as I was, I w positively jubilant compared Aunt Edith. She went right bed with a splitting headache and stayed there. That night t hurricane hit the Atlantic Coa in all its fury, but Aunt Edith w so concerned with feeling sor for herself that she scarcely h time to notice it.

It was about a week later th Alma Sprague returned fro Buzzard's Bay. She invited Au Edith and me up to her apar ment fo ra drink. When I stopp to pick up Aunt Edith on my wa I found her in bed with an iceb on her head. She was anythi but pleased to see me.



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Prince Matchabelli



"Get out of here, won't you, and let me be miserable in peace," she moaned.

"But what about Alma?" I asked her.

"Well, what about Alma? If you think I'm going to get up out of a sick bed just to listen to that old fool gloat all afternoon, you've got another think coming!"

Alma had always been Aunt Edith's closest, most cherished friend, so I knew that something must be seriously wrong between them.

"Was Alma here today?" I asked as innocently as I could.

"Here! Not likely!"

I tried again. "Did you talk to her on the phone?"

Aunt Edith didn't answer for a moment, and then she bellowed, "Well, what if I did?"

"How was she?"

"Tiresome." Another pause. "Yes, that's how she was. Tiresome, unbearably tiresome."

I decided not to ask any more questions. I sat down on a chair over by the window and waited.

When she finally began to talk, the words poured out hot and heavy, like larva from an angry volcano.

"No, I didn't talk to Alma on the phone. SHE talked to ME. Talked my arm and leg off about that hurricane of hers. Everything was swept away, and she was rescued out of the second-story guest room window—MY room—in a boat, and it was the most frightful experience of her life, and the house was completeyl ruined, and she saw two people drowned right in front of her very eyes, and" . . . she paused to gasp for breath, as well as for dramatic effect . . . "and, her picture was on the front page of the Boston Herald!"

"You're to blame for this! You made me miss it all, and for what—you seconnd-rate ham!"

Then, feeling a little better, she blew her nose furiously, and lay down in bed again, with her face turned toward the wall.

—Whit Hobbs

CAPITOL RECORDS has just released the "New American Jazz Album," a great collection of records boasting such stars as Jack Teagarden, Zutty Singleton, Peggy Lee, Pete Johnson, Barney Bigard, Jimmie Noone, Artie Shapiro, and a host of others. "Variety," "Metronome," "Downbeat" and a crowd of such publications have reported that Capitol has offered the public the greatest jazz album ever recorded, and Capitol itself is not very far behind in broadcasting a story to that effect. As a matter of fact, the reports are reasonably correct, fo rthe album is good. Teagarden is the main attraction, being featured on almost every record either with his trombone or with his voice. His voice, unfortunately, mars the albu msomewhat in a song called "Casanova's Lament" with unfortunate lyrics which start off, "I was born at midnight, and by morning I could talk." The best record in the album, as far as we are concerned, is "Clam-bake in B Flat," which features a great hot Teagarden trombone played to a Joe Sullivan piano background. Shorty Cherock's trumpet in "Someday Sweetheart" is on the other side and is fine jazz.

Lionel Hampton has made a group of recordings with Victor. One of the finest piano solos we've ever heard is Hampton's "China Stomp." (25586) Incredibly fast and powerful, it makes good listening, and ranks with those wonderful Billy Kyle records of a long time ago. On the other side is "Rythm, Rythm," which features Hampton on vibraharp, an instrument which we were never crazy about. There is something about a vibraharp whcih just doesn't inspire thoughts of little cabarets on 52nd street in N. Y., or thoughts of steins of martinis, which in our mind is what jazz is supposed to suggest. But every man to his own way of thinking, and if you like vibraharps we suggest Hampton's slow and sleazy "Confessin'," with "Drum Stomp" as its platter-mate. "I'm in the Mood For Swing," with "Shoe-Shiners Drag" on the other side, and "I Found a New Baby," sporting on its diverse that beastly "Four Or Five Times." For those who like Hampton's piano, "Piano Stomp" is reasonably good, but the exp sion in that record is in the "Stomp's" platter-mate, "I Surrender, Dear," which has a great unknown trumpet playing background to that vibraharp. Another good piano record is "Hampton's Boogie," a piece which practically lifted the roof off the RKO Boston when Hampton was here a month ago.

Art Tatum has done an excellent recording of Dvorak's "Humoresque" with Massenet's "Elegie" on the other side. Tatum has done an extraordinary job of jazzing the classics. His style differs from the Hazel Scott method in that his piano never really gives out with what I suppose must be called "solid jazz." He merely touches on the "solid jazz," and the result is masterly and well-worth listening to. Speaking of the piano, Christine Chatman has done a good job on a Decca record playing "Naptown Boogie." She starts off the record with a blood-curdling shriek and ends it with the same. We've always had a prejudice against shrieking pianists, but Chatman has done a good job. She plays a little bit like Hazel Scott, but lacks the superb style. Hazel, incidentally, who is







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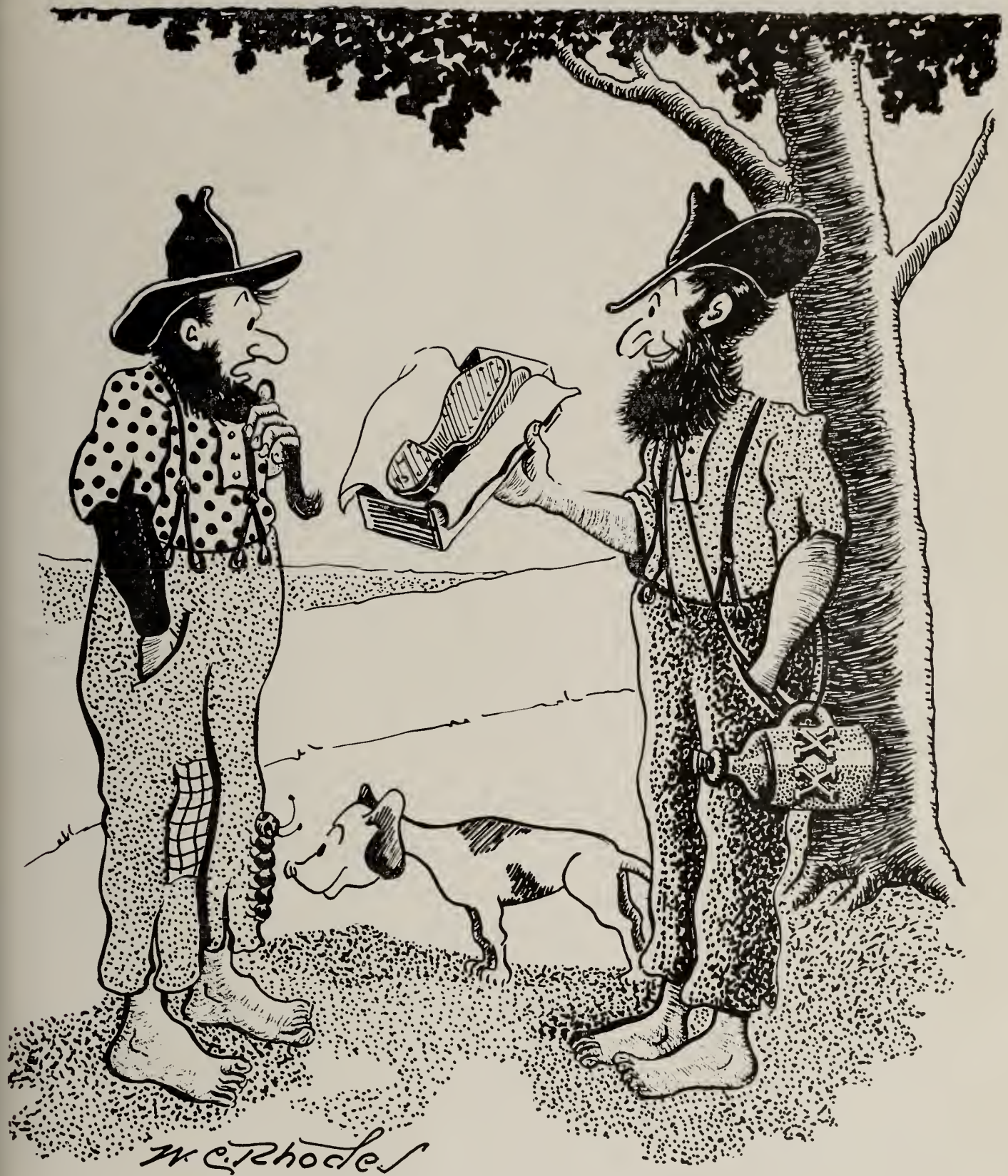
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"Give three guesses, Zeke. What are they?"

playing at Cafe Uptown, in N. Y., is really drawing them in. She has drifted away from the attack of superfluous showmanship that she suffered about a year ago, and is once more playing in the way she should play. On the other side of "Naptown Boogie" is Mabel Scott singing "Hurry, Hurry," which has lewd lyrics and a little phrase at the end of the record which one couldn't catch.

One of the nicest things we've heard in a long time is a little ditty called "Who Dat Up There," by Woody Herman. It's really great, with lyrics sung by a poor man who hears noises and says "Who dat up there" and is confused by hearing a reply, "Who Dat Down There." The record continues in this vein for ever and ever and we loved it. It starts off with a galaxy of growling trumpets and subsides in a lilting melody above which the tormented gentleman sings. The only detriment to the record is the other side which is "Let Me Love You Tonight." Decca 18619 to those who wish to purhase it.

So much with the jazz, unless you want to hear about the Benny Goodman Sextet Album, which consists of a great slew of records including "Wang Wang Blues", "Air Mail Special", "Flying Home", "Found a New Baby". "Air Mail Special" is outstanding but the rest is typical Sextet drivel. "Eager Beaver" is on the other side and does no more than show that Kenton has a superb gift of combining his piano with his orchestra. It's Capitol (112-).

The Bobby Sock Special has made a Columbia recording with Harry James. On one side is Lynn Richards tooling througt "Don't Take Your Love From Me", which is funny, and on the other side is Sinatra singing, "It's Funny To Everybody But Me," which is even more humorous. far as we could make out.

—George Plimpton.

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN

SEAMAN SECOND CLASS Jerry Sheldon scowled. It had been nearly half an hour since he came into the Harbor USO. SHE had been dancing with Bosun's Mate Hudson then. And SHE was still dancing with the big jerk now.

Girls had played a very small part in his young life—even back at County High—not because they held no appeal for him, but because he never had been able to muster up that kind of courage. But SHE changed that when she over-rode his veto of her suggestion that she give him a few dancing lessons.

"But that's why we instructors are here, Sailor," she had insisted. And her voice was sincere and eager.

And after only a few minutes with her he'd caught himself giving out with: "Why-why, Miss Burns, you know you—you're sort of God's gift to bashful guys like me."

She had smiled and squeezed his hand. Which had built up in him the courage to ask to see her home.

"I'm sorry, Sailor," she was force dto reply. "But that's against USO rules."

And he hadn't, until he was headed back to Navy Landing aboard his own private little cloud, even thought of asking her where she lived, or if he couldn't meet her some other place. But he was planning on caring for those details and others at once.

But the Bosun's Mate was spoiling everything. The big drip! He He Learned About Women—Cont had no business taking up so much of her time in the first place; he already could dance well enough to double for Fred Astaire, and all that club-footing he was doing was just an act to keep her to himself longer.

"It isn't bad enough either just to keep her dancing with him," Jerry grumbled to himself when he noted the bosun's mate grinning in his direction. "He's gotta go and spill it to her about how the fellows aboard ship call me Longfellow."

That Longfellow business was the B. M.'s fault also. For it was he who had snitched the carbon copy of the verse Jerry sent to OUR NAVY magazine and spread



"Bananas! Pineapples! Cocoanuts!"

it all over. After all the trouble he'd gone to to think up a pen-name, too, so the gang wouldn't find out and have more reason to razz him.

Of course he could explain to her, Jerry knew, if only he got the chance, that a guy wasn't exactly panty-waist just because he wrote a little verse. He could prove it too by quoting from Kipling or Robert W. Service. But the B. M. being such a fast worker had no doubt already poured it on so thick that a poor dumb cluck like himself would never be able to wade through it all to get near her again.

He couldn't any longer stand the pain of just standing there watching HER dancing in the B. M.'s arms. He headed for the door. His feet felt as heavy as though he were wearing diving shoes. He had no idea where he was going, just any place away from here. Then the Bosun's Mate collared him.

"Hold everything there, Sheldon, I got to make with you."

Jerry jerked away. "Keep your crummy hands off me. We're not aboard ship now."

"Oh, don't get yourself in an uproar. I just want you to write a poem for me."

Jerry's mouth opened. "A poem?" His eyes grew wide, then they narrowed. "I don't get it!"

The B. M. ran a big hand around his jumper collar. "The little brunette belongs to some Writing Club, and she's lookin' for a service man with literary leanings to take to a barbecue they're stagin' —"

"So what!" cut in Jerry.

"So I tells her I write poetry, and she says I gotta show her. Me, who ain't never wrote nothin' 'ceptin' a few letters. So it's up to you to produce."

"Oh no! Not after you told her about the guys calling me Longfellow." Jerry started across the dance floor to where she was winding a phonograph. "I'm her literary man!"

The B. M. grabbed his arm. "Hold it about there. I never said nothin' to her about you bein' Longfellow."

"Well, what were you grinning and nodding in my direction for then?"

"I was tellin' her what a super mess cook you would make."

"No—no, Boats, please, you wouldn't put me on that job—"

"That depends on whether you write that poem for me or not."

"You mean if I do write a poem for you you won't detail me mess cook for next quarter?"

The B. M. traced the outline of a cross in the vicinity of his breast pocket. "Cross my heart."

"Okay, if that's the way it is, I guess I'll have to do it."

"Come on then." The B. M. led him to a writing desk, out of range of the brunette.

"What sort of stuff do you want me to write?" asked Jerry. "Something in the style of Rudyard Kipling?"

"Rudyard Kipling, who's he?"

"Oh just a poet," Jerry said and started scribbling.

Twenty minutes later they were back at the dance floor. SHE was showing a few steps to a soldier, but that made no difference to the B. M. He barged right up and stopped them. "Well here it is. Cast your pretty brown eyes on that and say I ain't a poet."

SHE excused herself from the soldier and read aloud, but very softly:

"A sailor there was and he felt a yen
(Even as you and I!)
For the company of a neat little wren
Some called her the one who taught dancing to them
But the sailor called her God's gracious gift to him
(Even as you and I!)"

HER face lit up. "Why that's cute. It's far from perfect but it'll do."

Bosun's Mate Hudson grinned. "But you didn't write it," she went on. She left him standing there alibiing and hurried over to where Jerry sat, but with hopeful eyes on her.

"Hiyah, Rudyard," she said. "How about taking in the barbecue with me Saturday night?"

—Harold L. Monroe



"Who's got re-conversion problems?"

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SHOP TALK

IN spite of the fact that Christmas is just around the next page of the calendar (and if you don't believe it, check off the remaining shopping days) the stores in town are not as yet bursting forth with the Noel spirit or the usual stock of gifts. Perhaps we are being given a chance to rest up after the rush of getting off the Christmas parcels to the men and women in service, or perhaps the stores are conscious with the rest of us of the necessity for putting the traditional celebration in the background until we can celebrate peace with it. In any case, early Christmas shoppers are not going to be encouraged to excesses by lavish displays. That doesn't mean, however, that the shops are bare of merchandise. In the clothing line, there are good values and beautiful fashions available, and those ladies who feel the need for a replenishment of wardrobe are not going to be disappointed.

Best and Company is presenting a line of classic sportswear—suits, topcoats and tailered dresses. Everything is practical, durable, and what is equally important, very attractive. Those who are in the market for suits need go no further than Bests'. There is, for instance, an all-wool gabardine suit that is nothing short of a gem. It possesses a gored skirt, and a beautifully detailed jacket with a convertible neckline that makes it good with or without blouse or dickey. The color range is breathtaking, for you can have it not only in beige, brown, navy and black, but in any of seven new, soft, rich shades—namely, chives green, slate blue, walnut, postman blue, grape, coquette blue, and a new shade called citrus, which is a beautiful greyed yellow-green.

In the more sportswomanly line, there is Best's selection of country plaids, a term that covers many stripes, checks and plaid designs in a fine Scottish wool. There are several models available in this line, and you can have a matching topcoat, either a fitted Chesterfield or a box coat fashion, all warm and lasting and very, very handsome.

And there is something very special in suits at Best's now, in the form of a solid color model of imported C-1 wool, as soft as cashmere and ready for you in six rich tones—blue, light green, cherry, sandringham, dark green and wine. The tailoring of this suit is exquisite and the details are unusual and delightful. This too has a matching topcoat, and together or apart, they are magnificent.

In the way of dresses, Best's also has its classic shirtmaker dress, worked up in wool gabardine, with short sleeves and a fly-front closing. This comes in the shades of the gabardine suits, with two additional new shades available. One is called capucine, and it is a rusty bittersweet; the other is a beautiful blue-violet named helio. If one seeks a suit-dress, this is available with a matching cardigan jacket.

And if you have availed yourself of the opportunity to acquire a new suit, or if you want to refresh an old one, or, for that matter, if you do have Christmas presents in the back of your mind, R. H. Stearns has some new and wonderful wool sweaters, running the price gamut from $4 to $22.95. The prize of the collection is a hand-knitted model in cable-stitch or ribbed knit, and it comes in peony, red, beige, natural, maize, aqua, white, sandringham and grape. These are strictly elegant and comprise a rare find.

Stearns has thoughtfully taken care of the woman who does not care for the boxy sweater by providing an assortment of cardigans and pull-overs with a shorter, fitted waistline. These are hand-fashioned and are made of a lovely Shetland yarn and are really very inexpensive. If you get there ahead of the crowd, you can have

them in cherry, sage green, lilac, brown or black.

For the college girl or the sportswoman there is the perennial favorite, the boxy sweater, but Stearns' version comes in a loose knit in a soft, fuzzy wool. It looks as if it contained Angora, but it avoids the menace of shedding while still retaining the warm fluffiness of the rabbit hair yarn.

For older women, Stearns has obtained a V-necked cardigan which happily possesses a six button closing, allowing for warmth over the chest. So many sweaters of this design have such a deep neckline that much of the coziness is lost. These come in a good array of light and dark shades, and it might be useful to know that in navy blue it is a regulation nurse's sweater.

And for a concluding bit of versatility, there is a woman's hip-length sweater jacket wearable with anything from slacks to evening dresses. It has one button at the waistline, and it fits closely at the waist because of the interesting insertion of a band of ribbed knitting. This is carried out in the yoke as well, which is made further unusual by possessing a collarless neckline. It is finished off with bright military buttons, and there is nothing that could be more useful, unusual and attractive than this one.

To leap from sports to the glamor gallery, Jordon Marsh has acquired a collection of Modern Victorian evening dresses, including Hattie Carnegie's bustle-back brocade dinner gown, guaranteed to make one look like a princess. For pure dignity, there is another dinner gown of black rayon velvet with lace foaming at neck and wrist, or perhaps a very interesting crepe gown whose gored skirt is ruffled lengthwise along the seams with black lace. This little beauty comes in all black, or cerise or blue with black.

In the same assortment, the Gibson Girl comes back into fashion's spotlight with a costume composed of a white chiffon blouse, deeply ruffled and lace-edged, confined with a checked taffeta evening skirt. Also at Jordan's you can find the perfect wrap to complement these models—a very Victorian cape of red and black wool.

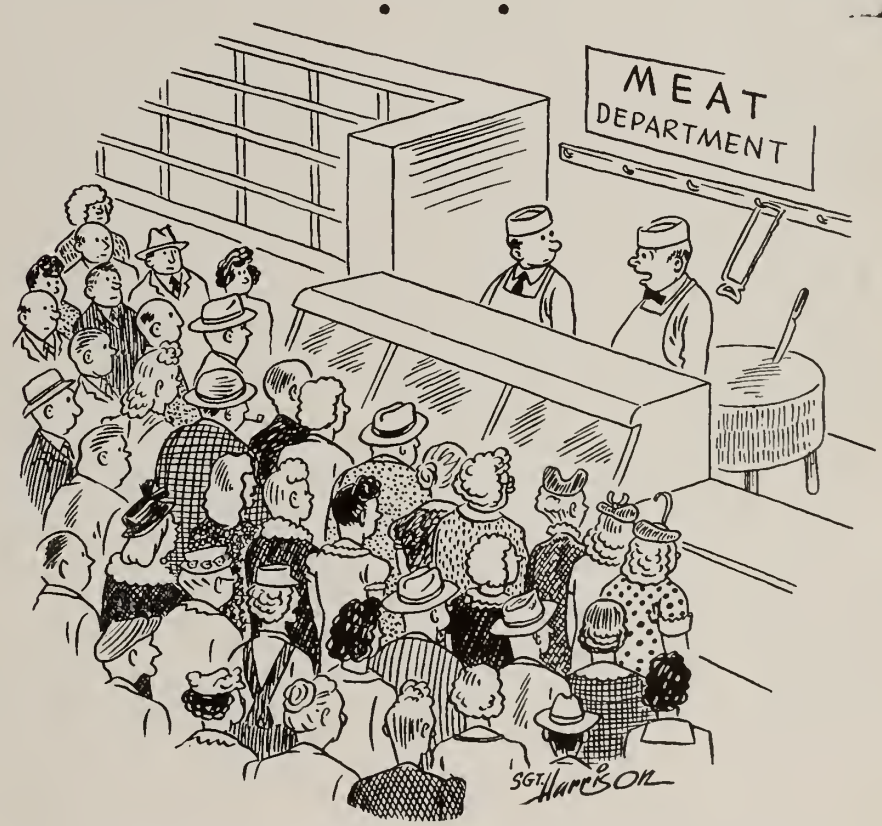
The opening of a new shop is always something to arouse feminine interest, and the opening of Audree Incorporated at 44 Newbury Street is going to mark a new epoch in Boston's fashion history. There is nothing quite like this in the city. The new shop, a woman's speciality store embracing a beauty department, is taking "the exquisite in style" for its slogan, and the preview of its offerings live up to its aspirations. Hand-made, pure silk lingerie is available in such lavish quantities that Audree's interest in trousseau shopping is quite understandable. And there are shoals of the most beautiful hostess gowns, tea gowns and dinner-at-home dresses, all alike in their hand-made perfection, rich material and superb taste, but all quite "different" in inspiration. One of these especially worth mention is a very pale grey satin hostes sgown, whose complete simplicity of line is set off by a large red rose at the waist.

The shop itself is a thing of beauty. The decor is Louis XVI, and all the furniture is hand-carved reproductions of museum pieces set about in a background of French grey, gold, French blue and rose.

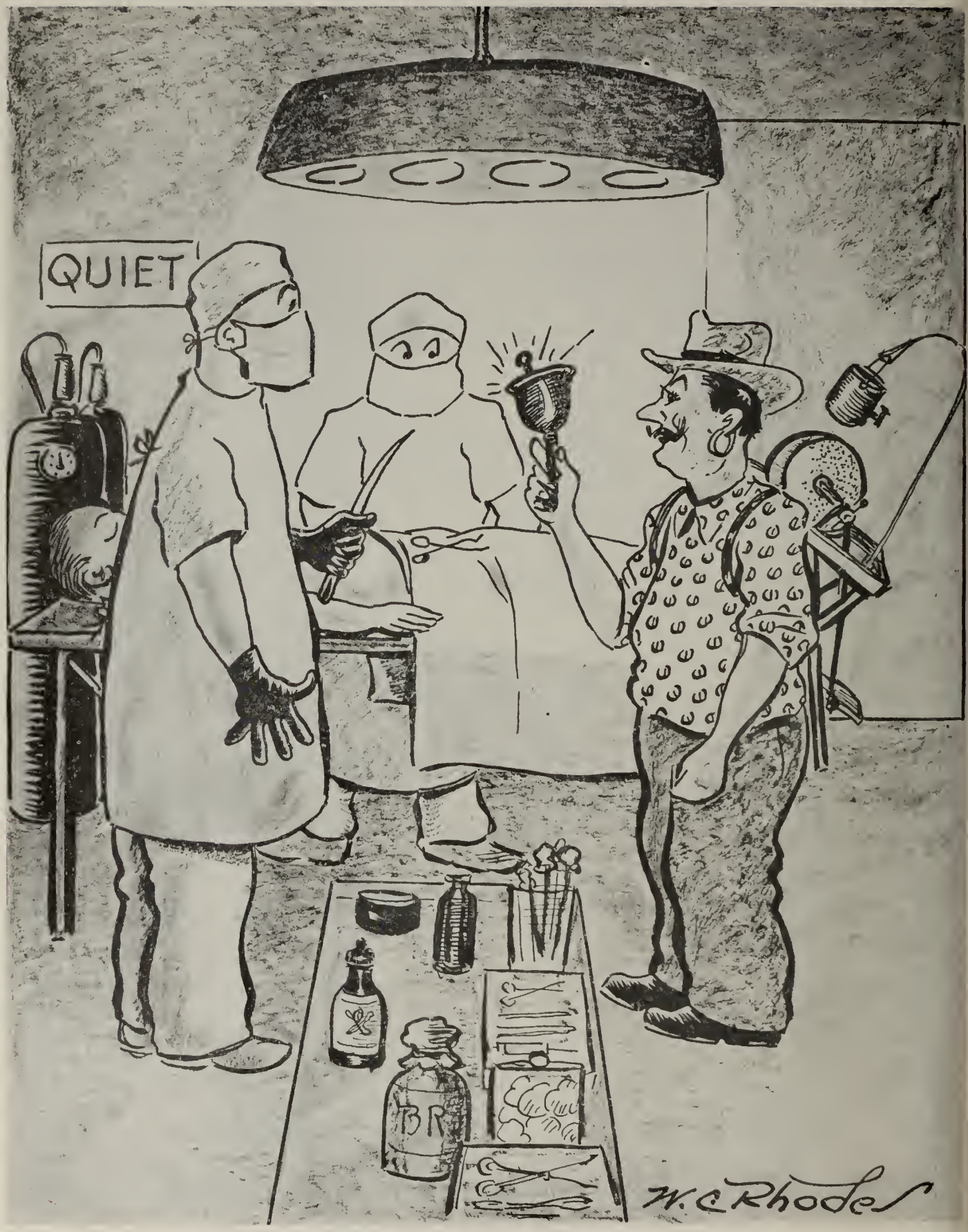
If one has a special young bride in mind, a woman with an eye toward future generations, Audree can even supply a potential heirloom. At present she has six unique and magnificent bridal handkerchiefs in rose point lace and hand-loomed linen. Each is too beautiful to believe, and very much the sort of precious thing that would pass from mother to daughter for generations. And there is also a bridal outfit with rose point to be had, a fair indication of the standards of the shop. It is the place for your special Christmas gifts and for your fine clothing for all occasions. The shop's recent opening was heralded by a formal luncheon at the Ritz, given for Princess Oblensky, establishing a regal tradition that Audree is prepared to carry on.

—A. B. G.

• •



"I'd like to know who started that rumor about us having a steak!"



"Maybe some knives need sharpening, no?"

FAINT-HEART

AS soon as Mr. Johnson came into the front hall of his home he cocked his head on one side as he hung up his hat and coat, and listened carefully. It came from the cellar, a pounding sort of noise, dull, short pounds, as though on his wooden work table. He shifted his necktie to a more comfortable angle under his adam's apple, and went quietly toward the kitchen.

The cellar door was half open. Mr. Johnson peered downstairs. A late afternoon shaft of sun-light came through the cellar window, making a yellow, dusty beam of light, in the center of which stood his wife. She was standing before his wooden work table, pounding glass into fine bits. There was a broken beer bottle on the table.

Mr. Johnson withdrew silently, his lips pursed. He looked at the table, set for two. He looked at the stove. Beef stew. Then his eyes went up to the kitchen clock, over the sink. He was half an hour early tonight, half a whole hour early.

Quietly, thinking of nothing in particular, Mr. Johnson retraced his steps to the front hall. He stared thoughtfully at the print of The Stag at Bay, over the umbrella stand, as he put his coat on again. Frame was dusty, he noted. Then he buttoned his collar snugly and went out, closing the door silently.

Mr. Johnson walked along the cold street, skirting the long ridges of ice and crusty snow. He walked on the clear parts of the pavement, although he had put on his over-shoes. When he came to the corner he hesitated. There was a mound of high, hard, dirty snow thrown up by the snow-plow a week ago, and not yet melted. He evaded it fastidiously, walking out into the street.

When he came to the old English wooden door of Harry's Tap and Grill he paused a moment, looking at the windows. In them were beds of lobsters on ice, flanked by bottles of brandy seemingly old and mellow enough to have come from some ancient French wine cellar. As his mind registered the word "cellar" he went quickly inside, into the warmth and cheer and blending voices and smells. He went to stand at the bar.

As Mr. Johnson sipped his brandy and water he listened to the two women sitting on his left. Both were in their early thirties, dressed smartly in black, and waved cigarettes as they talked. They were slim, neat, and excitingly scented. Mr. Johnson watched them calmly, and when a pause occurred in their conversation he leaned toward them.

"Will you two ladies allow me to buy you a drink?" he asked them.

They gazed at him a moment as though it had never dawned on them that a man might eventually, if they stayed long enough, offer to buy them a drink. Then they smiled and accepted graciously. Mr. Johnson bought them two drinks in a row and they talked of many things. The young women seemed to enjoy his company, and Mr. Johnson gave every sign of enjoying theirs. Before he left he had their addresses.

When he entered his front hall he noted first of all that the pounding in the cellar had ceased. He grunted. After hanging his hat and coat neatly in the closet, and carefully removing his over-shoes, he proceeded to the kitchen.

His wife was standing at the stove, stirring something in a pot. Mr. Johnson approached the stove and looked quickly into it. It no longer contained beef stew, lethal and final, but creamed chicken.

"Creamed chicken?" he inquired. "I thought you said something about beef stew for supper?"

His wife looked a little tired, a little sad.

"I changed my mind," she said.

—Dorothy Hunt Schofield

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IT'S ABOUT TIME

THERE is always an argument as to what constitutes an historical site. Is it age, preservation or notoriety, or merely an atmosphere which can carry one by sheer suggestion into the past? If one insists that historical monuments must appear precisely as they did at whatever moment they achieved their fame, one is going to be limited to churches and cemeteries. But if one is content with atmosphere and legend, there isn't a better place to find both in Boston than down on the waterfront. It is still reminiscent of the King's ships lying at anchor, of Paul Revere muffling his oars to row to his rendezvous, of India merchantmen and Yankee clippers sailing into harbor under full sail, laden with spice, silk, tea and curiosities.

And if one has the urge to seek out this particular brand of romance, there is no better place to find it than on T Wharf, not to be confused with the Boston Tea Party, which happened on Griffin's Wharf. T Wharf dates from 1673, when the townspeople set about improving the harbor, beginning with a sea wall or barricade constructed to close off the Town Cove from the sea, and thus create a peaceful basin for anchorage. At that time the waterfront reached far up to spots that modern Bostonians consider indisputably dry land; Faneuil Hall had a view of the sea, and Dock Square was the municipal dock. The building of the sea-wall encouraged the construction of wharves all along the protected cove, and thus, in 1712 the life of T Wharf as such began. It resulted from the construction of Long Wharf, which stretched out from the foot of King Street—today's State Street—to the seawall, and later, beyond. Long Wharf was a phenomenal structure for its day, two thousand feet long, and capable of receiving the largest vessels in the world at low tide. It was the first thing of Boston that immigrants from Europe saw, and it was the sight that all Bostonians displayed with pride to their visiting relatives from the country. In addition to being the center of shipping, it swarmed with shops and warehouses, and was the common meeting place for those with a few moments to spare and a desire for convivial conversation and activity. T Wharf was built as a T-shaped projection from Long Wharf, and



in its early days, was noted primarily for a tavern in which the gay society of the waterfront convened. In later years, when the American Revolution was brewing and the Stamp Tax was discussed over tankards of ale, the tavern became a center of patriotic discussions.

For over 150 years, T Wharf kept its original T shape, but during the boom of shipping in the era of the clipper ships, all the wharves were extended, and the seaward arm of T Wharf was enlarged with the rest. This was the golden age of Boston commerce; writers likened the maze of wharves to Venice and every day saw another proud Yankee ship coming in from the east to swell the tide of local prosperity with another cargo of rare goods. Even today, the exercise of a little imagination produces quickly a vivid picture of those busy days. By the 1850's, steamships were in, and T Wharf was dispatching and receiving packets for Savannah, New York, Halifax and Prince Edward Island, but the romance had passed out of commerce along with the tavern and rows of shops.

In 1880, Atlantic Avenue was created on a bed of filled-in land that had been creeping up on the waterfront. But it gave T Wharf the opportunity to become independent of Long Wharf, for the street crossed Long Wharf at the point where the two joined. All the docks on the town side disappeared, and today only the seaward arm of T Wharf is left to mark the old site.

This encroachment of modernity was not, however, the end. In 1881, the building now standing on T Wharf was constructed, a long, low, tin-sheathed warehouse, guaranteed rat-proof, and a new prosperity came when T Wharf became the largest fish pier in the world. All the vast catches of the Boston fleets passed through the markets there, and continued to do so until 1914, when the present Fish Pier in South Boston was erected. It looked as if the time had come to destroy the last remnant of the old waterfront, but after nine or ten years of poverty,

T Wharf was turned to a new use in which it has continued. In 1924, the residential possibilities of the old wharf were discovered, and the well-known Blue Ship Tea Room took up its post at the sea-ward end. There followed a gradual conversion of the old storage lofts into apartments, of whcih there are twenty-five today, with approximately fifty residents. The unusual location attracted a nucleus from which sprang a full-fledged artists' colony, and T Wharf had its day, until the outbreak of the war, as a waterfront edition of Greenwich Vilage in Boston. Most of the hallways in the building still bear the signs of the artistic influx; lavish murals wind up flights of stairs, including an historical panorama of the Wharf, painted by Larry O'Toole, one of the better known artists-in-residence. Before his migration to Hollywood, and his marriage to Madeleine Carroll, the actor Sterling Hayden was a resident, and there still remain many of the group who gave the Wharf its modern fame, including Mrs. J. H. Kimball, whose lectures upon the hostory of the Wharf are well known in Boston.

There are a good many legends current about the Wharf, and at least two are worth mentioning, unsubstantiated though they are. It is said, for instance, that a secret passage runs under T Wharf, blocked off now, but which once led past the site of the former custom house, a smuggler's route used to escape the tariff on imported goods. The legend has it that boats would anchor in the harbor at night, and dispatch by rowboat the most duty-laden articles to be carried through the old passage to illicit entry. And another legend has it that a ghost haunts the Wharf. Whose ghost no one knows, and as it has never manifested itself in recent years, there has been no opportunity to investigate. One story has it that it is the spirit of a sailor killed in a fight at the old grog-shop, lurking about through eternity to seek a revenge after some two hundred years. Another version says that it is the spectre of one of the smugglers who had an unfortunate brush with a custom official, and who died as a result of it. This story contends that the ghost walks the old passage whose entrance is supposedly observable at very low tide, and does not appear above-ground, but whoever is responsible for the haunt must have been shy and retiring in life, for his spirit manifests itself chiefly in story.

Modernity has not impaired the charm of the old Wharf. Time has seen many changes made to alter the face of the waterfront, but nothing has been able to destroy the salty flavor in the air, or remove entirely the memory of the old ships that once sailed about the harbor. If a ghost haunts T Wharf, it is the ghost of past glory, of the beautiful proud ships smelling of spice and silks musty from months at sea. Some of this past is recalled by the fleet of small fishing boats that anchor about the Wharf, with nets spread out to dry in the sun, and by the old planks and bolts that turn up frequently as reminders of a past going back nearly three hundred years. But none of the changes have altered the essence that is in the air, the very flavor of the rich, long past, the feeling that this is a spot that has seen history for so long that it exudes history's very nature.

—Anne Brislin

• •



Never mind practicing—Let's first find a place to live!"

TO WHOOP OR NOT TO WHOOP

THE other morning, I came to the strange conclusion, that a whoop in time, saves nine in the booby hatch at some later date. For instance, I find more than a little relief from household cares in running and whooping down the road after a wedding party, heaving rice and non-rationed shoes. It warms the cockles of my heart when I get a chance to whoop.

Psychiatrists say, that worry, repressed emotions and frustrations tend to bring on heart failure, insomnia, nervous breakdowns and kindred ills. But these dire things aren't going to creep up on me. No, Sir! A whoop a day, keeps the Doctor away—that's my motto from now on.

In these troubled times, the general public also is beginning to feel the need of ways to "let go." For example, a man in Connecticut built a Screamatorium, where he and his friends can go to scream when they feel one coming on; and a manufacturer came out with a thing called a "Wackaroo." This is a plaster head with hands waving from its poll, and it is made solely for the purpose of smashing, when Life gets too complicated. Housewives, men and women in the Service, war workers—all need a chance to whoop. Then they'll return to Duty with a smile.

Life is nerve wracking these days. What with, "You can use the blue stamps for this, but you must never pass the red. You can use the red stamp for that, but it's not considered cricket to use the blue. If you use much meat, you can't have butter; if you use much butter you can't have cheese—." Of course, the rationing system has its POINTS, if you get what I mean, but it's a certain way of bringing on brain fever with feather brains like me. When I try to pass my shoe stamp for meat in five stores without getting anything but a snarl in each, I throw back my head and yowl in frustration. This clears my alleged brain beautifully, and often clears the store too.

There was an example of a perfect lady in our family. Cousin Agatha. Now my behavior patterns in no way resembled hers. She thought that I was more than a bit coarse. Agatha made a fetich of propriety. She never had any fun; she wouldn't let a man kiss her, because she couldn't find anything in Mrs. Bost's etiquette book relating to the matter. Agatha studied day and night and made quite a name for herself in philosophy.

She, I understand, has not uttered any choice bits of philosophy of late—due perhaps to the fact that she cracked under the strain of being a gentlewoman, and has been pushing up petunias these last two years. A whoopless life laid her low. Six feet under, to be exact. If she'd been more of a screwball she'd probably be alive today.

Going to games is a good way to relax tense ganglions. Football, baseball, hockey—any kind of a game that gives me a chance to whoop. I stomp my feet, yell until hoarse, and even when I bash the man's hat in front of me down over his eyes in a rage because MY side is losing, it isn't unforgivable. He understands. He probably has bashed hats down over unsuspecting faces too. After an afternoon of screaming like a mill whistle on the loose, I walk home, tired blissfully, at peace with all the world. If my children seemed slightly off the beam when I left home, they seem perfect, beautiful Darlings now.

Running to fires makes me for-

• •



I gotta go now—I think somebody wants to use this phone!"

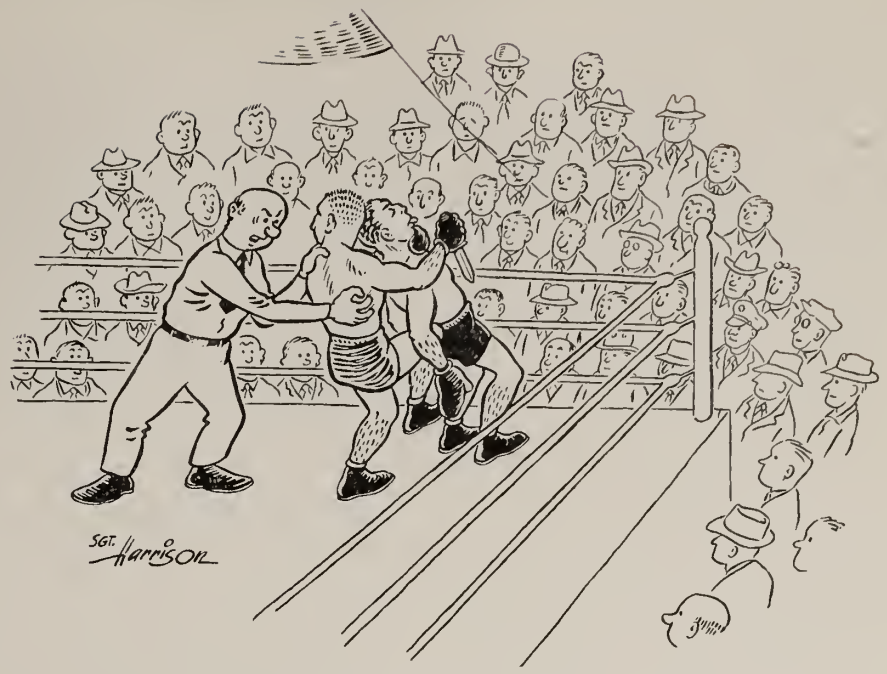
get the hole in the living room rug that won't stay darned. I drop everything when I hear the siren, and gallop out into the night. The fire engines whoosh by, and I speed onward to an unknown destination, whooping over my shoulders to perfect strangers to, "Come on! Down this way!" Troubles fade away in the excitement, and Life looks—er—rosy.

The radio is an inexhaustible help in relieving tension caused by domestic problems. I worry a song with the opera singers; I give it MY ALL, opening my mouth wide and letting 'er rip. The neighbors say I sound not unlike the Hounds of Baskerville, but I don't care. I'm pretty blooming well pleased with myself when I finish an operatic selection, and my current inhibitions are gone with the aria.

When a political speech comes on the radio, I puff out my chest like a pouter pigeon, and roar to my constituents that they will have a squab in every dinner pail, and that they will positively win at Bank Night once a month. I'll never forget the day a man caught me shouting the stock cliches politicians use. I was haranging the peas, and pleading with the mashed potatoes.

At this point, this beaming book salesman came on the door. He was bubbling over with confidence in his ability to sell anyone. But when he caught me ranting at the chops, he shook his head a little to clear it, and tip-toed shakily down the stairs. He thrust his books firmly into his brief case. Here, his manner said, was a woman who was merely marking time until an opening at the home for Congenital Idiots could be found. A woman to whom a book would be just something to set the peas in. The salesman went away from there.

When I find myself aching in every bone from scrubbing paint, I shut myself in the living room, and act with the plays on the radio, even if I am a few laps behind.



"You wanta lose this round on a foul?"

• •

When Keith Handsomepuss gets tangled up with another woman, I sob bitterly; I rage with assorted, deserted wives, and scream with joy when a repentant husband comes back to the fold, bearing a gift of a new broom or stew pan. Believe me, when I go to bed, I sleep like a baby.

Whooping at the children is not an approved method of child culture, but sometimes it keeps them quiet for as long as a half hour. And whooping at husbands is not done by the Best People either, but really, you have no idea how it clears the air. Although my husband called me his little Queen when we were first married, now, when I serve him burned beans or anything, he mutters darkly down into his collar, as if contemplating regicide. Then I whoop at him; he whoops back in self defense, and we cook up a semi-riot. Afterward, when we are both wordless and exhausted, we are content to sit down and read the comics, and munch happily on cheese popcorn.

If you follow my advice, your relatives may want to have you psycho-analyzed, but you'll be a lot healthier and happier. Those who view-with-alarm the Bigger and Better Whooping Club I'm forming, better watch out themselves. Remember Cousin Agatha!

But there is one occasion when it is better not to whoop. When my husband receives an undeserved call-down from the Boss, I act like a lady if it half kills me. I can stand it a few hours, I guess. I make a fuss over him, smooth his fevered brow, make little murmuring sounds of commiseration as he tells me, at some length, how the Boss and he hawed and geed over a sales campaign, and what HE, the heartless one said to him.

I try to be discreet then. There is a time and a place for everything, and this is definitely not the time for ye-owing. But in the back of my mind I'm thinking happily: "I'll be back on the whoop standard tomorrow!"

WHOOP-E-E-E!

—Evelyn Lahey

ETCHINGS

DURING the sixty years of his active life Zorn produced in all about two hundred and ninety plates. His scope was limited; he seldom deviated from one or two figure subjects, and these were mostly placed in a simple setting. Without attempting to follow the methods of others, he simply fortified himself with a thorough technical knowledge, and this, coupled with his sense of painting values, enabled him to carry out his own ideals unhampered. With this equipment he could draw and mould his subjects by powerful suggestion. He literally used the needle as one would a brush and painted the plate with long parallel lines, attaining great simple masses and solid construction. To a great extent, he used double lighting effects, which enabled him to obtain unusual and brilliant results. The pursuit of light was his principle object, and he pursued it incessantly in all its manifestations, bringing to the copper plate a linear manner in which light could be vibrant.

A first impression gives one the feeling that Zorn's plates are made up af many parallel lines, apparently drawn carelessly upon the copper, which shock the eye and seem to gash the plate. When viewing the whole we discover a strong, clear, and vivid composition, expressing the most delicate and fleeting phases of expression and movement. Zorn used the engraver's burin very freely on many of his plates which were started as etchings, and he used it with consumate skill in the development of his first idea set upon copper.

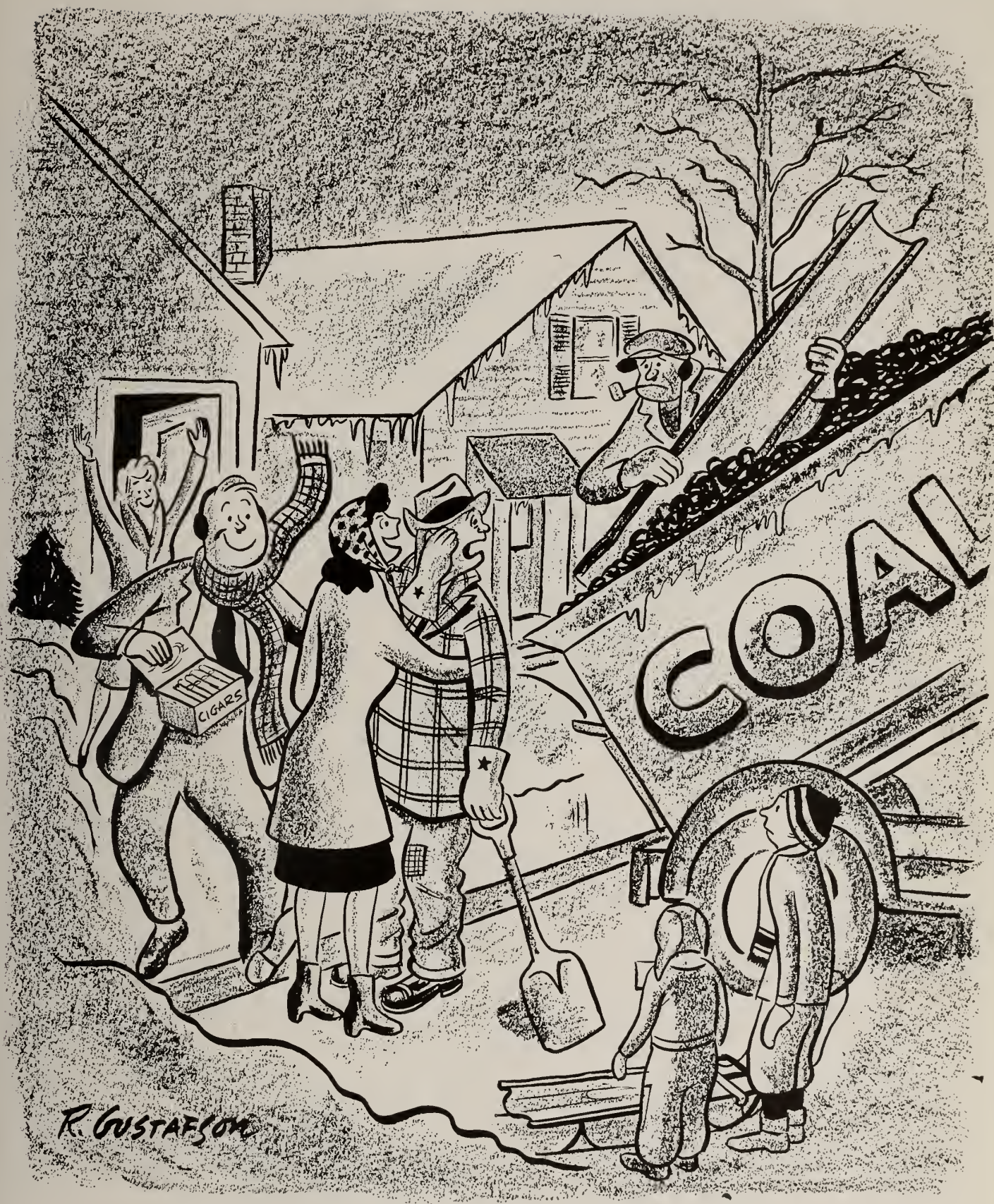
Zorn's etchings speak to one in the fewest words, and there is no question as to their meaning. His best plates will live for all time, and several are considered comparable to the work of Rembrandt. The superb plate of "Madame Simon" can take its place with the finest portraits of the great master. There are other portraits in this exhibition, but none surpasses the noble and beautiful plate of the artist's mother, "Mona." Every line is expressive and telling, and in it we recognize a fine type of peasant woman, whose beauty and character have not been dimmed by life's experiences. An interesting comparison is the early plate of Zorn's "Grandmother," from which his technical development may be studied. This particular print is of the greatest rarity, as it was made before the plate was cut down. There is no mention of it in Asplund's Catalogue, and it is quite possible that this is one of a very limited number of impressions from this state, as Mr. Wiggin purchased the print directly from the Zorn collection after the artist's death.

The studies of "plein-air" motives include "The Storm," "Effet de Nuit" and "Fisherman of St. Ives." Among Zorn's ablest plates are his famous nudes, which are an impressive part of the Wiggin Collection.

—Arthur W. Heintzelman



Fishermen at St. Ives. Wiggin Collection, Boston Public Library.



"Tell 'em it's for the people next door. I haven't got the heart!"



Jordan Marsh

I'm proud to admit
I'm a grandmother

I'm proud that my soft, smooth skin belies the years . . . that my make-up glows so flatteringly. The secret of this youthful-looking appearance? Revenescence . . . I've depended on it for more years than I care tell.

Revenescence Cream



by Charles of the Ritz

DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

PARIS • MONTREAL (973 ST. ANTOINE STREET WEST) • LOND

Gilt and Plush Era

ARE you searching for tokens of the "gilt and plush" era? There is a wonderful "go-with-everything" quality in Victorian bibelots—to sentimentalize a mod-



Created for an Empress two hundred years ago, Essence Imperiale Russe is still a regal gift.

ern decor—to enhance the rugged simplicity of early colonial—to blend with lavish Louis XIV. All the romantic charm of the Victorian period has been captured by Charles of the Ritz in the Moss Rose boudoir accessories. Here are really collector's pieces—authentic reproductions of cherished Victoriana. Long after their fragrant contents have been used up, you will want these dainty vases to grace your dressing table. Emerald green and porcelain white combine with the moss rose motif to create an exquisite sequence. The quaint rouge and lipstick containers will delight you. The rouge, in cake or cream form, comes in a decorative fluted cache, topped by tiny roses. A matching lipstick has the smooth, velvet texture that a lipstick needs. The sachet takes the form of a gay, ribbon-banded booklet. A pair of slender carafes hold cologne and sweet scented balm. For the bath, the ensemble includes perfumed oil, bath powder, complexion soap and bath soap. These cosmetic treasures by Charles of the Ritz make wonderful gifts for Christmas, birthdays, anniversaries and other memorable occasions.

PRINCE MATCHABELLI, a perfumer who has blended his fine perfumes in the image of a famous romantic woman so that each has been a portrait in scent, has done just that with make-up. The complete new make-up sequence is called Duchess of York. It con-



Tuvache Cologne, a fragrant, cooling after-bath balm for your skin.

sists of five foundation shades (both cream and liquid), eight lipstick shades, eight face powder shades, four rouges (both cake and cream), and seven eyeshadow tints, and two mascaras. Prince Matchabelli offers you the opportunity to be a portrait in scent and make-up too!

Eyes Right

YOUR EYES can be more beautiful through proper care and the use of eye make-up. The basic rule as advanced by Elizabeth Arden is to cleanse, refresh and soothe your eyes. Cleanse your eyes daily with Ardena Special Eye-Lotion. Refresh your eyes, when they are tired or when they ache and burn, with Ardena Crystal Clear eye drops. Soothe the entire area round the eyes with Ardena Eye Beauty cream which will help to keep the skin smooth and lubricated. Don't shy away from eye shadow. Use it sparingly, applying it from the center of the lid out to the corner of the eye. Miss Arden's basic rule for eye shadow is to consider the set of your eyes. Are they deep set or full? If your eyes are deep set avoid the dark shades and choose one of the lighter shades—Elizabeth Arden French Gray Eye Sha-do or Dawn Gray Eye Sha-do. If your eyes are full use a darker shade such as Dawn Gray Eye Sha-do or French Gray Eye Sha-do. Eyebrows should be brushed so that there is no trace of powder. A few short light strokes of an eyebrow pencil gives just enough color to your brows. Eye-



Charles of the Ritz Moss Rose ensemble for a scentimental Christmas.

lash Cosmetique carefully applied to the upper lashes with a wet brush is the finishing touch that darkens the lashes and enhances the beauty of your eyes.

No Confusion

THERE can be no confusion in in choosing Schiaparelli's new Radiance Face Powder. Why? Because Schiaparelli offers it in one shade only! Radiance Face Powder is a delicate rose-nacre shade. It is soft, transparent and lovely on the skin, giving the complexion a fresh, smooth look. Blondes or brunettes may wear it

to accent individual skin tones. Schiaparelli's latest contribution to beauty comes in a drawstring bag, tucked inside of a heart-shaped box decorated by Dali. The whole package is a riot of color—purple, red, blue and Shocking pink. The drawstring bag holds six ounces, a double portion of face powder. When empty, it makes a charming receptacle for storing table trifles. Wear Schiaparelli's Radiance face powder with Radiance lipstick—smart, new and rose-red—to complete your make-up ensemble.

Perfume Recalls Memories

ALMOST ANY MAN can tell you, if he wants to, how a scent creates pictures, recalls memories, as nothing else in this world can. For that reason, beautiful perfume is a woman's prized possession. Yardley's Bond Street is such a



Elizabeth Arden's Special Eye Lotion helps keep eyes sparkling and clear.

perfume. Vibrantly unforgettable, teasing, gay and gracious, it has a way with it—of reminding others of you, irresistibly! It is neither too heavy nor too light—it is all things to you and for you. Try some on your skin—let it dry—wait a little—then decide. First you will sense its naturalness, its sprightliness; then its deeper tones, its sweetly stirring qualities will delight you. A little on your lips, your throat, the inside of your elbow, your hat band, your furs, or the hem of of your gown, will make you hold your head high and bring a sparkle to your eyes. And for appeal unlimited, lightly smooth Bond Street on your eyebrows and over your hair about your face, after you've arranged it.

Created for an Empress

ESSENCE IMPERIALE RUSSE is a scent that was created for the empress, Catherine the Great of Russia. And altogether over two hundred years have passed since its fragrance enchanted the queen and her court, Essence Imperiale Russe is still a regal gift today. It is an indescribible scent—half light, half heavy, half perfume, half cologne. It must be worn to be appreciated and then its magic grows on you even as it did on an empress two hundred years ago, and on fastidious women from her day to this. C. Crawford Hollidge has it in three sizes, and you will find harmonizing toiletries—bath powder, bath oil, powder mitt, and a delightful complexion "milk."

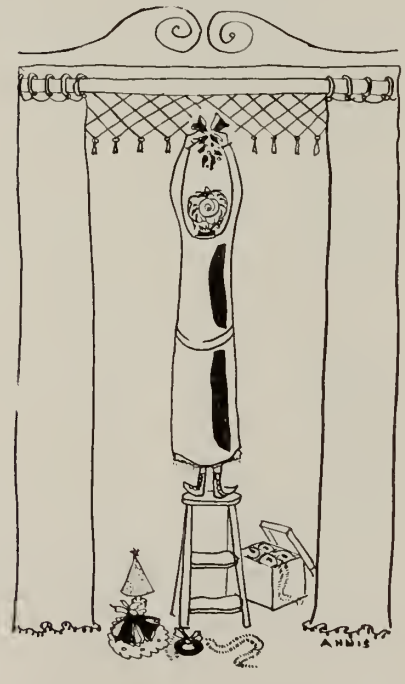
The Lure of Perfume

BERNADINE DE TUVACHE began her perfume career by creating a collection of perfumes ing the sources of the most fascinating and glamorous essential oils from strange and unusual places. She is now head of a company that makes some of the most expensive perfumes in the world. One of them, Jasmin from Egypt,



From the beauty salon of Audree Incorporated, in Boston, where specially-trained operators use new technique for all beauty treatments.

for her own enjoyment, after trac sells for $100 an ounce; none o them sells for less than $15 a ounce. "Fragrance is a woman' spiritual presence—her ability t express her own personality an create an aura of charm and fem ininity," says Miss de Tuvache Because Bernadine de Tuvach believes that perfumes touch th emotions, she has created the en chanting Algiers, Sumatra, Mo roccan Rose, Jungle Gardenia— lush, provocative perfumes to in trigue the imagination. Tuvach perfumes are bottled and pack aged to bring something of th romance of strange, faraway places. The front of each bottl is covered with soft suede, and i is packaged in a natural-colore basket weave box, tied with raffi and sealed with wax. The per fumes are also available in tiny attractively packaged dram bot tles. Then too, there is Tuvach cologne, a cooling fragrance to re fresh the skin and cling to you body like a mist of an exquisit perfume.



THANKS BOSTON

IT was a beautiful windy day with the white foam of the Charles spraying the Boston shore. Several Tech boats were sailing in the basin As I stood on the Harvard Bridge, I realized how much I liked Boston and how much I owed the Bostonians. It was unbelievable that in a few hours I would be leaving this city which had fed me, had given me a place to sleep, and had entertained me. There was no way of thanking the hidden people who had made my leave hours happy ones. All I could do was to say thanks to the Charles and remember all the enjoyable moments that I had spent.

As I stood there thinking of all the pleasures the Bostonians had given me, I realized that the tale of how "cold" they were was purely fictitious. They were warm-hearted Americans who were helping fellows like me to be cheerful in a city where we had never been before. They treated us like their own sons, and as if they had known us all our lives. They invited us to their homes. This alone I consider a sincere compliment.

While I was looking out towards the lower locks, I saw the Esplanade Club where I had spent so many enjoyable Sunday evenings. I appreciated that I had found a mother who worked behind the cafeteria counter who reminded me of my own mother so many miles away. I was fond of her. You could talk about anything to her, and she would understand. I can remember one night we started to talk about antiques. I think now that I must have annoyed her, but she never seemed to care. She always had a smile with her two dimples staring right at you. My biggest thrill came when one day she invited me to Sunday dinner. The Navy has wonderful food, but home cooking is the best. This generosity is one of the many events that makes me think of

Charles of the Ritz

A beautiful formal coiffure
for evenings in town.
Of course you'll need a naturally
lovely permanent wave... and
naturally you'll turn to
CHARLES OF THE RITZ!

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

Phone: Kenmore 5322



Boston and all the people there.

I remember the Stage Door Canteen when it was by the Back Bay Station. We were all there every night. It was crowded, but everybody enjoyed it that much more. Then the Bostonians came through again and gave the armed forces a place bigger than before on Boylston Street. The pleasures you obtained by thinking of the recreation you would receive by climbing those three flights of stairs. Also, if a fellow was rather low on cash, he could go there and eat. And believe me, money really goes when you have to buy several meals a day.

Mary was her name. I never did know her last name because that was against the rules of the Stage Door. She knew me as Dick so that made the score even. Just knowing each other's first name made no difference. She treated me as if we were life-long friends, and the fun we had there dancing and talking while we smkoed was exceptional. Here one girl made a sailor forget that he was away from home with her friendly attitude and her neat appearance.

All of the fellows that have ever been to the Stage Door have gone down stairs and received a free ticket to a play, movie, or some other entertainment. My heart used to quicken when I would see several hundred fellows waiting in line for an evening's entertainment. They were never disappointed. Everyone had a place to go. The first time I got in line I felt a little embarrassed asking for a free ticket to one of the best plays in Boston. I wanted to pay for it; but the generous lady at the box office said, "Don't be foolish! This is the least we can do for you fellows." It makes you proud when you hear something like that. You feel like you are the only fellow fighting. During the entire play, I was conscious of the fact that I was thinking of Boston as a father who has just given his son a quarter for a movie.

Then you never could forget the Buddies Club. This is just what it sounds like. Everyone is the buddy of his neighbor. The first time I saw the sign "Home Hospitality" I wondered if I should take advantage of such an opportunity. I was not homesick like so many other fellows. Would I be depriving someone else of this privilege? Well it was just a matter of moments after speaking to the hostess before she had me on my way. Here again was another feeling that I had never experienced before, and that was to have a stranger share his home with you. The home that I went to was on the West side of town and in a large apartment house overlooking The Fenway. The people were so kind to me. They had a son who was in the Army. Not knowing where he was, I expected that they would be sad; but on the contrary, they were merry. I was their son for that day. I only wish that I could have lived up to their expectations. They gave me a feeling of security that had been lacking since I had left home. I could feel that they were hoping that someone would care for their son like they were caring for me. This was not the only family that I visited, but all the homes had the same welcome feeling.

This was not the only thing that the Buddies Club gave me. Many a night I have danced with the Junior hostesses there to some well known Boston band. The members of the band were entertaining me, and they did it wonderfully. I, like many others, will remember these nights when out on watch, in other cities, and on foreign soil.

All I can say is, "Thanks Boston for so much."

—Richard Stanton



BERNARD DE VOTO

ON the twentieth of November, the Court of Appeals of the Commonwealth sits upon a very important case. It is the sort of case that does not evoke widespread interest or receive persistent publicity, but it deserves both. It is the legal culmination of the Boston storm-center, the banning of books. This is one of the few cases—the first since the amending of the obscenity statute—that has been brought to court; it is a reasonable and unsensational attempt to force a legal decision to clarify an extra-legal situation. And it is primarily the result of the efforts of one man.

The book is Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit," and the man is Bernard DeVoto. It is not quixoticism that led DeVoto to step from the role of critic, novelist and historian long enough to be arrested for buying a banned book; it was part of a long, quiet opposition to those who undermine civil liberties. After writing in "The Easy Chair," his monthly column in Harper's Magazine, his criticisms of the extra-legal methods of suppression of books in Boston, he took the next logical, constructive step. He arranged to purchase "Strange Fruit" and to be arrested for it, thus forcing the courts of the Commonwealth to interpret the statute and, perhaps, outlaw the irresponsible system that is at present behind all book bannings. His aim is a re-interpretation of the statute, to indicate clearly that books must be evaluated as a whole, and that their immorality must be judged in that manner instead of by the presence of a few objectionable terms. And when asked why he undertook this task, his reply was very indicative of his entire attitude toward civil rights. "It interferes with the freedom of the writer to express the truth," he said, "but more important, it is private government, the sort of extra-legal action that precedes Fascism. There are no responsible public officials connected with it in an official capacity, and that is what we must eliminate."

This seems to put Bernard DeVoto in the light of a crusader or a left-winger, and he is in no sense either. He is a liberal, but he does not indulge in theorizing in his works. He is a prolific writer—innumerable short stories and articles have been published under his name, or under the pseudonym of John August, as well as five novels and several historical or critical works, and he contributes monthly "The Easy Chair" in Harper's, but he is either too involved in whatever particular subject he is working upon to indulge in editorializing, or he approaches customary problems from a peak of geniality. His defense of "Strange Fruit" is part of his life as a private citizen, but because he is a noteworthy private citizen, his opinions are of especial interest to the Massachusetts people who have long wondered what to do about banned books.



Bernard De Voto

A good part of Bernard DeVoto's life has been spent seeking the right way instead of the popular of the popular way. He is a Westerner, born in Ogden, Utah, in 1897. He grew up there, in a railroad town, and had early opportunity to see labor unions and the

The STATLER
HOTEL
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I.W.W. at work. He grew up knowing the works of Karl Marx, and consequently the prospect of a social revolution never burst upon him with stunning force. "Unlike most writers," he remarks, ironically, "I did not discover Marx in 1930." When he went to the conservative University of Utah in 1914, he was an ardent liberal; he was one of the organizers of the Intercolegiate Socialist Society, eventually thrown off the campus. The roots of rational liberality were sufficiently deep to cause him to leave Utah for Harvard in 1915. In that year, three faculty members were dropped from the Utah staff for unorthodoxy, and in the same year, President Lowell of Harvard had adopted a dignified stand upon such matters in two successive incidents. The first occurred when a Harvard professor demanded the expulsion of a student for writing a rabidly anti-German poem, and the second when an alumnus offered $10,000,000 to the University if a faculty member of Germanic leanings were dropped. President Lowell rejected both suggestions, and even proved an insubstantial offer, DeVoto was sufficiently impressed to come East.

In 1917, he enlisted in the army, and misstated his age to be eligible for a commission, which he received in 1918. But he proved so proficient in marksmanship that he was kept in the United States as an instructor, and much to his disappointment, never got to France. In 1920, he was back at Harvard for his belated degree, and went from there back to Utah. In 1922, he was an instructor at Northwestern University, planning a triology of novels and becoming immensely popular with his students instead of seeking the traditional Ph.D. He married a co-ed, and finally decided to scrap the first two volumes of the trilogy, publishing the third, under the title of "The Crooked Mile," in 1924. A second novel, "The Char-



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iot of Fire," appeared in 1926, and a third, "The House of Sun-Goes-Down," in 1928, but by then he was gone from Northwestern, and was absorbed in writing for Harper's, the Mercury and the Saturday Evening Post. In 1927, the DeVotos moved, once and for all, to Cambridge.

Writing and teaching at Harvard kept things going, and in 1930, Mr. DeVoto became editor of the Harvard Graduates' Magazine, a prissy, pale, proper little periodical that sprang into a new life from the first issue. In that memorable edition, he blasted the Watchand Ward Society, which had just undertaken the prosecution of a Cambridge bookseller, and wrote an article scoring the snobbish tendencies at Harvard. These articles stand as proof that DeVoto is no crusader, for he never fell into the reformer's zealous hysteria. A certain shrewd, good-humored, temperate criticism established a pattern he is still following.

Shortly afterward, DeVoto's interest in critical work was aroused by studies in the work of the Italian sociologist, Vilfredo Pareto. To these studies can be attributed his teasing scorn of the young converts to Moscow, so many of which were being especially vocal in the early days of the depression. This attitude gave him the tag of a right-winger, which is quite as erroneous as calling him a radical. But more important, he began to take a deep interest in serious critical work as a whole, and out of it produced what many think his greatest work, "Mark Twain's America," published in 1932. It was a rebuttal to the argument Van Wyck Brooks had brought forth in "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," printed in 1920, in which the frontier was painted in the most drab and materialistic colors. DeVoto, unwilling to agree with Brooks' thesis that Twain was perpetually tormented by his repressive, uncultured surroundings, dared popular scorn by sketching

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an entirely different frontier, a locality that had, in particular, inspired Twain instead of torturing him. As the Brooks' book had received a great deal of serious acclaim, and was actually the foundation of a popular school of thought, DeVoto was braving the wrath of convinced Brooksian intellectuals. Today, "Mark Twain's America" is generally considered the authoritative book upon the subject.

Another novel, "We Accept With Pleasure," was published in 1934. A considerable artistic work, it was not aimed at popular taste, and consequently has never been so widely read as it should be. In 1936, he produced "Forays and Rebuttals," which appeared after he had taken over editorship of The Saturday Review. A collection of critical essays, it includes the widely anthologized educational remarks, "Farewell to Pedagagy" and "The Co-Eds: God Bless Them."

After leaving the Saturday Review, DeVoto produced several other works which have perhaps been more wisely read than his earlier publications. "Minority Report," "Mark Twain at Work" and "Mark Twain in Eruption" preceded the well-known historical work, "Year of Decision: 1846," a 1943 best seller and a Book of the Month Club selection. His latest, another critical work, "The Literary Fallacy," is at present stirring up a good deal of comment in intellectual and literary circles. From the comfortable vantage point of the Easy Chair, he keeps on sniping at obstructionists, radicals, reactionaries and fools, always temperately, but sometimes with venom.

DeVoto is an important man to Boston and its future as a literary city and a home of civil rights.

His friends call him Benny, and he is a rather short, round-shouldered, carelessly dressed figure with owlish glasses adorning his round face.

—Anne B. Green

BOOK REVIEW

SINCE the Germans have been forced out of France, we have had an excellent opportunity to see that the presence of a strong and tightly organized underground resistance movement is no indication of generally shared opinions or common ideologies. The pressure of necessity can apparently bring together people of diverse opinion, unified on a single point alone, and it seems that when the unifying force is removed, the divergencies are still markedly present. This has come as a shock to a good many people because the solid front of mutual resistance was all that could be seen from a distance, and the matter has still not been clarified. If this is the case in France, it is not hard to imagine what it must be in Poland, which possesses not only internal division but a large international problem to the east. It is an important matter on which there is little information available, and it is too bad than Jan Karski's "Story of a Secret State" (Houghton Mifflin Company) does not provide more.



Mr. Karski's book was written, according to the jacket, at the request of the Prime Minister of the Polish Government-in-Exile, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, who commissioned it thusly: "Tell everything. Give all the information as calmly and objectively as you did in your official reports to us. Tell everything you experienced—what you saw, what you heard. Convey the facts and let people draw their own conclusions." This is good indication that the Prime Minister and Mr. Karski believe that there are conclusions which need to be drawn; unfortunately, the book does not provide the material for drawing them. Perhaps the very calmness and objectivity of Mr. Karski's work is the error which makes it inconclusive. Perhaps it parallels altogether too closely his reports to his government, which were, after all, written for Poles who should know something for the internal state of their nation, a matter upon which most of the rest of the world is totally unenlightened. In any event, Jan Karski has produced a rapid, readable, personal narrative so completely devoid of necessary background material that it reads almost as a novel.

"Story of a Secret State" is solely the activities and reactions of a single individual, a leader in the Polish underground, a young, intellectual aristocrat defending his nation almost more by instinct than by reasoned intent. Much of the brutal horror and the quiet acceptance of constant peril is almost incredible to the sheltered American reader, but it is so convincingly written that the reader's sympathies are aroused and his loathing of the Nazis immensely increased. But is this enough to warrant those conclusions of which Prime Minister Mikolajczyk spoke? Nothing is said of the in-



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ternal political divisions that certainly must exist in Poland as they do in France. Nothing is mentioned of the Russo-Polish question that is going to be of such very great importance when the peacemakers convene to re-divide the maps. Beyond a very brief narration of Mr. Karski's capture by the Russians at the time of the German invasion and his internment in a prison camp in Russia prior to his exchange to the Germans, the entire matter is left undiscussed—despite the fact that Russia occupied a large portion of Polish soil, and set the G. P. U. in action in a manner which Mr. Karski will not specify. It is not enough to admire the courageous personalities who opposed the Nazis an dto be impressed by the efficient, precise machine they organized against their conquerors. At least, it is not enough to warrant the drawing of any conclusions except the possible opposition to a "soft" peace with Germany. It is certainly not enough to give one an authoritative background fo rconsideration of post-war Polish problems, nor even an intelligent grasp of the particular and dangerous situation that certainly exists.

In this sense, "Story of a Secret State" fails in its purpose. As a work of literature it is not inept. Mr. Karski writes with restraint and objectivity that is admirable in view of the harrowing nature of a great portion of his subject. He has created a readable and interesting book, but he has conveyed very little information in it aside from the personal. It is, as I said, too bad. It is disappointnig, and it is especially unfortunate, because nothing could be of more use at the moment than an intelligent guide to the matters upon which we are very shortly going to be forced to decide.

—Nan Bowns

BEARING DOWN

OLD TOM DALEY, looking like a deep-sea diver with his welder's helmet on, didn't hear Mike Seelers at first as he crouched over a steel plate. The noise from a score of huge punching machines, punching out holes in inch-thick plates in the main shop nearby, banged in his ears.

"Hey, Tom!" Mike bellowed again. "What's the big idea of workin' your head off like this? Ain't you got any sense?"

The deep blue sputtering flame stopped and Tom peered up at him. Then he slowly took off his helmet and wiped the smelly, greasy sweat from his forehead with his dirty forearm. He got up laboriously from his knees.

"I'm just doin' my job, Mike," he said evenly. He noticed the little hard lines around the corners of Mike's mouth were etched in deeper than ever.

"Cut out the malarkey!" Mike snapped angrily. "Can't you guys figure this thing out that all your jobs and this big dough you're makin' will go up in smoke if you sweat your brains out like this?"

"Yeah, I know, but—"

"Then what'll you birds do?" Mike's chin jutted out belligerently.

Old Tom straightened up to his full height, but he only came up to Mike's shoulders. Mike was easily six foot two, and he looked like a northwestern lumberjack with his two hundred and twenty pounds of bone and muscle.

Imagine tangling with a hulk like that, Tom thought!

"I don't know, Mike," he said, shaking his head. "I only know there's a war on, and we've got a job to do." He paused, then added quietly, "And I've got two kids in the Army overseas."

Mike shrugged impatiently. "Don' hand me that school room patriotism stuff. What did it ever get you, anyway?"

Tom's fists doubled up and his knuckles were white. If I was thirty years younger, Tom thought grimly, I'd knock his teeth down his throat for talking to me like that. Yes, and even though he is the boss of the welding section in the shipyards.

"It might be school room stuff to you," he returned hotly, "but I know I'd feel like hell inside if I ever laid down on my job and my kids." His hands shook as he pulled off his dirty canvas gloves.

"So what?" Mike rasped. "I got a kid in the service, too. A pilot on one of them bombers. But that doesn't cut any ice with me. He didn't have to join up; he could have been deferred because of his job down here in the yards. But no! He had to go and fly because the rest of them were doing it."

Tom was silent for several seconds. Then he asked slowly: "How does your wife feel about all this, Mike?"

Mike's gray-green eyes shifted and Tom thought he saw his face relax.

'My wife's been dead six years."

He was silent for a moment, then his head turned and he glared at Tom. "What made you ask that?"

Tom shrugged. "I don't know. I just wondered, I guess."

Down at the far end of the yards, there was a noise, like the rumble of thunder in the distance, and a huge fifty-ton crane with another load of steel plates came drumming down the runways.

Mike stepped aside and turned to leave.

"Now don't forget what I told you," he reminded Tom. "This war's giving me a chance to make some big dough. And if you're wise you'll do the same thing, or else."

Tom watched him as he walked toward the main shop. He knew what Mike meant. If he didn't play ball with him, then some night when he'd be going home, he'd be grabbed and dragged in an alley and get his head bashed in. These attacks were played up in papers as just ordinary brawls between drunken shipyard workers on paydays.

But even though he got sore



"Ah there, Mr. Sims! Cool enough for you?"

and felt like taking a good punch at him, like today for instance, he had a soft spot in his heart for Mike. He knew that Mike was only a tool in this whole nasty business. There was someone else; someone higher up who pulled the strings without getting caught.

He hadn't known Mike very long; he'd only been on the job a month. Still he had him sized up pretty well. If anything would happen to his kid, he'd be just like any other father who had lost his boy. And the way these telegrams were coming in from the War Department these days . . .

It was Thursday morning, two days later, when Tom saw Mike approaching him. Someone said he'd been at the main office in town for the last two days, checking over some details on the new LST's.

Guess he's ready to lace it into me again, Tom thought. But if he does, he'll get the same answer. No matter what.

"Tom, I—" Mike hesitated. "I'm sorry for shootin' off my mouth to you the other day like I did." He wetted his lips and his eyes retreated from Tom's.

Tom stared at him. His arrogance, his gruff I'm-the-boss-here manner was missing. Even the little hard lines around the corners of his mouth were gone now.

"That's all right, Mike," Tom said. "Guess all of us are pretty much on edge these days."

Mike smiled slowly but said nothing.

Suddenly a lump rose in Tom's throat. What he had dreaded most had finally happened. He knew now how Mike must have felt when he received that telegram.

Tom swalowed, then he patted Mike on the shoulder.

"I'm sory, Mike," he said quietly.

Mike jerked his head around and glared at him. "Sorry?" he snapped. "What for?"

"But your kid . . .?" Tom's brows knitted together.

"You mean you thought he was dead?" Mike then laughed, and added fervently, "Thank God, no!" He then reached into his pocket and pulled out a cable. "Here, read this. The kid says he's just gotten married to a pretty French girl, and that I'll never get to see her until they finish this job overseas." He paused, then he said, his voice tightening in his throat, "And I can't just wait FOREVER to see if she's like his mother was. You see, I married a French girl, too—over there in 1918 . . ."

Toms' blue eyes smiled, then he rolled up his sleeves, adjusted his helmet on his head and got back to work.

—Ben Riley



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THE THEATRE

WITH two dramatized novels on our local stages close on the heelsmeels of a third, one is tempted to wnoder these days if all the playwriting talent is located in the people one is accustomed to regard as practitioners in a slightly different field. Perhaps the inspiration lies in Hollywood, which has for so long depended for scenarios on published works, and which has, perhaps, proved that the novel and the play are not as far apart as was once believed. Certainly a far greater percentage of novels are seeing stage production today than ever did ten years ago, and with enough success to indicate that, for once, Hollywood was right.

The first of the two current stage versions is Max Gordon's production of John P. Marquand's "The Late George Apley," dramatized by Mr. Marquand and George S. Kaufman, on view at the Plymouth, with a cast that includes Leo G. Carroll, Janet Beecher, Percy Waram and Margaret Dale. Coming not very long after the Hollywood production of Mr. Marquand's "M. M. Pulham, Esquire," it makes one note that there are still a few of Mr. Marquand's books that have not been turned to Thespian uses, and which very well might be.

We also have with us a few precious days of the latest of the Olson and Johnson zany shows, "Laffing Room Only," currently visible at the Shubert—if "visible" is the word to use, considering the extent to which the audience is involved in this particular form of bedlam. This masterpiece of insanity has Olsen and Johnson surrounded by Frank Libuse, Betty Garrett and many others, as well as the expected array of gags and props. The record-breaking advance sale seems to indicate that the public likes its shows in its lap just as well as in the stage.

The second dramatized novel is Paul Osborne's adaptation of "A Bell for Adano," John Hersey's best-selling story of occupied Italy. A Leland Hayward presentation, it can be found at the Wilbur, where Frederic March and Margo handle the leading roles.

The Theatre Guild's second presentation of the season, Walter Kerr's American musical, "Sing Out, Sweet Land," is currently at the Colonial. Staged by Leon Leonidoff, it has a tremendous cast, headed by Alfred Drake and Burl Ives, and it is reputed to be a very colorful show.

Beginning November 20, the Plymouth will house a new comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, the authors of "Three's a Family," a last-season hit. The new one is "Laughing Water," John Golden's production of life in a girl's camp, as enacted by Ann Andrews, Evelyn Varden, Harry Bannister and Leon Janney.

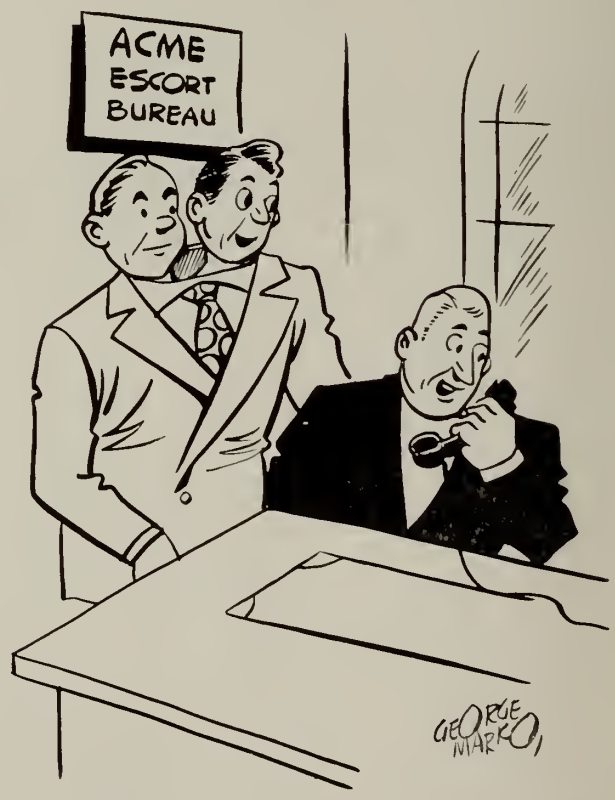
Gertrude Lawrence will open on December 4 in her latest play. Gilbert Miller's presentation of a three-character comedy by Jacques Deval, "Errand for Bernice." Miss Lawrence will be surrounded at the Plymouth by Wendell Corey and Stephen Vekassy.

On the same date, an exotic program will open at the Opera House, where Katherine Dunham will present her "Tropical Revue," full of the unusual forms of dance and music for which Miss Dunham is known.

A date to remember is December 6, when a world premiere will be staged at New England Mutual Hall. The play is the latest work of the brilliant Irish author of "The Plough and the Stars" and "Juno and the Paycock," Sean O'Casey. The play, "Purple Dust," is billed as a "wayward" Irish comedy, and on the strength of Mr. O'Casey's past productions, should indeed be good.

And that comprises a list that should satisfy the most ardent devotee of the drama, and give the opportunity to squelch those Bostonians who constantly lament the necessity for running off to New York for theatrical adventure.

—Claire Colquhoun



"I tell you Misss Smith, I have a terrific bargain for you if you can bring a friend."

ENTERTAINMENT

WITH so much to do in the evenings, this is not the time to retire from society. The array of talent in local night spots is at a new high; the winter season is well under way, and is going along in a high, wide and handsome manner that ought to draw hermits from their caves. Each new offering is better than the last, but here is a listing of what's to be seen and done these days.

In the Oval Room of the Copley Plaza, the Hartmans are now holding forth. To those who follow the theatrical world, the Hartmans are already well known, but just in case you havent heard, they form the most unusual team of dancers in the country. Broadway and Hollywood know them well, and anyone who has once seen them perform will not fail to come back for more. Their specialty is the satirical dance, in which field they are unrivalled, and they perform at 7 and 11, and at 8 and 10:45 on Saturdays, so you will know just when to be on hand. Harry Greene's orchestra is still supplying smooth and versatile music for the dancing public, and there is no cover charge until 10. But why go on? You just won't want to pass this by.

These days find the Terrace Room of the Statler doing well too, with Josephine Houston, the singing star, and Frakson the prestidigitator filling a three week engagement that started November 13. Miss Houston starred in



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"New Moon," "The Desert Song," "Life Begins at 8:40," "Three Little Girls," "Three Penny Opera," and shared the honors with Jack Pearl in "Pardon My English." Recently she has made a round of the New York supper rooms, including the Persian Room at the Plaza, the Waldorf's Sert Room, the Versailles, and Ben Marden's Riviera. Devotees of Earl Carroll's Vanities and Shubert's Ziegfeld Follies know her well, and those who keep an ear open for the new songs will recognize her as the composer of "Drummer Boy," dedicated to the Army Ground Forces. This is the chance for some wonderful entertainment in wonderful surroundings.

Frakson has done his magic for the audiences of the Radio City Music Hall and for the supper crowd at the Waldorf Astoria in New York and the Palmer House and the Drake Hotel in Chicago. He is tops in cigarette tricks, but he also does amazing things with cards and a radio that disappears all over the place, if you can imagine. But don't bother; drop into the Terrace Room and see for yourself, and incidentally, you can dance to the music of George Duffey and his eleven men.

And have you heard what's going on at the Fensgate's Satire Room? First of all, there is Nan Blackstone, the very well known singer of sophisticated songs. There will be a mad rush from all over the state to listen to her, for there's nothing better for putting



Josephine Houston — At Statler Terrace Room.

spice into an evening. In addition to Miss Blackstone, the Satire Room has Tally Broadhurst just singing and singing, and Neil Phillips with his piano. For dancing, there is a portion of Andy Jacobson's band, and all this comes for a dollar cover and no minimum.

The Latin Quarter is running a star bill too, right through the twenty sixth of this month. There will be found Corday and Piano and Chester Dolphin, the juggler, plus the Armory Brothers who can plus the Amory Brothers who can As the final touch, there is also Sammy White, to handle the comedy, and right there you have everything all at once. Did I hear you say you're going out tonight?

The Mayfair is another grand spot that you don't want to miss when you are touring the city in search of night life. There is a wonderful show running through November 28, starring Cross and Dunn, the song stylists who have set all show business agog. To make it better and better, the Mayfair also has Olsen and Joy, or perhaps we need only say "Young America Dances". And this isn't all, for Card Mondor and his Magic Moderns is mystifying all comers, and there is a very clever mimic-songstress, Gene Fields. Not an idle moment, and don't forget the fine cuisine. And perhaps you had better make your reservations at LIBerty 0700, because this bill insures a full house nightly.

Strictly on the gastronomic side, how about an excellent, unusual and well-prepared dinner at the Toby House of 541 Boylston Street? A variety of notable food appears in lavish quantity and at modest prices, and the feature is a tremendous bowl of salad that is good enough to be beyond adjectives. A pot of baked beans also circulates with every dinner, and the beans are in the best of the traditional Boston style. But remember—dinner from 5 to 8 only, no luncheons, no Sundays.

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HOME IS THE SOLDIER

NO SIR, you never can tell what'll happen when you're driving in the dark, 'specially with the heavy fog the way it was that night I made the trip on the Coast Road from Oxnard to Santa Monica.

You want to know why I was using up all that gas? Well, I have a "C" card because I work for a surgical instrument house in Los Angeles and that afternoon I'd been sent on an emergency call to deliver a sterilizer to a hospital in Oxnard.

You want to know what happened? Well, I don't exactly know, but I'll give you the facts and you can figure the rest out for yourself. By the time I had installed the equipment it was pretty late, so I just dumped the old parts on the front seat of my sedan and headed for home.

A thick fog was already rolling in from the ocean—just some of that well-known "unusual" California weather—so I could only see a few feet ahead and had to keep well under the thirty-five mile limit. Even at the snail's pace I was driving, though, I almost ran over a soldier who was walking in the middle of the road. Of course, I stopped the car, for I always give a serviceman a ride and I wasn't sorry to have company.

"Hop in, son!" I yelled. I had reached back and opened the rear door of the car, as I didn't have time to move the stuff on the front seat.

The soldier got in. He was about twenty-five—a tall, slim guy with a nice-looking face, but he looked mighty tired and had a dark smudge on his cheek. Besides, he needed a shave and a hair-cut and his uniform was creased and dirty.

Guess he's been on a little binge and slept it off, I found myself thinking as I started the car. Well, you can't blame the fella for having a little fun while he has the chance. . . . Reminds me of the times I used to have when I went



"She's on the 13th day of a 14-day Palmolive plan."

on furlough myself in the Last War. . .

"My name's Blake," I called back to my passenger. 'Glad to have your company." He didn't answer, so I yelled louder: "Where you bound, soldier?"

"To see my mother," the boy said in a sort of thin voice for such a tall guy.

"Where does she live?"

"Twenty-fourth and Elm."

"Santa Monica?"

I thought he said "Yes," so I said, "Swell—I'm passing right by there. I'll drop you off at her door. I live about five blocks away."

There was no answer. I didn't talk for a while myself as I had to pay strict attention to my driving while I passed a truck.

Then I asked the guy some more questions about where he was stationed and how he liked This Man's Army—but, though I yelled fit to kill, he talked in such low whispers, I couldn't catch what he said. Then he quit answering at all and I guessed he must have fallen asleep.

Well, that's the best thing for him . . . nothing like a good rest to freshen a guy up. I'll help give him a brush-down and straighten him up before he goes in the house . . . t'wouldn't do for his mother to see him in that condition . . . women just don't understand . . . Leastways, she won't if she's like my wife . . .

That set me thinking about the wife, not in a disrespectful way, mind you, but wondering how she'd take my getting home so late, 'specially as she'd planned on having company that night. . . .

By this time I had left the Coast highway and as the fog had lifted I could make a little better time. When I neared Twenty-Fourth and Elm, I yelled back to waken my passenger. "Better get straightened up, Bub! You'll be seein' your mamma pretty soon!"

There was no answer, so I yelled louder: "Hey—wake up!"

Still no answer.

I had reached the intersection

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where the soldier said his mother lived. There were vacant lots on two of the corners; a large old-fashioned house on the third, and a neat white cottage with Venetian blinds on the other corner. Naturally, I didn't know which was the boys home, so I stopped the car and hollered at him again.

But not a sound from the back of the car.

By this time I was pretty provoked so I jumped out and opened the rear door, intending to drag him out if he was too dizzy. I reached in to grab him, but my hand clutched into space. I fumbled again, but couldn't find him. Then I thoroughly felt the seat with my hand.

There was no one there!

I switched on my flashlight and looked on the floor and even outside the car. But he had vanished completely.

He couldn't have fallen out—must have jumped. . . . Funny I didn't hear him, though. . . . Well, too bad. . . . Somebody else'll pick him up. . . .

I started to drive on home. But I couldn't get that soldier out of my mind. Maybe he got hurt when he fell out, I thought. It's my patriotic duty to report what happened to his mother . . . she's probably waiting up for him . . . . Well, I turned back.

The light was still burning at the little white cottage with the Venetian blinds when I reached the corner. And then I noticed

Home Is The Soldier—Cont.

that there was a gold star in the window. If this is the boy's home, I thought, I'm glad I-ve come back, for already a brother or father has given his all.

I knocked at the door. A pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman with white at her temples and dressed in a long flowery gown my wife calls a "house-coat" came to the door. She didn't seem at all surprised when I introduced myself and asked if she had a son who was a soldier—she just nodded and invited me in.

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"I'm Mary Gordon," she said. "Are you one of Robbie's friends?" —and she glanced toward the mantelpiece over the lighted fireplace. There I saw a large framed picture of a soldier who was the dead image of the one I had just picked up—only in the picture he wasn't so tired-looking and untidy as when I'd seen him.

"That's the guy," I said. I gave him a ride tonight . . ."

Mrs. Gordon started but said nothing. I went on to tell her how I had picked up her son south of Oxnard, of our ride and of his disappearance.

"Perhaps we'd better phone the police to see if they can help us find him," I said. "I just can't imagine what happened—but I'll go back and search every inch of the road, ma'am."

The woman rose and smiled—oh, ever so sweetly. "I'm afraid you won't find him, Mr. Blake," she said. "You see, Robbie was killed in action . . . in Normandy . . . three months ago. . . ."

Of course, there wasn't anything I could do, so I left. I couldn't bring myself to tell the wife what had happened till several days after, not knowing how she'd take it.

Well, she smiled and said the proper thing to do would be for her to pay the lady a visit . . . she was left too much alone and ought to have somebody cheer her up.

But when the wife came back she had a puzzled look. "Mrs. Gordon says she isn't a bit lonesome—she's got some crazy idea she's seen her son every night—ever since you picked him up, she says. Of course, that's impossible, but it seems such a comfort to the poor woman to imagine she sees her boy, that I wouldn't argue with her."

"How do you know it's impossible?" I asked. "You don't believe I was imagining things when I told you I gave that soldier a ride, do you?"

My wife gave me such a funny look that I let the subject drop.

—D. Ryan McCaskill

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HOW TO BUST OUT OF THE ARMY

WELL, if you must know, the army doctors aren't any smarter than the others, and a clever chap who knows his way around, nervously speaking, and has anti-social courage; a chap like that can deliberately fool them.

Now, Rodsy was just an ordinary sort, in fair health except for his eyes, 33 or 4, with no dependents until later, not working at anything regularly. Of course, the army grabbed a boy like that, but, I can tell you, they ungrabbed him just as quickly. You see, Rodsy knew what to do.

For a stretch of more than two weeks, I was meeting him daily in the park. The only reason he was staying put in that little border town was the paralyzing fascination of Carmelita, his very first girl, just across the line..... when he received his Greetings from The President.

The first time they let him go because of his eyes. "Don't let that fool you," I told him. "If things get worse, they'll try again." "They couldn't," he drawled in his easy going way. "They just couldn't."

Well, when they dismissed the 28-year olds, he felt safe and went off for a trip—he always recommended the rods under the dining cars for easiest riding, but when they clamped down again harder than ever, he returned to the park to stare at me, mulling it over. If you hadn't known how easy-going Rodsy really was, his manner of staring when something bothered him might be frightening. They might call him any time, and they might take him. He could no longer relax, even on the rods. But he was no fool and in the end he contrived what to do about the army. He volunteered.

Crazy? Like a fox. A 4F can be reclassified; a dischargee is through once and for all time.

They shipped him right off to the nearest induction center and, inside of a month, Rodsy was parading in a soldier suit.

Now, observe how cleverly he went about it.

Late in the first night, a sentry flashlighted a heap on the field, and what do you suppose? It was Rodsy, out of the barracks, wrapped up like a blessed babe, snoring away. That's the joke of it; Rodsy himself snores.

Well, the sentry shook him conscious and asked, "What do you think you're doing?"

"Sleeping," answered Rodsy drowsily.

"You can't sleep here," insisted the sentry.

"Wall," answered Rodsy as if he were letting the other one in on a secret, "I certainly can't sleep in there. They snore."

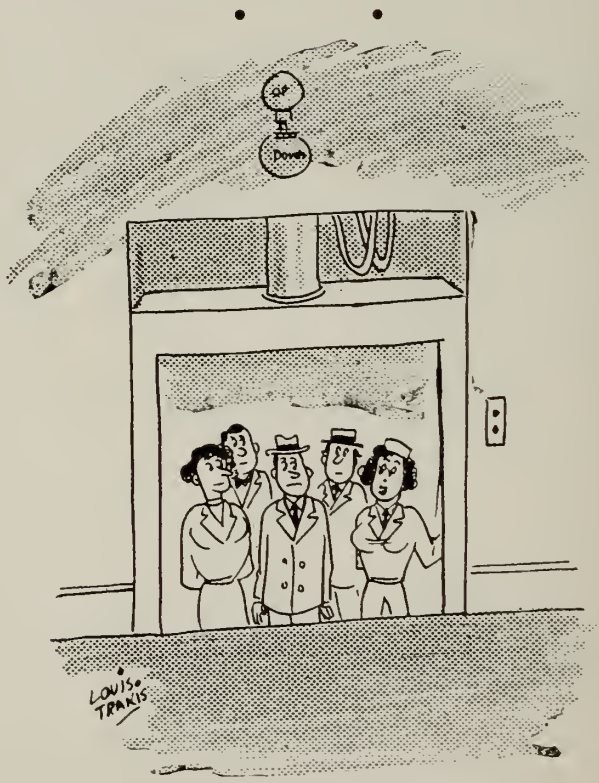
The sentry called an MP and they marched Rodsy off to the guard house, where he maintained he could sleep even less—there were bars on the windows.

His next move was made in the mess-hall. Suddenly, as he was coming away from the serving-counter with a very full tray, Rodsy let off a shriek like the local fire-whistle after it goes hoarse, and heaved his tray quite like the wind might suddenly up-jerk a released parachute. So impetuous-looking was the movement that he managed to get a portion of lemon custard into the sergeant's face. From that incident forth, everyone who recognized Rodsy put a personal quarantine on him.

Off to the guard-house again and then into culinary servitude. But Rodsy, constantly on his toes, had something planned for the kitchen too.

Doing KP with him that evening was a little clumsy dummy who somehow hadn't heard of the mad man that walked among the other GIs at the camp. While they were slopping around in the hot soapy water, Rodsy was helping to pass the drudgery, droning away in his slow monotone—railrodding through Mexico..... until little Doughboy Glump made a clacking noise. Rodsy stopped in the middle of an infinitive. "What's that?" he asked.

"What's what, Jackson?" asked the little doughboy, with one arm shoulder-deep in a pot. Rodsy,



"Watch your step."

a regular Barrymore, just shuddered and shortly took up the other half of the infinitive, apprehensively at first.

His narration was just warming up to a steady pace when Doughboy Glump clacked again. Rodsy threw down his brush. "Chewing g u m!" he hissed through his teeth. Doughboy Glump looked up. "What? Oh, yes . . . me. But I ain't got no more. Say, listen, I can clack it real loud." And he clacked a half dozen times in a row. This gave Rodsy the opportunity he was looking for. With the sixth clack, he picked Doughboy Glump up by his little waist and shoved his head deep into the soap water. He let him up in time, though, and Doughboy Glump, blowing bubbles, started bleating like a lamb who had been taken from its mother and done things to. This immediately attracted MP attention, and Rodsy cunningly explained, "I was just controlling myself. When they clack gum. I got to bash their heads in." With that little act Rodsy was one step nearer out of the army and one step nearer in marriage.

This time they forewent the guard-house and took Rodsy directly to the hospital for observation. When old Rodsy was put under the attention of a first-class psychiatrist, he knew he was in for a duel of wits; but, as he put it, "I had confidence in myself. I know how to be nuts right."

The psychiatrist opened operations, taking a class-history, and Rodsy, knowing what would impress him, added a crazy uncle or two, and all the doubtful suicides he claimed as positives, Rodsy himself, of course, couldn't know at the time that the uncle who was most like him had died and left him a fortune of two or three thousand dollars.

Rodsy let the first two days in the hospital go by without making another move. But the third day, when no one was watching him, he sneaked down to the telephone and called The Commandant of The Post.

"This is Rodsy," said Rodsy, "Buck Private Rodsy. There are bars on the windows. I can't stand bars. I get a closed-in feeling. Can't you hurry this doc up some? Get me out of here!" Clever move! By this time the Colonel found his tongue but he answered Rodsy very politely. "The Medical Corps will take care of you."

Finally the psychiatrist told Rodsy he didn't believe there was a place in the army for him and he recommended the name of a good institution. Rodsy, unsmiling as always, must have chuckled inwardly; a good institution! He knew what he was about.

Rodsy came back into civilian life to find himself a comparatively wealthy man and he decided to turn respectable. He already had the girl and he had no trouble convincing her parents that he was a man of means, five pesos to the dollar, alter all, and the girl was getting on in years. In very short order the marriage ceremony was performed.

Rodsy rented them a little furnished apartment on this side, and



he even got himself some sort of job at the railroad. For more than a whole week, he was a class B picture of a substantial citizen, to the point of bringing his bride little presents from the Five and Ten on his way home, and she was very happy too. She had never seen a gas stove before and she spent a good part of her day turning this one on and off and just watching it burn. They would have had a tremendous bill had she been able to keep it up. No, she didn't axphyxiate herself, though what happened to her came almost as close to being serious.

You see, Rodsy's Spanish was adequate enough, but she didn't understand more than two or three words of English—ones that stood her in no stead in her moment of crisis. Rodsy should have learned more about the girl he chose to spend the rest of his life with, in advance. As it was, they were married almost two whole weeks, because of the scarcity of the stuff, before he found out.

But that day the stores had got some in, and in the evening, after the dishes were cleared away, while Rodsy was rocking himself in a chair, Carmelita worked the three or four pieces of chewing gum in her mouth to the desired consistency and started clacking. Rodsy began shouting in English for her to "Cut out, cut out!" but she shrugged her shoulders and went on. Much as he tried to resist, as he told me later, before he could make her understand, he had to "dent the skull in a little." Then he went down and informed the police himself. Oh, she wasn't hurt too badly; she was out of the hospital within a month. But poor Rodsy, I think, is going to be in the institution a good deal longer. I wonder how he stands it with those bars on the windows?

—Dolph Sharp

THOUGHTS ON FALLING

IS MY FACE RED? Am I laughing even though it hurts? Of course. What else can you do when you take a spill? Why I think even if I broke my collar bone I'd come up laughing because I dont' like to be laughed at. If that doesn't make sense, it's this way. By my laughing I sort of sanction the freedom of my wide (and it always is wide) audience to laugh.

I've seen people fall many times and, I wonder if you've noticed it too, people just don't know how to conduct themselves when they see people take a header. They don't know whether to rush up or remain where they are, whether to laugh or look sympathetic. The result is usually a combination of two—a horrible grimace, the mouth trying to remain steady but twitching spasmodically, the eyebrows upraised in surprise, relaxed in laughter, then drawn together in a frown. There's usually the concerned 'Oh! Did you hurt yourself?" followed by a wild peal of laughter, which rahert spoils the effect of the anxious inquiry. As if to atone for this lapse, the amused witness thinks of hospitals and the dire effect the fall might have had and comes up with "Are you all right?" He usually manages to maintain his attitude of anxious solicitude for a few seconds more but he can't help showing his immense relief when the fallen sparrow rises, shakes himself off, and laughs. This is the signal to release all the pent-up emotions. The result is that all parties concerned go off in a wave of laughter—"Gee, that was stupid of me, I musta looked funny. I can't figure out how it happened."

"Excuse me for laughing but, gee, I just couldn't help it. You looked so funny lying there like that—kinda surprised.

Emily Post really ought to have a chapter in her book entitled "How To Seem Serious While Amused." This could cover a number of other subjects besides the conduct to be observed towards individuals lying prone on the sidewalk. My own personal experience has been that if I think of balloons I will immediately become serious no matter how amusing a situation is. I can't explain my idiosyncrasy. I only know that ever since childhood this system has worked with me and averted many a laugh at the wrong moment.

What thoughts do most people have while falling? It is said that people are thinking all the time but I maintain that I don't have a thought in my head when I fall.

Of course, if we only knew we were going to fall, that it was premeditated and that we couldn't do anything about it, we might manage to do it more gracefully. We might describe a graceful arc through the air, throw our arms beseechingly toward the heavens until just before we touch the pavement, charmingly relax our bodies, and land daintily and unharmed. Our dazed audience might be gratefully reminded of the convolutions of a ballet dancer. Instead of trying to suppress the desire to laugh, they might stand by in mute admiration. Those who could find voice might murmur "Exquisite!" Possibly there would be scattered applause when we arose. Graciously, we might bow and take reluctant leave of our audience, who would still be too moved to do anything but stand and gaze at the spot we have just vacated. As it is, what do we do? We don't know we're going to fall, so we do it badly. We stick rigid arms straight out in front of us, we tense our bodies, we bend our knees, and land about as gracefully as a St. Bernard on a match box. For a moment, we more closely resemble a mentally deranged frog than a human being.

If you are anything like me, you have an almost irresistible temptation to lie where you have fallen, perhaps casting out a limp arm with palm upturned in a pitiful little gesture of appeal. Then, of



"Doing anything tonight?"



"You might let us have them back when you've done with them—paper shortage, and all that!"

course, there will be no thought of laughter. The immediate effect will be that of genuine, heartfelt concern. Once you have secured this effect, you mustn't bounce up suddenly or you will leave your audience feeling perplexed and cheated. So far, I have always resisted this strong temptation to lie where I have fallen but I am determined that if I ever do it I will make a good job of it. I won't let my audience dwon, even permitting myself to be taken in an ambulance before I'll do that.

If you fall on a slippery surface, such as ice, you can expect more sympathy than if you fall on a smooth, dry pavement in midsummer. That's human nature and it follows just as corn follows more corn on an amateur hour. Nobody's going to know that you suddenly turned your ankle or that you stopped to watch a formation of planes overhead and thus lost your balance. Even if you tell your audience afterwards exactly how and why you fell, they won't do anything but nod their heads and say, "Ah, yes. I understand perfectly" but by the doubtful tone which creeps into their voices you know they don't understand. If you fall on ice, however, you're lucky. You never need to say, "The ice. I fell on it, ha, ha." They'll understand. They'll even rush up to you, saying, "Oh, you poor thing. You slipped on the ice!" In the state you're in, it's a great relief not to have to worry about explanations, so choose ice in preference to dry land whenever possible.

If you really want pure, unalloyed sympathy, take along some lipstick on al lyou rtrips and dab it liberally all over your face after you've fallen. Naturally, this must be done very surreptiously. Nothing provokes sympathy like the sight of blood. Everyone will want to cart you off to a hospital or plaster you with band-aids, but this would be fatal because lipstick seen closer than two feet away is still lipstick. Get up, take a few steps, making them as unsteady as those of a dru--, a newborn calf, clamp a handkerchief to your seemingly bleeding forehead and walk off a hero, disdaining all offers of help. If you're a man and think it too much of a nuisance to carry lipstick along on every trip, or if your wife is the sort who goes through your pockets, never mind the lipstick. Just make up your mind that if you fall youre going to be laughed at an dthat though there may be any number of ways of afalling, all of them awkward, there is only one way to pick yourself up—with grace and with laughter.

—Miriam J. Harris



"Well, I must say, you did a thorough job of thawing out the pipes!"

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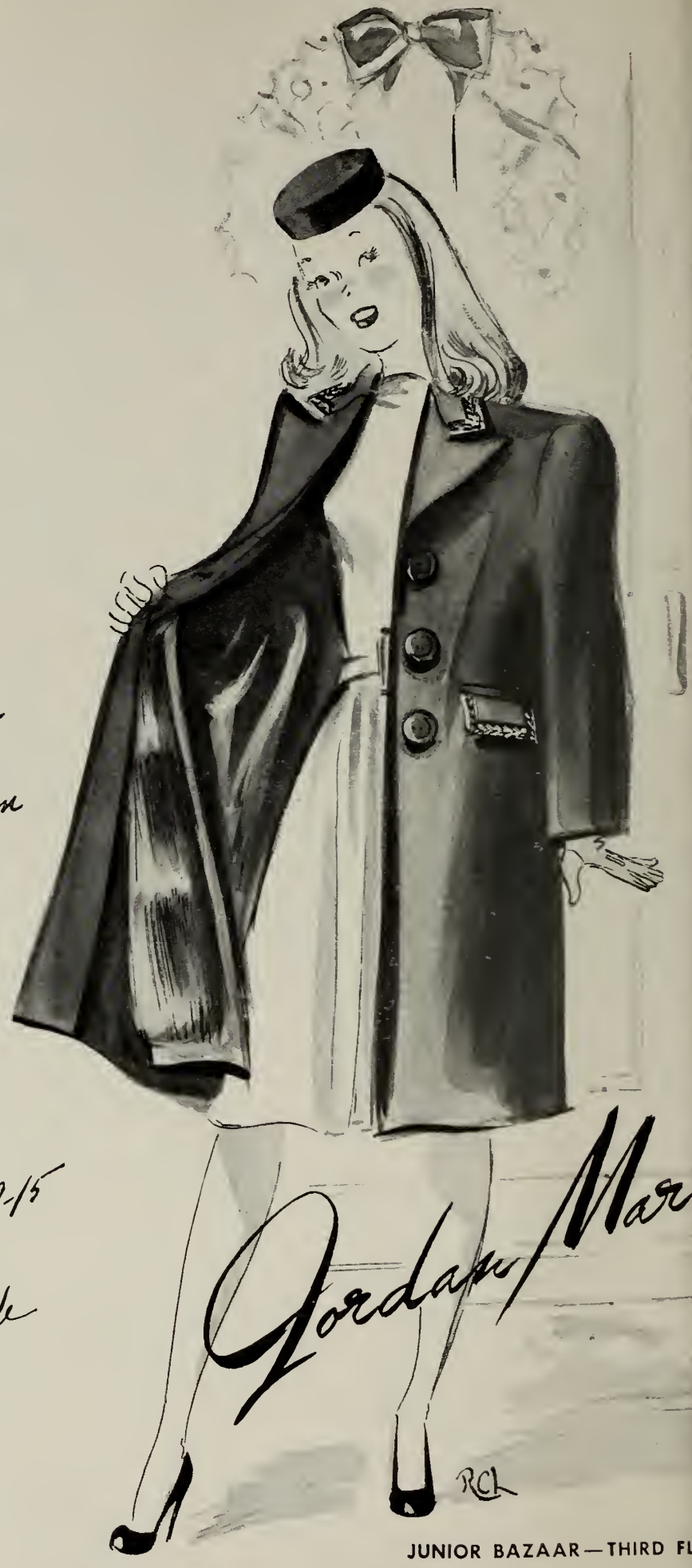
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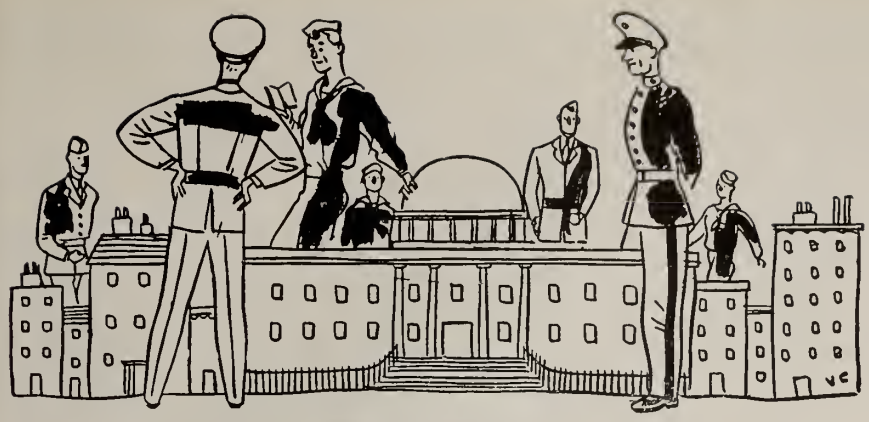


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Ticket Office. The Ticket Office for the distribution of all free tickets for events in and around Boston is located at the Y.M.C.U. Building, 48 Boylston Street, next to Touraine Hotel. The room will be open from 12 Noon to 8 P.M. daily. Telephone, Liberty 7968.

Legal Aid. Members of the Armed Forces who cannot afford an attorney and who need legal advice and assistance may receive free service at the Boston Legal Aid Society, 16A Ashburton Place (near State House), Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M.-12 Noon.

Sewing and Repair Service. Red Cross Sewing Unit at Atlantic Service Club, 641 Atlantic Ave., Mon., Wed., Fri., at 6 P.M.

Facilities for Pressing Uniforms for members of armed forces at Salvation Army Red Shield Club, 4 Bulfinch Pl.

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Solderis and Sailors Library, 158 State St., Boston—Laf. 4796. Members of Armed Forces may take books away.

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 17 DECEMBER 22, 1944
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Colony Room, Hotel Bellevue, on Beacon Hill near Park Street. Boston's newest popular price restaurant Fine food nicely served in a delightful atmosphere. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, including Sundays.

Dinty Moore's. 611 (rear) Washington Street. (HUBbard 9040). "It's in an alley off Avery Street, behind the Tremont Theatre" in the heart of downtown Boston . . . Open daily except Sunday for luncheon and dinner . . . Food definitely of the quality kind. Come early if you want steak.

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Freda's Capri Restaurant, 175 Hanover Street (LAF. 8000) In the heart of historic Boston, where good food, service and atmosphere reign supreme. Specializing in ravioli and spaghetti. Dancing; cocktails from 30c; special dinners, parties solicited. Open 4 p. m. to 1 a. m., including Sundays

Gardner Grill, Mass. Avenue at Norway Street more than lives up to its slogan of "the best for a little less." Here's an attractive place to dine if you want a cool, friendly, and attractive spot where all the emphasis is on food and service.

Hi-Hat, Columbus at Mass. (KEN. 0550). Barbecued chicken dinners, Good music for dancing here. Luncheon, dinner and supper. Open till dawn.

Kenmore Hotel, 490 Commonwealth Ave. at Kenmore Square offers superb food and the best wines and liquors. Notable at this "Rendezvous of Cafe Society" is the versatility of the chef. Almost any special dish you name will be served to equal the best you have had elsewhere. A gourmet's paradise

Locke Ober Co., 3 Winter Place (LIB. 1340). Patronized by lovers of fine food that's prepared by chefs who know their business. Always superlative food.

Myles Standish Hotel, Beacon Street at Kenmore Square, carries on the tradition of fine old New England Cooking in the English Dining Room. Here you'll find your favorite Boston dishes excellently prepared and served.

The Pioneer, 410 Stuart Street, provides good food, attractively served in both the dining room and the coffee shop. These are open to men and women, and special parties are catered to here.

Revere Room, Parker House, Tremont at School Streets A popular price restaurant serving world famous Parker House food. One of Boston's showplace restaurants. Open for breakfast, luncheon and dinner except Sundays.

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Sheraton Hotel, 91 Bay State Road (KEN. 2960). Outstanding food in surroundings that are sure to please the most discriminating diners-out.

Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Ave maintains a high standard of cuisine and service. You'll appreciate the surroundings and excellent food in both the Cafe Vendome or the Fift & Drum Room. The latter is the supper room.

Ye Chicken House. Eliot Street, between Tremont and Carver . Specializing in chicken cooked in every one of the most popular styles. A good place to take the family.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hotel Avery, Washington Steet at Avery offers continuous entertainment along with a nicely varied menu. Its central location makes it popular with downtown visitors.

Copley Plaza Oval Room, top food and superb entertainment add up to a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No food is served during the shows, so plan accordingly. Hotel has three other fine rooms andgrills where the same excellent food is served. $1 cover charge after 10 p. m.

Hotel Essex, just a step from the South Station, is another excellent place to enjoy entaining while dining. Dinners are moderately priced. No cover or minimum at any time

Latin Quarter, 46 Winchester St. HUB, 1920). Open daily and Sunday. Good food, sparkling floor shows. Excellent evening's entertainment in nice surroundings.

Hotel Lenox, Exeter and Boylston Sts., has aa stand-out dining and dancing spots in the V-Room. Bob Hardy's good band provides smooth music here. Pleastant surroundings.

The Mayfair, 54 Broadway LIB. 0700), is a smart intimate club with an excellent kitchen.

The Music Box, in the Copley Square Hotel at 47 Huntington Ave. (COM. 9200 has a supper room that provides outstanding food in intimate and attractive surroundings. The continuous entertainmen featured here is seen in the supper room too.

Satire Room, Fensgate Hotel, 534 Beacon Street KEN. 4460) is unique in many ways. The food is excellent although expensive, and the intimate size of the room is definitely on the exclusive side. $2 minimum charge at all times.

Statler Terrace Room for fine food and the best in dance music. Famous name entertainment the policy here. $1 cover chrge after 9 p m. Lounge Bar for cocktails, Cafe Rouge and English Lunch Room for Breakfast, Luncheon and dinner.

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ART AND SCIENCE

Fogg Museum, cor Broadway and Quincy Street, Cambridge. Ancient art; Oriental sculpture, bronzes, pottery, jades! Romanesque sculpture; Italian, Spanish, Flemish painting; French nineteenth century painting; English and American painting; drawings; prints; Pre-Columbian art; special exhibitions. Open week-days 9-5; Sundays 2-5, gallery talk at 3 oclock; closed legal holidays.

Gardner Museum, Worthington Street and Fenway. Italian and Dutch Masters. Open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 4; Sunday, 1-4.

Museum of Fine Arts, Huntington Ave. at Fenway. Outstanding Asiatic Art collection. 9-5 weekdays, except Monday; Sunday, 2-6.

Institute of Modern Art, 138 Newbury Street. Contemporary art in all fields, including painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, industrial arts. Weekdays, 10-5. Closed Sundays

Robert C. Vose Galleries, 559 Boylston Street. Contemporary and old masters. Weekdays, 9-6:30. Closed Sunday.s

Natural History, corner Berkeley and Boylston Streets. Notable collection of irds, eggs, stuffed animals, fauna, shells, botanical specimens. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday, 1-4:30.

University Museum, Divinity Avenue, Harvard University. World-famous glass flowers, forest models, birds, and other rare collections. Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sundays, 1-4:30.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambrdige. Archaeological collections Weekdays, 9-4:30; Sunday and holidays, 1-4:30.

Otis House, Cambridge and Lynde Sts. Harrison Gray Otis House for Preservation of N. E. Antiquities exhibits periods furnishings. Weekdays, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12:45. Admission 25 cents.

Semitic Museum, Divinity Avenue, Cambridge. History and arts of Arabs, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews and Phoenicians. Oldest known map in the world. Weekdays, 9-5; Sunday, 1-4:30.



SIGHT SEEING

Easy to reach by subway, street car, bus, on foot, or via Gray Line at Statler Hotel.

Boston Common, between Charles and Tremont Streets. Monuments, commemorative tablets, Soldiers and Sailors recreations Acrss Charles is Boston Public Garden with swan oats in season.

Boston Massacre, State Street at Congress Street. First blood of Revolution shed here on March 5, 1770. Site marked by circle on pavement and tablet on nearby building.

Boston Tea Party, Atlantic Avenue at Pearl Street. Famous site marked by tablet.

Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown. 221 foot granite monument erected on hill site of Bunker Hill battle. Daily, 9-4. Admission 10c.

Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Hull Street. To be found here is tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of "Old Ironsides"; Robert Newmn, famous patriot who displayed signal lanterns in tower of "Old North" Church.

Custom House, State Street Prominent city landmark, 404 feet high. Observation towers reached via special elevator.

Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Square. Given by Peter Faneuil as Town Hall for Boston. Here wa scenter of Revolutionary activities in Boston and colonies. Weekdays, 9-6.

Franklin's Birthplace, 17 Milk Street. Site marked by tablet.

Granary Cemetery, Tremont Street near Park Street Church. Such historic names as Peter Faneuil, Paul Fevere, and Boston Massacre victims buried here.

King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets. The British worshipped here during the Siege Was first Uuntarian Church in the U. S. in 1785. Daily, 9-4.

"Old North" Church, Salem Street. The oldeest church in Boston. Signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed from this steeple on April 18, 1775, warning country the British troops were coming. Daily, 9-5.

Old South Meeting House, Washing-Street near School Street. Boston citizens gathered here to protest British custom of forcing men to join English Navy. Used as riding school by British during Siege of Boston. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Old State House, Washington Street at head of State Street. Site of first Town House, whipping post, stocks. Homes of Bostonian Society, famed for collection of ship models and relics. Open daily.

Park Street Church, Tremont and Park Streets. Built in 1810 on site of Granary. Gunpowder stored in basement during War of 1812 resulted in title of "Brimstone Corner" for spot. Here "America" was first sung publicly July 4, 1831.

Paul Revere House, 19 and 21 North Square. Oldest frame building in city of Boston, with many evere relics. Daily, 10-4. Admission 25c.

Paul Revere Statue, Paul Revere Mall, Hanover Street Cyrus Dalin's masterpiece in opinion of critics. Equjestrian statue of Paul Revere.

State House, Beacon Street and Park Street. Designed by Bulfinch. With statuary and historical relics, including celebrated Codfish emblem in House of Representatives. Original manuscript—"History of Plymouth Plantation" by Bradford, located in library. Open 9-5.

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THEATRE

CURRENT

GLAD TO SEE YOU— (Boston Opera House) Dave Wolper's new musical, starring Jane Withers, June Knight and Eddy Foy, Jr., with Kenny Bowers, Sammy White, Joseph Macaulay and others in the supporting cast. The show, which is about the adventures of a USO troupe in Europe and Africa, has a score by Jules Styne and Sammy Cahn.

ON THE TOWN—(Colonial) First musical comedy by Leonard Bernstein, young Boston composer and conductor, presented by Oliver Smith and Paul Feigay. In it are Sono Osata, Nancy Walker, Bill Acorn, Robert Chisholm, John Battles, and Betty Comden and Adolph Green, the two last named being also the authors of the book and lyrics.

SOPHIE—(Plymouth) Meyer Davis and George Ross present Katina Paxinou, celebrated Greek actress who appeared in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," in a new comedy by Mr. Ross and Rose C. Feld, based on Miss Feld's New Yorker stories about a Czech woman in a small American town today. The supporting cast includes Will Greer, Donald Buka, Ann Shepherd, Louis Sorin and others.

THE HASTY HEART— (Wilbur) A new comedy drama by John Patrick based on his experiences of the past two years spent by him in the American Field Service in India and Burma. Set in a convalescent hospital in India, it depicts the efforts of a group of patients to win the friendship of a newcomer, a dour and independent young Scotsman, who is afraid of being beholden to anyone.

THE OPENINGS

THE YOUNG KNOW BEST—(Copley, Saturday, Dec. 23) Roy P. Steckler will present "The Young Know Best," a new comedy by Arndt Giusti, with Ralph Forbes, Barbara Robbins, Lynn Carter and Donald Murphy in the leading roles. Clarence Derwent is directing and the play will remain here for two weeks.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS— (Plymouth, Dec. 25) Harry Bloomfield will present "Many Happy Returns," a new comedy by Clare Kummer, with Henry Hull, Mary Astor, Neil Hamilton, Ivan Simpson, Jayne Cotter, Paul Potter and others heading the cast. Mr. Hull, assisted by Rex O'Malley, is directing, and the play remains here for a fortnight.



Katina Paxinou, noted Greek actress, is starred in "Sophie Halenczik, American," new comedy at the Plymouth now.

A LADY OF ?—(Colonial, Dec. 25 for two weeks) The Messrs. Shuvert will present Carole Landis, Sue Ryan and Christine Ayres in a new musical, "A Lady Of ?" The book is by Clayton Ashley, lyrics by Stanley Adams, score by Arthur Gershwin and Fred Spielman. In the supporting cast are Bobby Morris, Jacqueline Susann, Victoria Schools, Pittman Corry and Tatiana Grantzeva.

STAR TIME—(Shubert, Dec. 25) Paul Small will present his successful variety show, "Star Time," which has been running for three months in New York, for a fortnight's engagement. The cast will be headed by Lou Holtz, Benny Fields, Sally and Tony DeMarco, and others in the company will be Dorothy Donegan, Jimmy and Mildred Mulcay, the Whitson Brothers, Armand Cortez, Francine Bordeaux and George Prospery.

BRIEF HOLIDAY—(Wilbur, Dec. 26) The new producing team of Jacques Thery and Joseph Viertel will present Madge Kennedy in the leading role of "Brief Holiday," a new comedy by Gretchen Finletter, which K. Elmo Lowe will direct. The play, which brings Miss Kennedy back to the theater after several seasons in Hollywood, will remain here for a fortnight.



Barbara Robbins, opening in "The Young Know Best," December 23 at the Copley Theatre.



Viola Essen, of the Ballet International, opening January 8 at the Boston Opera House.

ALADDIN—(New England Mutual Hall, Friday afternoon, Dec. 29) the Tributary Children's Theater will present as its second production of the season a dramatization of the famous fairy tale, "Aladdin." Estelle Ritchie will direct and Eliot Duvey will light the play.

THE TEMPEST — (Colonial, Jan. 8) Cheryl Crawford will present an elaborate revival of Shakespeare's fantasy, "The Tempest," with a cast headed by Vera Zorina, Arnold Moss, Canada Lee, Frances Heflin and Philip Huston. Margaret Webster will direct and Paul Bowles will write the musical score.

BALLET INTERNATIONAL — (Boston Opera House, Jan. 8) Ballet International, a newly organized ballet organization made possible by the Marquis



Titian-haired Donna Atwood will star in "Ice-Capades of 1945," coming to Boston Garden on Christmas.

George De Cuevas and his wife and now playing its first season in New York, will open a fortnight's engagement, its first in this city.

Choreopraphers — Bronislava Nijinska, Andre Eglevsky, William Dollar, Simon Semenoff, Antonia Cobos, Edward Caton, Vera Fokina. Premier Dancers—Andre Eglevsky, Viola Essen, William Dollar, Marie-Jeanne, Edward Caton, Katia



Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, plays at Symphony Hall, Sunday afternoon, January 7.

Geleznova, Antonia Cobos, Francisco Monicion, Simon Semenoff, John Guelis, Kari Karnakoski, Serbei Ismailoff, Lisa Maslova, Nina Golovina, Yvonne Patterson, Elise Reiman, Zoya Leporska, and Alexander Iolas. Composers—Paul Bowles, Brahms, Nicholas Nabokoff, Wagner, Paganini, Moussorgsky, Gian-Carlo Menotti, etc. Designers—Salvador Dali, Vertes, Raoul Pene du Bois, Le-Brun, Oliver Smith, Mstislav Dobuzinsky, etc. The Boston repertory will be selected from the following, most of which have already been introduced to New York audiences: Revivals—"Les Sylphides," "Swan Lake," "Bolero," "Constantia." World premieres — "Brahms Variations," "Sentimental Colloquy," "Sebastian," "Memories," "Mute Wife," "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Prince Goudal's Festival," "Five Cents."

THE OVERTONS—(Plymouth, Jan. 8) A new play.

THE MERRY WIDOW—(Shubert, Jan. 8) Revival of the Franz Lehar operetta.

GENTEEL LADY — (N. E. Mutual Hall, Jan. 12-13) Dramatization of Esther Forbes' novel by Sarah Newmeyer, presented by the Boston Tributary Theatre.

MUSIC

LEO LITWIN, pianist. Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library, Thursday, Dec. 28, 8 p. m.

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN pianist. Symphony Hall, Sunday, Jan. 7, in the afternoon.

OPEN HOUSE CONCERT. Members of Longy School of Music at Agaziz Theatre, Radcliffe College, Cambridge.

CAROL SINGING — Fogg Museum, Cambridge. Dec. 23, 5:30 p. m.; Dec. 24, 3 p. m., with Christmas music for organ and flute.

RADIO

SERIOUS MUSIC—Sundays:

9:30 a.m.	WBZ NBC String Quartet.
11:30	WEEI Invitation to Music.
12:30 p.m.	WBZ Stradivari Orch.
2:30	WBZ John Charles Thomas.
3:00	WEEI N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony.
4:30	WBZ Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler.
5:00	WBZ Symphony, Eugene Ormandy.
	Mondays
9:30 p.m.	WNAC Music of Worship, Frederick Dvonch.
	Wednesdays
10:00 p.m.	WEEI Great Moments in Music.
11:30	WEEI Invitation to Music.
	Thursdays
9:30 p.m.	WNAC Alfredo Antonini Orchestra.
	Fridays
12:30 p.m.	WBZ Music Appreciation, Nicholas Slonimsky.

ART

BOSTON ARTISTS GUILD—General exhibit by members at the Guild Art Galleries, 162 Newbury Street, through Jan. 13.

MURAL COMPETITION—Exhibit of entries of Springfield Museum at Museum of Fine Arts, through Dec. 31.

CHRISTMAS EXHIBIT — Annual special show at Museum of Fine Arts, through Dec. 31.

BOSTON ART CLUB—Members' exhibit, opens with New Year's party at Copley Society galleries, 270 Dartmouth Street, Jan.. 1-12.

CHARLES H. WOODBURY—Exhibit of prints, oils, watercolors, Print Department, Boston Public Library, through Dec. 31.

FOGG MUSEUM—Studies in drawing and painting by teachers in department of Fine Arts, Harvard, Galleries II and III, through Dec. 30; Italian Baroque etchings, Print Room, through Dec. 30; Baroque graphic art in Flanders and Holland, Gallery XV, through Feb. 17; American Portraits, Gallery XVI.



Anne Burr, Boston girl, plays the nurse in "The Hasty Heart," current at the Wilbur.



Jane Withers in "Glad to See You," new musical continuing at the Opera House through December 30.

SPORTS

ICE-CAPADES—Boston Garden, Dec. 25 through Jan. 10, excepting Dec. 28 and Jan. 2. Evening shows at 8:30; matinees Saturdays, Sundays, and New Year's Day, 2:30.

HOCKEY—Boston Garden: Dec. 28, Bruins vs. Chicago, 8:30; Jan. 2, Bruins vs. Canadiens, 8:30. Boston Arena: Dec. 30, Olympics vs. Philadelphia; Dec. 31, Olympics vs. Philadelphia; Jan. 6, Olympics vs. New York.

BASKETBALL—Boston Garden: Dec. 23, Yale vs. Dartmouth, Holy Cross vs. DePauw, 8 p. m.

R. H. STEARNS CO.



IT'S *Dress Up* TO GREET THE NEW YEAR

You know you look your loveliest when you wear a long evening frock. You'll feel so poised in our delightfully toned rayon dinner dress for women, $39.95. You'll waltz right into his heart in our rayon taffeta frock for misses, $29.95. Fourth floor.



Common Talk

One of the things that has been going on, in its own quiet way—if you can refer to so stationary a thing going on—for years, is the list of names of great composers that forms a frieze around the Hatch memorial shell on the esplanade by the Charles River. This is nice. It is also dignified, unobstrusive, sedate and proper, and would ordinarily be no cause for comment.

But just the other day we noticed that all is not quite what it would appear at first glance. There was a humorist at work in the planning of that fine shell: either a humorist or a fiend.

Briefly, the situation is this: the architects, in arranging the names by what devious order only they could explain, have placed Mahler next to Sousa.

Consider, for a moment, what this means. Consider its implications. Everyone knows Sousa, of course, musical high priest of the da-da-daah, da-da-daah, da-da-daah, school of musical marches, and very good marches they are too. Gustav Mahler, on the other hand, is on the other side of the fence, or in the diametrically opposite corner, or we've heard some people go so far as to say that he's not even playing ball in the same league. More than that, that the two composers aren't even playing the same kind of ball, or to get back to musical terms, are hardly even using the same notation.

Obviously here is a fundamental cleavage in musical philosophy, a difference as profound and far-reaching as that one they keep bringing up about day and night. Mahler's self-conscious Modernism (the capital M is ours) vs. Sousa's organ-grinder classicism. Planned cacaphony vs. mechanical harmony. Two men, neither of whom would probably be willing to admit that the other wrote music at all, in a fight to the death.

And what happens.

Some architect, either, as we say, through misguided humor, sheer malice, or pure ignorance, has caused their names to be graven like bosom-buddies, right next to each other in the eternal stone of the Hatch shell.



What, oh what, will the world come to next?

Image In The Night

A guy we once knew—from New York—used to complain to us incessantly about Boston's El system. Not that the service wasn't all right, it was just that he could never figure it out. He would be wandering around peaceably underground looking for a subway train, when someone would shout "look out" and he'd turn to see not one, but three street cars bearing down on him. He'd take a street car and find himself in a subway. He'd even take a bus and find himself in a subway. He'd go downstairs to a subway and find he had taken an elevated. He'd climb two flights in mid-air to discover he was on a subway train.

But in all Boston's strange and unpredictable (to the uninitiate) system, he never happened to run into the embarrassing situation we did the other night about three a.m. when we started to cross a street and stood facing a subway train, a real one, the kind that usually run in troughs— wandering leisurely down the center of the street. We

stood looking in amazement, and watched it until it found itself a hole and burrowed underground.

A broad daylight check the following morning revealed that all this happened on Cambridge street, which runs from Charles station over to Bowdoin square. It seems that they do have to get trains in and out of that East Boston tunnel somehow or other, and the way they do it is to slip them out onto Cambridge street in the dead of night, pilot them around a rotary traffic thing, and up onto the bridge by Charles station. When they get them across the bridge they join the regular Cambridge-Dorchester subway line.

There are tracks, of course, but apparently they are used for nothing else. Not that they should be, anyway.

Department of Turned Tables

Usually it's a sailor who is seen with a pretty girl. In fact, both Coast Guard and Navy have no small reputation for being able to get a girl, even if they have to take one away from an Army man, and presumably in these days of war and its consequences, a civilian hasn't even half a chance.

Now whether the Navy has fallen down on the job, or the girls have just naturally swung into the tradition, we wouldn't know, but one evening last week in a local restaurant while half a dozen sailors were sitting nearby in small groups keeping themselves company, in walked two handsome civilians escorting, of all things, two of the Navy's own WAVES.

Share the Ride

While glancing through the classified section of one of Boston's leading papers, we came across an ad that read similar to this: Man is looking for someone who will pick him up every morning at 7 o'clock at Grove Hall, Roxbury, and drive him to Boston. Perhaps the misguided soul does not know that a subway runs from Grove Hall in Roxbury directly to Boston and



takes the short space of twenty minutes, in which case we feel it our duty to enlighten him; or on the other hand, he may have ridden the subway for years, but on hearing of the "share your car" plan has hit on an excellent idea to get a ride in a soft cushioned vehicle with even a radio to rest his tired bones at that hour of the day, after years of riding in a crowded, noisy, uncomfortable public conveyance, which, thanks to the gas rationing problem (they do say there is something good in everything) will give him the peace and comfort he has desired. Well, it's a problem worth thinking about.

Those Cigarettes Again

People never seem to tire of the cigarette shortage topic, so here it is again with a different slant: now one must not only stand in line for half an hour or more, but, as we found out, the hard way, even though one stands in line for two hours—no cigarettes can be obtained without giving the clerk an empty cigarette package; a good idea to prevent hoarding, if such a thing is possible these days, but terribly hard on the poor soul who finds it almost impossible to remember details of this sort.

But, we have a new problem to discuss over the afternoon tea table (or what have you): the match shortage is even more acute, and soon, without doubt, portly Boston citizens will be stealing glances through Junior's Boy Scout handbook for instructions on how to make a fiire by rubbing two sticks together, which opens a new market for enterprising citizens who care to go around selling sticks at 10c a bunch.

Bill Posters

Remember those posters that were being plastered all over town for "Laura," when it opened here a few weeks back? The ones that said, in big, black type, "Who Killed Laura?" Well, if you have the energy to scout around a bit in the places where they haven't been covered up, you'll find where the Schubert's carefully pasted a strip underneath billposters reading "Olsen and Johnson at the Schubert Theatre."

The Old Friends

by DOROTHY HUNT SCHOFIELD

. . Fiction . .

They came out of the cold night and into the warm scents and sounds of the cocktail bar, and unconsciously both of them breathed a sigh and rubbed their gloved hands together as they looked about. It was dimly lit and very crowded, and as they waited until they should be escorted to a seat they silently took in the row of glittering men and women at the bar, the cozy, chic groups at the tables, the many exciting reflections in the depths of the huge mirror before which a busy three-some of bar tenders worked.

"Crowded tonight," Vyra murmured to James, and he nodded solemnly.

"Yes," he said, "very crowded."

Something about his voice, a vague tone in it, made her look up at him. For just a second she caught him starring at someone at the bar, his face intent, and then he felt her eyes and looked quickly down at her, his smile too light, too casual.

"But," he said, taking her arm and squeezing it, while his eyes returned to the bar, "the more the merrier, eh? Isn't that what they say?"

She didn't answer, but followed his gaze to a slim young woman sitting on one of the chrome and red-leather bar stools, half turned toward her escort. Her profile was clear against the confusion of shifting lights and colors beyond it. Her hat, a tiny black affair of soft shining feathers, sat atop her blonde coiffure in perfect beauty. Vyra had a ridiculous notion: she can't be as lovely full-face — she can't possibly. But as though the young woman's ego had somehow been touched by Vyra's unspoken words she turned, looking over her shoulder, and proved in one still, long moment that she was even lovelier, full-face.

"Oh — ah — there's someone I know," James said, and a rapid, eager note came into his voice. Although he didn't move from his place beside Vyra she had the feeling he was rushing headlong toward this girl. She carefully eased her coat from her shoulders, waiting with a sense of numb isolation.

A small, thin waiter, crisp in evening clothes, approached them and suggested two seats by the wall. But at that moment the blonde girl, with a smile, beckoned to James and Vyra.

Her perfume rose up to meet them like a scented, invisable cloud. From its center, serene and lovely, she spoke in a low voice.

"Hello, James."

"Hello, Corinne," said James.

Her escort stood up, smiling a polite, anticipatory smile much like the one that lay stiff on Vyra's lips, immediately forthcoming he raised his brows at Vyra and gave her the ghost of a grin.

"Oh, join us, won't you?" Corinne suddenly said. "James, this is



"Liar! I don't weigh that much and my lovely figure doesn't attract the opposite sex."

Captain Tim Benning—Tim, Ensign James Morrow—"

James and the captain shook hands and Vyra was introduced; she sat down on a stool beside James, who sat beside Corinne. As she removed her gloves she looked straight to her dim, amber-colored reflection in the bar mirror, and thought that if her eyes were closed she would look like a figure lying just beneath the surface of water, drowned.

"I'll have an old-fsahioned," she said to James, although he had not as yet asked her choice.

She heard the men talking together, across Corinne who smiled mysteriously down at her cigarette, her lovely hand, and her magnificent sapphire ring.

"Yes, I was in Palermo sixteen months ago," the Captain was saying. "Did you even run into a Lieutenant McMasters over there? Big, red-faced fellow—"

"I knew James years ago," Corinne said softly, bending slightly foreward to smile at Vyra. Her hand with the cigarette moved to touch James', lying on the bar.

"I haven't seen him since the war. Why—" she looked up at him, and Vyra could see her eyes touch every feature of his face, slowly, like carressing finger-tips. "I didn't even know he was in the service!"

"I didn't know him when he was in civvy street," said Vyra, and her voice sounded curt in her own ears. "We met on the ship during the trip back, four months ago."

"It must have been very exciting," said Corinne reverantly.

Vyra shrugged. "As a matter of fact it was quite dull," she said. She tapped her cigarette on the edge of the ash tray, wanting to blurt out, "What was James like when you knew him?" but she quelled the impulse, sat silently watching her face in the mirror. Some wandering shaft of light suddenly struck the bars on her shoulders and they blinked and glowed, like the eyes of an animal in the dark. She glanced at the reflections of the others and saw Corinne and James exchanging a long, smiling look.

When the music struck up in the other room the captain rose and took Corinne's arm.

"Here's our samba, honey," he said, and she swung off the stool and went away with him, flinging James a goodbye glance.

James sighed, smiling down at his drink, then, as though suddenly remembering Vyra he looked round at her, his smile subtly changing.

"I thought you said I was the first, I thought you said there'd been no one before me," Vyra said quickly and urgently. "You told me you'd never been in love—you said—" she bit at the dangerous words but their echoes seemed louder and more terrible than the words themselves, and she saw the smile leave James' face, saw the sharp displeasure in his eyes.

"Oh, you lied to me. You didn't tell me there had been someone before. You let me go on thinking I was the first . . . "

"We're old friends, Vyra," he said coldly.

"You loved her!" Vyra whispered harshly. "I'm not a fool—I can tell —and you said I was the first!" She turned her head away in a spasm of despair, but at once caught at control and smoothed her features, straightened her shoulders. "Why did you lie?" she asked him bitterly.

"I did not lie," he said, doggedly lying. He took a quick drink from his glass, his face tight.

"Oh, you liar—you liar," she moaned, her clenched fist tapping the bar softly.

"Vyra, for God's sake," he pleaded, casting a quick look about them.

She knew there was no more to say She knew he felt trapped, and would fight like any trapped thing to preserve his present state of well-being; he would not jeporidze the unworried smoothness of these present times by admitting to something htat would mess up his peace completely. Vyra stared at her drink, her love for him feeling heavy and tired, and a little sick.

When Corinne and the captain returned Corinne asked Vyra if she would like to go with her to the powder room. The ywent ofi together, tall and slim in their olive drab and sophisticated black. Their faces looked smooth and unperturbed to those who watched them.

In front of the glittering mirrors they both bent to peer at their reflections, giving the impression that they were powdering the faces of strangers in whom they were not much interested.

"James looks fine," said Corinne. "It's so nice seeing him again after all this time."

"He said you were old friends,' said Vyra, uncapping her lipstick.

Corinne turned, her own lipstick poised. "Did he say that?" she asked. Her eyes were clear and child-like, demanding the truth. One corner of her mouth quavered a little.

"Is that what he said?"

Vyra nodded, no longer hating her.

For a moment longer Corinne stared at her, then turned toward the mirror.

"Well, then, I guess that's what we were!" she laughed.

BEACON HILL MATRON

Her gyroscopic mind smashed atomic fear:
With swami nonchalance, she swallowed enviroment
--ere, there, between the holiest sentiment
Which grace the ear.
The other mastodons wept, too, in the dark
Moments when they questioned life (if they did
Before the understanding of the ego and id
And the pebbled fears manifested in a remark.)
I dread the life eternal if all compost rise,
For her skeleton will be the first to offer praise;
Wish (before those catastrophic, millennial days):
Collapse, O skies!

—W. FRANCIS POTTER

The Foxhole Thinker

by Pfc. RYAN WATER

. . Report . .

A friend of mine, an ex-Coast Guard man, now enjoying again the fruits of civilian beatitude, wrote back before the election to ask the opinion of the man in the fox-hole on the soldier vote bill. At the time, though still a member of the armed forces, he was flat on his back in a soft sack in a Boston sick bay. That circumstances and the fact that he was conditioning himself for his reappearance in the role of acting civilian, must be the explanation of his obstuseness in asking such a question. While wearing the middy blouse and bell-bottom trousers, he had cruised the deep blue water and crossed more than once the path of the torpedo spouting steel whales the Germans send to lighten the boredom of life aboard ship. Had he remembered those moments, he would have held his pen.

To get back to the point at issue, may I say, indelicately perhaps, but truthfully, that the Joe in the fox-hole, if he is anything like the guys I've shared a shelter with, doesn't give a hoot about it, one way or the other. The man in the fox-hole is a very uncosmic man. He is the perfect egoist. All that he concerns himself about is that which concerns him directly—the ugly people upstairs and what they are doing to his peace of mind.

Let me tell you, actually and stripped of all the glamour trappings, what the man in the fox-hole thinks about—when, and if, he thinks at all.

First of all, he wants to know how far away the enemy planes are. If it is his first raid, he's almost sure not to give even that the slightest consideration. As a matter of fact, he thinks nothing except, "Oh, Lord. Here it is! Now where the hell's that fox-hole." He's off like a shot at the sound of the alarm.

Sometimes this leads to very sad consequences, as in the case of a corporal I knew in the Gilberts campaign. When the bell sounded for the first raid, he dashed madly for the nearest shelter wearing nothing but a pair of G. I. shorts. By the time the all-clear sounded an hour or so later, the corporal was dressed in lumps from head to foot. It was estimated that he had contributed approximately two and a half quarts of blood to the Underground Mosquito Blood Bank, five times the amount considered par by the mosquitoes, themselves, and the mosquetoes are not considered pikers.

By the time you've sat through a few raids, a more sophisticated attitude toward the whole thing is assumed. After the alarm, the first thing you hear is the sound of the fighters warming up to take off—that is, if you have any fighters and are near enough to the field to hear them.

Then comes the waiting for the sound of the bogey's motors. When they can be heard loud and clear, it is time to go down.



Once a raid has actually begun, men sweatin' it out think of many things. If the bombs are falling far away, he thinks happily of the enemy's inability to hit the side of a barn and wanders smugly into thoughts about chow, the state of his finances and what the chances are of rounding up a table of poker players after Charley has gone.

If the bogeys are on the beam and dropping their eggs in the immediate vicinity, he can usually think of nothing but places he would rather be than where he is. Most of the time, he can also dream up a fine list of things he would like to do the wall-eyed, black-hearted Jap so and sos. And to quote a lad from my old outfit who landed on D-Day with the Marines on Saipan, "My prayers were said for the next two years."

Those are the basic thoughts, though sometimes during a long one and particularly if there is no one sharing his shelter, thoughts of home and remembrances of little, irrelevant things creep in to fuzz the hard, cold edge of hatred.

There are other things, of course, but I assure you no "man in the fox-hole" gives even the slightest semblance of a thought to problems of soldier voting, the progress of politics back in the states or the best blueprint for a peace which he, at the moment, can't quite envision.

Maybe when he gets back to the Hawaiian Islands or Australia or some other rear area base and newspapers, posters and lectures have made him conscious of his civil rights, he will start thinking about it. But not in or near that fox-hole, brother.

You all straight now, sailor?

We Could Not Sing

by DOROTHY JANE JASTRAM

. . Fiction . .

We always used to sing a lot, standing around Moth's piano—Pete, Nannie, and I. We always called my dad Pete. I don't know why. I guess he taught us to. Pete used to say that mother would sleep on the floor and sell her kitchen stove befor eshe'd part with her piano. She and the piano belonged together.

Lots of times when we came home from school she'd be sitting there, playing music that made you think of the waterfall down in the river, or of the wind rustling through the leaves of the maple trees. We'd go over and stand beside her, and she'd play a song we knew like "Swinging on a Star."

We'd sing it through, Nannie and me, and Moth would join in the chorus. Sometimes we'd sing just one song, and then Moth would say, "Now you change your trousers, Petie, and go out and play." Sometimes she'd keep on playing songs we knew and we'd sing and sing.

Then all of a sudden she would cock her head to one side and listen to the clock chime. "Five!" she'd say. "My goodness! The potatoes!" She'd jump up and rush to the kitchen and start to peel potatoes like lightning. Almost always she had them on the stove before Petie came in. Nannie and I would hurry and set the table.

That's the way it was before Pete joined the Marines. And night when we got through our home work, we'd all sing a song or two. Home was the place we liked best of all.

We were practicing a Christmas carol which Nannie and I were to sing at the next P.T.A. program, that afternoon. There were a couple of notes that Nannie wasn't getting just right, and Moth was playing them over and over while Nannie listened. Pete had the radio turned on. Suddenly, without any warning we heard it -- that announcement about Pearl Harbor. Moth stopped playing and stared at Pete in disbelief. There was an angry look on his face.

"The bastards!" he said.

"Pete!" Moth said quickly.

Pete looked at her and the angry look died away for a minute.

"No," he said. "No, it can't be." But the announcement was repeated. Pete snapped off the radio, and he came over to the piano. He began to sing, "Oh beautiful for spacious skies." Moth picked up the refrain on the piano, and we all sang every verse.

Moth wasn't sitting at the piano so often after that when we came home from school. It was Christmas time and she was busy, but somehow Christmas was different. We laughed at the silly jokes we found in our stockings, but it was sad laughter. And on the radio, the Christmas carols were almost drowned out by the tense announcement about the Philippines.

New Year's Eve came and went. Then one night Pete said, "I'm going to teach you a new song tonight —if you don't already know it. Moth let her fingers wander over the keys a minute, then she looked up at him questioningly, and her smile lighted up her eyes too. He began to sing, and by the time he reached, "From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli," Moth's fingers followed him, and we both were singing with him. The smile faded from Moth's eyes, though, and she couldn't sing with us even the third time through.



Then Pete stopped singing and just stood there staring down at the way the lights made Moth's hair look. Then he looked at Nannie and me.

"Well," he said, "can you see me, Pete, strolling down the halls of Montezuma?" He straightened his shoulders and puffed out his chest. Moth didn't look up at him and laugh.

He leaned over and put a hand on her shoulder and she said, "It's all right." And then she began to play, "Keep the Home Fires Burning." And when she looked up at Pete her eyes were full of tears. That's the way it was. Pete had to go, feeling like he did. But some of his friends didn't think so. I heard them say he was running out on Moth and his two kids long before he was called. But I knew Pete couldn't wait.

The night Pete went away we sang song after song—all the ones we liked the best. We didn't give ourselves time to talk. Then, all at once, the taxi was honking out in front. Pete grabbed Nannie and kissed her. He turned to me and put his hand on my shoulders.

"Take good care of them," he said. "Don't let them get wet feet."

And suddenly he hugged me hard and kissed me, too. Then he turned to Moth. When the taxi driver honked again, Pete hurried to the door and scooped up the bag that was standing there.

"So long," he said.

Pete had wanted it that way. He wanted to hear us singing when he left. Moth's fingers stumbled along the keys and we sang until we heard the taxi drive away. Then Moth's fingers stopped right there on the keys in the middle of a line, and we stopped singing too. She sat there silently looking at her

hands, and Nannie and I looked at her hands too. I didn't know what to do. Suddenly she lifted them from the keys and closed the piano. It seemed as if she had closed her heart too. There was a different look on her face.

It always seemed to me that Moth had gone away during the months that followed. When we got home from school she was never sitting at the piano playing. Nights when our home work was through, we turned on the radio. Sometimes, I almost felt like singing with the radio. Then I'd think of Pete and look at the closed piano. I'd look at Moth and Nannie and I'd know we could not sing.

Pete wrote lots of letters to us, and we wrote to him, but we didn't get to see him. He was sent from one training camp to another. The first thing we knew he was a lieutenant. He wrote then that he was coming home to see us on a leave, we could scarcely wait. Nannie and I planned to greet him with the Marine Hymn, and we knew Moth would have the piano open. It would be just like it had always been. We were so happy. Moth even smiled and let us plan.

We were sitting there planning one night when the telephone rang. I ran to answer it.

"San Francisco calling," the operator said.

"It's Pete," I shouted.

Moth's voice was all alive.

"Pete?" she asked. She hurried to the telephone.

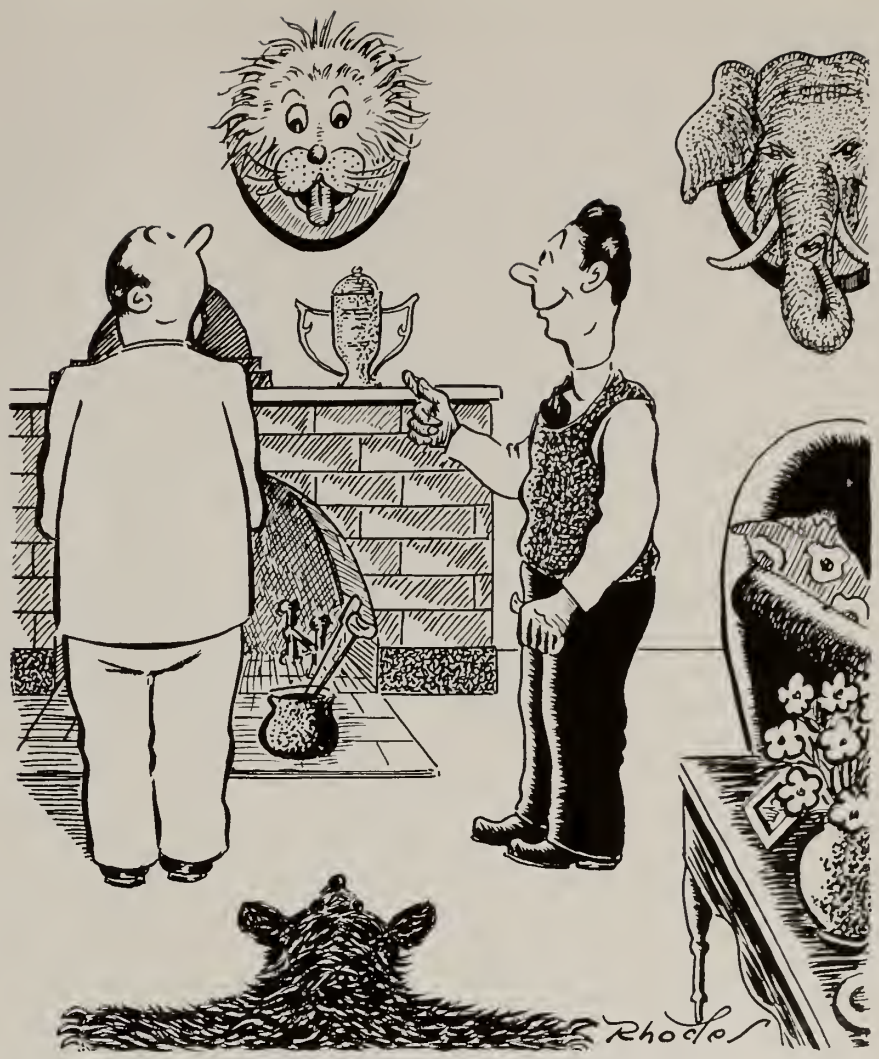
"Pete! Pete!" I heard her say. "They're fine, just fine!"

Then she listened and when she spoke again all the happiness was gone from her voice.

"Oh," she said. "Oh."

She called Nannie and me to talk a few minutes. Pete had called to say goodbye. His leave had been cancelled. We didn't see him.

You know how it is—no letters for so long. I thought the first letter would never come, but it finally did, and Moth relaxed a little.



"He died the hard way . . . sneaked into camp and ate some of my wife's buscuits!"

Months passed and sometimes letters didn't come very often. Then the news came in a splash. Pete was a hero. He was the first from our town to win the D.S.C. He'd routed out a machine gun battery ,when the detachment sent with him had all been knocked out, after he had been hit in the shoulder.

I strutted around until the fellows made me understand they'd had enough, but the town council thought Nannie and I should sing on the Bond Rally program. Moth really didn't want us to appear but the wife of a hero couldn't refuse. She opened the piano and started practicing with us and for a while, she didn't look so unhappy. I thought Moth would keep the piano open, but as soon as the Bond Rally was over, she closed it again, and I knew she'd never open it until Pete came home. The closed piano made me and Nanni feel closed up too. When we came home from somewhere Moth was never singing snatches of songs as she worked. And Nannie and I found that we could not sing any more either.

We were almost through supper one night when I saw Hank Wilson ride up on his bicycle. I saw him take a telegram from his cap and I waited for him to ring the bell.

"I'll go," I said, when it rang.

I ran to the door. Hank had the telegram in his hand.

"It's for your ma. Want I should give it to her?"

"No," I said. "No thank you."

Hank looked at me and I guess he knew it would be all right. He

turned and went back down the steps.

I went into the dining room. Moth saw the telegram right away.

"It's come," she said.

She held out her hand. She opened the envelope quickly and unfolded the paper. She read it slowly, and then scanned it again before she handed it to me. Pete had been killed in action.

I looked at Moth. Tears were rolling down her cheeks. Nannie began to cry too. Moth's tears stopped then, and she took Nannie on her lap and rocked her slowly back and forth in her arms. "Petie," she said. "I don't know what to do."

When I saw Moth the next morning at breakfast, I knew she had thought it all out that she would not cry again.

"Can you peel potatoes, Petie?" she asked me.

I laughed.

"I guess so," I said.

"You peel some if I'm not home early," she said.

But Moth was there when we got home. She had on a pair of coveralls and a lunch bucket stood on the table.

"I've got a job at the ordnance plant," she said. "Some one's got to work, Petie. I begin next week."

On Friday when I came home from school the first thing I saw was the empty space against the wall where the piano had stood. Moth got up from her chair.

"Help me move the davenport," she said. "I loaned the piano to the U.S.O."

I did not say anything. I could not think of Moth without her piano. I remembered how Pete teased her.

It did not seem like home without the piano, any more than it seemed like home without Pete. Moth closed herself up, too, after the piano was gone. She'd listen to Nannie and me, but you knew she hadn't really heard. She'd say "yes" and "no" but some times the answers were wrong.

Before we knew it Christmas was just a week away, and Moth had never mentioned it. Always before we had talked about it for weeks. I tried to find some way of mentioning it casually, like "The Christmas church program is Sunday," but Moth didn't hear me. She should have noticed Nannie. Nannie is only ten and Christmas was the day she lived for all year. She had been asking things about Christmas and Moth had been saying "yes" and "no" but her eyes had a lost look in them, and you knew she'd rather not talk.

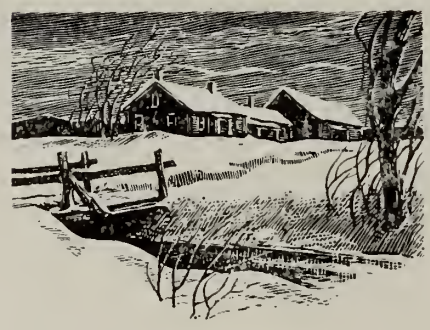
On Friday, just the day before Christmas, we were eating lunch. Nannie had a milk moustache on her lips as she asked, "Moth, may we buy the Christmas tree this afternoon?"

"No." Moth said. "No Christmas tree."

It was as though she had slapped Nannie in the face.

"Why Moth!" I said, before I could stop myself.

"Christmas?" she said. "Christmas is dead." Then she looked at



me, away from the hurt in Nannie's eyes.

"I'm going to work tomorrow. It's just another day."

She got up and went to the sideboard where she kept her pocketbook. She took out a bill and came back to me.

"Here," she said. "You make Christmas for Nannie. But don't let me see any of it."

She laid five dollars down on the table. After she was gone, Nannie and I went shopping. I knew Nannie wanted a silver bracelet with blue stones in it more than anything else, so I got one while she was choosing a handkerchief for Moth. When we were ready to go home, Nannie saw a tiny Christmas tree in front of the grocery store.

"I could put it in my room," she begged. Her eyes looked almost happy again.

When we got home there was lots of Christmas mail, most of it for Mrs. Pete Blue and family. But one was for me from some Marine with an unfamiliar last name. I opened it. It was from Pete's pal, Steve, whom he had mentioned often in his letters. He was just Steve, to me.

"Petie," Steve said, "I just found this enclosed letter. Pete was writing to you, and he was using my portfolio when the alert came. I was taken prisoner, and I never knew Pete was gone until after my release. It was then I found the letter. Pete used to tell me about the three of you standing around your mother at the piano, singing; and about the way you could make the Marine Hymn ring out. He said that was why he was fighting, so you three could go on singing, no matter what. I'll be thinking of you singing Christmas carols on Christmas day—and so will Pete, I bet."

I reached up a fist and wiped my eyes. I couldn't let Nannie see me cry.

"You put up the Christmas tree"

She ran off with the tree and I opened Pete's letter, my dad, Pete. It was only a few lines.

"Howdie, Pete, my son," he wrote "It's Saturday night. I've been sitting here thinking about you. It's just time back there for you to begin your Saturday night concert. Gee, it makes me happy to know you can keep on singing without any fear of bombs coming through the roof. In spirit, I'm there beside you. That's what I'm fighting for son, so you can go on singing—you and all the . . . "

That was all. I heard Nannie calling, and I put the letters back in the envelope and went to help her. She wanted to put the tree on the desk in her room. It took us quite a while to get it set up, and the decorations on it. The tree looked lovely, and Nannie was smiling when we were through.

Then it was time to go to the Christmas party at the USO for service men's children. When we got home it was late, so we went to bed. I heard Moth come in, and I knew it was Christmas day for everyone else but me. I listened for her to come upstairs, but everything was so quiet, I fell asleep again.

When I woke up, the sun was streaming through the windows, and I could see the wet snow clinging to the black branches of the maple trees. It was a white Christmas all right, but it would be a black New Year if the sun kept on shining.

"A black New Year," I whispered to myself. "Pete's gone and Moth's gone too."

I hated to get out of bed to a Christmas that was like every day, so I lay there until I heard Nannie shut her window. Then I jumped out of bed and dressed in a hurry. When Nannie tiptoed past my door, I motioned for her to come in.

"Merry Christmas," she whispered.

"Merry Christmas," I whispered back.

And then I tried to think how to tell her not to say those words to Moth. I reached in my pocket and handed her the little package with the bracelet inside. She put it on and laughed happily. Then she quickly popped her hand over her mouth.

●

A pack of cards, a game of bridge,
And four Marines on the sand,
A messenger runs up with news—
A hundred Japs just land!
One tall Marine gets up and yawns—
"I'll go—I'm dummy this hand."

—F. D. CONN



"Boston weather had me fooled for a while, but nothing would surprise me now."

"I forget," she said. "Moth doesn't want Christmas."

And she looked at me with questions in her blue eyes.

"It's because of Pete," I said. "Maybe, someday—'

"Oh, said Nannie, but she looked puzzled.

"Im hungry," I said.

And Nannie smiled. "I am, too."

We started to tip toe down stairs. I planned to fix some cold cereal in the kitchen. We were half way down the stairs when I saw Moth. She was kneeling in front of the fireplace lighting the fire. The table, spread with a shining white cloth, and set with Moth's tulip dishes, stood near her. She heard us on the steps and looked up at us. Then she smiled and said, "Merry Christmas."

Moth had come back.

It was while we were doing the breakfast dsihes that Moth took Pete's letter out of her pocket and handed it to me.

"I had forgotten why Pete went off to fight," she said.

I just nodded my head.

Moth went o ffto work that day. She said she had promised. We understood; it didn't matter. That night we went down to the USO and there was Moth's piano. It was open, and they needed some one to play. Moth sat down, and in a minute Nannie and I were standing beside her, just like always, and we were singing together. The soldiers and the sailors and the marines crowded around us, and they began to sing too.

Nannie leaned close to Moth and whispered, "It seems like Pete is singing with us," and Moth smiled and nodded her head. "I think he is," she said. And then she began to play music that sounded like the waterfall in the river.

Knights of Pythias Diamond Anniversary

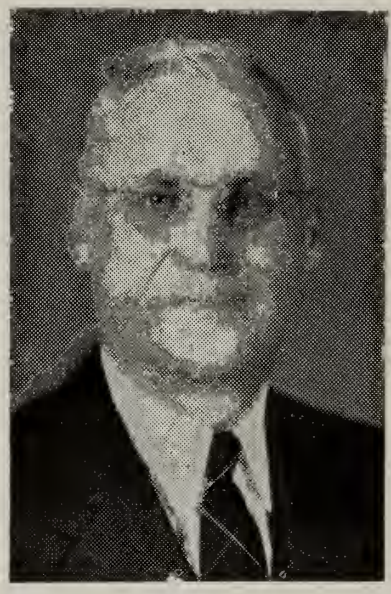
. . Feature . .

December 17, 1944 marks the 75th year of the Massachusetts domain of one of the most famous fraternal orders in the country—the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias. Represented today in every state of the Union, as well as in many foreign countries, the Order of the Knights of Pythias derives its name and the principles for which it stands from the ancient tale of brotherly love "Damon and Pythias."

Since the first institution of the Massachusetts Supreme Lodge, in Boston, on December 17, 1869, as a part of the National Grand Lodge, it has grown from sixteen subordinate lodges in Massachusetts to one hundred and fifteen, from four hundred and forty members to approximately eleven thousand, and, correspondingly, the reputation of its members has grown from their unceasing work in charitable and welfare organizations, and for their truly American policy of extending a helping hand to worthy causes—modern "Knights" in every sense of the word!

In this, the year of their diamond anniversary, Massachusetts Pythians have continued contributing to the welfare of others through their tireless activities in behalf of the war effort. A great deal of importance has been attached to the sale of War Bonds by the members of the subordinate Lodges in all parts of the state. Helping to promote the success of the Sixth War Loan drive in this state, the Knights of Pythias have sold $400,000 worth of Series "E" Bonds. Contributing toward this sum and toward their anticipated goal of a half million dollars in the Sixth War Loan, have been such Pythian activities as the sell-out movie premiere on Thanksgiving Eve in Boston, sponsored by the Grand Lodge.

Several members will be presented with certificates of merit for having sold more than $10,000 worth of Series "E" Bonds in the drive. As a goal in their bond-selling campaigns, the Knights of Pythias decided on ten "Flying Ambulances" for the Army. These ambulances are the planes that transport wounded men from the battlefields. For each ambulance, it was necessary to sell the equivalent of



EDGAR N. WEBER, Grand Chancellor, Knights of Pythias.

$167,000 in War Bonds, maturity value. In order to purchase ten of these, a great deal of effort had to be expended in bond selling everywhere. Now, returns from the lodges show that the Pythians have succeeded nobly in this patriotic undertaking, for bonds sales have exceeded the required amount. There is now enough for those ten ambulances for our boys—and then some!

In 1943, the order was honored by the certificate of merit which was presented to it by representatives of the Red Cross for its outstanding contributions to the Red Cross blood banks.

A very popular war service was offered to members of the armed forces this year, in the form of historic tours through Boston. Starting July 15, servicemen and women were driven behind an old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicle through the streets of old Boston to all the points of historical interest. The tours were conducted every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday, until September, when they were conducted on weekends.

In the seventy-five years of its existence, the Massachusetts Order of the Knights of Pythias has provided an outstanding illustration of all that can be accomplished through a sincere effort to promote friendliness and brotherhood among men, and in forthcoming years, its members will continue to personify the spirit of good will and fellowship through their activities in behalf of society.

There will be diamond anniversary celebrations, attended by the Grand Chancellor, Domain of Massachusetts, Edgar N. Weber, held in all parts of the state this month, to commemorate this milestone for the Pythians.

Officers of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts include: Lorimer A. Cassidy of Brockton, Grand Vice Chancellor; the Reverend M. M. Thornburg of Millbury, Grand Prelate; G Frank Howe of Boston, Grand Keeper of Records and Seal; Frank A. Howard of West Medford, Grand Master of Exchequer; Forrest H. Thompson of Athol, Grand Master at Arms; Ray C. Peterson of Whitman, Grand Inner Guard; H. Murray Pakulski of Boston, Grand Outer Guard; William H. Chase of Hopedale, Grand Trustee; William W. Risk of Boston; Grand Trustee; and Harry R. Lawrence of Lawrence, Grand Trustee.

Jewel of Gold

by BARTLETT GOULD

. . **Fiction** . .

In spite of the fact he'd determined not to, George arrived at the corner a good fifteen minutes early. The heavy overcast had brought dusk ahead of time, and the store and theater lights were on. Although it was almost summer a raw chill pervaded the air and made him wish he'd worn a topcoat.

George Berkeley was lean and tall, though a slightly crippled leg made him seem a bit shorter. His hair was brown and his eyes, at the moment, bright with impatience. The street was a busy one of theaters, restaurants and lunch counters; hordes of people, mostly coupled, streamed past him. George dragged on a cigarette and waited anxiously. At last he spied Margy approaching. When she was close enough she smiled, pleasantly but impersonally, like a technician giving a blood test.

"Nice to see you, George," she said crisply. "How are you?"

She stood looking at him, quite composed, her short trim figure erect and graceful. She wore no hat. He felt a surge of pleasure at the sight of her curls, thick and dark, rippling in the wind.

"Naturally, I'm curious," he said. "I don't suppose you'd beg me to come all the way in from Berreford unless it was important."

"Wasn't that a dreadful note to send you! But I simply couldn't think of the right words. I've got to talk to you, George, and the only place for it is over the dinner table."

"Slow down a little, will you?" he said good-naturedly. She gave him a sweet, impatient smile.

"I'm so sorry. I forgot about your lame leg."

George felt his face redden. He knew she hadn't forgotten. They walked in silence to the Red Rooster. Her behaviour was like a smooth, baffling wall. Why did she want to hurt him? He waited until they'd been seated and ordered their dinner, then he said:

"Would you mind telling me what this is all about?"

Margy took a sip of water. Over the rim of the glass her large, deep blue eyes were candid. She put the glass down and fishd in her handbag.

"First of all, I'd better give you back your diamond." She handed him the plush box so firmly he couldn't protest. "You're not observant, or you'd have noticed this."

She stretched out her hand. She was wearing a wedding ring.

"I've been married for more than a week," she told him.

"I—wish you luck," he said mechanically, according to formula.

"I should have let you known sooner, but I've been so busy. I only met Bert three weeks ago."

"Bert?"

"That's my husband. I'm Mrs. Stevens, now. Bert's a corporal in the Army, of course it's only a matter of time before he'll be commissioned. I told him to meet us here. He'll be along any minute now. You'll like him, George. He's stunning in his uniform, it doesn't bag a bit the way some of them do. Girls notice things like that, you know.

"Do they?" He was glad of an interruption now, while the waitress put their food before them. He raked through his mind for something to say.

"Where's he from?"

"New York. He's stationed here in Boston for the time being. One of the girls at the office introduced



us. Only three weeks ago, and yet it seems as though I've known him for ages."

With his fork, George poked absently at a potato.

"Funny, isn't it? I'd been putting money aside for us. Just day before yesterday I was planning what kind of a home we'd have. And all the while you were married."

"Don't feel bad. It's better for both of us, this way. If I was tied to you we'd probably hate each other."

"Why?"

"Let's not discuss it."

He was silent, trying to adjust himself to this new situation.

Presently he said, "Margy, if you're happy, I'm satisfied. But you sprung it on me so suddenly—damn it all, you can't blame me for being curious! Why should you hate me? What've I done?"

"I don't hate you. I only said, I might, if I was married to you."

"Do I get on your nerves?"

Margy chewed gravely and wrinkled her forehead.

"Not exactly. You see, George, we're at war now. I'm the sort of woman who must feel proud of her man. It won't be long before Bert's out there in some foxhole, or leading his men in a charge. That's what I mean. Of course, it will be terribly hard on me, but people all over the world are making sacrifices, and I'm willing to make mine. It gives me a sort of stern thrill to think of it. When I look at Bert I feel the way you do when they play 'The Star Spangled Banner' at the movies. I couldn't feel that way about a 4F."

"I suppose not," said George.

"Yes, I do. I'm married to a soldier, and the sight of some of these fat, smug civiilians makes me burn!"

He lit a cigarette.

"They're not all smug. Some of them work pretty hard."

"Don't compare a soldier risking his life with someone vegetating in a soft defense job!"

"I wasn't trying to. I can realize how you must feel."

Margy suddenly waved her arm.

"There's Bert now," she said excitedly.

George turned and saw a good-looking corporal making his way through the maze of tables. The corporal caught sight of Margy, grinned, and walked swiftly toward them.

"George, I want you to meet my husband, Corporal Stevens. Bert, this is the George Berkeley I told you about."

They shook hands. Corporal Stevens was a shade shorter than



George, heavier set, and quite blonde. His face was unusually good-natured; his eyes very blue and cordial.

Corporal Stevens looked at George and winked.

"Doesn't he make a wonderful looking soldier?" said Margy.

"By the way," he said suddenly, "Margy tells me you're foreman in a machine shop. I worked in one until they drafted me. What's your place like? What do you build?"

"Instruments, mostly. They've got some idea of building small boat equipment after the war."

"That must be fun. Never got a chance to work on delicate stuff. How are you set for grinders?"

For the better part of an hour George was kept busy supplying him with technical details, much to Margy's obvious boredom. Stevens talked with the fervour of a man who'd been missing this sort of conversaion for months. His avidity amused George, who had never found the work very stimulating.

George liked the blithe corporal. He hadn't wanted to, in fact he would have been pleased if Margy's husband had proven insufferable; but he admitted to himself that even in her kinder moods Margy was nowhere near as agreeable as Bert.

"After the war's over, Corporal, if you think you'd like it at our place, why not drop around?" suggested George idly. "I don't do the hiring there, but I'd put in a word for you."

"Thanks a lot, George," he said. "I'll be taking you up on that some day."

Finally it was time to go. They paid for their dinners and pushed through the revolving door. Outside, a steady, chill drizzle was falling. They said goodbye, pleasantly, and separated. Margy and Stevens went off arm in arm. George walked toward the subway, alone.

He'd gone half a block when he heard his name called, and turned to find Corporal Stevens running to catch up.

"I wanted to see you a minute alone," he said. "Did you really mean it about helping me get on sometime at your shop?"

"Of course."

"I think maybe I'd like it better than my old place. And it's Margy's hometown. She'll be happier there."

"Okay," said George. "I'll be seeing you."

He started off, but Corporal Stevens grabbed his arm.

"Could you use help right now? I haven't told Margy, I want to surprise her, but after tomorrow I won't be in the Army. It's my back. They X-rayed it the other day, and I'll be out on a medical discharge."

Maiden All Forlorn

by RUTH INMAN

. . Fiction . .

She held the letter in her hand and read it again. Then she hid it under the blotter.

"I'll have to tell her," she thought.

Someone was turning the key in the front door. She looked at her watch. Four. It was Jessie. She shut the door and lay down on the bed, facing the windows. She could hear Jessie running up the stairs.

"Nora?"

She didn't move. She heard Jessie walk down the hall to her own room.

It was just a month since Jessie had written Dow she was going down to see him. When Nora had recognized his hand writing and the letter addressed to her she hadn't wanted to open it. Why should **she** get into it?

"Dear Nora," he had written. "Please tell Jessie not to write me any more. My wife doesn't like it."

Nora had almost laughed, it was so corny. "Just a little note, this is what he wrote," she thought.

It was corny, but it was cruel just the same, because it was real. She turned the letter over and looked on the back. It seemed impossible that that was all he had to say. She read it again. Then she had heard Jessie's key in the lock.

After Jessie had gone on to her room she lay ther, trying to think of som way to tell her.

That night after dinner she said, "Come in and talk to me for a while before you start in on your papers, Jess."

"All right," Jessie said.

Nora sat on the bed and Jessie in the rocking chair and they talked about school.

Finally Nora said, "Look, Jess, won't you think it over and come to New York with me? We'll have a grand time."

Jessie looked at her for a couple of seconds without speaking. Then she said, "Nora, you know I'm going to Georgia."

"I know you'll have a better time in New York, Jess."

"You've heard something," Jessie said.

"Yes, I have."

"What did you hear?"

"I heard he was married," Nora said.

"But he's engaged to me. He's in love with me."

Nora took her coat out of the closet and put it on in front of the mirror.

She could hear Jessie behind her, starting to cry.

She went out of the room and walked down to the library. It was quite cold out. She was sorry she hadn't worn her gloves.

When she got back, Jessie was sitting at the desk with a book open in front of her. Nora could see the little dark spots on her sweater where the tears had wet it.

"Where'd you go, Nora?" she asked.

"A couple of my books were overdue," Nora said.

Jessie turned around and faced her.

"I'm really such a fool," she said.

"No, you're not, Jess."

"All those letters," she said. "Every single night. When I think of it, Nora."

"Don't think of it," Nora said.

Jessie started to cry again.

"Don't cry, Jess," Nora said. "You're well rid of him."

"Yes," said Jessie. "Yes, of course, I am."

She gave Nora a little smile.

"Mother'll be dreadfully disappointed."

"Jess," she said, "I don't think you were in love with him at all."

Jessie was still crying, but she gave a sniff at that and looked up.

"Nora, you're wonderful."

"No, really, Jess. I think it was just that he was supposed to be such a catch."

"By the way, what will you do with those horrible game platters the Gibbses gave you?"

"I think I'll send them to him for a wedding present," Jessie said. "I can't think of anyone who deserves them more."

Women are fools, Nora thought. She couldn't help it. She was laughing as much as Jessie was.

She was laughing with Jessie and still all the time she was watching her and remembering how she had felt when she had lost Dow to Jessie just two years before.



"Walmsky uses every minute studying for OCS!"

Boston Is Like That

by PRISCILLA BLACKETT

. . Article . .

The brown crusted grass is frozen into hard mounds on the common. Gaunt elms writhe drunkenly, stretching their brittle fingers skyward, in a forlorn plea to the merciless December wind. Faded shadows crawl uncertainly towards the frog pond, and the sunlight clings fleetingly to pale patches of the earth, then slides carressingly up the tree trunks to finally relinquish its claims to the silent curtain of night.

Prim ladies press their hats more firmly on their heads, non-chalantly moving on towards Beacon Hill, and wearing indelibly the characteristic mask of the unruffled Bostonian. The brisk walk up Joy street sends the blue blood pulsing through their veins.

The red brick of antiquity smiles a warm welcome on Mt. Vernon street. The lovely homes of old Boston rest comfortably on their laurels; smugly averting their eyes from the tumults of modern affairs. They are solidly embedded in the very body of the hill, secure in the knowledge that they are the ball bearings of the "Hub."

As twilight fades to darkness, the ice on the frog pond stiffins and braces itself, while little boys with runny noses fling rocks and branches onto its glassy surfaces. The ice thickens in the cold December night, and the little boys tap questionably at the edges, and venture cautiously onto it. It will soon be time for them to reluctantly exchange the mysteries of the common for the drab familiarity of hard wooden staircases, littered vestibules, and coal blackened windows. But until this dread moment arrives, they remain devoted and ardent worshippers in the kingdom of the frog pond.

Hoarse voices, red chapped hands, threadbare little flannel shirts, mended knickers flapping around thin ankles; they are the sailors and policemen, the criminals and beggars, the tradesmen and drunkards of tomorrow. But today and the frog pond are theirs.

A few dignified men walk across the common with purposeful strides, their chesterfields immaculately buttoned over Brooks Brother-ish tweeds, and fragile hands delicately encased in imported leather gloves. A tan brief case swings gently from one hand, while the other carries the inevitable umbrella. Stamped on their dignified brows is the pledge that "Come taxes, Hell, or Democrats, the baked beans must go through."

These men still cherish remnants of crew cuts, which saw more luxuriant days at Harvard in '17. They talk in clearly defined syllables vaguely reminiscent of days at Groton or St. Mark's. They are a strangely similar group. They live and dress and act in an established routine, and they are very successful. Is it because they have been reared by the laws for success? Or is it because there are no rules governing what they must think?

They walk briskly up the steps to the fan shaped doorways, while the iron picket fence swings closed behind. Almost simultaneously a large and awkward bus rasps to a grating halt at the curbing. Raucous female voices fling insults from the vehicle's depths, while several young ladies hurtle through the door and prance about on the sidewalk emitting hoots of derision, until the bus proceeds on its route.

The girls wear Vermont tweed suits and white wool socks, while the climax of their costume is achieved by the shoes which herald their arrival by an unmistakable



"Trouble with this job ya hate to knock off for lunch because it's too much like work!"

similiarity to the resounding trend of an iron shod horse. They scuff casually along, defying any trace of approaching feminity by a carefully mastered round shouldered slouch. They are cultivating a typical school interpretation of Boston "savoir fare." They converse in exotic throaty accents as to the comparative merits of various horses, skiis, and Harvard reunions. They conclude the discussion with the comforting ultimatum that "After all, so much in life depends on where one goes to school." Having thus permanently established their position in life, they depart for their respective abodes.

Down by the Buddie's Club groups of soldiers and sailors linger about the doorway. A few are draped languidly on park benches, impervious to the cold, as their hearts yearn for distant homes. They watch with bitterness the happy crowds on Tremont street, then with abrupt resentment walk towards the light and confusion, steeling their lonely thoughts against the gay throngs.

Some of them wander to Scollay Square to drown their misery in an atmosphere of raucous gaity. Bizzarre penny arcades, questionable taverns, brawling sailors, and boldly giggling females. Underneath the tobacco and gin and glass and smoke the cobblestones stretch placidly smooth, carressed by generations of staggering feet, rolling barrels, turning wheels and rollicking laughter. Scollay Square is Boston's forbidden mecca, a relic of the past, caught in a mad whirl by the power of the present.

Strangers are bewildered, sometimes amused, often hurt by Boston's "reserve." It is only because they have not observed that beneath the pride and aloofness lies a core of sympathy, kindness and compassion; emotions one must hide for protection. For Boston is a city of riddles. It cherishes the past, tolerates the present, and shudders at the future.

Life Begins at Fifty

by DEL MARTIN

. . Article . .

Ponderous and scientific articles have been written on planned economy. But it was Fred Herzog, seventy year old ex-St. Louisan, who unraveled the intricacies of planned retirement. Now, he is much too occupied to formulate any learned treatise on the subject.

More than twenty years ago this philosopher, retired business man, globe trotter and artist, in the order named, put into effect his theory for retirement.

"The average American appears to want to work until he drops," he says, "or else has vague, formless ideas about what he will do when he retires." But I know that retirement to be successful must be planned and must come after sound preparation."

Mr. Herzog spent several years taking courses, both day and evening, in the history of architecture and in art appreciation at Washington University in St. Louis.

Then came the day when he reached fifty. Closing his desk, he turned his back on the daily routine of the dry goods business. But it was not to spend aimless days, talking endlessly to busy people.

Years were spent in "travel with a purpose." His architectural interests were resumed in reality. He traced through the course of Gothic architecture in England, France and Italy. Saracenic architecture in North Africa and Spain were given assiduous attention on its native heath.

The art centers of Paris, Munich, Florence and other famed centers found a rapt observer, who viewed them with a seeing eye.

Eventually, the wanderer came to rest when he took up residence on a small isle. Captiva Island, its name redolent of Jean Lafitte, lies in the Gulf of Mexico off the west coast of Florida.

Here lived Harold Olmsted, architect and painter, and in the course of time under his stimulating influence Mr. Herzog's interest in art became subjective. Years of discerning observation and absorbing study paid their interest. Today his water color studies are remarkable for their luminosity and naturalness and have hung in aritst guild showings.

Life for him six months of the year on his 'captive' isle is a fascinating interspersion of periods spent at his easel and battling tarpon in the green waters of the Gulf—from the sublime to the strenuous.

Twice yearly, in the spring and autumn, Mr. Herzog spends visiting old friends and familiar haunts in St. Louis.

Fred Herzog is still a firm advocate of the theory that well planned preparation for retirement is almost as important as the thought and time given to one's life work.

BOSTON MUSEUM: TWO IMPERTINENCES

1—To a Sarcophagus
Astarte, who once reigned over love and life,
Protect this alabaster marriage bed
Until the final trumpet of the dead
Bestirs these marble lovers now embraced,—
For then we shall know if they were man and wife
Or whether they died disgraced!

2—To some Figurines
Astarte, Syrian goddess of the fertile flame,
Why do you smile at these wild bacchantes
Whose skin is glowing like morning on an open plain
But who have beaks like Durante's?

—W. FRANCIS POTTER

Nothing on the House

by Sgt. JOHN C. ROGERS

. . Fiction . .

The soldier with a Guadalcanal patch on his shoulder kept pounding his glass on the bar and hollering at the girl.

"Hey, Dottie, hey Dottie," he says. "If I get to be a bother just put me out. Just put me out the door and call a cab and send me where I'm going. You understand? If I bother people just put me out."

"Oh, all right, all right," says the girl in a tired sing-song voice. "You're doing O.K. Just take it easy and don't slop your beer all over the place. I gotta clean up after you."

The Guadalcanal guy turned to a soldier on his left.

"Buy you a drink," he says. "On me. Buy everybody a drink."

"I don't think you ought to," says the soldier. "Let me get the brews. You been places and I ain't been out of the country. You guys shouldn't have to buy drinks any place, any more. They oughta give you all you can carry. Free gratis they oughta do it."

"Oh—," says Guadalcanal. "A fellow goes where he's ordered. I got shipped out and you didn't. I got money. I got lotsa money. I want to buy everybody a drink. It ain't gonna hurt me none to buy a few drinks."

The girl leaned across the bar, looking Guadalcanal in the face.

"Fill 'em all up?" she says.

"Yeh, fill 'em all up," says Guadalcanal. "Fill 'em up to the top."

The girl took the empties away, reached in the pop container and set up a row of iced ones. While she was putting out the brews one of the tipsy civilians a couple of seats down from Guadalcanal leaned towards the soldiers and broadcast in a beery voice.

"We're fighting a better country than we live in," he says. "I said that last year and I say it this year."

"Oh, stop beating your gums, sorehead," says the girl. "All you do is crawl on a soapbox every time you get a few brews."

"S'truth, so help me God," says the civilian." Fighting a better country than we live in. Lost my job at the defense plant saying that, but I stick to it. Soldier turned me in to the M.P.'s once and they turned me over to the cops. Got locked up, but all they did was stick a fifteen dollar fine on me for disorderly conduct. A free country ain't it? A man's got a right to his opinion. Fighting a better—"

The bar girl came from behind the counter and grabbed the gabby civilian by the arm.

"Come on," she says, tugging him off the stool and towards the door. "This is a respectable place, we don't go for that kind of talk in here. Come on, beat it. If you don't I'll call a co pand maybe you can pay another disorderly conduct fine."

The gabby civilian leaned up against the doorway before leaving. He wiped at his mouth with the back of a hand, beer and sweat leaving a wet streak across his face.

"Bunch of hollow heads," he says. "That's all. Just a bunch of hollow heads sopping up beer."

The bar girl heaved a sigh of relief as "gabby-mouth" backed out.

"Sometimes I think I'll go nuts," she says. "Dishing out beer ain't so bad, but listening to the customers is what gets you down. Talk, talk, talk. If it ain't defense workers it's a bunch of G.I.'s."

"Oh, we ain't so bad," says Guadalcanal, pinching the girl on the rump as she went by. "We just get outa control once in a while."

"Once in a while is right," says the gril. "Once a day is more like it."

Guadalcanal turned to the soldier on his left.

"You know, mate, I think I done had me enough brews. I think I would like for you to call me a cab."

"O.K., if that's the way you feel," says the soldier.

"You better stick with him," says the girl. "With all that money he might get rolled ,or something."

"Who's gonna get rolled, or something?" says Guadalcanal. "Think I was drunk. Think I can't hold my beer. Always hold my beer. Always get where I'm going. Get my own cab, don't want nobody to help me."

Guadalcanal got off the bar stool, staggered up the narrow aisle between the counter and the booths, yanked the door open and was lost in the crowd.

"He's a good Joe," says the soldier, "But, hell, most of the guys from across are good Joes."

ANNUAL UPSET

It's the animal curiosity in me,
For I stop and stare and cause bustle
When I see the outrageous hats on women's heads
Who could never stand in for Roz Russell.

We can skip back to Antoinette, Eugenie, or
The unheard-of-ones in our parlance:
Best to summarize that the sanest women would
Put the geegaw things on to keep balance!

But did Eve wonder which to pick and what to wear?
Wildest nightmares! She never had them,
For she had no competing woman to upset
And was certain, too certain, of Adam!

—W. FRANCIS POTTER



"Play it smart, tell 'em you still believe in Santa. Ya'll do much better come Christmas."

The girl pushed a bar rag in aimless circle across the counter.

"They're all good, and they're all bad," she says. "It doesn't seem to make much difference when you got a few beers in you. Honest, I get so damn tired sometimes, listening to the gum-beating and arguments, I could bust every glass in the place."

"That other guy, though," says the soldier, not paying any attention to the girl. "I should of turned him in. A man's got a right to his opinions, but there ought to be a limit to what soreheads can say in public. A better country than this—hell, he wouldn't go there to live if we were to give him a free boat ride."



"You want a re-fill?" says the girl, winking at him. "Or shall I call you a cab?"

"Jeeze, I didn't know it was so late," says the soldier, looking at the wall clock. "Ain't got time for a re-fill. Gotta catch the next bus to camp. So long. Don't do nothing I wouldn't do."

"On a bicycle?" says the girl, drawing herself half a brew.

"Yeh," says the soldier, grinning over his shoulder from the door—"On a bicycle."

V-Mail

by Sgt. HAROLD WINERIP

. . Vignette . .

We were one day off the Liberty and there was much to do. I was in charge of a detail that had just finished cleaning out the fifth truck load of K rations and we were taking a ten minute break in the late afternoon shade.

Joe Browning, the bushy-eyebrowed kid from Pennsylvania rumbled up to the ration dump in a Duck. Joe is about the best yodeler I've ever heard in the Army.

"Say, Sarge," he called, "long as you're taking a break how about keeping me company out to the ship?" He halted his vehicle.

"I won't have to do any labor, will I?" I questioned warily.

"Heck no," he assured me. "I'm just bringing mail out there. Some of the boys are still working in the hold."

"Well all right," I said, and climbed up to the seat beside him.

We continued in silence and ten minutes later were aside the Liberty. Joe cupped his hands and hollered up, "Hey, Scotty! Mail!'

Scotty came running and was soon monkeying his way down the ladder. He held on to the rope with one hand, and stuck the other out for the mail. Browning reached into his pocket and presented him with a single V-mail letter. "Here," he announced. "One for Red Perry."

Scotty carefully tucked it into his breast pocket and Joe started up the motor. "I never heard of such a thing, Joe," I marveled. "You came all the way out here just to deliver one V-mail letter?"

"Sure," he said. "Now Perry'll sleep good tonight. Mail's important to morale, you know.

"Gee," was all I could say.

"Want to hear me yodel, Sarge?" Joe asked cheerfully. "I feel in good voice today."

"Yeah," I said. "Yodel."

God's Crystal World

by WINIFRED E. WILSON

. . Article . .

At one moment we were standing awe-struck among shimmering, snow-white icicles, dome-shaped mounds, and stately columns; the next we were plunged into abysmal darkness.

"Now," said the guide, "I have turned off the electric lights in order to demonstrate just how pitch black a cave is when not artifically illuminated."

"The sun is shining outside," I whispered to Jack as I clung to his arm.

When we had begun to get an idea of what a blackout should mean, on went the lights, and stalactites, stalagmites, and stalacto-stalagmite columns were not only shown but explained to us.

Have you ever sat through the first act of an opera, sung in a foreign language, enjoyed the music, the costumes, and the gesticulations, but wondering what in the world the hero and heroine were saying to one another; until during the first intermission, you had a chance to look at the programme and read the story. After that, you could better appreciate the rest of the evening.

Once we had heard the fascinating history of their birth and growth, these were not just delightful formations surrounding us. The guide said it had taken millions of years, probably eons, to bring them into being; but I could see the whole operation in my imagination, all happening in a few minutes.

You know that if you leave salt and water standing in a tumbler the water will sooner or later evaporate, while there remains at the bottom of the glass a white deposit—the salt. When water runs over rock salt or limestone it picks up the mineral and the liquid continues on its way. If it flows over a cave, the mineral-laden water trickles through any crevices and drops gather on the ceiling. (Visualize your own ceiling when the man in the apartment above has forgotten to turn off the tap in the bath tub.)

Sometimes, when the air in the cave strikes the water as it first comes through the roof, it evaporates before getting a chance to drip. Then only the solid matter is left clinging to the ceiling. In many subterranean passages this has gone on for so many thousand years that little spots of deposit have gradually grown longer and longer, and now hang like beautiful crystalline icicles. Little by little, glistening clusters and fringes have developed. These pendant formations are called stalactites.

At other times the drops on the ceiling fall to the floor, then evaporation takes place; and by and by blobs of lime or salt form on the ground and grow until they are large, rounded lumps. After many centuries they become pillars. Scientists have named these masses stalagmites.

When the evaporation of drops is irregular a stalactite has a stalagmite directly below it. The pendant form grows in length, the dome-shaped mound mounts, until at last the two join. Then we have a grand piece of architecture, known as a stalacto-stalagmite column, reaching from floor to ceiling.

A combination of various crystal formations has given a number of underground passages a fairyland beauty. The walls of many are covered with incrustations that appear like organ pipes. Sometimes the stalagmites are mere blobs, and give the impression of water lilies resting on their pads. A splendid



"I still can't decide."

example of this is in Onondaga Cave at Leasburg, Missouri. One delicate and wonderful salt formation that looks like some kind of a flower is found in Old Salts Cave, Kentucky; while a giant chrysanthemum of gypsum is in the new entrance to Mammoth Cave. Occasionally a stalagmite has grown to strongly resemble an animal. In Carlsbad Cavern, New Mexico, there are seals and a baby hippopotamus.

America is not the only place where mineral deposits in caves take lovely or strange shapes. Some of the finest are to be seen in Austria; the most beautiful specimens are in Cheddar, England.

We can tell the exact age of a tree by the number of rings to be counted in its trunk; but no one knows how old are these sculptered wonders of nature. However, what can that matter, when eons are beyond our comprehension anyway?

IMPRESSION

Beach with dark seaweed scrolls;
High tide nearing;
Petulant drench of rain;
Then clearing;
Washed blue sky, against it,
Gulls veering.

—M. E. BAKER

Sentiment by the Card

by GRIER LOWRY

. . Article . .

While bouquets are being wafted generously into the arms of women riveters and lady taxicab drivers, don't forget that women have a hand in keeping the wheels of other industries going around, and to mention just one, there is the greeting card business.

The writers of doggerel that goes on greeting cards, such as the one you mailed the other day, are for the most part women, and the verse was written, not because the writer really was in the mood to wax sentimental, but because an editorial assistant, also a woman, came around and said, "Write a verse from a man to his wife on Mother's Day."

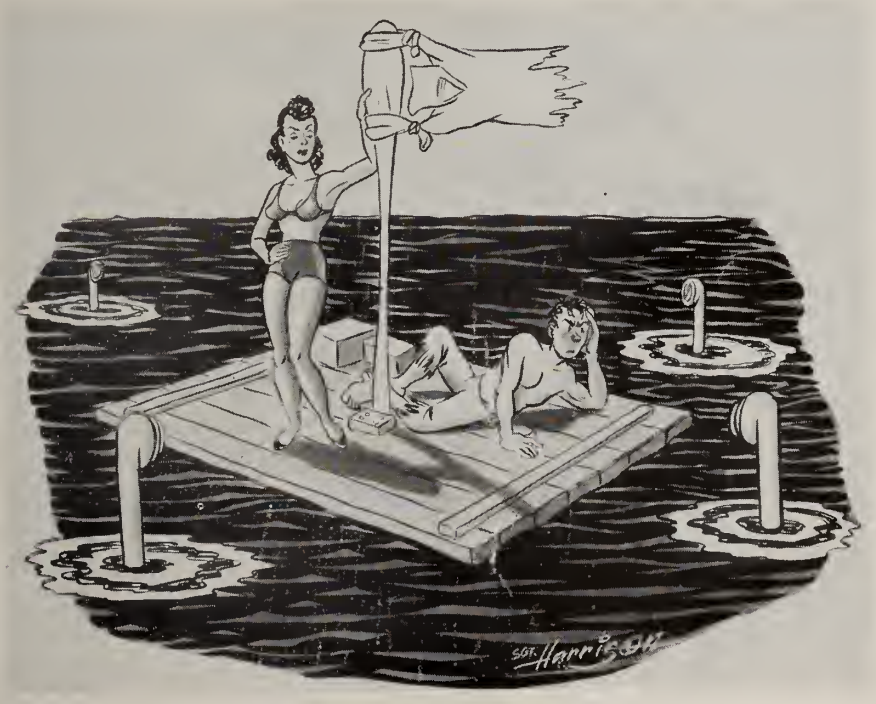
Greeting cards, incidentally, have been in vogue since a cave man wrote sentimental lines on the walls of his cave to his girl friend. He sometimes accompanied such greetings with a tender right to her jaw just to eliminate all doubt regarding his sincerity.

It is done a little different nowadays! Large greeting card firms have corps of girl writers, who, for eight hours a day, do nothing but kick ideas around until they come out with something they think is worthy of being passed along to their editorial bosses. Before they place the idea in his hands, however, they criticize one another's efforts, and typically womanlike, they don't spare the horses with their criticism. If their idea passes the assistant editor, it is given to the vice president in charge of the Verse Department, and if he approves it, the verse is "in."

But there is more to it than that before you pick the same card up on a dime store counter months later. The art director goes to work and designs a card to fit the words on the card, and this is no simple job. Then, there must be ribbons, painted silk flowers, maybe a mirror, or perhaps some perfume, that must go on the card before it is finished. Or, if it is a Santa Claus card, maybe a bit of whisker will be the embellishment.

A little over 93.8 percent of the families in this country send greeting cards every year. Contrary to popular opinion, Christmas cards, New Year cards, and Thanksgiving cards, account for only thirty-five percent of the cards bought. Mother's Day, Easter, St. Patrick's Day, and Valentine's Day account for another twenty percent. The remaining forty-five percent is made up of the so-called "Friendship Cards," and they include the endless variety of birthday, anniversary, convalescent cards, etc.

People have been spending more money than ever on greeting cards sinc the war, and especially, say the card dealers do home front wives and sweethearts shoot the works when buying cards for servicemen.



Return of the Ice Capades

. . Feature . .

Headlining a cavalcade of talented variety stars, old favorites and new faces, and with more than a thousand new and glamorous costumes, unique scenic effects and haunting music, the Ice-Capades of 1945 will make their fifth annual pilgrimage to Boston Garden, starting with the evening performance December 25, Christmas night, and continuing through January 10.

Thousands upon thousands of New Englanders have thrilled to the exotic scenes of past Ice-Capades. Returning are familiar favorites, the Old Smoothies, better known as Markhus and Thomas. lovely Donna Atwood, stilt-skate champion Phil Taylor, Chuckie Stein, Pansy, the skating horse with the Roly-Poly eyes, and scores of others.

The 1945 edition of the Ice-Capades had its World Premiere in Cleveland last September and in every city in which it has played, there has been standing room only at practically every performance. Just a few weeks ago the Ice-Capades played in Toronto, Canada. They were there but five days, and the Maple Leaf Gardens were sold to the limit of the seating capacity before the initial performance was was given. And this in a city that had its own extremely successful ice shows for the last forty years. The Ice-Capades of 1945 were the first visiting show to appear in the Toronto Maple Leaf Gardens.

For comedy, the Ice-Capades of 1945 offers a great array of talent, Eric Waite, the number one funny man of the ice, Al Surrette, a Greater Boston boy, the top ranking ice clown of the country, who was honorably discharged from the United States Army because of an injury; the versatile and limber-legged Ted Mezza and the little big man of the ice, Chuckie Stein, the pint-sized individual from Pittsburg, Pa.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is the slogan of the two "Old Smoothies" of the Ice-Capades of 1945, Orrin Markhus and Irma Thomas. And they have made that saying pay big dividends, as can be seen when this famous couple come to the Boston Garden



Edythe and Nate Wally, featured in the "Ice-Capades of 1945", opening Dec. 25 at Boston Garden.

with this sparkling new revue on ice. For Markhus at 53 and Thomas at 45 have won applause from coast to coast with their lilting, yet smooth-as-silk waltz, swinging over the ice with a jolly, infectious grin that has made them one of the big hits of the ice show world.

Versatile is the word for pert, vivacious Donna Atwood, the California girl who has skated her way into the hearts of more than five million Ice-Capades fans who have seen this biggest of all ice shows in its five year history. Skimming lightly over the frozen surface with an effortless ease, scarcely seeming to touch the ice as she pirouttes and flies through the air in the most intricate of jumps, Donna is hailed as one of the most accomplished artists of the ice show business.

This titian-haired twenty-year-old California Miss, has long since departed from the customary role of fancy figure skating, as highly developed as it has become. She has stepped out into the more highly specialized field of terpsichore, and in the 1945 edition of the Ice-Capades, Miss Atwood achieves a new height of popularity.

Another champion has joined the ranks of the star-studded cast this year. It is lovely Anne Robinson of New Haven, Conn., who makes her professional debut in this year's Ice-Capades. Anne, who is only seventeen years old, holds the eastern state junior and national novice amateur championship. She could not wait for a chance as a specialty skater, but auditoned for the ballet line and passed her tests with flying colors.

Of course no report on the Ice-Capades of 1945, would be complete without some mention of the Ice-Capets, ninety of the world's finest "line" skaters, blended into one solid unit. This group plays a prominent part in all the show's production numbers as well as appearing in many of the specialties. The Ice-Capades have always been noted for their beautiful and talented skaters and the show's producers this year have outdone themselves in their search for the ultimate.

Back with the Ice-Capades is another veteran, Phil Taylor, he of stilts skates. Suffering a knee injury in the first world war, Phil has developed a novelty act that has been copied but never equalled by hundreds of other skaters.

Food: Holiday Feasts

By ANNE BOWNS GREEN

. . **Department** . .

Begone dull appetite! The holidays are here, and with them the incentive to good cooking and good eating. And praises be, the traditional dish is unrationed—of course, you may not be able to get that customary turkey, but have you given thought to a brace of ducks, or a large Canadian goose? Both are delightful, and more than adequate substitutes, especially if you remember that both are greasy birds, and are much more delectable if basted with orange juice and dry white wine to keep them moist without being grease-soaked.

After Christmas is over, there is always New Year's Day to think about. In many parts of the country, the good old custom of open house on the first of the year flourishes by tradition, and a very fine custom it is. The usual refreshment is eggnog, but there is nothing to prevent you from sending out cards for a cocktail party, or for a big, wonderful tea. And there is always the happy thought of a sherry party, which is both convivial and simple to arrange. All you need is an assortment of sherries to suit the sweet and dry tastes of your guests, and you can come by these without a vast outlay of time or money.

If you figure ten glasses to the bottle, you need only to count your prospective guests and estimate their thirsts to decide how much to lay in. There is fortunately a lot of good sherry available, and that is something that can't be said of the makings of cocktails. If you are unfamiliar with sherry, you can have it sweet or dry or almost anything in between, and many dependable brands, such as Duff Gordon, supply a complete range. And there is a fine medium dry pale sherry available, a Spanish import bottled by Schenley under the name of Idolo, which should satisfy the most exacting. For those who prefer a heavy wine, Harvey's Bristol Cream is the best to be had, but it is quite costly. With any of these, you will want to serve sweet cakes instead of canapes—petits fours, perhaps, or fruit cake.

And speaking of fruit cake, it is to be hoped that all of you who turned out a home-baked cake did it early enough. Fruit cake requires aging to reach its peak—the best way to do it is to put the cake, wrapped in cheese cloth, into a tightly-covered tin box, and keep the cloth dampened with brandy. After a month of this, the cake will be moist and fragrant and very, very flavorsome. The same thing can be done with the baker's variety and improves them tremendously. Incidentally, it is also a good way to revive any stale cake you may have around the house. After a day of being closely wrapped in a cloth wet with brandy or rum, stale cake freshes up immensely and comes out with a pleasant new taste akin to a good pudding.

The New Year is also a good time for a few culinary resolutions. All those cooks who find themselves and their families fed up — literally — with prosaic cuisine can decide to be a little bit daring, and they will find that it is not only easy but economical. It is said, with some truth, that Americans tend to a very dull diet —probably the English tradition in our cookery—and there is no necessity for it. Unusual cookery requires no more money or talent than the plain variety, and it provides a great stimulus to lagging appetite.

Why don't some of you kitchen-worn ladies reach for a cook book and give a little attention to all those recipes you have never bothered to try? There are more things to do with beef than roast it or broil it, you know. How about some cheap "utility" beef, braised in a sauce of burgundy, onions and mushrooms? Or a fillet of sole or flounder baked with tomatoes, onions, thyme, bay leaf and a cup of white wine? You will find that fish-haters succumb to this quietly and happily and that your reputation as a cordon bleu chef soars immediately. Now that rationing and general scarcity call forth ingenuity to get any sort of a meal together, you might as well exert a little more ingenuity and come proudly forth with something wonderful. For generations, the French have been devising inexpensive and delicious dishes out of practically nothing at all, and most American cooks would do well to emulate the technique—which really isn't as difficult as it may seem.

Food producers seem conscious of the need for variety in the American menu and are co-operating whole-heartedly. S.S. Pierce, for instance, put out a wonderful tin of dandelion greens, simply packed with vitamins and better than spinach, especially when served with a lemon-butter sauce. Pierce is also responsible for several good soups, including a turtle soup flavored with sherry in which great, delicious chunks of turtle meat are floating, and a fine French onion soup that is perfect with a crust of toast and a sprinkling of Parmesan cheese on top.

All in all—we don't have to starve, and better than that, we don't even have to eat prosaically. With the materials that are available, every woman can be a second Escoffier, simply by using a little imagination and helping out the ingenuity with diligent searching of the cook books for the neglected receipes buried in each one of them.

Art: The Woodbury Exhibit

By ARTHUR W. HEINTZELMAN

. . Department . .

An important event of the year in the Print Department of the Boston Public Library has been the acquisition of a complete set of prints, a number of trial proofs, experimental plates, and drawings as well as water colors and oil paintings by the well-known Boston artist, the late Charles H. Woodbury. The collection, which is the richest representation of Mr. Woodbury's work that can be brought together, has been donated to the to the Library by Mrs. Charles Bruen Perkins and Mr. and Mrs. David O. Woodbury.

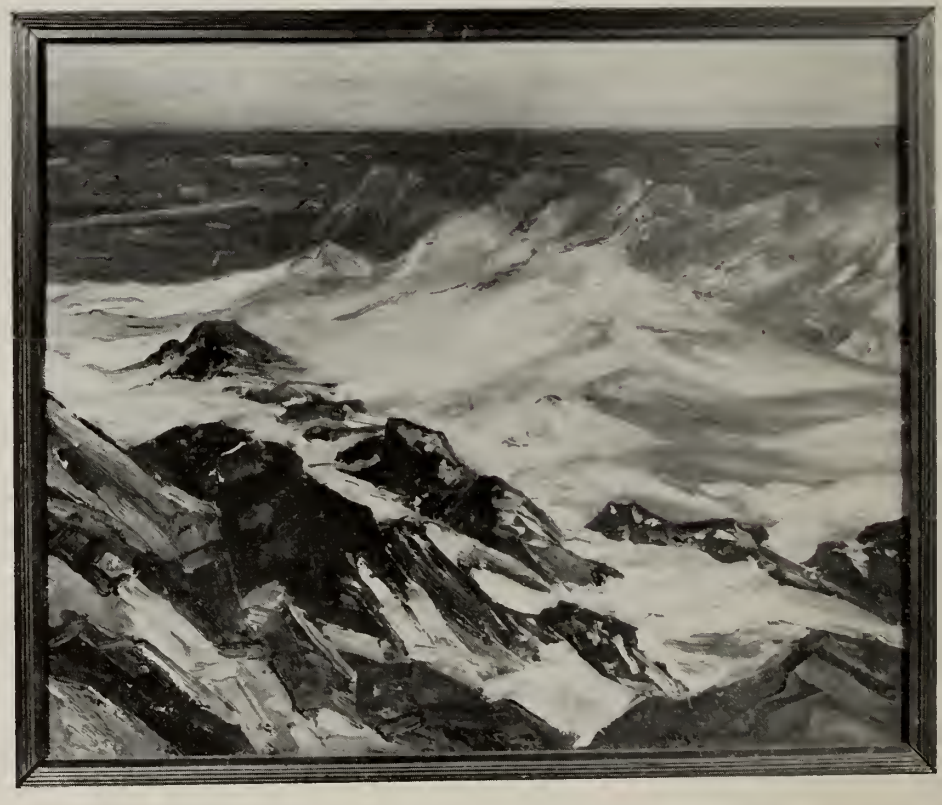
The gift is of particular consequence in complementing, and adding to, the wealth of material which the Print Department embraces, and is a new proof that this institution holds a position of foremost importance in the contemporary print world.

Many students have held the idea that little has been contributed to etching, worthy of notice, since Rembrandt. Yet the Golden Age of engraving produced such innovators as James McNeill Whistler, Seymour Haden, Charles Meryon, and Alphonse Legros, and their influence has proven that the great Dutch master is no longer the sole inspiration among the younger artists. More recently, other outstanding figures have appeared, inspired by new thought and a freer approach. Among them should be mentioned Anders Zorn in Sweden, Muirhead Bone in England, and a few Americans. Charles H. Woodbury belongs to this group by reason of his poignant originality and remarkable experiments in the use of powerful line.

A selection of prints from Woodbury's *oeuvre* is the subject of the inaugural exhibition in the Print Department this month. A study of his plates shows that Woobury was a frontiersman compared to other artists of safe habit and tradition. He was one of those who dared to change hard-bound rules and welcome the chances of invention for creative thought. His power of imbuing others with enthusiasm can readily be judged by the ease of execution and clear statement evident in the prints of this exhibition.

Woodbury was born at Lynn, July -4, 1864. As a boy he was equally interested in painting, modelling, carving, and writing; and at the age of eighteen, he had a canvas accepted in the Annual Exhibition at the Boston Art Club. In that year he also made his first experiments in etching on zinc, while he studied as a sophomore in the Engineering Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He graduated with honors in three and a half years, and taught while still a student; but the event of greatest significance during this period was the winning of his first important prize with the oil painting "Marsh and Tide River". No doubt, this success played a part in his final decision to drop engineering as a career and devote all his energy to drawing and painting. He established a studio in Boston, where, in 1887, he presented his first oneman show which proved very effective. For the next few years he was busily painting, and teaching a group of pupils inherited from the prominent artist William Hunt.

His first etchings of importance, principally compositions intended for publications, were done at this time. A number of these plates were of Marblehead, Gloucester, Salem, and the shore line of Cape Ann, and appeared in *The New England Magazine*. They also served as



"Summer Storm," oil by C. H. Woodbury, at Library



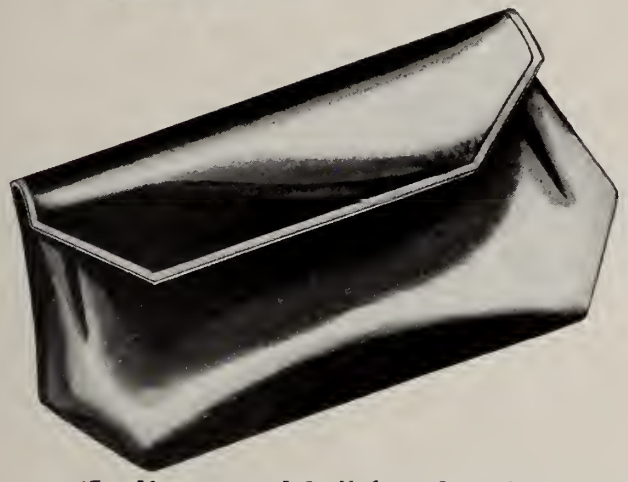
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"St. Thomas," etching by C. H. Woodbury

illustrations for the *Century, Harper's,* and *Scribner's* magazines. These impressions, which show a thorough understanding of the use of needle and acid, in a technique that was typical of the age, were sought after by collectors.

Since the emphasis in the Library exhibition is upon Woodbury's prints, it seems best to begin with 1915, the year when the copperplate for the first time shared his interest equally with paint. This year records the amazing number of some one hundred impressions, many of which are full statements. Perhaps the artist's greatest triumph in his etched work is his use of the copper-plate and needle in the manner that one would employ pencil and paper.

His conviction that all drawings which are not successful should be destroyed was applied to the plate. This practice explains his uniformity of spontaneous and vital creation. He found that a vigorous and direct attack best represented the powerful motion of the sea, the thundering waves, and the running tides. He often said that each study, however casual it might look, had to be "invented." He invariably carried on a number of plates at the same time to avoid staleness; and in their rapid notations some of the prints are pure abstractions, depending upon the power of suggestion to create the desired effect.

Woodbury divided his prints into two categories. It is revealing to study his estimate of his own work, as the first group containing only one hundred and nine plates released for publication was chosen from his entire etched work, and the remainder were classified by him as experiments. When asked which of his plates he considered the most satisfactory, he would answer that the experimental plates were those from which he learned the most. However, each plate is complete in itself with rarely a repetition, which is a point in contrast to the labored compositions so often seen in print exhibitions.

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Books: The Green Years

By ANNE BOWNS GREEN

. . Department . .

There are very few writers who can produce consistently good books. Sooner or later, there appears one at least which disappoints the promise of earlier volumes. This is the case with "The Green Years," the latest novel of Dr. A. J. Cronin. Several of Dr. Cronin's previous works have been readable and plausible works, if not unfailingly distinguished. "The Citadel," probably the best of the earlier six, contains excellent writing and some fine characterization, especially when Dr. Cronin is not dealing with women. "The Keys of the Kingdom" possesses a vivid protagonist and some moving passage of rapid action. Both of these gave hope of something better than "The Green Years."

Dr. Cronin's forte, to judge by his other novles, is the strongly marked character. He has no ability to deal with the ordinary and make it either real or interesting, and "The Green Years" is a book of the ordinary. The central character, the orphaned Scotch-Irish boy, Robert Shannon, is dull, precocious and stiff, and at times seems almost insufferable, but one never learns much about him besides these things. The Scottish grandparents are bundles of characteristics but not in any sense people. The great-grandfather Dow, obviously intended to be a rare, earthy, memorable figure, is nearly always quaint and not at all as lovable as Dr. Cronin seems to think him. His behavior is, too neatly patterned and his canny observations upon life and human nature have somewhat the quality of those cross-stitched mottoes our grandmothers hung over the mantelpiece. The book, filled with these random and rather meaningless people, rambles to the point where Robie, his talents recognized and his future assured by his great-grandfather's legacy, is ready to go to medical school. The final chapter finds Robie, exalted with his prospects, returning to the Catholic Church whose teachings he had renounced in his time of trial and bitterness.

The child's mind is a difficult topic upon which to write. In the first place, the very simplicity and immaturity of childish thoughts have aquality of triteness that only the most sensitive writing can overcome. And in the second place, when one has a precocious child with whom to deal, one runs the danger of portraying a dull, stuffy and over-perceptive being without the sympathy of naivete. Dr. Cronin falls into both pits headlong. The writing is not sufficiently sensitive to catch the subtleties of the child growing into the man; it gives only a series of rather unperceptive incidents without much emotional quality. And the precocity of Robie turns him quickly into a bright, rather humorless boy, seeing too much and understanding too much and feeling altogether too little. The poignant quality inherent in the struggles of the maturing mind is utterly lacking. Such a simple chronicle requires a master hand to give it life, and Dr. Cronin apparently lacks the necessary power and understanding.

Perhaps "The Green Years" is a lesser book than "The Citadel" or "The Keys of the Kingdom" because it has less to say. "The Citadel" has the profession of a doctor's faith; "The Keys of the Kingdom" the stirring devotion of the priest. The impetus of such motivation carries the theme when the action lags and inspires the characters with a certain individual fire. "The Green Years" has no such impulse behind it.

It is essentially a simple, good, un-

complicated story. It neither advocates nor proves, and there is not enough life or liveliness to compensate for the original lack of purpose. A novel without a purpose is creditable only when it represents something plausible, when it has emotional power or sincere conviction, when it has the strnegth of narrative or characterization. But Robert Shannon is not plausible; he is a lay figure upon which Dr. Cronin hangs the trappings of his attitudes toward childhood. The emotions are simplified out of existence; the conviction is nebulous; the narrative is slow and rambling; the characterization is weak and stereotyped. Dr. Cronin makes the not unsual error of confusing habit with character.

It is not enough to endow one's literary conception with a set of habits; one must account for these habits by expounding in some manner or other the nature of the man and the factors in that nature which cause the habits to exist. Why does Grandpa Dow take to liquor with such fearful regularity, and why is he such a rake with the ladies and such an outspoken critic and profound observer? Why is Grandfathsoner Leckie avaricious, and why is his son impassioned with the ambition to become a horticulturist? Why is his other son, Adam, unscrupulous, successful and double-dealing?

Only Robie's aunt Kate is accounted for fair; she is a school teacher who wants to be married, and with marriage her problems cease. But the other figures come on to the stage, play their parts, depart, without any apparent cause for being what they are or doing what they do. And the ones who seem intended to have the greatest impact upon the reader—that is, the ones whose little habits and foibles are most carefully exaggerated—seem the most strained and false.

It is also unfortunate that Dr. Cronin did not make better use of the situation in which he placed his Robie Shannon.

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Shop Talk: The New Year

By BARBARA BRAINERD

. . Department . .

When winter winds start whipping around the corners, and the ground is covered with snow, winter sports enthusiasts get out their skiis and snow shoes and turn toward the ski trails of the North. Now is the time to prepare for those long awaited jaunts, and Best and Co. has just the clothes to fit every need.

One ski suit we particularly liked was of navy blue gabardine with red piping on the button-up jacket. It's straight, tailored lines make it chic and practical too. There is a gabardine, fleece lined ski jacket with a fur collar that takes the prize in anything we have seen this season, an exact replica of the men's jackets that appeared last year. It can be worn for skiing or with slacks or heavy tweed skirts in the early spring and late autumn, ideal for long walks because of its convenient length.

You must have at least one wool shirt in your wardrobe for those days when the thermometer drops way below zero, and these are in coral, yellow, green, navy and light blue to match your ski suits. Bests has a fine array of checked or plain slacks of wool in tan or brown to be worn with contrasting jackets of the same material.

No sports wardrobe is complete without several soft warm sweaters. One set that we found is of apricot hue, a pullover and cardigan to match, these can be found in green or yellow as well and are just the thing to wear under jackets, or with slacks, when you want to lounge around in the ski lodge.

The winter social whirl will be under way with the holiday parties starting before Christmas, and this is the year of all years to look your very best, with lots of glamour. The evening gowns at Lamson and Hubbard will make you the star of any gathering. To mention only a few —there is a gown of heavy white crepe with gold and pink flowers embroidered on the bodice, skirt, and sleeves, and a narrow sash that ties in front, a truly femine dress that can be worn for dinner or dancing.

For an entirely new style, see the exquisite black crepe gown with scallops of fragile lace from neck to foot setting off panels of fuschia in the front of the skirt, we predict that this type of gown will soon be setting a new fashion of demure sophistication. There is a dancing dress in black or white net with varied colored sequins that will twinkle as you swirl under soft lights. It has tiny upstanding shoulders of net that will make your spirit soar. Gowns are of frothy tulle this season, preferably in black or white, and extremely dainty in appearance.

Evening wraps are, for the most part, all wool with velvet and satin trim. The most practical and comfortable of these can be found at Lamson and Hubbard, a three-quarter length aqua coat of 100% wool with slits on each side to give it the appearance of a swagger coat, it is tastefully decorated with gold and white leaves on the lapels, and has slit pockets that will actually hold your few beauty articles with no bother of carrying an evening bag.

Chinese styles being the vogue at this time, we recommend a lovely black wool "coolie coat" with a contrasting red lining and the red is carried out in a narrow border down the front, to make it authentic, there is a black satin

cord that ties at the throat. There is a wool cape of American Beauty shade for the brunette who wants to look ravishing, with a black velvet yoke and a black wool drawstring at the neck.

Jordan Marsh has a variety of holiday date dresses, just the kind you want to wear to afternoon cocktail parties and infomal get-to-gethers around the New Year's Wassail bowl. One very charming and practical dress is a dark midwinter print sporting a saucy black grosgrain ribbon around the waist and tying in a pert bow in the back. If you like glitter with your glamour (and who doesn't), a black rayon crepe dress with a low rounded neck and a sparkling neckline and beltline of turquoise and silvery bead embroidery is the choice for you.

Our favorite is a black rayon crepe with a harem drape skirt to give you that sophisticated look, and on the side of the skirt is a multicolor flower applique, an essence of Spring to warm the cold winter days. That tailored black suit that is hanging away in your closet can be dressed up to look as new as the New Year itself with a striped or dotted fragile appearing blouse from Jordan Marsh. Also you will find a scent to match every wardrobe at Jordan's perfume counters, only a few being "Evening in Paris", "Tone" and "Mais Oui", to make you feel charming and lovely.

Every New Year's season brings new color on the social scene with the advent of the "Junior Miss" in the gala party whirl, and it is important for her to get off to a successful start. These first steps into the realm of adult life will be in the right direction if her clothes are carefully selected to give her the poise and assurance she needs.

Jay's has a beautiful line of party and evening clothes, just for the 'teen age girl, in sizes from 7 to 15. A few of these selections will be described, and we feel that after hearing about these "lovelies", you will want to go and pick out some for yourself. There is a Dresden style gown of paper taffeta and small drop shoulders, ideal for the small girl. A black and pink, or ice blue dress, the bodice of black velvet, the skirt of black net with a heavy satin underskirt showing through, lovely in pink or blue. Our two favorites are a net in white, blue, or pink, very swirley around the ankles, and decorated with bows on the skirt and sleeves in silver; and last, a dress for the girl who wants to feel a bit sophisticated but appear naive and very young, there is a white dress with a satin bodice and full net skirt trimmed with ostrich plumes. We suggest a three-quarter length black velvet cloak trimmed with ermine and interlined; or an ermine "crush" wrap of all rayon in the three-quarter length cape style, and to complete this elegance, a shining white satin lining.

After holiday fun, the "jeune filles" must return to school which seem much less dull in school clothes from Peck & Peck. Jumpers are a "must" this season, and there is a wool flannel one with wide sleeves that can be worn with or without a blouse, she'll love the bright shiny coins on the belt. The cotton "tattersoal" for warmth and practibility comes in blue or black check and has a matching hat, and shirt combination.

A suit just made for the 'teenager is one of blue, red or brown and white checks, it is of thin light wool with elbow length sleeves and a chic tie at the throat, a perfect suit for traveling back and forth to school. For a dressy dress to be worn to the Dean's tea or for shopping in town, we picked a light blue rabbits hair dress with a round neck and short sleeves, a gold belt adds color.

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Why Make Up Your Mind?

By L. N. KILLMAN

. . Satire . .

Authoriatative polls always show a small percentage of people who have not made up their minds. A typical result will be: Yes, 51%; No, 46%; Undecided, 3%.

In a world teaming with dogmatic people all of whom, at the drop of the hat, readily will mount a housetop to shout their opinions, I have long wondered about that 3%. By devious means I succeeded in learning the names of fifty-one individuals who had voted "Undecided" on a recent popular question. I then cross-sectioned them down to ten, wrote the ten names on slips of paper, blindfolded myself, selected three, convinced the OPA that my mission was a public service, gassed up the car, and away I went.

My first call was upon Mrs Peter Scanlon. I found her in the kitchen looking at a pan of sliced apples, some sifted flour, butter, salt, sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg.

"When I start an apple pie," Mrs. Scanlon said, after introductions, "I never can decide whether to flavor it with cinnamon or nutmeg."

"In view of your indecision, then, what happens?"

"Nothing. I just do something else."

"But when will Mr. Scanlon get his pie?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Scanlon placidly. "I have never made an apple pie in my life."

I was still dazzled by Mrs. Scanlon's genuine serenity when I made my second contact. This was with Joseph Pettigrew, a businessman. As I entered his office he was saying to his secretary: "I'm in doubt about it."

"Will you reach a decision finally?" I asked, after telling him my errand.

"Probably not," he smiled.

"But in a business as large as yours, surely there must arise occasions when—"

"All matters," he interrupted sententiously, "have a way of deciding themselves."

I told him about Mrs. Scanlon and the proposed apple pie.

"Now, there's a woman for you!" Mr. Pettigrew exclaimed. "I understand her."

"I don't," I said, heavily.

"You mean to say that the pattern of philosophy of the 3% hasn't begun to emerge?"

"No," I retorted.

"You'll learn," said Mr. Pettigrew comfortably, as we shook hands.

I was still confused when I arrived at the work shop of one Ezra Henderson, master furniture repairman. When I retailed my two previous interviews, Mr. Henderson merely remarked that the people I'd talked with seemed to be exceptionally rational.

"I can see, however, that you don't "get us," he added.

I confessed that I didn't.

"Then perhaps this will help you: Now, that antique chair there needs repairing, doesn't it? Well, for two months I've been debating whether to brace it with wooden blocks or angle-irons. Last Wednesday I was on the point of deciding, when I suddenly got a grip on myself, and kept my mind open." Soberly the repairman regarded me. "I am well aware that the 97% consisting of the Half-Cocked Impulse Boys, call us the "Middle-of-the-Roaders," the "On-the-Fencers," the "Billy-Both-sides." They are the fellows who go through life snapping their fingers and making quick and usually erroneous decisions. Our strength, sir, the strength of the Mrs. Scanlons, the Pettigrews and men like myself, lies in our inner decision of character."

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A Tale of Old Pewter

By JANE MANALAKAS

. . Fiction . .

I was looking around for a birthday present when she came in. It was an out of the way shop on a crooked side street. Over the door the sign said 'Treasure Shop—We Buy and Sell," and in the windows were crammed ivory Gods, old rings, gold spoons, hair lockets, silver snuff boxes, and other rare and fascinating things. I wanted a present for my cousin. She was a finicky woman, and I thought that here I might find some small object she would like better than the piece of Mexican turquoise I had planned to give her.

There were no customers in the shop, but the fat black-haired woman proprietor was busy at the back talking with a fellow tradesman, and I looked around alone. Finally in a middle show case I found what I wanted. Sitting between a pair of pink opera glasses and a China slipper with a dresden ballerina perched on the toe, was a small, exquisitely delicate, broach. It was a thin gold moon, set with tiny pearls, and nestling in the curve were blue and gold forget-me-nots, in the heart of each an even tinier pearl. Only I noticed that one of the smaller pearls was missing.

I had turned to ask the proprietor if I might examine the broach more closely, when the door of the dark shop opened and she came in. She was old, and small. She wore a neat old coat with a taffeta collar, clean crocheted gloves, and a high black velvet hat on her snow white head. And she carried a small bundle wrapped in pink tissue paper, holding it gingerly, as if it would break, but carefully.

Interrupting herself the proprietor asked,

"Yes, what is it?"

I edged a little closer so I could see better.

Setting the pink package down on the show case the old woman unwrapped it, slowly laying back the neat folds of tissue one by one. Then she reached in and gently picked it up. It was a delicately shaped cup, set on a circular base with an escalloped edge, and the handle was long and thin.

The lady proprietor put on her glasses and held it up to the light. The dents showed up then—there were many dents, some larger, some smaller, in different places. even the handle was dented like small teeth marks. And on on side there was engraving.

"What's this?" the proprietor squinted up at it making out the script.

"LOVE THE GIVER—83"

The old woman watched. Hesitating a moment the proprietor set the cup back on the counter.

"Can't use it. Sorry."

The old lady picked the cup up by the handle and set it back on the pink tissue paper. The sun caught the pewter and the dents seemed to make it gleam even more richly. She folded the tissue over it neatly, carefully, then nodded to the proprietor and the fellow tradesman and went out.

"Nice shaped cup, but what good is it?" The proprietor was saying to the tradesman as she moved my way, "Looks like her kids had cut their teeth on it, even."

I wasn't really listening to her, but the more I looked at the little moon with the forget-me-nots, the more the place where the pearl was missing seemed to look like a small tooth mark.

"Can I help you?"

I thought the piece of turquoise would suit my cousin better.

"No thank you. I'm just looking," and I walked out onto the street.

English Barnaby

By RAYMOND T. DAVIS

. . Vignette . .

The Thornton family near Devonshire, England, has owned a sizeable tract of farm and wood lands for several generations. But it took Bernard, a small boy, to really explore the estate. In the summer of 1933, when he was eight, Bernard took long treks through the woods, searching out every hill and dale.

One day he pointed to an old painting that hung in his father's study and had been in the Thornton family for unknown centuries. It depicted a tall, kindly-faced monk standing on the steps of a 14th century, low-spired church.

"I know him!" the boy exclaimed.

The father smiled patiently while little "Barnaby" poured out another story of how he had often met the monk on his exploration trips.

Born and raised on the estate himself, the father knew its history and was well aware that there had never been a church within miles of the place. Overruling his first impulse of impressing the boy with a sound spanking that prevarication was a sin, instead he invited his son to show him the church.

Bernard led the way through a narrow opening in a thicket and they emerged into a small glade. Before their eyes stood the church!

Weatherbeaten, its structure crumbling in places, the father still noted its resemblance to the painting in his study.

Neighbors summoned to the scene were astounded. None of them had ever known of its presence. But they were more incredulous over the claims of several old timers who said they had haunted birds in this very section and swore adamantly that the church could not have been there before!

Meanwhile "Barnaby" complained that he couldn't locate his friend, the monk.

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Theatre: Favorable Balance

By JOHN CLARKE DONAHUE, Jr.

. . Department . .

It has been a truism in the theatre since the dark days of 1939 that this war was not condusive to the writing of distinguished war plays. Britain had no sooner declared war than the playwrites, novice and veteran alike, turned fairly abruptly from the anti-war themes that had made such distinguished theatre during the early thirties when men still lived in hope, and tried to record the swift events and clashing ideologies that marked man's greatest battle for freedom. It has been a source of chagrin for the theatre, which has contributed in so many ways to this war, that it could not contribute of itself. Its playwrites — Maxwell Anderson, Philip Barry, John Steinbeck and the lesser ones—were no match for the drama of the headlines they tried to snatch and hold upon the stage. Their brief moment was too brief.

This season, however, seems to spell the end to that jinx, as the dramatists have re-discovered another truism: distinguished war plays, like distinguished plays of any nature, derive their greatness from within themselves, not from the greatness of the struggle they reflect.

"The Hasty Heart," is a distinguished war play. It deals, not with the struggle of a world, but with the redemption of a man. It is neither a journalistic report of progress on the Pacific front nor a blueprint of the post-war world. It is the stuff of life, yet no less owes its existance to the war because it deals with a man rather than a formula.

To call it a comedy is a misnomer, for surely it is of greater worth than that. Set in a British military hospital in Burma, it relates the story of a young Scot, wounded in action and facing certain death, although he believes his recovery assured. His background has made of him a misanthrope and misfit. However, when he is placed in a ward with a group of mentally normal fellows so that he may, when he dies, be among friends, he warms to their fellowship, not suspecting that his end is near and that they know it.

When he discovers that he turns bitter, but when an American soldier lets him have it straight from the shoulder, he asks both their forgiveness and friendship, and attains his full stature as a man.

John Patrick has taken real material, and with both honesty and skill has fashioned a fine play. It is heartfelt and alive. Bretaigne Windust has staged it with care, and a good cast has performed it with distinction, Richard Basehart doing a convincing job as the Scot, with John Lund as the Yank, and Anne Burr as a nurse. Raymond Sovey's single set was appropriate.

Why Sean O'Casey's "Purple Dust" remains unproduced on Broadway remains a mystery. In Boston, the Tributary Theatre group can be thanked, as so often in the past, for bringing to the footlights a good but neglected work. If it were not for semi-professional clubs of this nature the playgoer would indeed be deprived of many fine works.



Frankly speaking, however, the O'Casey work proved itself a little too much for the Eliot Duvey organization, and it is difficult to believe that a theatregoer could have gotten much from this version unless he brought with him a knowledge of O'Casey's other works and of Irish comedy in general, and an ability to separate the play itself from its performance.

While the production itself was good and the direction on the whole workmanlike, the actors were inclined to weild O'Casey's rapier as though it were a broadswrod. The bitter sting of O'Casey sarcasm emerged as mere caricature. Winged words had leaden feet.

Aside from misinterpreting—or at least over-interpreting — many of the roles, the actors' main trouble was with the brougue. In trying to put an Irish accent on each word they missed entirely both the natural lilt and cadence of the Irish speech and the meaning of the sentences. They succeeded only in making themselves difficult to understand, and needlessly so, since if an O'Casey sentence is read for its meaning, with an eye to the cadence of the line, the accent will quite take care of itself.

The production was, however, entirely worth the viewing if approached with imagination and sympathy.

Long gone, by this time, is Katherine Dunham, who spent only a week at the Opera House on her return visit, but not long enough so that a word would be amiss. La Dunham is, of course, one of our most distinguished dance artists, and quite obviously one of our greatest choreographers, and if her revue gets more theatrical as time goes on, it may be that she received the recognition due her only when she set one eye on the box office. She does very well, either way.

Lush and lovely are the words for the new Dave Wolper musical,

"Glad To See You." Opulent and expensive, it is filled with color, noise, movement and Jane Withers. It lacks a book, to be sure—in fact, the book is somewhat more confused than one might ordinarily expect—but it has just about everything else one expects of a musical show, and invenerate theatregoers have long given up hope of having an intelligent book in a musical comedy anyway. This one has something to do with a group of entertainers on an overseas tour.

Weakest in comedy and singing, the show more than makes up these deficiencies in music generally, dancing, costuming, lighting, handsome settings and rapidly-paced staging. The dancing reaches a high point in Valerie Bettis' excellent interpretive piece during Jane Withers' second act torch song, "Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry," itself one of the highlights of the evening.

Jane's other best number was "Grown-Ups Are The Stupidest People," sung while dressed as a twelve-year-old. Unfortunately, she has a Hollywood reputation to overcome, as far as the musical comedy stage is concerned, and she does not enitrely manage to do in this play. She has difficulty in getting her personality across the footlights, but the fact that when she does, she does it so well, bids excellently for the future.

On the whole, as musical comedies go, this one is a good one. It has in abundance the color and movement needed, and its faults are not too glaring.

* * *

Not, to the memory of this writer, since Kurt Weill composed "Knickerbocker Holiday" has a serious modern composer turned to musical comedy until Leonard Bernstein came up with "On the Town."

If these two can form a criterion, then by all means here is a fertile field, for "On the Town," like "Knickerbocker Holiday," is a distinguished work. True, it does have flaws, chief of which is that it runs down hill as the evening wears on and feels, at the final curtain, like three sailors at the end of a twenty-four-hour liberty.

This may be a direct result of the book, which is concerned with the adventures of three such sailors in New York on just such a liberty, but in spite of this fault, or perhaps because of it, the story has validity, honesty and distinction and, to one who has been a sailor, no little bit of nostalgia. Betty Comden and Adolph Green have created a worthy work.

Jerome Robbins' choreography follows the pattern that has been set for musical comedies since "Oklahoma" discovered ballet, and does it very well. With Sono Osato as the "Miss Turnstiles" subway pin-up girl whom the sailors pursue, the dancing is individual and effective. Oliver Smith has provided a handsome production.

With Nancy Walker and Betty Comden as two girls on the make, and Adolph Green, Cris Alexander and John Battles as the three likeable sailors in question, the acting chores are assigned to capable hands. The whole thing has been brilliantly directed by George Abbott.

But with all the excellence in other departments, that combine to make it a brilliantly superior musical, the evening still belongs to Leonard Bernstein and his score. Not even the now-legendary "Oklahoma" score can match it. At times semi-symphonic in proportion, it is now "modern," now lyric, now barrel-house—but always excellent. He has run a gaumet of moods and emotions, and has created music that has so perfectly expressed the essence of each scene as to integrat the whole work and make it seem the unified product of a single mind.

In brief, "On the Town," is a distinguished musical comedy that can stand repeated viewings.



"Have you something appropriate for a man in uniform?"





The Man in the Brown Hat

By SGT. RICHARD B. GEHMAN

. . Vignette . .

The man in the brown hat had no way of knowing where he had been, and was even uncertain as to where he wanted to go. He was standing at the corner when the towering two-deck bus rolled ponderously into the safety zone, standing indecisively, waiting.

When the door opened the man inquired, "Do you go all the way down to Washington Square?" The driver nodded. "Can I ride with you?" the man asked. "Would there be any objections?"

The driver shook his head with impatience. "None whatever," he said wearily. "You ain't a leper, are you, Jack?"

The man's face was like that of a lost child. "I am afraid I am offensively drunk," he said sadly. He put his foot out boldly and stepped up. "I am offensively, offensively drunk," he repeated.

"Behave yourself and no one will ever know," said the driver, "Have a seat, Jack.

When the bus started the man in the brown hat lurched slightly, and grabbed a slender chrome upright to steady himself. He was about forty five or six, of medium height, rather thin, with an alert face, a thin well-built nose and deep, bright eyes. He did not appear drunk; he looked only as though he might have taken the brown hat to go with his grey tweed overcoat by mistake. The knot in his tie was pulled down loosely and he needed a shave, but his shirt was clean and there was still a shine on his shoes.

Regaining his balance, he started back through the bus, but when he reached the first passenger, a girl in the second seat on the left, he paused and half turned to her. "I beg your pardon, Miss,' he said addressing her courteously.

The girl's eyes came up briefly, and then went back to the window.

The man took off his hat and held it in his right hand, clutching the back of the seat with his left. "Miss," he said, "if you please, pay no attention to me."

The girl continued to stare through the window, but now her lips were tight together and she was trying not to smile.

The man gazed at her a second or two, then straightened, replaced his hat and went on to the next passengers, a middle-aged couple sitting two seats behind the girl. By this time others had begun to watch him, but the driver seemed not to notice.

"Friends," said the man to the couple, "if I annoy you in any way, do not hesitate to notify the driver. I realize my condition.' He looked down at the floor, at his shoes, then raised his head. "Drunk," he said, half to himself. "Offensively so."

The woman, grey-haired and motherly, in a brown winter cloth coat with a fur collar, thin but with thick tired legs, smiled mildly. Her husband, slight and as gentle as only an ensnared spirit can be when he realizes the complexities of his trap, grinned in an understanding manner. "Well," he said, "we all get under the weather every once in a while." He turned to his wife and winked, almost apologetically.

"Thank you, friends," said the man in the brown hat. "I do not enjoy listening to besotted stories, and know you do not wish to hear one any more than I would. But there is some cause for my condition." His voice became lower. "I have two sons in the service . . . "

"We have one ourselves," the

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woman interrupted. "He's at Camp Pickett."

"My sons are Navy," the man in the brown hat explained. He suddenly reached in his pocket and withdrew a telegram. "They are missing in a Pacific action." There was no change in his voice, no audible emotion but the dazed, dreamlike quality which had been evident from the beginning.

The woman's face was instantly drenched with mother-pity which reached out to the man in the brown hat, but could not touch him. Her husband looked uncomfortable, as though he had been shown something which he should not have been permitted to see. Neither said anything, exchanging a glance of mute, thankful communion.

"Offensively, disgustingly drunk", the man in the brown hat mused. "Thank you, friends." He nodded, satisfied, and turned to a tall bespectacled man in the next seat, on the right of the aisle. "Friend," he began, "if I cause you the slightest—"

At this point the driver became aware of the man in the brown hat, and called back, not unpleasantly, "Just find a seat and sit quiet, Jack. "You'll be okay." Then the conductor, with his tinkling change receptacle, was front, again holding to the seats as he walked.

At the head of the bus he turned and looked back at the passengers. It came to him that a man and woman had talked to him, but he could not remember where they had been sitting or what they looked like.

The driver looked up as the bus neared the corner. "This ain't the square yet, Jack," he said. "Four blocks down there, yet."

The man in the brown hat turned around. "I hope I have not caused any disturbance," he said politely. "A man must go somewhere. He must go—"

He stepped to the sidewalk without finishing.

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SUPPORT
THE SIXTH
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Movies

By RONALD B. ROGERS

. . Department . .

The important thing about the Boston showing of "The Very Thought Of You" is that Faye Emerson was given a notable boost in marquee billing immediately following her marriage to Col. Elliott Roosevelt. In Philadelphia Miss Emerson received star billing with Dennis Morgan; conservative Boston, however, gave her the third spot. Actually, Miss Emerson plays a supporting role in this latest of home-front tearfilms.

Like its predecessors "Since You Went Away," "The Impatient Years," etc., "The Very Thought Of You" is a four handkerchief production, sure to give the ladies a grand afternoon. And yet, in all fairness, it must be recorded that the film is the best Hollywood attempt so far at the hasty war marriage problem, certainly far more intelligent than "The Impatient Years." The performances too are quite excellent, the only drawback being the over-emphasis placed upon tears and emotional struggle. Delmar Daves, like Selznick in his home war epic, seems loathe to let slip by any opportunity to drag in some heart-rending cliche or other.

Of the many fine players the Warner Brothers have gathered together. Dane Clark, Eleanor Parker, Faye Emerson and William Prince seemed to this reviewer the best. By no means to be overlooked, however, are Dennis Morgan, in the romantic lead, and Beulah Bondi and Henry Travers as the parents principally involved. Delmar Daves, who also had a pen somewhere in the scripting, has directed sensitively, but the cutting room scissors could have been brandished more enthusiastically.

* * *

Currently romping through some sets left over from "Kismet" and a rather unfunny scenario are Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. Their latest effort is called "Lost In A Harem," but it rather seems that it was the script writers, not the two comedians, who were lost along the way. Trying to make their brief moments count are Marilyn Maxwell, John Conte and Jimmy Dorsey and his Band, looking rather embarrassed in their turkish towels.

* * *

Differing from all the other period musicals of recent months only in its absence of Technicolor, Universal's "Bowery To Broadway" is pretty much old stuff, but entertaining old stuff if you've a taste for vaudeville and the songs of the Lillian Russell era. Holding the pseudo-plot together with their workmanlike performances, Jack Oakie and Donald Cook portray two rival producers in grand style. Susanna Foster, whose voice sounds rather uncertain on this sound track, and Turhan "Dimples" Bey handle what little love story there is. Also popping in and out are Louise Albritton as Lillian Russell, Maria Montez, Frank McHugh, Leo Carillo, Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor. "Bowery To Broadway" is a familiar story with familiar songs and acts, no better or worse than its predecessors.

* * *

As regards "Summer Storm," this reviewer differs sharply from his colleagues who consider it rather a mistake on the part of director Douglass Sirk, United Artists and the cast. True, the intellectual film seldom succeeds at the box office, and the keen Chekov satire directed at the decadent Russian nobility of the pre-revolution days will be lost on many audiences. But despite its copious talk and heaviness, "Summer Storm" seems to this department a highly commendable job, if an entirely artistic one. The direction is subtle and effective; the score is admirably constructed and synchronized; the scenario captures the Chekov wit and irony; and the roles are, for the most part, capably played.

The plot revolves about a Russian judge whose jealous love for a scheming peasant girl leads him to hurt his friends and ultimately to murder. The psychological circumstances which compel the judge to murder and to allow an innocent man receive his punishment is well projected, while the keen satirical jab at the erstwhile Russian nobility is skillfully conveyed by Edward Everett Horton, George Sanders and others. Linda Darnell is generally effective as the peasant girl, although she is often a little too civilized and sweet for the part, rather like a society deb playing "The Grapes Of Wrath."

* * *

"Something for the Boys," the Ethel Merman musical of a few seasons back, has been Technicolorized by 20th Century-Fox, but "something" has been lost along the way. For one thing, the Cole Porter songs, so heavily advertised have been reduced to one (some other new ballads have been added); also, the lively Broadway humor and Ethel Merman have been reduced and cut, respectively, leaving really nothing but one Cole Porter song and en entirely new scenario. There are, on the credit side, however, Carmen Miranda, wearing somewhat less fruity apparel than customary, and the new Fox lovely, Vivian Blaine. Perry Comeo, the crooner, makes a well-directed screen debut and the Technicolor is fantastic.

* * *

Fibber McGee and Molly take their turn at a Washington, D. C. comedy without very distinguished results in their latest production, unappropriately entitled "Heavenly Days."

Entertainment

. . Department . .

Marthe Errolle, lovely singing star, and the magician Russell Swann opened at the Hotel Statler Terrace Room, Thursday, December 21, with Ran Wilde and his orchestra providing the music for the show and the dancing.

Russell Swann, just recently honorably discharged from the United States Army after serving two years in Alaska and the Pacific, is known as the funniest man magician in the entertainment world. While stationed in the snowy wastes of Alaska, Captain Swann did a great deal to keep up the morale of the men there, and is now doing just as well in the super-smart clubs and rooms in the United States. His glib tongue and his quick slick hands work together to produce one of the funniest acts to hit the amusement places.

Marthe Errolle fills out the bill at the Statler with her lovely lyrical voice. She has sung with opera companies in Washington, Baltimore, and Boston and has been in a New York musical as well as having sung with the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera, San Francisco and St. Louis Municipal opera. She appeared in "The Chocolate Soldier," "Balalaika," "Chu Chin Chow," her cafe appearance include Camellia House in Chicago, Cafe Lounge of the Savoy Plaza and the Iridium Room of the St. Regis in New York. In 1943 she was selected by Sigmund Romberg as soloist with his orchestra.

Ran Wilde and his distinctive sweet music will come to the Statler with the Marthe Errolle and Russ Swann combination. He writes all his own arrangements and he has played all the big hotels and clubs in the country. The show will continue through January 13.

Among the important people seen nightly the last few nights at the Hotel Myles Standish Cocktail Lounge, were: Brig. General R. R. Hendrix of the 5th Army Staff who flew in from Italy for a few days' rest, Jane Withers and June Knight of movie fame (they are living at the Myles during the run of "Glad To See You," at the Opera House.)

Since it has become known that Buddy Bonds, "Music of Romance" organist at the Myles Standish lounge has a heart throb in Boston he has been besieged by his friends (male) for his little red address book.

It will be open house at the Myles Standarish Cocktail Lounge on New Year's Eve, with Buddy Bond's "Music of Romance" star at the electric organ and lovely Vicki Nevada and her dancing fingers on the accordion furnishing the entertainment.



Currently appearing at the Club Mayfair in the latest "Parade of Stars" is Wini Shaw, who is known as the "Sweetheart of the World War II A.E.F." a title bestowed upon her by the servicemen themselves in recognition of her many U. S. O. overseas trips to entertain them.

Sammy Walsh, side-splitting comedian, another entertainer who has played before the boys on all the fighting fronts of the World, and Honger and Maye, fascinating dance team, complete the bill.

In the cocktail lounge continuous entertainment, featuring Herb Lewis and Sally Harris is presented for further pleasure.

The famous and lovely Latin Quarter Night Club is currently presenting another gay and lavish revue that is the talk of the town.

Entitled "Holiday Revels," the revue has an all star cast including Paul Rennis and Marvelettes, acrobatic wonders; Frank Paris and his Marionettes; The Wen Hai Troupe, Chinese ascrobats; Patricia Adair, lovely dancer and the music of Tony Bruno and his orchestra.

Two shows are presented nightly at 7:30 and 11:30 and for further enjoyment Newell Stagaer and Cogan and Burke entertain with songs and music in the cocktail louge.

A trip to the Latin Quarter is a thrill.

With dignity and comfort as its keynote the Town House, Boston's newest restaurant, is now open daily Monday through Saturday, from 11:00 A.M. til 1:00 A.M. serving luncheons, dinners and supper.

Located at 100 Warrenton street near the Plymouth Theatre and sans entertainment or dancing, the Town House, with its deep carpeting on the floors, soft lighting and excellent food, has given to Boston a personalized touch rarely found in restaurants today.

Open house will be observed on both Christmas and New Year's Eves at the Hotel Avery, and the same will be true of the Satire Room at the Fensgate. There will be entertainment and dancing.

WHEN IN NEW YORK

HOTELS—EAST OF FIFTH

Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 43rd & Madison Ave.. (MU. 9-7920).

Glass Hat. Hotel Belmont Plaza. Lex. Ave. & 49th St (WI. 2-1200). Payson Re's orchestra and entertainment. Dinner from $1.95. Min. Sat., hols., hol. eves. $2.50 after 10 p.m. and $2.00 other days.

Roosevelt Hotel Grill, 45th St. & Madison Ave. (MU. 6-9200).

HOTELS—WEST OF FIFTH

Actor's Broadway Cocktail Lounge, Hotel Astor, Times Square. (CI. 6-6000).

Blue Room. Hotel Lincoln, 44th & 8th Ave. (CI. 6-4500). Sun. $100 weekdays, $1.50 Sat. Min. $1.50 weekdays and $2.50 on Sat.

Cafe Rouge, Hotel Pennsylvania, 33rd & 7th Ave. (PE. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1.00 weekdays; $1.50 Sat. and hol. eves.

Cocoanut Grove, Park Central Hotel. 56th St. & 7th Ave. CI. 7-8000. Din. from $2.50. Min. from $1 weekdays; other days from $2 A roof top fun spot overlooking the East and Hudson ivers. (Mon. nite service only $1 for dinner and show; no cover, no min.).

Green Room. Hotel Edison, 47th & B'way. (CI. 6-5000). Dinner from $2.00-$2.50 Sat. & Sun. Min. $2 Mon.-Wed.; $2.50 Thurs.-Sat.

Hotel Victoria Chatterbox Bar, 7th Ave. at 51st St. All cocktails 30c 4 to 7 daily. Famous Candlelight Room—Luncheon from 50c—Dinner from 90c. Dancing nightly from 10 p.m. No cover—no min.

Marine Hotel, Hotel McAlpin, 34th St. & Broadway. (PE. 6-5700). Dependable cuisine. Entertainment. Dinner from $1.75. No cov. Min. Friday after 9.30, $1.75; Sat., $2.25. No dancing Monday. A unique grotto like room

Ice Terrace, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & 8th Ave. (ME. 3-1000). Dinner from $2. Cover $1 after 10 p.m. exc. Sat. an dholiday eves. when it is $1.50.

CLUBS AND SUCH

Algiers, 23 W. 8th Street. (OR. 4-9845). Romantic Algerian Club in Greenwich Village. Dinner from $1.25. 3 shows.

Armando's, 54 E. 55th St. (PL. 3-0760). Luncheon, cocktails, dinner and supper. No cover or min.

Casino Russe, 157 W. 56th St. (CI. 6-6116). A glorious and sophisticated Russian Club with entertainment and excellent food. Min. $2.50 after 10 except Sat. when it is $3.

Cerutti, 643 Madison (Bet. 59 & 60). EL. 5-4194. Luncheon from $1.25. Dinner from $2.25.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. PL. 3-8887. Excellent cuisine. Sophisticated dining place. Entertainment. Min. $1.50 after 10:30

El Chico, 80 Grove St. (CH. 2-4645). Spanish as Spain Show at 8:30, 11.30 and 1:30. Dinner from $1.85. Min. $2.00 wknts.; $3.00 Sats.; $2.50 Sun. and hol. eves.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL. 5-8769). 2 cover after 10:30 p.m.



Game Cock, 14 E. 44th St. For luncheon, dinner an don thru the evening. Entertainment.

Greenwich Village Inn, 2 Sheridan Square. (CH. 2-6165). Dinner from $2.

Hour Glass, Mary O'Brien's, 42 East 53rd St. (EL. 5-7968—5-9159). Cocktail hour, dinner. supper, continuous entertainment. Open till 4 a.m.

Jack Dempsey's, 1619 Broadway at 50th St. (CO. 5-7875). Most popular Broadway gathering place. Good food—dancing. No cover. No minimum.

Latin Quarter, B'way at 48th St. (CI. 6-1737). Gay Parisian show at 8 and 12. Dinner from $2.00. Minimum $2 weekdays; $3 Friday and Saturday.

Leon & Eddie's, 33 W. 52nd St. (EL. 5-9414). Famous fun and food spot. Continuous entertainment and show at 8, 10, 12, 2:30. Min. $3.50 after 10 p.m. weekdays; other days $4.

Monte Carlo, 51 E. 54th. No cover ever. Minimum $3 weekdays and $4 Sat. and hols.

Number One Bar, 1 Fifth Ave. Dinner and on thru the evening. Ent. and an attractive crowd.

Old Roumanian, 169 Allen St. GR. 3-9595. Famous for Mushk Steak and a big International Revue. Dinner $1.65.

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Radio Frank's, 70 E. 55th St. (EL. 5-9258). Continuous fun.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL. 3-1940).

Village Barn, 52 W. 8th St. (ST. 9-8841). Very good food and fun involving a show, dancing and rural hi jinks.

Weylin Bar, 54th St. East of Madison. Fun for cocktails. Entertainment from sundown on. No cover. No minimum.

Winslow Bar, 55th & Madison Ave. A cute bar and a crowd thats fun to be with.

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English Grill, in the lower Plaza Rockefeller Center. Typical English Menus a la carte. Luncheon entrees from 60c. Open 11 to 1 a.m., incl. Sunday.

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Holland House Taverne, 10 Rockefeller Plaza at 48th Street. Recommended for its Dutch Cuisine and the many and interesting authentic Dutch antiques used in the decoration. Luncheon Specials from 60c. Dinner from $1.75.

FRENCH

Belle Meuniere, 12 E. 52nd St. (WI. 2-9437). Decorative triumph. Royal fare served. Closed Sunday.

Honore's La Couquille. 139 East 52nd St. (EL. 5-8561). Charming French Restaurant.

Cafe Louis XIV, Rockefeller Center. (CI. 6-5800). French elegance. Prix Fixe luncheon $1.50, and a Pre-Theatre dinner from $2 from 6 p.m. A la carte specialties.

La Salle Du Bois, 36 E. 60th St. and the Cafe du Bois at 10 E. 52nd St. Distinguished cuisine and liqueurs at reasonable prices.

INTERNATIONAL

Lindy's, 1655 B'way, Broadway's Town Hall.

Mayan. 16 West 51st Street. (6-5800). Intriguing decoration and superb fodo. Luncheon entrees from 65c. Sizzling skillet dinner. from $1.75. Different national dish each day.

Sardi's, 234 W. 44th St. (LA. 4-5785). Theatrical celebrities meeting place.

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Barbetta's, 321 W. 46th St. (ME. 3-8185). Thirty-six years of service of good Italian food. Inexpensive.

Vesuvio, 163 W. 48th St. Authentic Italian food. including time honored favorites. Bar. Luncheons and Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Zucca's, 118 W. 49th St. (BR. 9-5511). A 25 year reputation for "the perfect meal." Bar.

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Castleholm, 334 W. 57th St. (CI. 7-0873). Smorgasbord as prelude to hearty dining. Dancing to the music of the Norsemen.

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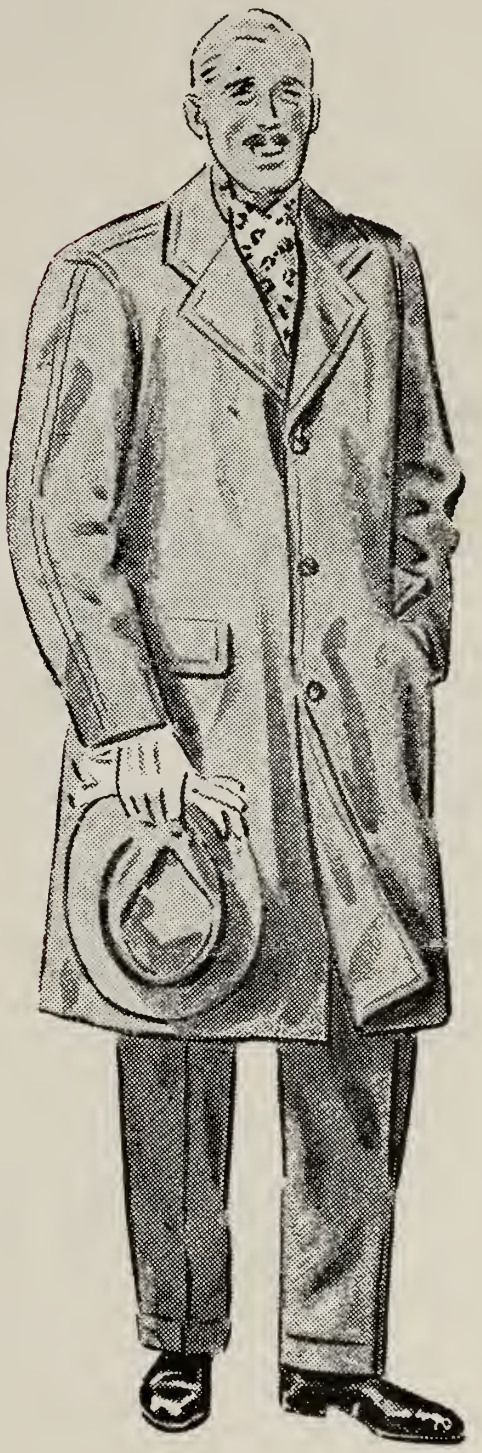
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